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WE ARE AT WAR in Nicaragua. It is nonsense to call our intervention a step for "protection of American lives and property." It is war—unauthorized by Congress, unjustified by any principle of international law or custom, unknown to the American people—and a low-down, bullying kind of war. "President" Diaz, the ex-secretary of an American mining corporation, could not hold office by himself. Our State Department recognized him; our marines guarded the ports for him; Americans collected the customs for him; American fliers in American airplanes chased his enemies for him; Washington denounced his opponent, the constitutional President, Sacasa, as a Mexican-aided Bolshevik. Still Diaz tottered. His chief aide, Chamorro, deserted the sinking ship. Finally Admiral Latimer landed marines at Sacasa's capital, Puerto Cabazas; declared the city and all the country about it a neutral zone; ordered Sacasa, his ministers and army, to disarm or get out; instructed the American mahogany companies to pay tariff dues to Diaz agents rather than to the Sacasa men who held the town. To prove his "neutrality" he announced that he would also disarm any Diaz soldiers who tried to return to the city from which they had been driven. Neutrality? Protection? It is imperialism of the most brazen cast.

TIMES CHANGE. Nine years ago—five years ago—even two years ago, either the discoveries lately made of secret German-Russian arms traffic, or the palpable distortion of justice by a French military court in the Rhineland, would have caused a howl of recrimination on both sides of the Rhine. The German Ministry of Defense since 1921 has been subsidizing a German armament firm to maintain near Moscow a factory at which military airplanes have been produced for both Germany and Russia; the eastern German fortresses have secretly been strengthened, and secret arms consignments have entered Germany from Russia. Poincaré—the same old Poincaré—is in power in Paris. Does he preach hate every Sunday? Does he threaten another Ruhr invasion? Does he yell and scream, as of old, that Germany must be kicked into reform? He does not. Time, the great teacher, has taught him something. And the result is that Germany is voluntarily reforming her Reichswehr. Meanwhile Lieutenant Rouzier, the French officer who in September killed one German and wounded two others in a drunken brawl in the occupied territory, has been acquitted and six of the Germans with whom he fought, including the men he wounded, sentenced to short terms in prison. Courts martial seem to be impartially and internationally stupid; French courts in the Rhineland behave precisely as German courts did in Alsace before the war. The Germans, of course, protested, but with a new note, and in 1926 French liberal opinion forced an almost immediate revision of this outrageous sentence.

GREAT BRITAIN HAS TURNED a flying somersault in its Chinese policy and come out for virtual recognition of the Canton Government and admission of China's right to levy customs taxes in excess of the treaty rates. Our own State Department, which has sat quietly on a shelf, doing nothing but admire its own benevolent intentions, must be wondering what kind of earthquake has hit Downing Street. The Chinese know the answer very well: It is the economic boycott. For sixteen months Canton boycotted British goods in South China, nearly ruining British Hongkong; now, with the Cantonese occupying the Yangtze valley, the British face a possible extension of this devastating policy of economic starvation. In the old days—not so very long ago—the white men in the East had a conviction that the Oriental understood nothing except force. The Chinese, cannier, have a conviction of their own: that the Occidental understands nothing except money; the place to hit him is in the pocketbook. This is the second great revolution in foreign policy which China has achieved. Japan, since the Washington Conference, has adopted, at least in her public actions, the role of a friend of the new China. Now Great Britain is following suit. America's trade ranks third in China, behind Japan's and England's; apparently our diplomacy also ranks a poor third.

HIROHITO, MOUNTING THE THRONE, will be the first Emperor of Japan who has donned trousers and visited Europe. And, accordingly, his reign is likely to mark a recession in that Mikado-worship which is one of the many anachronisms of modern Japan. Faith shatters on

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WE ARE AT WAR in Nicaragua. It is nonsense to call our intervention a step for "protection of American lives and property." It is war—unauthorized by Congress, unjustified by any principle of international law or custom, unknown to the American people—and a low-down, bullying kind of war. "President" Diaz, the ex-secretary of an American mining corporation, could not hold office by himself. Our State Department recognized him; our marines guarded the ports for him; Americans collected the customs for him; American fliers in American airplanes chased his enemies for him; Washington denounced his opponent, the constitutional President, Sacasa, as a Mexican-aided Bolshevik. Still Diaz tottered. His chief aide, Chamorro, deserted the sinking ship. Finally Admiral Latimer landed marines at Sacasa's capital, Puerto Cabazas; declared the city and all the country about it a neutral zone; ordered Sacasa, his ministers and army, to disarm or get out; instructed the American mahogany companies to pay tariff dues to Diaz agents rather than to the Sacasa men who held the town. To prove his "neutrality" he announced that he would also disarm any Diaz soldiers who tried to return to the city from which they had been driven. Neutrality? Protection? It is imperialism of the most brazen cast.

TIMES CHANGE. Nine years ago—five years ago—even two years ago, either the discoveries lately made of secret German-Russian arms traffic, or the palpable distortion of justice by a French military court in the Rhineland, would have caused a howl of recrimination on both sides of the Rhine. The German Ministry of Defense since 1921 has been subsidizing a German armament firm to maintain near Moscow a factory at which military airplanes have been produced for both Germany and Russia; the eastern German fortresses have secretly been strengthened, and secret arms consignments have entered Germany from Russia. Poincaré—the same old Poincaré—is in power in Paris. Does he preach hate every Sunday? Does he threaten another Ruhr invasion? Does he yell and scream, as of old, that Germany must be kicked into reform? He does not. Time, the great teacher, has taught him something. And the result is that Germany is voluntarily reforming her Reichswehr. Meanwhile Lieutenant Rouzier, the French officer who in September killed one German and wounded two others in a drunken brawl in the occupied territory, has been acquitted and six of the Germans with whom he fought, including the men he wounded, sentenced to short terms in prison. Courts martial seem to be impartially and internationally stupid; French courts in the Rhineland behave precisely as German courts did in Alsace before the war. The Germans, of course, protested, but with a new note, and in 1926 French liberal opinion forced an almost immediate revision of this outrageous sentence.

GREAT BRITAIN HAS TURNED a flying somersault in its Chinese policy and come out for virtual recognition of the Canton Government and admission of China's right to levy customs taxes in excess of the treaty rates. Our own State Department, which has sat quietly on a shelf, doing nothing but admire its own benevolent intentions, must be wondering what kind of earthquake has hit Downing Street. The Chinese know the answer very well: It is the economic boycott. For sixteen months Canton boycotted British goods in South China, nearly ruining British Hongkong; now, with the Cantonese occupying the Yangtze valley, the British face a possible extension of this devastating policy of economic starvation. In the old days—not so very long ago—the white men in the East had a conviction that the Oriental understood nothing except force. The Chinese, cannier, have a conviction of their own: that the Occidental understands nothing except money; the place to hit him is in the pocketbook. This is the second great revolution in foreign policy which China has achieved. Japan, since the Washington Conference, has adopted, at least in her public actions, the role of a friend of the new China. Now Great Britain is following suit. America's trade ranks third in China, behind Japan's and England's; apparently our diplomacy also ranks a poor third.

HIROHITO, MOUNTING THE THRONE, will be the first Emperor of Japan who has donned trousers and visited Europe. And, accordingly, his reign is likely to mark a recession in that Mikado-worship which is one of the many anachronisms of modern Japan. Faith shatters on

trifles; it is difficult to worship a god who plays golf and talks with common people. Yet the decay in emperor-worship may be the smallest problem of Hirohito's reign, for Japan is a synthetic nation come of age, ready to burst out of the test tubes of its political chemists. Surely there is no other record in history of a nation so consciously molded into modernity by a group of statesmen aware of their colossal function. The Mikado was restored to power in 1867; Japan's constitution dates only from 1889 and today she has universal manhood suffrage; in one generation her population has doubled and illiteracy been virtually wiped out. Within a quarter century she has developed newspaper circulations vaster than any in America, and built, beginning with a fleet of sailing junks, one of the great merchant marines of the world. The whole process has been planned and executed by a group of Elder Statesmen, one of whom, Marquis Saionji, can today, at the age of 88, clearly recall the days when Japan first opened her locked ports to the West. But Marquis Saionji is a survival and has no successor; the emperor-worship which the Elder Statesmen developed as a counterbalance to the modern influences is losing its magic; universal suffrage is yet to be tried in practice; and industrial feudalism and peasant tenantry mock the dreams of the founders.

THE POPE, apparently the only person in Italy at odds with Mussolini who dares to say so, has once more earned the gratitude of anti-Fascists wherever they may be. In a recent allocation issued from the Vatican, His Holiness expressed himself as displeased by the violences to which Fascism has resorted and in thorough disagreement with the Fascist ideal of the state as the supremely important organization: "Everything in the state, everything from the state, nothing outside the state." The church, from being in the position of first importance, has reluctantly consented to a position of equality with the state; it is, of course, not surprising that the head of the church should resent any further encroachment on this power. However, more important than either of these, are Pope Pius's fears for the secularization of the youth of Italy by means of the Balilla, an organization of boys from eight to eighteen years old, which prepares them for entrance into the Fascist militia. The young lambs are the shepherd's most precious wards—whether the shepherd be pope or minister, a fact of which Mussolini is well aware. He, in turn, is in opposition to the Catholic Pioneers, a sort of boy-scout organization, and to similar groups, because they are international in feeling.

OSWALD MOSLEY'S ELECTION as the Labor M. P. from Smethwick is another triumph for that sort of fairness which we think of as being peculiarly British. The son of a baroness, his wife the daughter of a marquess, both rich, both reared in the aristocratic tradition, Mr. Mosley, without even troubling to take off his fur coat or leave his limousine at home, was able to convince 16,000 hard-headed working men and women, among them members of the Communist Party, that he could represent them in Parliament. The returns, after a campaign of violent heckling on both sides, showed a plurality of some 7,000 votes for Labor, an increase of 1,500 over the last election; with only 2,000 votes the Liberal candidate ran a bad third. Thus the trend toward the Labor Party in the by-elections continues; it will only be a question of time before another Labor Government has its chance. When that time comes a member of Parliament probably will not be fined, as David Kirkwood recently was, £25 and costs for saying, in a speech about the coal strike, that "If I had to choose between enslaving the miners and flooding the pits I would not only flood them but destroy them." Three constables on whose testimony alone the conviction was made disagreed on the exact wording of the dangerous sentiments, even adding certain Anglo-Saxon words which Mr. Kirkwood says he uses neither in public nor private. "Two of the constables wrote their notes underneath their coats at the back of the meeting; this was the first time they had tried to report a meeting, while another heard what I said from a hidden place outside the hall"—so runs Mr. Kirkwood's statement in the Glasgow *Forward*. This sort of super-deftness and clairvoyance is a new wrinkle in the detection of bolshevism; our own secret service may profit by it.

WE ARE TO BE SANDBAGGED into buying a sandbar, it appears, at the present session of Congress. The means is suited to the end, and with the present Congress a few grains of sand on the head seem to be sufficient to guarantee the purchase of acres of it on the hoof. The effort, unsuccessfully made for the past two years, to incorporate in the rivers and harbors bill an appropriation of $11,500,000 for the purchase by the federal government of the Cape Cod canal has this winter carried such a provision through the Senate by a vote of 47 to 28. The rivers and harbors bill, previously passed by the House, now goes to conference, but the Washington correspondents predict that it will eventually go to the President—and of course be signed by him—with the appropriation intact for relieving the heirs and friends of the late August Belmont of the losses to which he subjected them through his financial fiasco at Cape Cod. For, baldly stated, that is the purpose of the appropriation—that and to discredit public ownership by debiting it with another undertaking which cannot possibly be operated without making up large annual losses through taxation. *The Nation* told the story of this white elephant of Wall Street in its issue of January 7, 1925, and has reverted to it since. Hitherto public opposition has been sufficient, supported by a few good men in Congress, to forestall the grab, but this year we find even a supposedly progressive and independent Democratic Senator such as David I. Walsh of Massachusetts voting in favor of the appropriation.

POSSIBLY THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT ought to take over the Cape Cod canal and operate it, even at a heavy annual expense, as part of the coastal waterways system. It is a useful, though far from a necessary, waterway; the tonnage passing through it has not amounted to a tenth of that predicted when the ditch—it is nothing more than an inverted sand dune—was opened to traffic in 1914, after an expenditure of about $10,000,000. The benefits so far have been mostly to a single corporation, the Eastern Steamship Company, which has paid two-thirds of the annual tolls for a passenger service through the canal. But, if purchased by the nation, one-half the sum provided in the rivers and harbors bill would be generous. Senator Howell of Nebraska tried to fix an amount in that neighborhood, but was outvoted. A price of $6,000,000 would pay the interest on the bond issue, which is the utmost the investors are entitled to ask, the operating profits having fallen well below

the sum necessary for that purpose. It should be borne in mind, too, that if taken over by the nation the canal will doubtless be operated without tolls, as are other federal waterways, thus increasing the annual bill for upkeep. On top of this is the certainty that the nation will be asked to deepen the canal from the present twenty-five feet to thirty-five—and probably to widen it too. The cost of this, originally set at $10,000,000, is now placed at $20,000,000; doubtless it will prove to be $30,000,000. Buying a pig in a poke is a stroke of economy by comparison with purchasing a furrow in the sand.

THE NEW YORK *TIMES* begins 1927 with a most commendable enterprise. It will publish henceforth a limited edition on rag paper, so that libraries and other institutions which desire to keep the files of that daily may have an edition which will survive the lapse of years. This is a genuine service. For fifty years our dailies have been printed upon wood-pulp paper which speedily becomes so brittle that it breaks, even with the most careful handling, and those libraries which could afford it have in recent years covered the pages with a transparent protection. On the other hand, if one turns back to the files of any newspaper prior to 1880 one finds the paper in a perfect state of preservation. Even files more than one hundred years old are as strong, as clean, and as readable as on the day when they were printed. There has been fear, naturally, lest contemporary journalistic records of the last few decades should disappear entirely. Newspapers have been considering the idea for a long time, but have been deterred, first, by the cost of the rag paper, and, secondly, by the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply. We sincerely trust that the *Times* will be well rewarded for its public-spirited undertaking—so well rewarded that other newspapers will be moved to follow suit, and that varying shades of opinion on current events may be preserved.

THEY FOUND TWELVE good men and true in Washington who had never heard of or had never heeded the Fall-Doheny scandal and who accordingly were fit to serve as jurymen. Try today to find a draftsman, a cigar clerk, a steamfitter, a newspaper-vendor, a cook, or an electrician who has no opinion on the "Ty" Cobb-"Butch" Leonard baseball scandal. You can't do it. They are all arguing about it. And there you have the explanation of the rise of the tabloid newspapers and evidence of the futility of politics today. We have not begun to solve the riddle of political government until we learn to make politics as absorbing as baseball. If the breath of scandal continues to blow over baseball, professional baseball will blow up. People will be no more interested in it than they are in politics—because they will suspect the players of the kind of histrionic insincerity that destroys faith in politicians of both parties.

ANOTHER FOOTBALL STAR has said publicly what so many must think privately, that the American college game, however diverting it may be to the spectator, is mighty slim fun for the player. Nathan K. Parker, who captained Dartmouth's undefeated eleven in 1925 and is now a Rhodes scholar in Oxford, declares himself to be a convert to the Rugby game in preference to American collegiate football. "Here is a game played for the sport of it," he writes, "while American football has developed into a serious proposition that might well be designated a business." After discussing the salaries of coaches and other commercial aspects of the American game, Mr. Parker concludes that it "assumes far too great an importance in the minds of both public and participants for the good of either—particularly the latter." Mr. Parker is probably deceiving himself in thinking Rugby a better game than American football. What he prefers is not the game but the attitude of players and students toward it. In England university football is still on an amateur basis; it is played for fun. Here an equally good game has been spoiled because it has been professionalized and commercialized until the fun has been lost for the player in a grim and grimy business. Harvard's gross football receipts in 1926 exceeded a million dollars—the players are mere pawns in one of our great vested interests.

ARTIST, BUSINESS MAN, missionary, poet, scientist, woman, and white man—this varied and interesting group of persons, all of them Negroes but the last, have just been honored by receiving the gold medals awarded by the Harmon Foundation for distinguished achievement by and for the Negro race. The woman is a pioneer educator: Virginia Estelle Randolph of Virginia, who began the now widespread system of combining in a rural community the teaching of the three R's with instruction in the rudimentary principles of the art of living—cleanliness, good food, proper cooking, fresh air, etc. She it was, also, who in an editorial in the Richmond *News Leader* was as a prize winner compared not unfavorably with Elihu Root, the winner of the Wilson award for public service—a distinction that not many Negro women have enjoyed to date. The white man honored by the Harmon Award was Will W. Alexander of Atlanta, Georgia; that a Southern white man should be singled out for a Negro medal marks a long step forward in the relations between the two races. The artist, Palmer C. Hayden, earns his living by doing odd jobs of house-cleaning, and paints in his spare time; the remaining recipients of the awards have each in his own way contributed something significant to the Negro race—and thus to the world at large.

NOW THAT CHRISTMAS is well over, we can begin the New Year with good resolutions never to use live holly again. The holly-tree is well nigh the most beautiful of Eastern American trees, and it once ranged north to Long Island and the edge of New England. Two decades ago it still grew within the limits of New York City—but not today, except in gardens. The annual holiday raids are driving it further and further back into the coastal swamps—and the holly-tree, a slow grower at best, does not regain lost ranges. It can be grown in captivity—berries planted in the earth of a palm-pot now are likely to send up small shoots six months hence, and a few years will produce at least a lunch-table spray of holly. We are beginning to moderate our consuming appetite for Christmas trees—to satisfy part of it from nurseries, and to grow our own, usable year after year, in back yards. Some of the Northern States have begun vigorous campaigns to save vanishing plants—every Connecticut automobile driver's license is accompanied by a warning not to pick azalea, arbutus, laurel, dogwood, or fringed gentian; will not Southern States adopt a holly-conservation program? Women have learned to do without aigrettes, and the once-vanishing white egret has been saved; why not holly too?

The Nation's Honor Roll for 1926

WE list below a number of Americans who seem to us to have deserved well of their countrymen and the world. We trust that this honor roll will commend itself to our readers and that another year we may have their counsel in our selection.

For 1926 we place upon the honor roll the following:

Literature

THEODORE DREISER, for his "An American Tragedy," the greatest American novel of our generation.

CARL SANDBURG, for his "Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years," the most notable biography of 1926.

THOMAS BEER, for reminding us in "The Mauve Decade" of what we do not wish America to be again.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS, for recalling in his "Jefferson and Hamilton" the two ideals between which American politics perennially oscillates.

HARRY ELMER BARNES, for his efforts to discover and set forth the truth as to the origins of the World War.

H. L. MENCKEN, for adding, in three new books and in his *American Mercury*, to the gaiety and sanity of the nation.

Drama

WINTHROP AMES, for his revivals of "Iolanthe" and "The Pirates of Penzance."

SIDNEY HOWARD, for "The Silver Cord."

IRENE and ALICE LEWISOHN, for "The Dybbuk," part of the beautiful experiment of the Neighborhood Playhouse in "pure theater."

EUGENE O'NEILL, for a fresh demonstration of power and depth in "The Great God Brown."

Architecture

ROBERT T. WALKER, and the firm of McKenzie, Voorhees, and Gmelin, for the new Telephone Building in New York City.

Music

GEORGE EASTMAN, of Rochester, for making possible the recent Mozart Festival, and for demonstrating how much a lesser city can achieve in the domain of music.

JOHN CARPENTER and ROBERT EDMOND JONES, for their jazz ballet "Skyscrapers"—virtually a new American art form.

Journalism

The editors of the New York *World*, for the crusading devotion to liberal ideals which makes of their daily the finest public servant in the urban press of the North.

JULIAN and JULIA HARRIS, of the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer-Sun*, for gallantry, wisdom, and patriotism in the conduct of their daily.

R. CHARLTON WRIGHT, editor of the Columbia (S. C.) *Record*, for his efforts to compel the punishment of the lynchers of Aiken in his State.

THOMAS F. MILLARD, for telling the truth about China in the New York *Times*.

GROVER CLARK, for editing an American newspaper in Peking and keeping it true to the best American traditions.

Science and Discovery

Commander RICHARD E. BYRD, for his North Polar flight.

DR. WILLIAM DAVID COOLIDGE, of Schenectady, for his discovery of the cathode ray tube.

Business

HENRY FORD, for his advertising of the five-day week.

Athletics

GERTRUDE EDERLE, for proving that women can break athletic records made by men.

The Pursuit of Justice

ALBERT WEISBORD, for rousing the nation to the plight of the Passaic strikers.

CLARENCE DARROW and ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS, for pleading and winning the cause of race justice in Detroit.

WALTER F. WHITE, for crossing the color line at the risk of his life and discovering the Aiken lynchers.

Service Abroad

S. PARKER GILBERT, Agent General of Reparations in Berlin, brilliant American administrator, bent on doing justice to all.

MARK L. BRISTOL, Rear Admiral and American diplomatic representative in Turkey, a man of sterling integrity and ability.

ALANSON B. HOUGHTON, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, for most undiplomatic and most admirable truth-telling about the European situation.

DR. JOSEPH ROSEN, for devoted service in leading in the establishment of thousands of Jewish families on farm lands in South Russia.

CHARLES P. HOWLAND, of New York, a private citizen, who conferred luster upon the American name by his services in the repatriation of the Greeks from Turkey.

ELLEN LA MOTTE, for her struggle against the Opium Bloc at Geneva.

JEREMIAH SMITH, JR., for notable services in the reconstitution of Hungarian finance and economic life.

Public Service at Home

Governor ALFRED E. SMITH, for preserving for the people the remaining water-powers of New York State.

Senator GEORGE W. NORRIS, of Nebraska, for almost singlehandedly preventing the stealing of Muscle Shoals from the American public and for consistent independence of party lines.

Senator WILLIAM E. BORAH, for his old-fashioned honesty in denouncing the policy of force by all the Powers in China and by the United States in Mexico and Nicaragua.

AUGUST HECKSCHER, for pitting his wits and wealth against the slums of New York.

Religion

HARRY F. WARD, of Union Theological Seminary, for distinguished service as chairman of the Civil Liberties Union, than which there is no more useful or necessary or patriotic American organization.

SHERWOOD EDDY, a Y. M. C. A. official who dared lead a party to Russia and report what they saw.

Bishop WILLIAM M. BROWN, for his expulsion from his church; the man who "lost a religion and found a faith."

Heroism

Captain GEORGE FRIED and his crew of the President Roosevelt for proving anew that none exceed Americans in gallantry at sea.

Carmi Thompson's Compromise

THE President, faced with the perennial problem, What to do about the Philippines, chose his man more wisely than most of us suspected. Carmi Thompson, his envoy, had grown up in the Ohio-gang school of politics, where life's highest ideal is to provide something for everyone and to keep all the boys friendly. There are times when that is impossible, even for an Ohio politician; but there are other times when the fixer is a useful public servant. Considering that a year ago President Coolidge was recommending backward steps, that Governor Wood has been demanding more autocratic powers, that Representative Bacon had been making headway with his proposal to divide the islands in the interest of the rubber-growers, Carmi Thompson's compromises make a pretty encouraging document.

Independence, to be sure, fades into the hazy distance. The Thompson report recommends that absolute independence "be postponed for some time to come." That at least leaves the presumption that independence is at most a few decades away, which causes the New York *Herald Tribune* to foam with rage. His reasons for opposing immediate independence are strange: First, because they "lack the financial resources necessary to maintain an independent government"—this, although half the states represented in the League of Nations have a smaller annual income from taxation; second, because "they lack a common language"—although nearly a tenth of the entire population of the islands is today attending schools conducted by Filipinos in English, and four times that number have been to such schools; third, because the islands lack a "controlling public opinion"—strange comment from a member of the Ohio Gang; fourth, because the United States needs the Philippines "as a commercial base"—a clear suggestion that money interest should induce us to make scraps of paper of our solemn promises; fifth, because Philippine independence "might complicate international relations in the Orient"—in other words, give impetus to the rising tide of Asiatic protest against colonial subservience to Europe, an end which we should like the United States, recalling 1776, to encourage; and sixth, because "immediate independence would end the free-trade relationship between the United States and the Philippines"—under which we have forced the islands into a position of economic dependence upon the United States.

Yet we may for the moment let Mr. Thompson's argument against independence pass. The question of Philippine independence will never down; the more Philippine contacts with America grow, the more Filipino boys and girls read of the history of the American struggle for independence, the more their human demand for self-government will rise. But the present Congress would not conceivably grant independence. That their national hope is postponed at least until after the election of 1928 is no new disappointment for the Filipino leaders. They had not hoped for better things at this time; they had feared worse. And Carmi Thompson, as a good working politician, has had the common sense to realize that any attempt to lessen the autonomy of the islands could only result in increased friction and in political disaster.

Against what may be called the Wood-and-rubber propositions Thompson sets his face with decision. He recommends that the Jones Law, the present national charter of the islands, be not changed; that Congress make no attempt to amend the land laws which hamper the projects of the Firestones and others who want to develop rubber in million-acre lots, with the concurrent conditions of virtual human slavery which have disgraced the Congo and the Putumayo district of Peru; that Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago be not separated from the rest of the islands. The attempt to cut off the rich, undeveloped South of the Philippines and keep it for American capital was a suggestion of the rubber interests which would have affected Filipino development somewhat as the United States would have been affected had the trans-Alleghanian hinterland been cut off in our early years. And Carmi Thompson's report should mean a veto upon these suggestions.

In positive proposals Mr. Thompson is a bit indefinite. Possibly a more detailed report will follow. He frankly admits that the blame for the deadlock between Governor Wood and the Filipino Legislature and Cabinet is divided—which must cause the old general to snort with indignation. He proposes that steps be taken to reestablish cooperation between the legislative and executive branches of the government. Unfortunately he suggests no such steps; but the natural first step would seem to be substitution of a more flexible figure for Governor Wood—perhaps he will resign of his own accord. Mr. Thompson recommends that Governor Wood's "cavalry cabinet" of army officers—a product of inability to get along with the Filipino officials—be abolished; in its stead he recommends that "the necessary civil advisers" be provided. This might imply more American officials; it would be wiser for the Governor to get along with Filipino assistants. He suggests incorporation of the islands in our Federal Reserve System—a misstep which would prolong their period of economic and financial tutelage; establishment of federal land banks, lending to farmers at reasonable rates of interest—a good plan, but requiring detailed elaboration if it is to do more than promote the creation of great American landed estates; that the Philippine Government withdraw from private business at the earliest possible date—by which he means sell its most valuable properties to American capitalists for private exploitation; and that the Philippine Legislature amend the land law—which we most earnestly hope it will not do. If the Filipinos do not yet know that the creation of huge absentee-landlord estates is the surest way to destroy their independence, they are indeed without the knowledge necessary for independence. And finally, he urges that the Philippines, with Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and our other island possessions, be transferred to a new independent department—a sort of Department of the Colonies—a suggestion which has administrative merits, but suggests an un-American intention to develop the colonial business.

Probably nothing whatever will be done at this session of Congress, and that, after all, is about as much as one has reason, under the rule of Calvin Coolidge, to hope. If the American people resists the immediate onslaught of the rubber imperialists that at least is one step to the good. We earnestly hope that a group of men will soon sit in Congress and in the executive offices determined to fulfil America's promises of independence to the Filipino people.

The Panama Treaty

A NEW and extraordinary departure in Pan-American relations is the signing of an offensive alliance between Panama and the United States. Under this treaty Panama gives us her pledge that the republic

> will consider herself in a state of war in case of any war in which the United States should be a belligerent, and in order to render more effective the defense of the Canal will, if necessary in the opinion of the United States Government, turn over to the United States in all the territory of the Republic of Panama, during the period of actual or threatened hostility, the control and operation of wireless and radio communication, aircraft, aviation centers, and aerial navigation.

In addition the Republic of Panama agrees that "the United States shall have the direction and control of all military operations in any part of the territory of the Republic of Panama" during any actual or threatened hostilities.

We are aware that the Republic of Panama, which was set up by American arms after Theodore Roosevelt, as he boasted, "took Panama," has from the beginning been a creature of our Government, as much a vassal of ours as the Island of Malta is of Great Britain. Its government holds office under the shadow of American guns; its President would never dare do anything which the commanders of the Canal and our military zone did not wish him to undertake. Of course, Panama is not alone; as we dragged Panama into the World War so we forced in Cuba, Haiti, and Liberia—because we coveted a few German ships that had sought refuge in their waters. In a sense this treaty merely legalizes or recognizes an existing status. Having from the first made the mistake of refusing to internationalize the Panama Canal, we continue to lavish hundreds of millions of dollars upon its defenses and seek to justify our military interventions in Haiti and Nicaragua on the theory that if those countries should become hostile to us they would "menace" the Panama Canal—which "menace" was also the excuse for retaining our naval base in Cuba. It is, of course, precisely the plea of "military necessity" upon which Germany sought to excuse her invasion of Belgium.

If the treaty legalizes an existing status, it is none the less a bad status to legalize. It is an "entangling alliance" if there ever was one. It will add to the unrest and dislike of us throughout Pan-America—the London *Times*, in commenting on the treaty, declares that unrest in Latin America over the steady southward march of the United States is increasing and will continue to increase. Meanwhile, there is an immediate complication at hand since Panama is a member of the League of Nations. League officials agree that the Panama-United States treaty conflicts with three articles of the League Covenant and "does not do the United States, Panama, or the League any good and may do the last two considerable moral damage." With many of the irreconcilable Senators this will be an argument for approval of the treaty. In our judgment this treaty is another step in our most unhappy and imperialistic Pan-American policy, which must inevitably cost the United States dear. It would seem almost better to annex the isthmus outright than to lay down the law that our Government in Washington shall have the right to drag into a conflict the innocent people of the Republic of Panama, whose sole offense is that they live near the Canal.

Culture—How to Avoid It

HENRY FORD thought that history was bunk, and if he held any higher opinion of the arts he successfully concealed it; but his son Edsel has just paid a quarter of a million dollars for a Holbein portrait, illustrating once more the inevitable gravitation of wealth toward "culture." Even in the highly favorable atmosphere of the Italian Renaissance it took the Medici family four generations to evolve an Art Patron out of an Aboriginal Financier; but here in America evolution is speeded up, and two generations are enough to compass the change. God only knows what the earnest young mechanician would have said, at the time when he first dreamed his dream of Tin Lizzies, of the proposal to pay a cool $250,000 for a portrait painted four hundred years ago by a man of whom he had never heard. But at least the lesson is clear: the only way to escape culture and to maintain a proper respect for the value of money is not to make too much of the latter. Possessors of vast wealth can no more keep from turning into patrons of the arts than a caterpillar can help from turning into a butterfly. It's a law of nature.

Indeed some student of social statistics might profitably investigate the correlation between financial status and the outward manifestations of an aspiration toward culture. Just how much money does a man have to have before his wife will refuse to let him dine in his undershirt; what is the point at which his daughters begin to worry about their grammar; just what stage corresponds to a purchase of the Harvard Classics; and at what rather high elevation does the inevitable acquirement of gilt-edged art begin? These and similar questions demand serious investigation and we are inclined to believe that what statisticians call the mean deviation from the norm would be found exceedingly small. Moreover, the greater the wealth required for the production of a given phenomenon, the more exact the correlation would be, for it is easier for moderate prosperity to keep its "ain'ts" than for a multimillionaire to refrain from buying old masters.

Even the founder of the Ford dynasty has felt the stirrings of aspiration, and he has gone in for as much culture as he can understand. He has patronized music—the village fiddler; gone in for literature—first editions of McGuffey's Readers; and even concerned himself with the bunk called history—witness the Wayside Inn and the foundations of that little red schoolhouse into which Mary's snow-white lamb intruded its unwelcome presence. Indeed he has shown a certain sturdy common sense. He has stuck to those arts he can appreciate as well as to that part of the past which is meaningful to him, and he has thereby revealed a strain of intelligence which makes it possible to imagine that some descendant of his—a grandson perhaps—might possibly be capable of doing something for the living arts of his country. But whether or not so desirable a state of affairs should ever come about, we may rest assured of one thing. From now on the Ford family will not speak of either traditions or art with the contempt of its raw youth, for *richesse oblige*. Even when great wealth remains a bit vague upon such subjects as "tactile values" and "significant form" it can appreciate the conspicuous expenditure involved in the purchase of dimmed canvases. The Fords will reverence the things of the past as rapidly as they discover them, and Edsel has already got back to Holbein.



On the Riviera. *"I see that even the King suffered from the coal shortage in England at Christmas time."*
"The poor dear. Why doesn't he take a run out here where it's warm?"

The Virtue of Shaking Hands

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

"I DON'T know at all how they live—in a very slack, haphazard way, I suppose; but since I've never been in a Filipino house, I really can't judge."

"You've never been in a Filipino house?" I echoed stupidly, staring at my hostess across a table bright with poinsettias, and glittering with wafer-thin, cut shells which served as place cards. Her casual statement, a nonchalant fragment of dinner-party small-talk, was to me so astounding as to be stunning. She was the wife of a United States official who has been for years in the Philippine Islands, and she lived in the "best" residential section of Manila, surrounded on every side by Filipino neighbors. And when she had reiterated, with slightly more detail, what she had said before, it was all I could do to keep from exclaiming, "Well, you certainly have missed a great deal!"

For I had come to this dinner almost directly from a Filipino house; and the picture of elegant and ordered living which I had carried away with me was still as softly vivid as if it had been colored on my consciousness by a master painter: at the end of a driveway which wound quietly up a little hill stood a large garden, the generous green of its central plot fringed with roses; and my hostess, as she greeted me at the open door, handed me a bouquet of dusky roses, their perfume as heavy as their own rich crimson heads. Her satin *saya* was looped up on one side to show a petticoat of fine lace; the same fine lace was etched against the sheer piñar cloth, made of pineapple fiber, of her *camisa* (bodice); and her neckerchief was fastened with a superb diamond brooch.

"You would like to go upstairs, perhaps," she suggested, "before you take your place in the receiving line?"

She led me up a stairway with a balustrade of dark hardwood, exquisitely carved, into a bedroom where this hardwood and this carving were repeated in every piece of furniture—in the immense, canopied fourpost bed, in the dressing table, cheval glass, wardrobe, and chairs. I could not refrain from exclamations of admiration; and I received my reward when I was taken into four other bedrooms, each more beautifully furnished than the last. Then I was conducted downstairs again, to the spacious drawing-room: the portrait of my host's mother, painted by a Filipino artist when she was sixteen—a dainty, wistful, expectant sixteen, as the artist had understood and interpreted—hung over the grand piano; the casement windows, with their tiny square panes of opalescent shell—that same shell which my American hostess used for dinner cards, and which serves, in the Philippines, so many beautiful and varied purposes—were thrown open to let the mellow afternoon light stream in over burnished brass bowls filled with flowers, over bits of golden brocade gleaming down the length of polished tables, over Chinese rugs of Ming blue spread across a shining floor. Here, in course of time, after I had met a hundred or so women, all dressed, like my hostess, in that lovely costume which is surely one of the most suitable and striking of national dresses, and nearly as many men, in spotless linen and pongee, all cordial, sophisticated, and charming, my hostess brought refreshments to me—pale tea in a thin, priceless cup; sherbet in carved crystal; frosted cakes on a pierced silver salver . . . yes, certainly, the woman who lives for years where she might go daily to houses like these, and never enters one of them, misses a great deal!

I spoke of this episode to another American woman, also long resident in the Philippines. Her comment, also, was surprising.

"Oh, their houses are pretty, many of them," she said with a little disparaging laugh, "and *they're* pretty, quite pretty, often. I agree with you that the costume is lovely, and the women are really hospitable, charming, and gracious. But they haven't any mentality. Their education is superficial. They don't read. You never see a book in a Filipino house."

Passing over, for the moment, the rather formidable array of women doctors, lawyers, and educators who had been presented to me during my brief stay, I nevertheless ventured to disagree with her. For I had sat, the greater part of the evening before, with another old friend, a Filipino woman whom I had known before coming to the islands, in her library. This library so far surpassed my own—and I am proud of my library—that I was green with jealousy. It was a large room—much larger than mine—and the books were crowded on three sides, clear to the ceiling, row after row; on the fourth side, under the broad windows, three more rows of books were squeezed in. The large central table was covered with magazines and newspapers in several languages; the latest works of fiction, biography, history, and travel were scattered lavishly about; and as the owner of all these envied treasures talked with me about what she had "recently read" my sense of being almost illiterate myself grew stronger and stronger, such was the variety, depth, and extent of her reading.

The Spaniard, with all his faults as a colonist, did not shut his eyes to the fact that the Philippines were producing men and women of culture, refinement, and intellect, and mingled with them socially as a matter of course. The American colonist, loudly proclaiming his superiority, refuses to do anything of the kind. The line of cleavage between the two races—Anglo-Saxon and Malay—has been drawn as it certainly is not drawn in Java, where the Dutch, it would seem, are facing much the same problem which confronts us in the Philippines, with another Malay race.

And how are the Dutch dealing with it? By recognizing, first of all, the Javanese as a social equal, if, by birth, breeding, and education, he is entitled to such recognition. The native sultans and regents have been shorn of all but nominal power; but the Dutch residents and governors and the Governor General invite them to dinner and dine with them in return, display and exact respect for their religious and domestic customs, and address them in terms of brotherly affection. This may be merely surface courtesy; but it certainly results in a smooth and pleasing surface! Nor is this all; the Dutch declare that a child with a drop of Dutch blood in its veins is a Dutch child, entitled to all the rights and privileges of a Dutch child, not only while it is a child but after it is grown, not only in Java and else-

where in the Dutch East Indies, but in the Netherlands. If you go into the Queen Wilhemina School, one of the best private schools in Bandoeng—and Bandoeng has a system of schools, both public and private, of which any city in the world might well be proud—you will find sitting beside a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, snowy-skinned little girl a black-haired, black-eyed, dusky-skinned little boy. Not a single instance of this, but many; not only dusky little boys sitting by fair little girls, but dusky little girls sitting by fair little boys. If you go in the afternoon to one of the fine concerts held in the clubs which are the centers of adult social life you will notice that the pretty woman, exquisitely dressed, sitting at the next table to you beside her blonde, rotund, and placid Dutch husband is a slim brunette herself; and glancing about at all the other couples who are drinking cool beverages and listening to the music, at dozens of other little tables, you will realize how many of them bear the unmistakable sign of an admixture of races. More than this: you will find, if you are fortunate enough to be invited to some of the official households, that your hostess, the wife of a great Dutch functionary, would not be called Dutch by you, and neither would many of the guests. If you motor over the excellent island roads, reveling in scenery which is at once exotic and controlled, with wet fields of terraced rice and acres of plumy sugar cane, and mountains veiled with a rosy mist of sunset, you will see troops of soldiers marching, with corporals at the head of private soldiers far lighter in color than they.

You will also find, now and then, a whispered murmur, "Java for the Javanese," or a hint that these Javanese, like all other subject races governed by aliens, are resenting foreign rule with a new world-consciousness. But this is indefinite, unformed, and not at all troublesome. The Dutch are losing no sleep, no time, and no money over it; they are sending out no committees appointed by Queen Wilhemina to report to the Dutch Parliament at the opening session and justify their tenacity in clinging to their richest possession. They are not talking about the economic and political causes of Javanese ingratitude. For they have accorded social recognition to the Javanese, in a very wide sense of the word; and in doing so they have eliminated the greatest source of open, hot rebelliousness and rancor.

The Dutch are far harder taskmasters than we have ever been. The poorer Javanese—and most of them are poor—old and young, work early and late, and for wages so small that it is incomprehensible to the outsider that they should sustain life upon such a pittance. Their village homes are untouched by the sanitary reforms which we have thrust upon the Filipinos. Their village schools, though these, like village banks, do exist—it being pure slander to say that the Dutch have allowed the natives no educational opportunities—cut a poor figure beside the substantial concrete buildings in the Philippines, to which the Filipino children eagerly flock, being much more interested in primers than they are in plumbing. While, should a Javanese journal once attempt the expression of such sentiments toward the Dutch as are flung out against Americans daily across the front pages of several Manila newspapers, without interference from our authorities, its suppression would be both speedy and severe. Yet in Java are order, peace, and prosperity to a remarkable degree; in the Philippines violent dissatisfaction, chaos, turmoil, and unsettled financial conditions.

Is it possible that in denying social privileges to a race peculiarly sensitive in regard to such recognition we have been guilty not only of an offense against good manners, but of a national blunder the consequences of which may be grave? Mr. Hughes is generally supposed to have forfeited the Presidency because of his failure to shake hands with Senator Johnson. Are we to forfeit the Philippines because we have, so to speak, refused to shake hands with the Filipinos? We need not go as far as the Dutch; we may leave aside all question of racial intermarriage, the advisability of which we shall probably always question, and which—let us not forget—the races with which we decline to intermarry question quite as anxiously as we do. Might it not be well to admit that there are Filipinos who are our social equals, and to accept the hospitality which they, more than any other race with which I have come in contact, offer so lavishly and so whole-heartedly? Might it not be well perhaps to offer them a little in return?

It is no idle epigram, more graceful than veracious, which states that the fate of nations has often been decided over a dinner table. It is the sober truth. And it is a truth to which we might listen with profit in considering the problem of the Philippines.

Twelve Good Men and True

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

SAY what you will, criticism of the Fall-Doheny verdict comes down in the end to a criticism of the jury system. From observation as a reporter assigned to the trial, and from a long interview had with a juror after the trial, this writer is satisfied that the disappointing outcome of this celebrated prosecution is simply a part of the price we pay for protection against judicial oppression.

None of the excuses so common for verdicts which allow rich and powerful malefactors to go free can properly be offered here—Senator Heflin to the contrary notwithstanding. The case was ably prosecuted, the presiding justice was conspicuously austere and impartial, yet Albert Fall and E. L. Doheny, already condemned by two courts, the Senate, and the overwhelming preponderance of public opinion, managed to get off. To one familiar with the facts, the reason for this is obvious. Consider the jury; here is a list of its members:

Vernon Snow, 30, draftsman
Stephen Vermillion, 29, clerk
Henry J. Briggs, 35, architect
Henry Byers, 24, teamster
Clinton Carver, 24, steamfitter's apprentice
George B. Cobb, 29, railway clerk
Windfield Mardindill, 23, bank clerk and law student
Alphonso Parker (foreman), 43, news-stand proprietor
Chester F. Parker, 40, grocery clerk
Herbert Via, 41, cigar clerk in a drug-store
Christian Vogel, 43, second cook
William B. Farmer, 25, electrician

"This typically American jury," Mr. Doheny proudly called it, in the jubilant moment following acquittal. Alas, he may have been right. Nearly all these men declared, when examined for duty, either that they had never heard of the oil scandals or that they had paid very little attention to them. None had formed an opinion concerning the guilt or innocence of the accused. That able journalist, Mr. Frank Kent, exclaimed in amazement over the fact that twelve such men could be found in the United States. They were found, and found in a comparatively short time.

Consider, then, the nature of the questions they were required to answer. They were asked to decide whether a President of the United States had been imposed upon by one of his Cabinet; whether another Cabinet officer had been incredibly fatuous and gullible; whether the exchange of royalty oil for construction work was an improper invasion of the legislative field by the executive branch; whether a rear-admiral had misled his chief in order to effect a pet scheme of defense in the Pacific; whether $100,000 sent in cash by a multimillionaire to a Cabinet officer was a bribe or a loan; whether in either case it was the consideration for the subsequent letting of a contract containing a joker clause under which the lease was afterward granted, and whether navy officials had reason to expect trouble from Japan in 1921.

True, the federal district and circuit courts had pronounced the transaction "saturated with fraud," but federal judges are men trained in sifting and weighing evidence and in penetrating to motives. True, the Senate had condemned it, but after months of study and debate. True, 95 per cent of the newspaper correspondents considered it a plain case of corruption, but they had lived with it since 1923.

These jurors were yanked from shop, counter, truck, and desk. Without warning or background, their bewildered eyes and confused ears were assailed with a huge volume of oral and documentary evidence, much of it highly contradictory. For three weeks they gazed upon the benign face and bandaged arm of Old Man Doheny. For three weeks they were exposed to the famous and contagious smile of lawyer Hogan. They read the dead President's letter approving the lease. They heard former Secretary Denby's sworn statement that he initiated it. They heard a score of prominent persons, including a member of Mr. Coolidge's Cabinet, testify to the exalted reputations and sterling characters of the accused. They heard the court's instruction on "reasonable doubt."

To err is human; to forgive is even more so, especially by men who are not suffering from any sense of personal injury. The jury retired to deliberate. From the outset nine favored acquittal, two were for conviction, one was undecided. The juror who held out longest for conviction was the one whose intelligence and educational advantages had most impressed spectators during the process of selecting the jury. He is a professional man. The other juror voting for conviction possessed some knowledge of law. From a juror's subsequent account of the "deliberations" the writer received a distinct impression that a number of the young clerks and mechanics were antagonized by the professional man's calm sifting of the evidence. Their determination to overbear him hardened accordingly. I quote a part of the discussion, as my informant remembered it:

"You can't tell me old man Doheny is a crook," declared a youthful mechanic. "I'll stay here till hell freezes over before I'll vote to send him to the pen. Didn't all those navy guys beg him to get in on this proposition? Why didn't they indict them, too?"

"But," protested the professional man, "how can you escape from that $100,000 transaction?"

"Oh, hell, didn't you hear them say it was just a loan between old friends? They had been friends for forty years. Doheny is a millionaire; why shouldn't he loan him the money? I like a fellow that stands by his friends. It's too bad there aren't more like him."

"All very well," said the professional man, "but you know and I know that a big business man like Doheny doesn't send $100,000 cash in a satchel by his son when he wants to make a loan. He sends a check. If it was just a loan, why did Fall lie about it? Why did he persuade McLean to lie about it?"

"Well," retorted one of the youths, "it was his own money, and he had a right to send it any way he pleased, and it was nobody's business. Fall would have had a yellow streak a foot wide if he hadn't told that white lie to protect a friend, especially after what Doheny had done for him."

Of the ex-juror who reported this discussion I inquired: "Did anyone ask why it should have been necessary to protect a friend if the transaction was legitimate?"

"No," he said, "if that was mentioned, I don't remember it. The consensus seemed to be that they were old friends, and that whatever happened in connection with the loan was their own business."

The outstanding weakness of the Government's case, in his opinion and in the opinion of the others, he said, was the failure to show by direct evidence that the $100,000 was given as a consideration for obtaining the lease. Unless the Government could prove that by first-hand evidence, a majority of the jurors felt that no conspiracy had been shown. I suggested to him that the character of such transactions must nearly always be established by collateral circumstances. Men who give and receive bribes seldom expressly designate them as such, hence usually it is impossible to produce first-hand evidence of the understanding with which the money was paid.

"Exactly," he agreed. "That's just what we decided —they hadn't made a case."

To think of all the energy, brains, and high purpose which had been lavished upon the long and difficult struggle to get these two men to trial, and then to realize that the final verdict had been written out of such reasoning and in such a mood as the foregoing discloses, is enough to make men despair. Of what avail was the splendid courage and brilliant intellect of Senator Walsh, of what use the prodigious labor of Roberts, the whole stirring three-year fight to have justice upon this faithless official and his brazen millionaire patron?

Yet the very nature of our criminal procedure made the outcome almost inevitable. Upon a time-honored rule extensive knowledge of the case is sufficient to disqualify a talesman for jury service. In other words, the availability of a citizen for jury duty was in direct ratio to his lack of information, in a case where possession of that information was a condition of intelligent citizenship! Nobody will contend that a man should be permitted to sit on a case when he has formed and expressed pronounced opinions as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, but there seems no excuse for enforcing the rule to the extent where mental paralysis becomes the goal of achievement in selecting a jury.

Under such conditions as obtained here, a little in-

geniousness in the planning and commission of a fraud becomes a defense safer than an alibi. Few jurors will convict on evidence which they cannot understand. "When in doubt, acquit," is not only the psychology of the juror; it is also the law. Very soon the Government will bring Fall and Harry F. Sinclair to trial on the charge of having conspired to defraud the Government in the Teapot Dome lease. One contemplates the event with pardonable cynicism. The very heart of the alleged conspiracy in that case is a highly complicated set of dealings, revolving around a bogus trading company, organized across the border in Canada.

True, from its devious activities, $230,000 in Liberty Bonds eventually found their way to Fall and persons closely connected with him. True, Fall secretly leased Teapot Dome to one of the guarantors and organizers of that company. But would these two circumstances have any significance to a jury which could see no connection between the $100,000 in the little black bag and the lease which Fall subsequently gave Doheny? The writer respectfully assumes to doubt it.

These Modern Women

A Deflated Rebel

ANONYMOUS

FROM a rebellious childhood I have settled into a comfortable middle age of marriage, children, a couple of strenuous and pleasantly creative avocations, and a slight tendency to bridle when men deal in generalizations about women—despite the fact that I indulge in generalizations about men. An explanation of my continuously angry soul as a child is as far beyond me as an explanation of my present complacency. But I find an impersonal interest in the conflicts which surrounded us at home, now that they are revealed. They were at the time unmentioned and by an heroic effort almost unnoticed in our upright Quaker household.

We print herewith the fifth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in The Nation *for January 19.*

A psychoanalyst and a behaviorist will analyze these articles in an attempt to discover the underlying causes of the modern woman's rebellion.

Women predominated in the family. We were two grandmothers, father, mother, and three daughters. Grandfather Evans, who left at his death a business which was our life's catastrophe, dominated the family circle to some extent by his grave portrait and by my grandmother's and my mother's adoration of him as a symbol of great competence. Grandfather Haynes, a vague family hero, since he lost his life in an underground railway freeing slaves, was unknown even to my father, born after his death.

Father and mother married about the time of her father's death. Owing to a flight in advertising, his business was willed to his widow and daughter (my mother) in a bankrupt condition. Bankruptcy proceedings would have saved the day, but my Grandmother Evans's proud and stubborn spirit prevented. Therefore, as my father and mother started on their marital career, they assumed the responsibility of paying off an enormous debt, reviving a fading business, supporting two grandmothers, and keeping intact the large house and garden of my mother's mother. We had to move into this house within a few years to save expense. Grandma Evans looked upon this arrangement as an imposition, although her own rigid and upright standards of conduct had made it necessary. But sacrifices were essential. My grandmother's maid must go; our "hired girl" must go. The house was apportioned; the household work divided.

Now for various reasons my father's mother, Grandma Haynes, a good and kindly practicing Quaker, was thoroughly despised by my mother's mother, an intelligent and presumably gentle practicing Quaker. I think Grandma Haynes was considered "common," or perhaps it was her more poverty-stricken past that gained her my other grandmother's antagonism. But the problem of keeping these two eminently sweet old ladies from meeting in the house became another burden upon my father and mother. Grandma Evans would peer down the long hall from the door of her room before stepping out in order to guard against any chance meeting with Grandma Haynes. Should that tragic event occur in spite of every precaution, there would be a quickened tread and an averted head on the part of Grandma Evans and a sad, hurt look of bewilderment on the face of Grandma Haynes. When I witnessed one of these meetings, the gorge rose within me. I was aligned forever with the more humble side of the family—my Grandmother Haynes and her son, my father.

The division of tasks in the household was tragically perverse. Grandma Evans—intellectual, individualist, and undomestic—assumed complete charge of the kitchen, planning and cooking for this entire family which her conscience had imposed upon her. Otherwise her martyrdom would have been insufficient, and we should have been less in the position of irritating and unwelcome guests. Grandma Haynes, who craved hard manual labor for the sake of those she loved, was barred from the kitchen. She was forced to eke out her unsatisfied zeal in devoted care of us—who would have none of it—and in endless knitting. Besides the kitchen Grandma Evans had as her sanctuary the library, with heavy doors eternally drawn together, and her own front bedroom. Neither of these rooms can I ever remember entering, except to sniff their dignity and remoteness. Her quiet superiority and her endless labor were exasperatingly evident; though she never complained or discussed her affairs in our hearing. Utterly dependent on my father and mother, she was yet the unquestioned head of the house, while they were the driven slaves of the business she had refused to allow them to abandon.

Grandma Haynes was more a part of the family. We all, except Grandma Evans, used the office, which English-like was in the house, in the evening as a sitting-room. Here my mother and father worked at the ledgers and typewriter during the day; here an enormous safe bearing my grandfather's name, fondly surrounded by pink painted roses and many flourishes, was a constant reminder of his once prosperous state. The parlor was for piano lessons and parties.

We children were brought up to speak the Quaker tongue out of consideration for our grandmothers, and the Quaker tongue in a thoroughly un-Quaker community in the mouths of three fairly unrefined little brats often expressed itself in such demure remarks as "Damn thee. I'm just as tough as thee is."

But to Grandma Evans was due more than mere respect. Virtue in our family consisted in helping her with the dishes and household chores. Wickedness was to refuse dishwashing and play with the undesirable family next door, whom Grandma Evans despised but whom my father and Grandma Haynes could see no reason for disdaining, poor and uneducated though they were. My elder sister chose the good; I chose the evil; my younger sister remained neutral. I chose the side of no work and free associations. I hated my sister for winning Grandma Evans's difficult approval by dishwashing and snobbish behavior. I rebelled against the quiet superiority which lent a fictitious dignity to tiresome tasks and poured silent contempt on the gentle head of Grandma Haynes. Although the antagonism between them was unspoken and unacknowledged, I sided passionately with the under-grandmother and rejected all the standards set up by Grandma Evans. Perhaps I yearned secretly for her approval, but could not stoop to win it. Certainly I did not. I went my way, angry and resentful. I sought out the toughest companions of the neighborhood. I played with boys winter and summer, whose bravado, being normal, seemed of a far less glorious nature than my own. They were no better and no worse than I at the game of tip-cat under the lamplight on the corner of a spring evening. Boys were slightly more stupid in school, but occasionally better at games. Though I tried football, it bored me and I freely granted superiority on that field if they claimed it. I felt magnificently glorified in being a girl—a girl who could do anything she wanted to. I also felt proud of my democratic ways. I played with and liked the most "undesirable" children I could find, just as at home I associated with and adored the grandmother who I knew was looked down upon. Having to do dishes and run errands was an injustice; and so was our everlasting economy and poverty. I was in a state of continual rebellion.

Since we were brought up with economic handicaps, it had been taken for granted by us all that once out of college the efforts of our father and mother were finished as far as we were concerned. We had to earn our own living; no feminist faith was necessary. Since the work of supporting the family had been done as much by my mother as by my father, there was nothing to indicate that we should not be as capable of earning money as any son would have been. I can remember no suggestion in the minds of any of us of sex inferiority, male or female. Both my father and mother believed in and worked for woman suffrage. There was no preaching to us of woman's duty being thus and so. Certainly we were not brought up to be charming; our clothes were grotesque, expressing my mother's latent color sense, if they expressed anything at all.

Later on, in college, I became imbued with sufficient formulism to feel that it was up to me to prove that women were as capable as men in the world's achievements. But owing to a natural dislike of hard work, still heavy upon me from childhood, I was soon able to prove to my own satisfaction that no important task had to be done by me as a woman, since other women were covering themselves with glory in every field of effort. That let me out personally. Inwardly, I looked upon earning my living primarily as a chance for further adventure, for experience and amusement, and gained my objective with scant satisfaction to my employers. I worked in factories; briefly I held a position as secretary; I went in for newspaper and magazine work. I enjoyed my various jobs for the personal contacts they involved, for their variety and occasional excitement. I disliked them for their drudgery—the reminiscent flavor of duty and dishwashing.

In the early days of my marriage the formulas of feminism pestered me because I allowed my husband to support me. But since I had used my economic independence previously as a means to adventure, and the immediate adventure of my life was the entirely unforeseen one of adjusting to intimacy and conflict in marriage, I found it easy to still the accusing voice which pointed out that principles were at stake. Besides which, having found that most of my principles were generated out of perversity, it became necessary as I grew older either to cast rigid rules of conduct out altogether or to invent them as the situation arose or to remold new ones out of a more adult attitude. My feminism is a part of my ego and perhaps nothing more. I like myself—and I am a woman. Therefore, I naturally resent injustice on the basis of sex.

As an individual I want, and have found, an opportunity to do what interests me—inside my home and outside as well. My deficiencies and my capacities are my own—not those of my sex. Having come from under the pressure to perform imposed tasks I have gained both freedom and eagerness in the work I do. Since I no longer have to work, I am no longer lazy; since I am not disapproved of, I am not angry. I have traded my sense of exhilarating defiance (shall we call it feminism?) for an assurance of free and unimpeded self-expression (or shall we call that feminism?). In other words, I have grown up.

Egypt

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Look, it is Egypt in my soul today,
A geometric, pyramided calm;
Death's neatness is the necessary way,
To measure and to build and to embalm.

This desert is a staring, mute mosaic
Laid dryly out in death and stone and heat.
The only human face is flat, archaic,
And sand has hid the futile hands and feet.

But sometimes there were water-boys calling,
Singing the Water-Song along the Nile.
It was a soft song and like water falling,
And I may hear it in a little while.

Kansas College Has Its Fling

By HARBOR ALLEN

STUDENTS who criticize their professors, object to faculty censorship of their publications, write favorable reviews of Cabell and Cather, quote Bernard Shaw and *The Nation,* and demand a modicum of self-government are agents of Soviet Russia: it has been so decreed by the administration of the Kansas City, Missouri, Junior College. After expelling five students for publishing the *Sacred Cow,* a weekly paper, President E. M. Bainter announced: "This is part of a nation-wide movement of the Reds to wreck our educational institutions." Clarence O. Senior, an alumnus who sought legal aid for the expelled students, was accused of being a "paid organizer" for the Reds.

When the faculty censorship board and the staff of the weekly *Collegian* failed to reach an agreement over certain censored articles, the university president announced that the staff had been dissolved. The faculty censors had stated flatly that a student publication must not criticize the school authorities, and that Willa Cather's and Cabell's novels must not be reviewed. The Student Council then boldly voted to abolish the *Collegian* on the ground that a severely censored "student" journal was just expensive waste paper. At the same time a faculty committee emasculated the constitution drawn up by the council for student self-government, although the constitution in question proposed nothing more startling than to place the control of extra-curricular activities in the hands of the students, to be subject to faculty control only when the students "by overt acts indicate their incapability."

In the midst of the subsequent hubbub the *Sacred Cow* made its first appearance, proclaiming free speech and free press. It drew its name from the "sacred cow" of the college: the faculty "to whom all must bow in worship." In its columns appeared all the articles barred from the more sacrosanct columns of the *Collegian,* including the reviews of "The Professor's House" and "The Silver Stallion," an excerpt from *The Nation* on The American College and Its Rulers, and a letter from the president of the council rebuking the faculty for its suppressive measures. In addition the *Sacred Cow* brazenly published Wendell Phillips's opinion on free speech, cited the action of President Glenn Frank of Wisconsin in refusing to oust an editor for attacking the dry laws, and observed of the address of a Congregational minister that it was "the type usually given before a group of high-school students rather than before college students, who are supposed to be of superior intelligence. College students in the main are not interested in the number of times 'Red' Grange practiced."

A review in the second number intimated that Cabell lets the "institutions of marriage and religion come in for a great share of ridicule." As for faculty members: "There are some who merit the highest praise—but there are others. The disagreeable members are placed in practically all the key positions of faculty-student relations. They are placed where their presence will be most obnoxious to the student body, because they stand as a bulwark against progressive student initiative." And from Bernard Shaw the *Sacred Cow* drew this: "If the students of America do not organize their own education, they will not get any. In forming Intellectual Soviets and establishing the Dictatorship of the Learner, the American students may save their country—if it is capable of being saved."

The five editors of the *Sacred Cow* were—by special-delivery letters—summarily dismissed from the college and the Student Council was dissolved. The editors' efforts to defend themselves were brushed aside as "mere quibbling." One of them immediately capitulated and wrote the abject apology demanded by the president and the Kansas City Board of Education. Apologies from the other four, less cringing, were rejected. Given a second chance under threat of permanent expulsion, three of these four sent in letters suspiciously alike. All were convinced of the error of their revolt. All had experienced profound inward changes and had come to realize how mistaken was their judgment of the faculty and the administration. "I now understand the futility, the absurdity of trying to think out independently a line of conduct for myself," wrote one of the quondam rebels. "I am too young, too impulsive, too immature." "Any attempt by the students of Junior College to run their own education would be foolish and would undoubtedly result in failure," recanted another who had talked of the "dictatorship of the learner." The third could only attribute his former attitude to his "youth, inexperience, and overdeveloped ego."

All these were taken back into the fold. Despite temporary aberrations, they had convinced the Board of Education that they were fit children for an American college. The Board of Education, incidentally, in an open letter to the President made itself painfully plain on the relative position of faculty and students:

> You and your faculty are held responsible for all activities connected with the Junior College, curricular and extra curricular. . . . To accord such a privilege (the control of extra-curricular activities) to students and to permit them to undertake to organize, administer, and carry out some of the most important functions connected with a public institution of learning is revolutionary, and that beneficial results may be obtained from such a procedure is contrary to all human experience.

One of the recreant editors, Gerald Fling by name, stubbornly refused to consider himself so young, foolish, and immature that he could not formulate his own judgments or his own line of conduct. "Fling," he was warned by the Superintendent of Schools, I. I. Cammack, "you are dangerous. A man with your opinions belongs in Russia."

To a friend this dangerous student writes:

> Read the statements of the students who were readmitted and you will better understand the state of conditions in Junior College: how student opinion is muzzled; how student government is denied; how controversial matters—military training, socialism, etc.—are not allowed on bulletin boards, even though pains are taken to see that both sides are fairly presented; how teachers are muzzled and, through fear of losing their jobs, subscribe to "economic determinism"; how the board asserts that it will get rid of teachers possessing liberal opinions; how noted liberal speakers are not allowed to address the students; how, when students rebel, they are clubbed into submission by fear of a dishonorable dismissal; how President Bainter maintains an espionage system by which any student guilty of "radical" or liberal views is proscribed and is subsequently asked to leave because of "cuts" or "low grades."

Gerald Fling is still sticking to his guns and he is still barred from Kansas City Junior College. How the Board of Education damned itself and the American college when it decreed: "Fling, you are dangerous."

Good Old Bill Vare

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, December 24

NEW records for humbuggery promise to be hung up in the Senate as a result of the cases of Mr. Vare of Pennsylvania and Mr. Smith of Illinois. Contests over Senatorial seats always evoke a display of unctuous hypocrisy upon the part of the party in power. Senators carefully comb the poor old Constitution to find reasons to conceal the practical political motives that control their vote. Invariably there is vast posturing and posing but in the end the decision is not on the evidence or the facts but almost exclusively on a partisan basis. There are some Senators unmoved in matters of this sort by political considerations, but not many. The majority on both sides never get away from the purely political aspect.

By the time this is printed the militant Mr. Smith with his odoriferous credentials from his smelly Illinois Governor may have been, as is now indicated, enthusiastically ejected by the Senate on the broad ground of general political turpitude—with Jim Watson acting as one of the most enthusiastic of the ejectors. That, when it is considered in the red light of the recent Indiana campaign and the unkind allegations against the noble James along with his general reputation, is not without its element of rollicking humor. Or Mr. Smith may have failed to present himself for the well-advertised kick in the pants or he may when this appears be still desperately trying to dodge the Senatorial boot. In any event it will not be the end of his case. Both he and the high-minded Mr. Vare will be beating on the doors of the Senate early in March if there is a special session or early in December if there is not.

The really interesting thing about the fights of these two Republican Senators elect, charged with having corruptly obtained their nominations; the thing that justified the statement made at the beginning of this article; the thing that ought to be understood before the great Constitutional lawyers start in to beat their breasts and rave about the "vanishing rights of the States" and the iniquitous direct primary which subjects pure and patriotic men to the unjust suspicion of trying to buy their way in whereas all they wanted to do was to show their hearts to be in the right place—that thing is the simple fact that the Republican machine leaders have determined to make Mr. Smith the goat in order to save Mr. Vare if they can. In this more or less laudable movement will be enlisted the full support of the Mellon-Coolidge Administration. It is doubtful whether they will be able to put over the Vare part of this program, but there is no doubt at all that they intend to try. The reasons are perfectly clear. In the first place arguments of the inside Republican organization for keeping Vare are far stronger than those for helping Smith. It is Mr. Smith's hard luck that he is nothing like the politically potent person in the Illinois machine Mr. Vare is in Pennsylvania. It is true that if both Vare and Smith are thrown out they would be succeeded by Republicans and there would be no party loss in the Senate. It would be possible therefore for regular and righteous Republicans, of the Fess type for example, to vote against both without helping the Democrats—which from the Fess standpoint nothing could justify. Here, then, is the rare chance to be both right and regular and there is little doubt, if left to themselves, that most Republican Senators, sweeping aside the fine-spun Constitutional arguments of the brilliant Beck, would vote against Vare as unctuously as against Smith. Both cases are equally ugly, and there remains in the Senate mind a still vivid memory of the amazing mortality among Senators who supported the unfortunate Newberry—a dreadful political tight-wad when stacked up beside this pair of free-handed spenders.

However, there exists a powerful political reason for saving Vare. Peace, it is declared, has been made between the factions of the party in Pennsylvania—between the Vare machine on the one side and the Mellon-Grundy-Reed machine on the other. By the terms of this peace it is asserted Mr. Vare's seat in the Senate is practically underwritten. If he is thrown out he will come back, but the Reed-Mellon-Grundy faction is to do its noble best to keep him from being thrown out. This means, of course, that Senator David A. Reed is to make the fight to give Vare his seat. If he is successful then Vare and his Philadelphia machine will support Senator Reed in the 1928 primaries for renomination and "go along" with the Mellon machine in the matter of delegates to the national convention. If he should be unseated, then Reed and Vare will run together two years hence, each supporting the other. Of their simultaneous success under such circumstances in primary and general elections there could be no question. Of course what this involves is support for Mr. Vare in his Senate contest by the benign but partisan Mr. Mellon, who is politically guided and represented by Mr. Reed, and that involves the support of the equally partisan but more cunning and cautious Mr. Coolidge whose third-term aspirations are vitally linked up with Pennsylvania. Thus in its conservative, under-cover way the whole Administration will be back of Vare when the time comes. But not back of Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith is the goat. It is recognized that it will be easier for Republican Senators to vote for Mr. Vare if they are allowed to vote against Mr. Smith. That is what they are preparing to do, justifying it on the ground that Smith accepted money from the wicked traction magnate whose rates he was supposed to regulate, whereas all good old Bill Vare's friends did was to spend $800,000 for him in the primaries and cheat a little in the general election—really a mere trifle. The plan is to heave Mr. Smith out as morally unfit, but to find a good Constitutional excuse for keeping Vare in. If that does not beat the humbug record, what does?

In the Driftway

NEW YEAR'S resolutions, like New Year's calls and New Year's egg-nog, are going out of fashion. Perhaps it is just as well. Now that the egg-nog is served on the last night of the year, it is a comfort to be able to sleep through the ensuing afternoon, instead of having to wake up and drink more egg-nog in the presence of friends and acquaintances. But the Drifter, always old-fashioned, has made a few resolves, and as a result he, and not his up-to-date contemporaries, will be able to enjoy the pleasurable sense of sin attendant on breaking them.

* * * * *

FIRST, he will be brave. When invited to make a speech or attend a reception for a prominent foreigner just awarded the Keys of the City, or to dine or drink tea or eat

breakfast for the purpose not of sociability but of meeting someone, he will not reply cravenly that he is about to leave town, or that his aunt has typhoid fever, or that he is suffering from rabies, or some other transparent and unoriginal lie. No. From January first forward, his answer will be as follows: "Dear Sir or Madam: I will not attend your dull party, not because I am not perfectly free at that time and physically able to come but because I would much rather stay home."

* * * * *

SECOND, he will not hurry. If he should enter a subway station as a train is pulling in he will turn his back to it and stroll quietly to the end of the platform. If by running he can just cross Fifth Avenue before the traffic lights change he will dally on the curb instead. He will not even try to be on time for appointments, nor arrive breathless and apologetic with some trumped-up excuse when inevitably he is late. On moving stairways (this reform should perhaps come under his first resolve instead of this one) he will not run upstairs merely because persons behind him want to run; on the contrary, he will plant himself firmly and comfortably on a step and will *ride* up, as the inventor of this particular device certainly intended him to do, paying no attention to the cries of the line pressing him from behind.

* * * * *

THIRD, he will not be influenced by public opinion, even by public and forcibly expressed derision. Thus, if some one belligerently inquires if he has read the latest novel or exposé of political scandal he will confidently and loudly answer: "I have not, nor have I any intention of doing so." To the scornful sniffs provoked by this intransigence he will be deaf. If at a week-end party in the country his fellow-guests demand that he go skating, he will move his chair nearer the fire and prop his feet higher above his head, without even the trouble of a refusal. He will sleep late or rise early, as the spirit moves him; he will work at midnight or at noon or not at all, without regard for the raised eyebrows or incredulous hoots of his associates. He will, in short, spend the year 1927 in making himself as disagreeable to other persons as he can and as agreeable to himself. He will do as he likes—until something unforeseen occurs to make him break his resolutions.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Find Out if You Can

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers will be interested in the following letter recently received from Ellen La Motte.

New York, December 20 JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD

DEAR JULIA: Things look bad to me in the opium world—the Opium Bloc, of which Lord Cecil is spokesman, is doing its best to get that Geneva Convention ratified. If ratified, the whole situation will be handed over to a Board of Control or Central Board, members of which will be appointed by the League, after which event they will function alone, without public sessions. The Italian delegate at the Fifth Committee of the Assembly this past September strongly protested against the League handing the opium situation over to this board, saying that it was a highly dangerous thing to do. He seemed to think that the League, intrusted with the enforcement of the Hague Convention, was slipping out of its treaty obligations. He further stated that this board was to be composed of countries the majority of which had large financial stakes in opium production, drug manufacture, and consumption—that it would be a "packed" committee, undiluted, or practically so, by countries which can view the opium situation in other terms than those of financial interests. Lord Cecil, however, carried the Fifth Committee into indorsing a resolution urging the Assembly to support the Geneva Convention—to ask the states members of the League to indorse this convention at Geneva. Which the Assembly did. As this Geneva Convention does nothing about production, manufacture, or smoking, presumably the League likes these things to continue. Certainly the opium interests like it that way. And this Central Board, whose function is to watch opium and drugs traveling from one country to another, can probably watch the transit with equanimity. Their reports, handed in three months after each meeting, *may* be misleading. At any rate, what good is this Central Board except to tip off the insiders? And why are the opium-profiting countries so dead keen on it? And how comes the League to be delegating its authority to a packed committee like this?

ELLEN

Freedom from Americans

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The continuous cry from Filipinos of all classes for "independence" is, when sifted down, less a cry for independence from America than from Americans.

Not all the Americans in the Philippines are roughnecks. There is a considerable group of young American business men of education and there is a much smaller group of earnest Americans in the service of the Philippine government. These people do their work and are largely inarticulate. The business men have but few Filipino contacts that count, while the lips of government officials are better sealed for obvious reasons. But a large group of American business men, many of whom came to Manila as soldiers in the Spanish-American War, are most noisy and offensive about their "rights." They seem to feel that because they helped take this country away from Spain the Filipinos should be undyingly grateful to them for staying on, making money, and being condescending. They make bad feeling between Americans and Filipinos. A Filipino who has been met with courtesy and sympathy by America's best at home wants independence from this sort of American in the Philippines.

One of the leading American papers of Manila "kids" the Filipinos because they are small, because they are brown, because they are politicians, because they are house servants, because they are peasants, because they eat rice and fish, because they ask for independence, because their English is poor, because they are lawyers instead of farmers and merchants, because, finally, they are not Americans of the same unpleasant type as the editorial writer. This paper, a daily insult, nurses an enormous amount of Filipino hatred of Americans.

Filipinos of birth, education, and breeding are acceptable to Americans similarly qualified for the same reason that intelligent people the world over can mingle profitably. It is when people of different caste, as well as race, mingle that the trouble begins. The Americans who understand and sympathize with the articulate Filipinos are unfortunately inarticulate; they do not go about writing for publication and making speeches. If they did they would undoubtedly be attacked as un-American by the ex-soldiers and carpet-baggers who think that offensive provincialism proves allegiance to America.

Naturally the Filipinos want to be rid of such Americans. Some of the most thoughtful Filipino leaders hope for some such relation between the United States and the Philippines as exists between England and Canada. Home rule would not banish all undesirable Americans, but it might be made to act as a muzzle.

Manila, P. I., November 1 GWINNE TREGO NATHORST

Books and Plays

Praise of Diana

By GLADYS OAKS

No more the young Diana whom he knew
With golden limbs on paradisal hills,
Laughing a little at the red that spills
Down the white arrow that her fingers drew. . . .

But she would run from him to other skies,
New hunting grounds that darkened in the south,
Then back with tired feet and eager mouth—
And with his mounting heart the moon would rise.

Where nights are counted as our minutes fall
She married him a thousand years ago.
She waits for him with clustered children now,
A faithful woman aging by a wall.
The fleet, the proud Diana—she is dead;
And does he bless the wifehood of his bed?

First Glance

THE poems of James Rorty, appearing singly in magazines during the past half-dozen years, have impressed me chiefly on the score of their movement. The quality of movement is in itself of the first importance to poetry, and Mr. Rorty's sinewy rhythms, running their rapid course through series of long or short lines, through rhyme or free verse, have seemed to me sufficient reason for calling their manipulator one of the most interesting poets in America. Whatever else the poems had to recommend them, or whatever they lacked, they stepped out; they were rousing. Now, after a delay which is difficult to understand, they appear in a volume called "Children of the Sun and Other Poems" (Macmillan: $1.75); and it is possible to speak of other important qualities which they have. It is possible, for instance, to say where in Mr. Rorty they come from, and what they are about.

All of them, from the longest and loudest, What Michael Said to the Census Taker, down to the shortest and softest, Entry to the Desert, have the same scene—the earth below, the sky above, and man between. It is a large scene, and by no means a new one, yet Mr. Rorty makes it very much his own and never departs from a highly personal method of looking at it—or of hearing it make noise. Mr. Rorty feels the physical universe as keenly and freshly as any poet does these days, and has as much power to bring that universe close to the reader. He brings it there, however, for a purpose: to remind men how little they deserve such a setting. I do not mean to place Mr. Rorty among the "nature poets," among those poets, that is to say, who moon over the superior moral virtues of clouds and seas. I am sure that his first interest, like his last, was in man; he feeds no morals into nature. But it cannot be without purpose that he has so insistently sung of the feebleness and absurdity of the human creature as he struts under the morning. Mr. Rorty rings the great bell of dawn, or calls upon the flowers, or invokes the fog, or magnifies the moon in order that we shall know how excellent these are, and how freely they go about their business. Our lack of strength, our fear of freedom—these are Mr. Rorty's subjects, and he has treated them as a poet should treat them, by making his verse both strong and free. He has treated them also—and this is perhaps the chief distinction of the present volume—with an erect and moving humor. It is seldom that satire is conveyed in such beautiful verse, seldom that beautiful verse is made to chortle and bustle as does the verse in When We Dead Awaken, The Day, Mr. Nevinson Arrives by Moonlight, California Dissonance, and Sunday Morning. Mr. Rorty in one page can rouse to shame, to laughter, and to delight.

Mr. Rorty's one specific defect will, I fancy, disappear in future volumes. This is a tendency, when he is at the crest of a rhythmical wave, to forget how scrupulous he can be with words and slide off into sheer eloquence. The outward sign is generally a mixture of metaphors, none of which is sufficiently original with Mr. Rorty. The inward sign he doubtless knows and has already conquered.

MARK VAN DOREN

Editor-Politician

Horace Greeley. By Don C. Seitz. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

MR. SEITZ has written most entertainingly and with intelligence and courage about the men and events of our American Victorian period. He has recreated in his latest book the political atmosphere which, being overcharged with hate, suspicion, and fear after the Mexican War, released the spiritual lightning which became the Civil War. The Horace Greeley whom Mr. Seitz has created moves amid the confusion, malice, and greedy ambitions of his day in the forties and fifties, a baffled hero. Mr. Seitz has not made a bronze statue for the park; rather he has pictured an earnest man, more than reasonably honest, whose intelligence is directed rather by his courage than by the insight which should come from wide information. The author has not made a god but instead "the busiest and boldest editor in America" during the forty years of his career.

The influence of Greeley during those years upon a small provincial country with most of the population located within a two-days' trip of the front door of the New York *Tribune* office was tremendous. He used that influence courageously even though he was unquestionably afflicted with ambition which biased his courage. The Greeley whom Don Seitz makes in his book is essentially an agitator. Greeley was never a constructive statesman, but he aroused emotions in the popular heart which did mold events and did make history. We see in this book a soft, shrill-voiced, moon-faced, pudgy little man, physically and morally leonine in his courage, who heroizes himself a bit, pities himself a little, assumes the king-maker, and does in truth play a Warwick's game. But we see also how out of the hates that men harbored during the first half of the century, how out of sectional greeds having their basis in economic conditions, passions were stirred which led in some kind of inexorable tragic Greek procession to the cataclysm of Civil War. Reading Mr. Seitz's book, in which history is dramatized around this editor-politician, one sees how futile the war was, how unnecessary if there had been wisdom where there was ambition, if there had been a sincere national desire to settle the slavery question rather than to cherish it as a political issue for the benefit of the politicians of the North and South.

The reader of Don Seitz's "Greeley," seeing his hero blunder and fail so many times under his tremendous responsibility, is saddened by the overwhelming knowledge that sincerity is not enough in statesmanship, that courage is not enough in statesmanship, that even the unusual honesty that Greeley used

is not enough in statesmanship. One realizes that to overcome the passions of men which arise when ambitions meet and grapple with vast self-interests only the wisdom of a demigod can keep men out of war. The thing Don Seitz has done in this book most beautifully is to show quite casually and without moralizing how easily, indeed how inevitably, self-interest tempts politicians to trade humanity's advantage for their own preferment. This life is a tragedy, not the tragedy of Greeley but the tragedy of America—walking blindly through "the irrepressible conflict" which comes, with the economic differences between the North and the South, to be the bloodiest war the world had seen before, the American Civil War! With a fine repression, with a splendid refusal to be melodramatic in piling up detail, Mr. Seitz has written his story of this tragedy as though he were not conscious of it. He has detached himself from the passions of the day and has set them down as the coloring of his pageant, and has moved the puppets of his pageant, Greeley, Seward, Lincoln, Douglas, with a calm hand, forward into the terrible holocaust which overwhelmed them.

So Don Seitz has made a book that is easy to read, a delightful book on the whole, yet not a book which those who believe in highly moral tales will enjoy. Nor is it a book which those will approve who believe that this is merely a mechanistic universe and that pure chance guides human destiny in its great decisions. One closes this book with a sense that man some way, some day, will solve the problem of his destiny on this planet, will civilize himself in the mass as he has to some extent civilized himself individually. Seeing here set down the play of these titanic forces with which Greeley, Lincoln, Seward, and Douglas struggled so impotently, so blindly, and yet so honestly and so bravely, one realizes that just a little more wisdom, a little more foresight, a little more vision in understanding hearts would have choked the hates which made the Civil War and solved without the war some of the problems which the war so compromised. Don Seitz has done his country a service if only a thousand of his countrymen turn to his story and read it wisely.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Poe Again

Israfel: The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe. By Hervey Allen. George H. Doran Company. Two volumes. $10.

Edgar Allan Poe. By Mary E. Phillips. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Two volumes. $10.

THE two works here under review aggregate some 2,600 pages and constitute an impressive monument to the persistence of human curiosity. When Poe died in 1849 such brief accounts of his life as were already in existence or were called forth by his death were wrong in nearly every important particular. He himself had lied elaborately with deliberate intent to conceal the truth, and at least until a very short time ago those in possession of essential documents kept them closely guarded. It was not until he had been dead for more than half a century that Woodberry first discovered the whole lost chapter of his life in the army, not until a few years ago that Killis Campbell first conclusively proved that Poe's story of a romantic expedition to Europe (invented in order to conceal his service as a private soldier) was unadulterated fiction, and not until last fall that letters of absolutely capital importance were first released for publication. Every biographer has had to struggle with contradictions and concealments, and nearly every new fact has had to be won at the cost of laborious investigation. Yet so persistent has the quest been, and so eager the reception of every addition to our knowledge, that when Professor Campbell, searching the voluminous papers of the firm of Ellis and Allan, discovered that at a certain date the infant Edgar had suffered from a children's disease the fact was duly recorded in the pages of a learned journal. Neither the shifty prevarication of poor Poe, desperately ashamed of the outwardly sordid details of his career, nor the stubborn squeamishness of those connected in one way or another with him has availed against the equally stubborn persistence of scholars, and it is now possible for Mr. Allen to say in the preface to his biography: "There is no longer any necessity for talking about 'the Poe mystery,' indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that there are few other literary figures whose personal life is so fully documented." Poe's character and genius are both still mysteries, but we now know as much of the outward events of his career as there is any necessity for knowing.

Both of the present works are the result of great labor and both contain much information, a portion of which is new and a portion of which is, at least, not conveniently available in the pages of any other one book. Unfortunately, however, Miss Phillips's complete lack both of a critical sense and of any capacity for the arrangement of material renders her work nearly useless for any except those scholars who will employ it as they would employ any miscellaneous collection of documents. Mr. Allen, on the other hand, in spite of the extremely detailed character of his treatment, possesses sufficient sense of form to render his book readable. He has completely synthesized all previously known facts, he has added some details of his own, and, thanks to his labors, we are able to follow step by step the movements of Poe with an exactitude which leaves little to be desired.

It is to biography in the narrowest sense of the word that Mr. Allen has devoted himself. All criticism is definitely eschewed, and even character analysis is subordinated to objective narration. Obviously an admirer of Poe, he nevertheless makes few excuses for the more questionable incidents in his hero's career, and he appears to accept the theories which I advanced in my own study of Poe both in regard to the influence of the apparently psychic inhibition of his sexual impulses and in regard to the role which the exhibition of his powers of "ratiocination" played in his efforts to maintain his neurotic sense of superiority. But his chief concern is with outward events, and to these he devotes himself. The result is a work which will definitely supersede Woodberry's as the standard factual biography and which performs its task so well that for many years to come no similar work will be necessary. To the psychologist and to the critic he has left an open field, to the biographer little useful to do.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Rodin and Modern Art

Personal Reminiscences of Auguste Rodin. By Anthony M. Ludovici. J. B. Lippincott and Company. $3.

THE legendary figure of Rodin, as the Michelangelo of our days, has grown hugely since his death in the confusion of war time. The recent gift of an elegantly housed Rodin collection to the city of Philadelphia and the steady flow of hero-worshiping books by his admirers are indications of the vitality of that popular legend. Meanwhile the judgment of artists is divided; a few academicians still shudder at his "sadistic distortions," and the radicals commonly ignore him as the last writhe of a dying Hellenistic tradition.

These memoirs of an uncomfortable year as private secretary to the sculptor have no surprising revelations to offer; but they do good service in helping replace the fictitious Titan with a human being, likable for his rough honesty, keen discourse, and fresh enthusiasms, yet at close range often domineering and childishly vain. "It is never an easy task," Mr. Ludovici remarks, "to be associated, except on terms of equality, with a man of genius. . . . I found it impossible in the long run to maintain that attitude of unflinching sympathy, tolerance, and devotion . . . which he certainly did obtain from many of the women friends that surrounded him."

The chapters on Rodin as an artist are illuminating in their description of his aims and methods, but absurdly exaggerated in their estimate of his importance. All of modern art except Rodin's, from impressionism to cubism, is denounced as "puritanical and negative" because it has neglected the faithful

portrayal of humanity (art's highest duty) and gone in for mere design—arrangements of color, line, and mass that lack subject interest, and therefore (for Mr. Ludovici) all interest. As evaluation this is unsound because based on the author's personal inability to enjoy design; but it points to a real difference, often ignored, between Rodin's motive for "distorting" and that of the younger modernists in sculpture. In distorting to secure a striking design of planes and masses, they are going back to certain archaic and primitive traditions (especially the Egyptian and Negro) with which Mr. Ludovici is apparently unfamiliar. They learn, too, from the Gothic, which he mistakenly interprets as stressing living movement rather than design. Rodin, he rightly shows, distorted to gain more vivid expression of physical life and emotion, and thus carried a step farther the late Greek and Renaissance tendencies. But in trying to seize the momentary aspects of things, the ripples and shadows of a changing surface, Rodin followed not only the late Greeks but those very impressionists whom the author condemns, and in the attempt he lost the monumental strength that his early works derived from Michelangelo. His masses became flaccid and shapeless, and unity of structure was swept away, in the feverish struggle to express in stone vague strivings and evanescent dreams for which that medium is hopelessly unsuited. The result is failure from the standpoint of adequate expression or integrated form. How could Rodin, or anyone else, have achieved the "success" which Mr. Ludovici claims for him in the self-contradictory task of "freeing the plastic medium from the limitations inherent in it"? The leaders in present-day sculpture frankly recognize the essential limits and possibilities of their medium, and try to utilize rather than escape from it. Yet, even in partial failure, Rodin is a more heroic figure than most of his modernist successors, who have found an easy road to trivial success through turning marble into neat mechanical patterns.

THOMAS MUNRO

Feats of Fancy

The Orphan Angel. By Elinor Wylie. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
The Charwoman's Shadow. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
Alexander and Three Small Plays. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
The Music from Behind the Moon. By James Branch Cabell. The John Day Company. $6.

MISS WYLIE has achieved two difficult feats, one of which would seem worth double the pains to have avoided. This —the other being to confer upon the lamented Percy Bysshe Shelley an extended lease of life spent adventuring in the United States of 1822—was to resuscitate the unregretted narrative manner of the same period. One finds, accordingly, Miss Wylie being intermittently refined, being sarcastic at the expense of her own characters, being sentimental, being vivacious, approaching the boundary of archness; one wades through the observations of a comic relief and foil for Shelley, the egregious David Butternut; one hopes that honest fellow, who believed Portsmouth to be in Vermont, was equally misinformed as to the locutions to be expected of one born in the State of Maine. The story is a beautiful creation, an adventure in understanding which no amount of research could have seen through without some genuine sympathy with its subject's temper; in the writer's opinion it has been sacrificed to pastiche.

It may not have been sodden stupidity on the part of the reading public that accounted for the complete commercial failure of Dunsany's first two novels; it was not any degree of intelligence or taste; whatever it was, no different fate is likely to befall "The Charwoman's Shadow"—their shadow also in point of likeness as to color and substance. The Messrs. Putnam are to be commended for continuing to act on their recognition of work which should be published and the public be damned; one hopes they will yet be rewarded; yet if the fire, gold, laughter, music, and moonlight of "Don Rodriguez: Chronicles of Shadow Valley" could pass unnoticed, what is to be done? "The Charwoman's Shadow" is a monograph on shades and their magic and the black art in general; its scene is Spain again, this time at the end of the Golden Age and two generations after Rodriguez. It is to be observed, first that it is wholly delightful, then that it shows a distinct dilution of fancy and lessening of vitality as compared with "The King of Elf-Land's Daughter," just as that lovely drowsy tale did when read after Don Rodriguez. Such comparisons between works of art would gladly be foregone were they not inevitable where so superlative a standard has been established at the outset. Less compunction is felt on filing a return of *nulla bona* as to the collection of plays. As to "Alexander (The Great)" alone, it is difficult to predict that on the boards its lack of any particular idea will be noted in the face of its visual and atmospheric effectiveness. As to the playlets, one is nearly a self-parody on a favorite theme: "Don't Laugh, It May Be True"; one a faintly fatuous hymn to discouragement; one a portentously absurd conceit of Watt foreseeing the horrors of his industrial age, to an obligato of Satanic laughter. A melancholy array.

Mr. Cabell's brief and exquisite allegory expresses in compact form several of his previous observations on life and some of his literary philosophy. It is not for the first time, and one hopes not for the last, that his young man has his love through superhuman exploits only to find that she now shuts from him rather than conducts as before the music he supposed emanated from her very person; the music which indeed may have been no more than his own worthiest imagining. The book as concisely illustrates its author's consummate craftsmanship in the telling of stories and the happy concatenation of words, his wry humor, his soaring and probably inexhaustible invention, for all of which gifts the writer thanks him or whomever he himself would thank; it exhibits no less clearly his incurable didacticism, his occasional but inevitable unlovely snicker, his lapses—especially where he cannot but hit out at contemporary figures or idiocies unworthy his printed record—from the ironic to the sarcastic plane; in spite of all which the writer will continue eagerly to read him without hope of surprise or fear of disappointment.

ABBE NILES

The Farmer Today

The Expansion of Rural Life. By James Mickel Williams. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.
Handbook of Rural Social Resources. Edited by Henry Israel and Benson Y. Landis. University of Chicago Press. $2.
Needed Readjustments in Rural Life. University of Chicago Press. $2.

CONTRARY to common belief, the farmer has regularly been dominated by the subjective rather than the objective. In spite of his working constantly with things rather than ideas, his beliefs and attitudes have been determined by traditional religion, by theories of education, by ancient agricultural beliefs. And the typical book dealing with the farmer and rural life proceeds in the same way. It fits rural life to a theory, a pattern, instead of building theories and patterns on actual examination of rural conditions and the rural mind.

The only important exceptions to this method among the works that I know are the two books of James Mickel Williams, "Our Rural Heritage," published a year or so ago, and its sequel, "The Expansion of Rural Life," just issued. The former dealt with the period up to 1874, during which rural conditions determined the course of American theory and life. The latter book treats of the period from 1874 to today. The author's method in gathering his material offers an illuminating contrast with the usual type of rural investigation. The typical "student of rural life" surveys the United States—and sometimes France, Germany, and Scandinavia as well—in six months, and arrives at the anticipated conclusions. Mr. Williams for more than

twenty years has studied the history and social psychology of a single rural community in the State of New York. He has not, of course, used this community alone. He has used it as a norm, with frequent comparisons with other communities.

"The Expansion of Rural Life" presents as vivid and realistic a picture as did its predecessor. Its conclusions are the necessary outgrowth of the author's minute study. They will be subject to future modification, but only on the basis of investigation similar to that which Mr. Williams has made. The book is the best published study of the gradually changing psychology of the farmer under modern conditions. Family life, religion, education, intellectual attitudes, political views, the cooperative movement are presented with a wealth of illustrative detail. Mr. Williams is not only a profound research scholar but a wise, tolerant observer of humanity.

The "Handbook of Rural Social Resources," edited for the American Country Life Association and the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches, will prove useful to any observer of rural life. Fourteen articles of varying merit, ranging in subject from rural art to farm credit, are followed by a section embodying the programs of national agencies engaged in rural social work. The lack of adequate bibliographical references is unfortunate, since the book cannot treat its subjects exhaustively and many of its readers will be persons untrained in hunting up such data.

"Needed Readjustments in Rural Life" consists of the proceedings of the American Country Life Conference held in 1925 in Richmond, Virginia. The volume is as dull as the stenographic reports of most meetings—possibly duller, because this convention was devoted largely to perfecting the technique of what is called "the discussion method" of carrying on a conference. The published comment of E. C. Lindeman, chief proponent of this method, will enable any reader to decide whether he will be either informed or thrilled by the book:

> I had a feeling this morning that in our little group—and I have it here now—at last, out of many of these confusions, and sometimes differences which amounted to antagonistic feeling, there is being born in this group a desire to be not only friendly with each other, not only to understand and comprehend all of the various points and approaches, but there seems to be in this group now, there seems to have developed in the last four or five hours, a really spiritual kind of unity. If we only had the time now, I think we could do something quite glorious, quite adventurous, quite new and fresh for the American Country Life Association.

Romantic, I call it.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

The Russian Hamlet

Turgenev. The Man, His Art, and His Age. By Avrahm Yarmolinsky. The Century Company. $4.

A STUDY like Mr. Yarmolinsky's is a challenge to those who insist that relating a writer's personality and his experience to his books may be interesting, but is not literary criticism. There are the novels. Why go behind them? In Turgenev's case no one has gone behind them in any systematic and scholarly way. This biography is the first in any language. In the absence of efforts to link related phenomena in his life and his art, certain mistaken notions have become the battered coinage of criticism. His own explanation of the premature death of Bazarov, his strongest character, has been accepted: that this nihilist was "doomed to perish because he was only on the threshold of the future." But Mr. Yarmolinsky suggests that Turgenev killed Bazarov off in obedience less to a law of that man's nature than to a law of his own nature; that "he could never quite bring himself to crown the work of his characters with success, or to grant them that sense of accomplishment which he had never fully tasted himself." Yet Turgenev has always been considered among the most objective of novelists; and so the frustration, futility, and incapacity for action so marked in his heroes have been assumed to be typical Russian traits.

The Russian Hamlet has had as strong a hold on the popular imagination as that mystic Slav soul which we owe largely to sentimentalized, selective versions of Dostoevsky's life and fiction. Biographical data have been recently clearing up the mists around Dostoevsky and the Slav soul. Mr. Yarmolinsky is fairly safe now in contrasting Turgenev, the "meek pagan," with Dostoevsky, the "vicious Christian," in the chapter devoted to the quarrel between the two artists. The mists around the Russian Hamlet—so far as Turgenev is responsible for him—are almost dissipated by this biography. Anyone, Danish or Russian or what you will, with a mother like Turgenev's, is cast for the stellar role in "Hamlet." It is true that as a novelist Turgenev was studiously objective in intention. Like his mother, whose letters reveal her as an acute observer with a gift of pithy expression, he was alert to every aspect of the sensible world. "His mind, nevertheless, was a mind that turned inward. He lived, like a character in one of his early works, in a room walled with mirrors, and created most of his heroes in his own image." Bazarov, the apparent exception, is "in some respects a fulfilment of Turgenev's day-dream of the self he vainly longed to be."

The deepest quality of a work of art, as Henry James said, is the quality of the mind of its producer. Broaden the conception of mind to include all those outlying twilight regions that were still unexplored when James made this remark, and one will be in a position to grasp the deepest quality of Turgenev's work. It is the special distinction of Mr. Yarmolinsky's biography that it disengages this quality. There are half a dozen aspects that tempt the reviewer of his complete, illuminating, and—in the final impression—deeply moving study. But the central fact for the understanding of both Turgenev's life and his art is his emotional subjection to two women, his mother and the famous singer, Pauline Viardot. And it is in the telling of this story that the most valuable unpublished material has been drawn upon. What a portrait emerges of the mother! This eccentric and imperious woman, who knew the bitterness of the dissatisfied wife, and the pleasures, tinged with sadism, of the serf-owner, built her emotional life, after her husband's death, upon her children, especially Ivan. Old-fashioned people would say that she broke her son's will. New-fashioned ones will enjoy a Freudian holiday over significant passages in her letters. She addresses her son as "ma chère fille"; she calls herself his father, and says "I alone conceived you." "As your first love was naturally your mother, pale, sallow, nervous, so you are accustomed to love sallow women." He escaped from her dominating presence whenever he could and developed a hatred of self-assertiveness that made him incapable of ever standing up for his rights. To him, as to his heroes, the call to action was the cue for evasion.

He first met Mme Viardot in 1843, some years before his mother's death, and only the withholding of supplies from Russia drew him back from France. It was his mother's misfortune to be passionate without being lovable. It was his misfortune that Mme Viardot was lovable without being passionate. At least she was afraid of passion, except as it could be expressed through her art. She made her relation with Turgenev and with her other admirers what she desired it to be—that of friendship. He came finally to accept the cold comfort of sitting on the edge of another man's nest—a broad and well-cushioned edge. What finally died in him was not his love but the hope of its being returned. This incomplete and wistful liaison, as Mr. Yarmolinsky calls it, lasted until his death, and runs, like a leit-motif, through all his activities and friendships. It furnished him, among other things, with the satisfaction of self-pity, and allowed him "to nurse his sense of unfulfilment and frustration." Mr. Yarmolinsky's convincing and subtle handling of it brings us at the end to complete agreement with the words in his imagined epitaph on Turgenev: "One who knew no fulfilment save in his art."

DOROTHY BREWSTER

Books in Brief

The Log of the Grand Turks. By Robert E. Peabody. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75.

Yarns from a Windjammer. By Mannin Crane. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

The first of these volumes is built around the fact that within the last 150 years four sailing vessels have borne successively the unusual name Grand Turk. Elias Hasket Derby, a shrewd merchant of Salem, fitted out the original Grand Turk as a privateer in the War of the Revolution, and she piled up money in his counting-house through many rich captures. The same owner sent out the second Grand Turk a number of years later, and she was equally profitable in the early commerce with China. The third Grand Turk was a privateer in the War of 1812; the last a trading schooner in the World War. Mr. Peabody has been as successful in digging historical and nautical gold out of the log books and other records of these four vessels as they themselves were in making hard dollars for their owners. Mr. Crane's volume is written from the log books of his memory, and contains some pleasant reminiscences of sailing-ship days.

The Dark Dawn. By Martha Ostenso. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

Our novelists continue their intensive cultivation of the prairie country, and the furrows grow longer if not deeper. "The Dark Dawn" springs from soil which is fairly rich and certainly dependable, and the harvest is romance mixed with tragedy. The characters are strongly drawn and retain their reality until they come to emotional climaxes, when their creator lets down the bars of melodrama. On the whole, a swift-moving and convincing tale.

The Chariot of Fire. By Bernard De Voto. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The groves were God's first temples, and the backwoods were his first camp-meeting grounds. The author has imagined a frontier community of a hundred years ago in the throes of a religious frenzy, and if the story does not yield much butter, it certainly is not from lack of churning. One finds the novel fairly plausible as a study of revivalism, but it fails to capture one's interest as a story.

Introduction to Sally. By "Elizabeth." Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

This novel is written with the courage of its potential readers' convictions, and that is a comfortable majority. The fact that Sally is so dumb as to be uninteresting, if not incredible, and the fact that she is so beautiful as to be incredible, if not uninteresting, is beside the best-seller point. The book is frequently witty, occasionally observant, but rarely real. As for the heroine—well—as the author herself says—"Sally was necessarily dumb."

Jesting Pilate. By Aldous Huxley. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

Mr. Huxley travels wisely but not too well. He has a chronic indisposition to accept the world as he explores it, and his objections are voiced—and sustained—in provocative paragraphs. This volume is a record of his observations in India, Burma, and other parts of the Orient, topped off with his reactions to America. It proves to be an adroit blend of sightseeing and soothsaying.

The Autobiography of a Chinese Dog. Edited by Florence Ayscough. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

As was to be expected, Mrs. Ayscough here delivers a great deal of information concerning China; the vehicle she has chosen, however, is her dog—and one is never quite sure of the pertinence of this medium.

Interesting Books of 1926

CHOSEN BY MARK VAN DOREN

Abraham Lincoln. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace.
Israfel. By Hervey Allen. Doran.
Jefferson. By Albert Jay Nock. Harcourt, Brace.
George Washington. By W. E. Woodward. Boni and Liveright.
Edgar Allan Poe. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Knopf.
The Verdict of Bridlegoose. By Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace.
The Mauve Decade. By Thomas Beer. Knopf.
Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire. By M. Rostovtzeff. Oxford.
The Art of Being Ruled. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper.
The Heart of Emerson's Journals. By Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin.
The Golden Day. By Lewis Mumford. Boni and Liveright.
Transition. By Edwin Muir. Viking.
Prejudices: Fifth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
The Road Round Ireland. By Padraic Colum. Macmillan.
The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound. Boni and Liveright.
Children of the Sun. By James Rorty. Macmillan.
The Second Book of Negro Spirituals. By James Weldon Johnson and J. Rosamond Johnson. Viking.
The Great God Brown. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright.
The Time of Man. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking.
Palimpsest. By H. D. Houghton Mifflin.
Four Tales by "Zelide." Scribner.
Nize Baby. By Milt Gross. Doran.

Drama

Another Captive

IN "The Silver Cord" (John Golden Theater) Sidney Howard dramatizes a complex and does it more successfully than anyone else has succeeded in doing since Freud first presented the playwright with a new implement of analysis. Two seasons ago there was a series of special matinee performances of a piece called simply "The Complex," which transferred a case history directly to the stage, and this fall the public has been rather unaccountably enthusiastic over the mediocre merits of "The Captive," which uses a phenomenon of abnormal psychology in the construction of a play which is, in every other respect, thoroughly conventional. Mr. Howard, however, has gone much further. Not only has he written a drama in which the conflict is always and consistently a conflict between psychological forces, but he has, in addition, so thoroughly assimilated the point of view of the psychopathologist as to use it successfully for the transvaluation of values. In "The Captive" the lesbian passion of the heroine is merely postulated, never anatomized, and so far as any understanding of the conclusions to be drawn from a recognition of the existence of such passions is concerned it leaves us exactly where we were in the beginning; Mr. Howard, on the other hand, boldly delineates the features of the abnormality with which he is concerned, and in a superb concluding scene he manages, in powerfully dramatic fashion, to confront the conclusions of the scientist with those of the layman. Compared with this, "The Captive" is merely conventional stage carpentry disguised by sensationalism.

The theme of the play is the abnormal devotion of a mother to her sons, and it is treated in a situation which lies upon the borderline between definite neurosis and what would ordinarily be regarded as a mere quirk of character. Victim of a loveless marriage, the mother has transferred the whole of her affection to her two boys and demanded of them the undivided devotion which her dead husband had failed to give her. Disguising her perverted love even from herself under the form of

maternal solicitude, she has accustomed them to center every thought and desire around her, and neither has ever severed the cord which makes him still part of her. The one, escaping abroad to study, has all but freed himself, while his younger brother, remaining at home, has been reduced to the position of a mere tame cat by the fireside, and when the elder returns he too finds himself once more under the spell of his deadening fixation. His young wife, a research biologist, senses the situation, and the play centers about the struggle between her and the mother for the possession of his soul.

Not only has Mr. Howard maintained the suspense and anatomized the situation with a touch both sure and delicate; he has gradually deepened the tone as the play proceeds so that while it begins as comedy it skirts the edge of tragedy before it reaches its highly dramatic denouement. Forced at last to declare themselves openly as enemies, the two women face each other in a duel for which the son is an unwilling referee. In a speech full of passionate conviction the mother states her case and then the girl, with the cool ruthlessness of intellectual analysis, dissects it bit by bit, exposing the sinister mechanism which sentimentality would hide and insisting upon the cruel fact that affection too much prolonged is mere usurpation. "You," cries the mother, "do not know good from evil." "At least," replies the girl, "I know Life from Death." And with that the case must rest—not only this case but the whole case of rationality versus feeling, the new morality versus the old.

I remember no recent play which has so successfully undertaken to transvaluate values. No subject is more delicate and no subject more commonly held too sacred for examination than the subject of mother love. Yet so skilfully has Mr. Howard conducted his argument and so clearly has he defined the limits of his thesis that even moderately robust spirits will find the piece absorbing rather than offensive; and thus he has not only written a very fine play but won for intelligence the right to exercise itself upon a subject still generally taboo. Nothing which the Theater Guild has produced this season can give it a more legitimate occasion for pride. It has provided an excellent cast—Laura Hope Crews, Margalo Gillmore, Elliot Cabot, Elizabeth Risdon, and Earl Larimore—and it has found a play worthy of their efforts.

Three other recent plays call for some mention. "The Constant Wife" (Maxine Elliott Theater) is an urbane and amusing comedy which W. Somerset Maugham has composed and in which Ethel Barrymore is appearing. It tells the story of a wife who set out to earn her own living in order that she might have a right to commit adultery, and it is—as this synopsis may indicate—rather desperately sophisticated; but a sufficient number of the author's epigrams actually come off to make it entertaining. "The Constant Nymph" (Selwyn Theater), made from the very popular novel of the same name, will, like most pieces so constructed, please most those who read the novel with great delight. Considered merely as a play it is rather too sketchy to be wholly successful. At the Civic Repertory Theater Miss Le Gallienne has added "Twelfth Night" to the already long list of her productions. Though no one would be inclined to call the presentation perfect, she is obviously on the right track in discarding the Victorian tradition which made of this comedy a semi-realistic sentimental play and in presenting it instead as a completely fantastic comedy with conventionalized setting and costume. The performances of Egdon Brecher as Sir Toby and Sayre Crawley as Malvolio are individually very fine.

At the Plymouth Theater substantially the same company which gave such a delightful performance of "Iolanthe" is appearing in an equally delightful one of "The Pirates of Penzance." Nothing at present on Broadway is more emphatically worth seeing.

A correction. Credit for the extraordinary performance of the fanatical priest in "The Witch" should be given to Mr. Erskine Sanford.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Whose Land—Whose Rubber?

By VICENTE G. BUNUAN

THE Filipinos want to help America solve her rubber problem. Our land laws, applicable to all, Filipinos included, were designed to protect our country from concentration of huge tracts of land in the hands of a few. This policy reflects the conservation era of America's history, and was applied to the Philippines by Congress itself when it passed the Philippine Organic Act of 1902, which contained provisions even more restrictive than those in the present law. So far as the Philippines are concerned it is distinctly American both in concept and application and was heartily embraced by Filipinos.

During the Spanish regime the effects of immense landholdings in the Philippines were disastrous; the American Government itself sent William Howard Taft to Rome in 1907 to negotiate with the Pope for the purchase for $7,500,000 by the Philippine Government of the vast friar lands that they might be sold in small parcels to the tenants; in addition to this, the sufferings of peoples under the old feudal system; the ghastly conditions now existing in the rubber areas of the Congo and Amazon forests; and the present conflicts in Mexico have served as a warning to the Filipinos of the dangers of opening up their national wealth to unrestricted investment.

The restrictions in our land laws are such that development of our rubber lands by moderate-size holdings is perfectly possible. An individual or a corporation may, under the present law, purchase 2,500 acres and lease an equal amount for a period of twenty-five years, subject to renewal for two additional twenty-five-year periods. This provision is neither too restrictive to make impossible the profitable growing of rubber nor too liberal to convert us into victims of exploitation. In this connection the report of the committee authorized by Congress to investigate rubber growing in the Philippines, entitled "Possibilities for Para Rubber Production in the Philippine Islands," says:

> The present land laws, designed to retain a diffused land ownership, do not lend themselves to large-capital corporations in rubber lands. Nevertheless moderate-size plantations are possible with foreign capital and, moreover, the small native planter might become a producer of important further supplies.

Dr. James W. Strong, vice-president and general manager of the American Rubber Company of Mindanao, who has been in the rubber business in the archipelago for twenty-one years, in an article in the June, 1926, issue of the American Chamber of Commerce *Journal of the Philippines*, says:

> There is no reason why America cannot grow her own rubber in the Philippine Islands under present conditions. . . . The present land law permits the buying of 2,500 acres and the leasing of an equal amount. This area is a good economic unit. Were it permissible to hold larger areas, they would certainly be split up into similar sizes for advantageous management. Why not start it off in that way?

Even large-scale production is possible under the present law. Corporations to purchase lands within the limitations of the present land laws may be financed by American capital and, in this way, rubber in quantities sufficient for the needs of the United States may be grown. Contracts could be entered into between the financing company and the small corporations by which rubber would be delivered to the former at the market price or at a price specified in the contract. Whether or not American capital enters the Philippines, the Filipinos are experimenting in rubber production and will produce great quantities in the next twenty-five years. An arrangement of a similar nature has been going on in connection with our sugar industry; its success testifies to the fact that the application of our present land legislation is not hampering the economic growth of our country. Millions of dollars have been invested in the sugar centrals by corporations that do not own the lands but have contracts with the farmers, who, by virtue of such contracts, turn over the sugar cane raised by them to the centrals.

It is suggested—almost with the gesture of a threat—that if the Filipinos do not open their lands to what would amount to unlimited investments, Congress should take a hand and modify the present land laws of the Philippines. To do so would be an infringement of the rights granted by Congress to the Filipino people. Section 9 of the Jones Act, the present organic act of the Philippines, provides:

> All property and rights which may have been acquired in the Philippine Islands by the United States under the treaty of peace with Spain signed December 10, 1898, . . . are hereby placed under the control of the government of said islands to be administered or disposed of for the benefit thereof, and the Philippine Legislature shall have the power to legislate with respect to all such matters as it may deem advisable: but acts of the Philippine Legislature with reference to land of the public domain, timber, and mining, hereafter enacted, shall not have the force of law until approved by the President.

The intention of Congress as expressed in this section of the Jones Act is made the more clear by the proviso that all such legislation must first be approved by the President of the United States before taking effect: the Philippine Legislature to legislate and the United States Government through the President to check. For Congress, therefore, to initiate legislation with reference to our public lands, instead of letting our legislature act as it deems best, would be an unjustified curtailment of our right.

It is here reiterated that only the granting of independence will finally solve the economic problems of the Philippines. This point of view is clearly expressed in a resolution adopted by the Philippine Legislature which was presented to Colonel Thompson upon his departure from Manila:

> We believe that the chief reason why the full material development of the country has not been accomplished is that we have been denied the powers necessary to shape our economic policies. We are firmly convinced that independence alone will give us these powers. Delay in granting independence prevents us from adopting a policy which would facilitate the coming of capital from abroad, and constrains us to oppose an amendment of our land laws which would permit vast organizations of capital securing unlimited areas of our public lands. We likewise are opposed to any economic policy which would allow selfish exploitation of our natural resources.

The Cost of the British Coal Strike

THE following résumé of the enormous cost to British industry occasioned by the five months' coal strike just ended was compiled by the London General Press.

The coal industry was completely shut down at the outbreak of the General Strike in May, the only coal of British production which was forthcoming being a weekly total of about 100,000 tons from outcrops, a mere trickle compared with the weekly flow of 5,000,000 tons obtaining under normal conditions. Early in August the first serious breach in the miners' front occurred and thereafter the return of dissatisfied members of the Miners' Federation continued fairly steadily.

On a broad calculation the monthly loss of commercially disposable coal arising out of the stoppage may be put at about 19,000,000 tons during the period May-August, thereafter declining to about 14,000,000 tons in the four weeks preceding the settlement of the dispute. The total loss of production was probably in the neighborhood of 110,000,000 to 120,000,000 tons, which at the abnormally low pit-head prices prevailing before the strike would represent a gross monetary loss of about £90,000,000 to £95,000,000. Of this total about three-fourths, or say £70,000,000, is represented by loss of wages. The miners thus were called upon to shoulder the heaviest individual share of the cost of the stoppage.

The railways are among the most obvious of the secondary sufferers by the dispute. Depression in the "heavy" industries —iron and steel, etc.—had already left its mark on the earnings of the railways in 1925, when every trunk line drew on reserves in order to pay dividends on its ordinary stock. Early in 1926, however, recovery was in progress and receipts were running ahead of those of the corresponding months of 1925. Then came the General Strike which almost completely immobilized the railways for nearly a fortnight. Full passenger services were restored a few weeks after the General Strike, oil fuel and imported coal being pressed into service, but reduced general traffic, the absence of any outward movement of coal, and stagnation in the iron and steel trades were largely responsible for a drop of £26,000,000 in gross earnings up to the first week of November, 1926, as compared with the corresponding period of 1925. Some part of this loss will doubtless have been offset by the reduced wages enforced as a penalty for the General Strike, but the foreign coal and oil fuel used in maintaining services have been many times more expensive than the domestic commodity as normally consumed.

Next come the iron and steel trades. The more finished branches, such as structural steel, maintained some sort of production under difficulties, drawing on whatever stocks of fuel and semi-finished materials happened to be close at hand during the early weeks of the stoppage, and on foreign supplies later on. In this respect those works nearest the seaboard enjoyed the greatest advantage. The production of pig-iron and steel, however, came to an almost complete standstill, the monthly loss under this heading averaging, on a conservative computation, about 500,000 tons of pig-iron and 600,000 tons of steel. At prestrike prices and allowing for the absence of any expenditures under the heading of fuel, the total monetary loss will probably reach £35,000,000. This figure allows for a period of three or four months after the present coal settlement, which must necessarily elapse before the industry is again fully under way. Part of the loss may, of course, be recovered if a period of unusual activity follows the settlement, representing the "catching up" of orders which have accumulated during the dispute, but the lion's share can probably be put down as lost.

For other industries we have no direct data, reliable figures as to home production being lacking, but two sets of official returns throw considerable light on the matter, viz., the statistics of overseas trade and the unemployment-insurance returns. Exports of cotton yarns and manufactured goods have fallen off by £36,500,000 in the first ten months of 1926, as

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compared with the same months of 1925, woolen and worsted yarns manufactures by £7,250,000; other textiles and clothing by £3,000,000; pottery by £1,000,000; leather, boots, and shoes by £500,000. The falling off in British exports of all kinds for the same period amounts to no less than £97,000,000. Similarly, we find in every case a significant increase in the numbers for Great Britain and Northern Ireland of registered unemployed, exclusive of coal miners on strike.

TOTAL NUMBERS UNEMPLOYED

	On the eve of stoppage	After five months' stoppage
Cotton	56,708	139,555
Woolen and worsted	25,012	43,818
Other textiles	68,168	92,145
Pig iron	3,426	16,613
Steel	40,722	101,461
Engineering	70,213	109,950
Shipbuilding	83,896	99,285
Boot and shoe	10,413	18,497
Pottery	9,663	22,501
Railways	9,376	22,330
Other trades	716,232	982,167
All trades	1,093,829	1,648,322

These disturbances of the national earning power will be reflected, in due course, in a decline in the national revenue in 1926-1927, and still more in 1927-1928, though its dimensions will not be known until many months have elapsed. The small surplus budgeted for last April has already disappeared, and the Chancellor cannot well escape the necessity of asking Parliament for its assent to new taxation proposals next year.

The figures given above afford some idea of the extremely costly nature of the late stoppage, and the wide area over which its losses have been spread. An approximate idea of the total loss under all headings can be arrived at by adopting the estimate of the Westminster Bank (one of the "Big Five" British institutions), that the stoppage reduced the effective productive power of the country by 15 per cent, involving a weekly falling-off in the national income of £10,000,000. For the twenty-nine weeks of the stoppage, and including an extra £15,000,000 on account of the General Strike in the first fortnight of May, the aggregate loss thus comes out at £305,000,000.

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GOVERNOR WALKER OF GEORGIA says that he will declare martial law in Toombs County "if the regular processes of the courts fail to curb these outrages," and the chief Klucker of the Ku Klux Klan in Georgia denounces the flogging of Wimberly E. Brown by a gang of Georgians clad in flour-sacks stamped "K. K. K." Mr. Brown, an attorney, had committed the crime of assisting in the prosecution of alleged members of another hooded gang which, last July, killed one Willie Wilson. Georgia has a right to be proud of Governor Walker and to inquire whether the North does as well. New Jersey does not. Recently a State trooper tried to serve a warrant on a lonely farmer at Jutland. (The farmer was charged with maltreating his cattle, but the charge proved to be unfounded.) The farmer was suspicious and threatened the trooper; the trooper fired at him, then went back for reinforcements. Before the night was over a gang of thirty troopers had smashed every window in the farmer's home, thrown seven stink-bombs into it, killed his sister, and wounded his brother. The Governor is reported to think no investigation necessary, and the commander of the State troopers says he is proud of his men. New Jersey's officials could learn something about civilization and decency from Georgia's.

IF CONGRESS WISHES to decree the death penalty for all persons drinking liquids containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol it has the constitutional power to do so. It has not so voted, but the death penalty is being imposed. Not universally, but sufficiently to explain a large part of the hundreds of deaths from Christmas and New Year's drinking in the United States. One need not be an anti-prohibitionist to stand aghast at this policy of poisoning by a Treasury Department which lets millions of gallons of unpoisoned liquor slip out of its grasp and through its blockades. Congress has voted thirty million dollars for enforcement of prohibition; and it is difficult for us to believe that a Secretary of the Treasury with half of Mr. Mellon's brains—one who had not made millions in the distillery business—could not do a little better at enforcement without poisoning. Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler may honestly feel that prohibition is so important an issue that the Government is justified in poisoning those who violate it; few will agree. We believe that the bulk of those who voted for it in the long years of growing prohibition sentiment in this country would have recoiled in horror had they foreseen such a result of their vote.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE American marines were landed at Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua. Thereafter Mr. Vaca, representative in Washington of the Sacasa Government, was unable to communicate with his chiefs in Nicaragua. Naturally, he suspected and charged that Admiral Latimer was maintaining a censorship. The United Press, informed by the cable companies that messages were being held up, also suspected and charged censorship. But on December 26, again on December 27, again on December 28, and on December 29 the State Department categorically denied the charge, insisting that the United States had imposed no censorship on communications to or from the Sacasa Government. On December 30, however—we quote from the New York *Times*—"Secretary Kellogg announced that the State Department had learned that Admiral Latimer had for a time imposed a censorship, now withdrawn, on the messages of the Liberal forces in the neutral zones established by the American naval forces." Since then Secretary Kellogg has added another palpable fib to the Department's record, denying that his aide, Mr. Olds, secretly sought to induce the press associations to spread irresponsible anti-Mexican propaganda. Isn't it time for somebody to resign?

MEXICO HAS DELAYED action against the oil companies which took Secretary Kellogg's advice and refused to register in accordance with Mexican law. The State Department, consequently, is marking time, although the dispatches credit Secretary Kellogg with a head full of plans and schemes of reprisal. But why all the pother? The Foreign Policy Association sanely recalls that Article 21 of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848, confirmed in the 1908 convention between the United States and Mexico, reads in part as follows:

> A resort shall not . . . be had, to reprisals, aggression, or hostility of any kind . . . until the government of that [country] which deems itself aggrieved shall have

maturely considered in the spirit of peace and good neighborship whether it would not be better that such differences should be settled by the arbitration of commissioners appointed on each side or by that of a friendly nation. And should such course be proposed by either party it shall be acceded to by the other unless deemed by it altogether incompatible with the nature of the differences or the circumstances of the case.

Why not arbitrate instead of growling?

ELIHU ROOT'S BRIEF ADDRESS in accepting the $25,000 award of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation was an impressive plea in behalf of the League of Nations and the World Court.

> These institutions [he said] have been teaching the people of Europe to think in terms of peace rather than in terms of war. They have been teaching them by actual practice, by things done, to think of conference instead of war. . . . The question of war or peace for the next generation is being settled now, today, by the character and habits of thought and feeling, the standards of conduct which the people of the world are learning to guide them in the exigencies of the future. . . . We, the great peace-loving people, what have we done to help in this wonderful new work? No sympathy, no moral support, no brotherhood.

Some of us still believe that the United States does well, while cooperating in conference and discussion, to stand aloof from the political structure of a League which is tied to the Treaty of Versailles, dominated by the colonial Powers of Europe, and excludes Soviet Russia. But there is no place for a holier-than-thou spirit in an America which snarls at Mexico, lands troops in Nicaragua, refuses even to recognize the existence of Soviet Russia, denies independence to the Philippines, and, while sending warships to mount guard, takes no action to remedy the injustices of the Powers' position in China.

MUSSOLINI SHOWS HIMSELF at once a lion and a lamb. He roars that the state is supreme, that Italy must be once more an empire, that Rome must be again the Rome of the Caesars, that "Italy and Germany are the only two great countries in Europe which the peace treaties left without a place in the colony sun." At the same time Italy is making friends—on paper. With Albania, with Greece, with Spain, with Germany, with one neighbor and another treaties are being drawn up, all more or less similar in content to the Italian-Albanian treaty published this week in our International Relations Section. The treaties are made for commerce, to define national boundaries, but more commonly are merely documents to declare and maintain a spirit of amity between two nations. The contracting parties agree to arbitrate questions of difference between them, to "lend each other mutual support and cordial cooperation," even to "refrain from concluding with other Powers any . . . agreements prejudicial to the interests of the other party." What Mussolini expects to gain from this combination of soft words and veiled threats it is impossible to say. So far no such agreements have been concluded with England or France; French troops are still concentrated on the border, and the most important treaty of all, that drawn up with Yemen, bordering on Arabia and the Hejaz, opens up for Rome an important sphere of influence in direct conflict with Great Britain. This last prize, indeed, was snatched from under England's nose; it is directly opposite Italian Northeast Africa and in 1925 the exchanges between the two countries exceeded 60,000,000 lire.

ENGLAND IS LEARNING from America. During the recent coal strike hundreds of workers were imprisoned for union activities under the guise of "unlawful assembly," "advocating mass pickets," "being in possession of a pamphlet advocating mass picketing," and for putting forward a group of proposals adopted by the Miners' Federation of Great Britain which included the calling out of safety men from the mines. All this has a familiar ring; the only differences from similar repressive measures in America are, first, that the workers are heard and sentenced in mass trials, and, second, that the sentences range from thirty days in prison to six months' hard labor. Doubtless England too will soon learn to impose sentences of ten or twenty years in the penitentiary, with solitary confinement, bread and water, and other frills thrown in for good measure. Meanwhile the Labor Press Service, in its yearly summary of labor statistics, reports an increase in unemployment of nearly 40 per cent; a rise in the number of recipients of poor relief from 37 per thousand to 61, a weekly decrease of more than £50,000 in wages and a lowering of British export trade from £657 millions in nine months of 1924 to £646 millions in 1925 and £549 millions in 1926. The Chancellor of the Exchequer optimistically predicted a budget surplus for the year of £4,000,000; instead a deficit of £175,000,000 is now looked for. The struggle in England between capital and labor will doubtless go on, but it costs the country dear.

THE UNITED STATES COURT OF APPEALS in San Francisco recently handed down its verdict in favor of S. G. Pandit, a naturalized Hindu, whose papers the State Department attempted to revoke. Prior to the Supreme Court decision in 1923, that Hindus were ineligible to citizenship in this country, the lower courts maintained a contrary position, and a few dozen Hindus were accordingly naturalized. Among them was Mr. Pandit, who in the course of the years was admitted to the bar, married an American woman, and played his part as a useful and public-spirited citizen. Suddenly the State Department—or some crabbed official of the Department—determined to apply the Supreme Court decision retroactively. It refused to recognize as valid citizenship papers obtained in good faith prior to the decision and started proceedings to denaturalize the few Hindus who had been naturalized. Mr. Pandit's has become the test case. Already two federal courts have honorably ruled that it would be inequitable to deprive him of citizenship honestly obtained and properly exercised. If the Government persists, the case will now go to the Supreme Court, but the State Department would do well to cease petty persecution and accept the verdict.

THE FIGHT AGAINST CHILD LABOR is by no means won. The report of the Chief of the Children's Bureau to the Secretary of Labor has some interesting material on legislation proposed or defeated during the past year. The law in Louisiana, for example, which permits a maximum eight-hour day and forty-eight-hour week for children under 16, carries with it no educational requirement for working children, and an attempt to incorporate such regulations failed. In Massachusetts a bill compelling supplementary school attendance for working children between 14 and 16 was defeated; in New Jersey a measure to raise the educational requirement for children between 14 and 16 failed to pass; in New York laws protecting minors in night work

and strengthening the law prohibiting children from work in dangerous occupations failed; in Rhode Island, where a nine-hour day and a fifty-four-hour week for children under 16 is now legal, a measure to decrease this requirement to eight and forty-eight hours was defeated. In New York, Virginia, and Massachusetts among others, bills to lengthen hours, to permit night work of minors, to lower the age for required attendance at continuation schools, and to permit employment of 12-year-old boys outside school hours without employment certificates were proposed and discussed.

WHO CAN POSSIBLY DESPAIR of our republic? There are ever alert citizens to keep our institutions intact. Headed by one George Bond Ellison, a commercial promoter, a drive is on in Chicago to endow a $2,000,000 American Citizenship Foundation, to control and supervise speakers at all church and public forums, lecture courses, women's club meetings, etc., etc. These patriots, determined that only the purest gospel shall be promulgated, have established a blacklist both of persons and organizations—such as the League for Industrial Democracy, the League of Women Voters, the Socialist and Farmer-Labor parties, and even the American Association of University Women and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Among the individuals, Jane Addams is listed as "the third most dangerous person in America"; the editor of *The Nation* appears; so do Norman Hapgood, Sherwood Eddy, Kirby Page, Morris Hillquit, Mary McDowell, Robert Morss Lovett. Who would not chip in on a two-million-dollar fund to keep these heretics silent? Just how the fund is to be expended is not made clear—whether they propose to use merely the income or to endow the various speakers on condition that they speak no more. We recommend the latter method as being the most agreeable, practical, and surely effective.

OUR COLLEGES ARE NOT BECOMING more reactionary if the attitude of the students at the Milwaukee conference of college Christian associations may be taken as typical. In spite of an oversupply of dull religious addresses the students displayed the keenest interest in social reconstruction. They probed candidly into their own racial prejudices; they were openly hostile to the R. O. T. C. They expressed advanced ideas on imperialism and industrial injustice; 327 students stood up to declare that they would never support another war. Eight hundred, the great majority of those voting, condemned as morally wrong the present economic system of production for private profit rather than for use; 592 voted for a cooperative economic order in which the workers should share in the control of their industries; only 38 believed that the present economic system conformed even in a rough way to Christian principles. This veering toward the left in economic thought is especially notable in view of the fact that no industrial challenge was presented by the regular speakers. The intensive work of recent years on local campuses by liberal Y. M. C. A. leaders and by the workers for the League for Industrial Democracy is at last bearing fruit.

COLONEL STEPHEN PARK, head of the National Reserve Officers' Association, attended the Milwaukee conference but did not like it. "The speakers who addressed the conference Thursday," he told the Milwaukee *Journal*, "and others in this country who are purveying similar anti-militaristic doctrine are getting their salaries direct from Moscow." Russia, he seemed to believe, expels Y. M. C. A. secretaries from within its borders but hires them in America. If Colonel Park does not repudiate the charge we suggest that the student departments of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. attempt, through the courts, to assess a heavy contribution upon him. Peace organizations have been far too generous in letting any man in uniform talk nonsense about them. Occasional persons take the ravings of these military propagandists seriously, and let their blacklists prevail. The Reserve Officers' Association, which represents the bitter-enders of military propaganda, might show a greater inclination toward accuracy if its chief were compelled to pay in the form of damages for libel the salaries of a few Y. M. C. A. secretaries who do not receive a subsidy from Moscow.

ADVOCATES OF THEATRICAL CENSORSHIP are again on the warpath. Mayor Walker and District Attorney Banton both threaten violent measures unless "something is done" and the assumption behind their agitation is that the general public believes itself outraged by current dramatic fare. Yet during the present season the Citizens Play Jury—a body composed of representative citizens which may be called upon to judge any entertainment against which complaints have been received—has not condemned a single play and the only legitimate conclusion to be drawn from its failure to act is that representative citizens do not believe the New York stage needs censoring. *The Nation* believes that the play jury represents the least objectionable form of censorship so far suggested because it puts the matter in the hands of the public rather than in those of the professional reformer; to call this jury a failure is to admit that the ideals of the agitators are not those of the public at large. To displace it by any form of official censorship would be frankly to violate the democratic principle and to set up the standards of a fanatical class in place of those which the *mores* of our society maintain.

IN 2100 B. C. Abraham went with his father and his wife from Ur of the Chaldees to seek a new land. Excellently made walls of burnt brick are still standing in Ur, some of them rising twenty feet from the ground, say the members of an expedition into Mesopotamia undertaken jointly by the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. The houses were comfortable, evidently of two stories, and the ceilings were high. No decorations remain, but we are to believe that they were there in abundance; and the archaeologists have actually succeeded in digging out of the ancient interiors a number of tablets bearing inscriptions more nourishing to the imagination than the receipts, contracts, and business memorandums which hitherto have been the sole fruit of investigation. We await the deciphering of these tablets with interest, for they promise to reveal a people who had human tongues as well as hands. To be sure, some of the inscriptions are nothing more than tables of square and cube roots; but with an effort we might be made to hear Chaldean boys droning their exercises in more or less pure mathematics. And Leonard Woolley, director of the expedition, gives us his word that hymns have been found. The silence of that long-obliterated world may yet be broken by sounds somewhat in the key achieved by the lyrical descendants of Abraham and Sarah.

Wanted—An Opposition

LET no one make any mistake—that government which is without an able opposition is in a bad way. Only the superficial can behold a situation such as we now have in Washington and believe that it is a cause for satisfaction. It is idle to boast of an "era of good-will," of the absence of pressing issues, of the lack of radical political proposals. The truth is that the Government flounders because it is not subjected to the process of forging and defending its policies under the fire of vigorous political criticism in the national legislature. It is not even compelled to develop policies; leaderless, it drifts unsteeled by vigorous parliamentary challenge, with the result that unsolved issues and problems stack up mountain high. The average Wall Street man is delighted because Mr. Coolidge seems to be letting well enough alone. To that he credits the fact that 1926 was for much of the population, including those closest to him, a year of extraordinary material prosperity; and the business man is quite willing to declare a political moratorium if he can only make hay a little while longer—throughout 1927 at least.

Now, this policy of drift, or refusing to face any issue until compelled to, is a symptom of weakness. No strong personality in responsible office consents to play such a role. He teems with suggestions, whether his name be Cleveland or Roosevelt or Wilson. He burns to achieve certain reforms; he compels his fellow-citizens to an examination of the existing conditions; and he brings about that lusty political discussion, that normal political advancement, which alone bespeaks health in the body politic. Marking time, drifting, ignoring vital issues like the present plight of agriculture, or the application of temporary political palliatives, is a sign of unhealth. It is idle to think that there can ever be a time when there will be no need of readjustment, reform, remedial legislation—of change. Our economic structure alters too rapidly to permit our political life to become static. So those citizens who rejoice in political stagnation court a rough awakening; the bill will be presented in due time and it is likely to be larger than now appears.

Meanwhile Mr. Coolidge drifts, drifts, and Congress no longer takes very seriously such proposals as he makes. Run over his messages and note the list of recommendations to which Congress has turned a deaf ear—from the World Court to the Turkish treaty and the treaty outlawing poison gas. Who remembers his message of a year ago, advocating a grant of emergency powers to deal with a coal shortage—although a new soft-coal strike is in the offing; urging us to join the World Court and to transfer Muscle Shoals to private ownership; suggesting a new disarmament conference? He talks and talks and talks; men applaud him but no one heeds him.

Scandals, investigations, inquiries into corruption, the unseating of United States Senators pile up unheeded on every hand, while in international affairs Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg are, by their policies in Nicaragua and Mexico, solidifying Latin America against us. And there you have the clearest proof of the need of a political opposition and the immediate effect of even slight criticism upon those in charge of our foreign policies. Senator Borah had only to intimate to the correspondents that he was not happy about our Nicaragua procedure, and for three days the doubts of this one man constituted the leading political "story" of the metropolitan press. The State Department and the White House fell into a state of panic at the prospect that one honest man might subject to sane scrutiny our bellicose and bullying interference in Nicaragua. The White House bleated; if there were to be long debates over Nicaragua the appropriation bills could not be passed and a special session would be inevitable—and what could be worse than that? Mr. Kellogg left the State Department, hurried to the Capitol, and laid his secret dispatches before the Senator, who seems, for the moment, to have been mollified thereby—though why we cannot understand.

That was not all. The President, at the close of the year, addressed the usual biweekly gathering of the correspondents with an earnest appeal to the press to stand by the Government's foreign policies. He made it clear enough that he was frightened to find that the dailies of the country were not with the Administration in its procedure in Nicaragua and Mexico. Critical opposition alarmed him. Curiously, it was just after Elihu Root, that veteran Republican leader, had denounced his party's and his country's policies in Europe that Mr. Coolidge sounded the tocsin "Stand by the President." So plaintive was his plea to the correspondents that his policies were truly and consistently American that for once the old lie of the "Presidential Spokesman" was abandoned; the New York *Times* rightly attributed his remarks to the President himself.

If such is Mr. Coolidge's terror when confronted with Mr. Root's and Mr. Borah's activity and an unorganized press opposition, what would be his plight if he confronted a compact, united opposition in Congress, steeped in principle and determined to subject to the minutest cross-examination that foreign policy which already means hostilities in Nicaragua and may precipitate war in Mexico; which, in China, spells a wabbling incompetency? Is it not plain from these Presidential terrors that Mr. Coolidge and his policies would fairly crumble if they were subjected to searching analysis, to such plain speaking as meets Mr. Baldwin's political conduct in the debates of the House of Commons? The myths of a strong Coolidge, a wise Coolidge, a constructive Coolidge, would collapse overnight were he to face energetic group opposition. But the Democratic Party is more than ever negligible today. It is without direction; it breaches its own principles oftener even than its adversaries—the only thing that lends to it passing interest is the question whether "Al" Smith will get the Presidential nomination or some political nobody. The Congressional opposition is still centered in the little group of Progressive Republicans, and even they fail to coordinate their activities and—perforce, perhaps—let slip important issues. The Cape Cod Canal swindle went through with hardly a peep of protest, and there are rumors that though Illinois's Mr. Smith will be barred from the Senate Pennsylvania's Mr. Vare will be admitted.

Two and a half years ago the country was solemnly warned against the danger to our institutions from a third party. Far greater, far closer to us, is the menace of a one-party government. That is the real danger today.

The Decline of Europe

FOR two centuries Europe has dominated the earth. We ourselves, in the beginning, were a mere outpost of Europe. But times have changed. The power and position of America in the world today are one witness of the fact; statistics compiled for the coming Economic Conference at Geneva tell another part of the story. Comparing 1925 with 1913 these figures show that whereas Europe's production of foodstuffs and raw materials has increased less than 5 per cent, her foreign trade has fallen by 6 per cent, while Asia's production has gained 20 per cent and her trade 36 per cent, and North America has gained 26 per cent in production and 37 per cent in foreign trade. One may say that this is the fault of the war, and think that the world will placidly resume its pre-war ways. Yet perhaps the war was but a chapter in a story which, half-noticed, was writing itself before that cataclysm brought sudden ruin to the old continent.

Why, after all, should Europe dominate the world? What is there in the air and soil or in the population of that stretch of earth that borders the eastern shore of the Atlantic Ocean to give it a right to control the highways and byways of all the rest of the globe? The racial stock has been scattered. Its most enterprising members have gone forth, part to settle the unsettled continents, part to develop trade with the richly settled East. Its mineral resources, if not exhausted, are at least sadly depleted. Whatever special technical capacity it may have it has by now shared with all the rest of the world.

History, looked at in the large, records no lasting predominance of the European peoples. Four or five centuries ago they started voyaging with a zest and persistence such as voyagers had never had before; and accordingly they discovered lost or unknown continents and began the development of the prodigious international trade of today. Within the last two centuries they have spread their political control over the rest of the earth's peoples. But what are two centuries, or even four or five, in the history of the earth—what can they tell of the capacities of a race? China's civilization is four or five millenniums old; and throughout that immense period, century by century, she had a richer civilization to boast of than Western Europe—until the puny fragment of time which has elapsed since the Industrial Revolution gave the West its present driving power. Today the West, having conquered the East, has also given it the weapons with which to reassert its ancient preeminence. Russians, schooled in Germany and America, travel as advisers with Chiang Kai-shek's Cantonese armies; a British general buys in Japan supplies for Chang Tso-lin's Mukden arsenal; Americans direct the technical work of the Kiangnan arsenal; General Wood is giving the youth of the Philippines military training; and Mussolini's gun-laden merchant ships are ready to sell to any buyer. Where we have superiority—in military science, in technical processes—we are selling out to the East as fast as the East can afford to purchase.

A new tide is running. Here in America we have never properly appreciated the historic significance of Turkey's successful struggle for freedom. There are still blind men among us who would refuse to ratify a treaty accepting Turkey's denunciation of the shackling capitulations, not realizing what has happened. Today China is following in Turkey's steps. Great Britain, beaten by Canton's year-long boycott of her goods, has made a sudden reversal of policy, and offered to agree to steps which a year ago she contemptuously refused—and, more significant still, the Chinese today refuse her offers of compromise as too slight. The French, meanwhile, explain their refusal to go along with the British by saying that they cannot afford to be associated with hated England in China! A quarter century ago the Powers, by a short military expedition, brought the old Chinese Empire to its knees. Today they are rightly afraid to try force on chaotic young China—the sturdy child has in the interim learned too much about force.

If China follows Turkey she will not act for herself alone. India, another vast continent-nation with a population more than twice that of the United States, seethed with the reaction from Turkey's awakening, and is not blind or deaf to what is happening in China. All the Eastern people which are tied to the apron-strings of the white West are watching China's struggle with passionate sympathy.

Nor is this battle for freedom confined to the political sphere. England's industrial depression is partly due to the fact that India has learned to manufacture her own cotton. China, too, is struggling toward industrial independence. There are fewer British cotton mills in China today than there were five years ago, and every six years China is doubling the number of her spindles. Despite her civil wars her customs revenues in 1926 were greater than in 1925. Increasingly the economic basis of the white imperial system is breaking down. Men will manufacture closer to the sources of raw materials, instead of cluttering the channels of trade by passing everything through Europe.

Those masses of Americans who turn away from Europe do not, perhaps, think out these things. But theirs may be the truer instinct, after all. Europe is not a dead or even a dying continent, but its great day is passing. Probably never again will it hold such a position in the world's affairs as it did just before it set about cutting its own throat in 1914. A new world is coming into being. The future of Latin America is still uncertain; but in the decades immediately ahead Asia and North America are certain to play roles of growing importance in the world's affairs; and they may do well not to involve themselves too intimately in the struggles of a tired continent to retain an impossible preeminence.

Authors with Lanterns

As Diogenes went about with a lantern to seek an honest man, so does Barukh Jonas, author, inventor, and lecturer, travel *on foot* with his two-wheeled camping outfit to seek intellectually inclined men and women. He is an independent writer, and his work, although quite simple, can be understood and appreciated only by one person out of ten thousand. And he is making it his business to find that extremely small minority. . . .

While passing through your city Barukh Jonas will permit himself to call on you. He would like to deliver in your locality a lecture entitled The Feast of the Cannibals, which is an exposition of the Intellectualistic Idea. And he wants somebody to make the necessary arrangements.

WHETHER Mr. Jonas has arrived in New York we know not, nor do we know that he intends coming here. But we received this notice a few weeks ago and we have been waiting for news of him. Perhaps there is as little hope of seeing Mr. Jonas's cart as there is of catching a gleam from Diogenes's lantern—though "with that cart,"

writes Mr. Jonas, "propelled by myself and made conspicuous by a flamboyant sign, I shall pass through every State of the Union and shall bring my despised art and thought directly to the people." Perhaps after all this is only a figure of speech gilding Mr. Jonas's real message, which is that certain ideas of his are going to circulate in spite of every obstacle, including complete indifference, placed before them by a sorry world.

What interests us in Mr. Jonas, with whom we have corresponded, is that his writings are despised by publishers and that he has done something about it. He has published his own books—the latest one, "The Roof of the Palace," having been printed out in his own finely regular hand and then blue-printed (pp. 180: $3). A copy has come to us from Maumee, Ohio, which is the permanent address of Mr. Jonas; and nothing could more forcibly remind us of the stubborn will in human beings to express themselves. With the example of Mr. Jonas before us we can have little use for those thinkers who, when their works have been generally rejected, whine that they are misunderstood and say no more. We remember that Laurence Sterne paid for the printing of the first part of "Tristram Shandy" and that Walt Whitman did likewise for "Leaves of Grass"; we remember, more recently, the first edition of Robinson Jeffers's now famous poems. The roll of the courageous is long and honorable, and Barukh Jonas, we do not doubt, belongs somewhere upon it. His ideas we must leave to the philosophers, who, we hope, will write to Maumee not only for this book but for five which preceded it.

Of late—leaving out of account the stream of poetry always pouring in from private American presses—we have been most frequently favored with irregular books from France. France promises indeed to become for England and America what Holland was for both England and France in the seventeenth century. At one time anything could be printed at Amsterdam in the language of its author; and it begins to look as if any book in English can find a publisher now in France. The supreme example, of course, is Joyce's "Ulysses"; but there are also the books of Gertrude Stein and the volumes issued from the Contact Press. The other day a new exile made himself known to us. W. W. Strickland, British author of some forty-odd volumes, each one of which, apparently, was inspired by a profound hatred of Anglo-Saxon civilization and religion, sent us six of his books that had been reprinted at Marseilles and elsewhere. These six, we are given to understand, along with a number of others cannot enter the British Isles to be read; knowing customs officials as we do, we are not surprised, though we can be sorry for a nation which is not permitted to hear what its most discontented member thinks of it. Mr. Strickland writes that he has voluntarily surrendered his English identity and become a citizen of Czecho-Slovakia. But he writes from Marseilles; and in his highly regular and peppery way he no doubt will go on hating England from everywhere.

We pay our respects to Messrs. Jonas, Strickland, et al., and remind ourselves that it is dangerous business for critics to scoff at ideas because they come in carts, or at books because they do not bear the imprint of regular publishers. These latter come frequently to *The Nation*, and though we read most of them with disappointment, we are invariably eager as we unwrap them. In one of them some time we may discover not an author but a man, not a book but a lantern.

What Does the War Lord Mean?

DWIGHT F. DAVIS, Secretary of War, has raised more questions than he has answered in his letter to John Nevin Sayre, Vice-Chairman of the Committee on Militarism in Education. Mr. Sayre wrote to the Secretary saying that on a recent speaking trip in opposition to compulsory military training in the colleges he encountered definite interference from Lieutenant Colonel George Chase Lewis, stationed in Oklahoma City with the Ninety-sixth Division of Infantry. Mr. Sayre had promised to address students of the University of Oklahoma at Norman on December 9. Previous to his coming Colonel Lewis wrote to President Bizzell, saying that Mr. Sayre was advocating a Bolshevist program and concluding: "I trust you will be able to curtail pernicious activities at Norman." A group of students which had tried to arrange a meeting for Mr. Sayre under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association of the university were unable to obtain its facilities and so Mr. Sayre spoke in the Presbyterian church, off the campus. Colonel Lewis came to the meeting and denounced Mr. Sayre.

> I should like to know [wrote Mr. Sayre to Secretary Davis] whether you consider it a proper function of an army officer to attempt to shut off free speech for peace in universities, Y. M. C. A.'s, and even churches. . . . Finally, may I ask if the War Department does not take energetic measures to restrain Lieutenant Colonel Lewis and others in activities similar to the case mentioned, will I not be justified in charging that the War Department is responsible for the campaign of defamation of character and attempt to repress free speech for peace, in which its subordinates are engaged?

In reply to Mr. Sayre Secretary Davis wrote:

> It is contrary to the policy of the War Department to make adverse criticism of any individual or organization and no army officer has the right to speak for the War Department contrary to its established policy.
>
> On the other hand, it appears that Colonel Lewis was expressing his individual views as a citizen and that he did not even inferentially imply that he was expressing the views of the War Department.
>
> It is manifestly beyond the power of the War Department and, if possible, it would be obviously opposed to the principle of freedom of speech for the War Department to attempt to control all expressions of opinion that officers of the army may make as private citizens.
>
> I can assure you that the War Department has never attempted, directly or indirectly, to repress free speech on any subject whatsoever, either by those who favor or those who oppose its policies.

If Colonel Lewis was expressing merely "individual views as a citizen," how did he come to sign himself "Lt. Col. U. S. Infantry, Oklahoma City"? And has Mr. Davis never heard of the case of Captain Paxton Hibben of the Officers' Reserve Corps? How did it happen that Captain Hibben, who was not in the active service of the War Department at all at the time and was earning his livelihood as a civilian, was haled before a court of inquiry for advocating the recognition of Russia by the United States?

Mr. Davis may genuinely wish the War Department to be for free speech; we hope so. But the war machine which he only temporarily and partially controls acts otherwise. Its autocratic spirit and tradition is one of the outstanding perils to America.



Drawn by Harry S. Bressler

Poison Gas, 1915-1926

German Atrocity—American Necessity

By H. S. VILLARD

WHEN on April 22, 1915, the Germans introduced poison gas into modern warfare, an outraged world protested indignantly at such utter "ruthlessness." Resentment, we may remember, was unbridled at the use of these "new and terrible vapors" which, as the New York *Times* hastened to note, caused sufferings "of a severity unparalleled in the annals of conflict."

Though in some few quarters development of the "chemists' battle" was regarded as an inevitable step in the progress of scientific warfare, and therefore to be considered philosophically, the opinion of the press was as a whole denunciatory. Many looked upon poison gas as a reversion to barbarism, a violation of every written or unwritten code of combat. As all the participants in the World War previous to our entry had ratified the Hague agreement of 1899 never to use asphyxiating gases, the sudden employment of chlorine and phosgene against the French lines was bitterly received as merely one more scrap of paper.

In a leading editorial entitled More German Savagery the New York *Tribune*, in May, 1915, scathingly attacked the new weapon:

> If poisonous gases can be used in warfare the way is opened to a general relapse to ancient methods of savagery. Germany . . . has taken the lead in this war in cutting loose from the salutary restraints which civilization has put on military brutality;

while the Washington *Times* cried ironically that

> apparently every policy of the aggressors in this war is aimed to bring about a situation in which every shred of faith and confidence as among nations will be destroyed.

Chemical warfare in all its abhorrent detail was made vivid for us by artist as well as journalist. Louis Raemaekers, in his famous "Cartoon History of the World War," was responsible for a heartrending picture of poison gas victims in their death agony, which did as much as anything else, perhaps, to stir up the most intense kind of feeling. A *Daily Mail* dispatch from British Headquarters on May 28, 1915, prominently reprinted here, reported that

> Doctors at this casualty clearing station tell terrible stories of awful scenes. . . . "It would have brought tears to your eyes," a doctor said, "to see those splendid men, great brawny fellows, many of them tearing at their throats, rending their tunics, screaming to us in hoarse, rattling voices to put them out of their misery. Many were in semi-comatose state . . . they slipped from pillows propping them up and began to strangle."

Censure abroad was even more vituperative than here. The London *Spectator* burst out

> The Germans have not scrupled to resort to a truly diabolical use of chemical science, and to discharge at their opponents weapons which cause . . . agonizing suffering and permanent injury. . . . By the consent of all men who are not savages, the use of poison is ruled out in war, and has been prohibited by custom for centuries. . . . Such deviltry is, of course, a sign of desperation.

Claiming that the Germans had only adopted a device originally invented in England, "and by England rejected as too horrible to be entertained even for use against an enemy," the *Candid Quarterly Review* of Thomas Gibson Bowles characterized gas as "no lawful warfare."

> No Hague Convention can make it lawful; no honorable soldier can consider it justifiable; nor even if it be the highest triumph of the better chemist that can make it excusable.

With such widespread indictment of poison gas only eleven years ago, the almost complete reversal of world attitude today is well-nigh incredible. Before the end of the war, gas had become accepted as an adjunct of all the armies; recent utterances show a proclivity not only to condone but to encourage this form of armament.

At Germany's suggestion the Geneva Arms Traffic Conference, ending June 17, 1925, voted to outlaw gas in future warfare. The protocol which the United States signed at that time will come up for ratification in the next Senate. But even a year ago the Chicago *Evening Post* said

> [abolishing poison gas] . . . is urged, probably, because of the prevalent popular opinion that [it] is a barbarous method of warfare, fraught with extraordinary horror. As a matter of fact, it is no more barbarous than bayonets, machine-guns, grenades, and high explosives, and not half so deadly.
>
> Nor would prohibition of the use of poison gas—to our way of thinking an absurdity as long as every form of explosive is countenanced and war itself is recognized—prove of any practical value. Methods of warfare will never be controlled by international agreement.

And the Chicago *Tribune* asserted that "Contrasted with other weapons . . . gas is eminently humane . . . far less horrible both in immediate and ultimate consequence," and maintained that opposition was "founded . . . upon a sentimental fallacy as to the inhumanity of gas."

That chemical interests in this country are afraid of limitations on their product, which would interfere with the commercial aspects of the industry, is a possible contribution to the new anxiety to belittle the effects of gas. In an address at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown last August, James F. Norris, president of the American Chemical Society, deprecated the "sentiment and not knowledge" which was behind the women's organizations opposed to chemical warfare. Dr. Charles H. Hertz, president of the Synthetic Organic Chemical Manufacturers' Association, agreed that the public had been led astray in this regard.

Colonel C. F. Brigham, of the Chemical Warfare Service, before the American Chemical Society at Philadelphia in September, asserted that the "fear of chemical warfare weapons" was "unfounded." "Mustard gas in the late war produced only twenty-nine casualties for each ton used, and of these only one death was caused for every ton and a half used." "And why," asked the *Independent* on September 4, 1926, "should gas be so maligned a weapon?" Most of its partisans take for granted that we are to have other wars. W. Lee Lewis, inventor of the deadly Lewisite, adopts the view that chemical preparedness is the most economical of all and therefore a road to lower taxation. In a previous number of the *Independent* he quotes official figures to show that less than 2 per cent of the American gas casualties died, that only twenty-nine of our men were actually blinded, and that the prophesied after-dangers of being gassed have not been borne out.

Chemical Warfare, a New Industry

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

BEFORE the World War the Krupps, the United States Steel Corporation, and the steel magnates of other nations directed and controlled the business of national defense. Armament was a matter of tonnage, of gun and shell-weight and numbers. To a considerable extent, that still holds true today. But a change is coming; and the recent shelving, in the Senate, of the innocuous poison-gas treaty was an unmistakable demonstration of the rise, power, and growth of the new bosses of war—the chemists.

Not more than three years ago, the Senate without a dissenting voice approved the Washington disarmament treaty, wherein was contained a protocol, exactly similar to the Geneva pact it sent back to committee on December 13, condemning the use of poison gas in warfare. The reason for the change of views was the National Chemical Defense Association, with the following members on its board of directors:

> Howard Coonley, a manufacturer of Boston, who was vice-president of the United States Shipping Board during the war; George B. Dryden, president of the Dryden Rubber Company, of Chicago, vice-president; Waldemar Kops, New York manufacturer, vice-president; J. F. Norris, president of the American Chemical Society and professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, vice-president; Perry W. Weidner, Los Angeles, vice-president; directors, J. H. Matthews, chairman of the department of chemistry at the University of Wisconsin; J. E. Zanetti, professor of chemistry at Columbia University and during the war a colonel in the chemical warfare service and now a reserve officer in that branch; William J. Hale, head of the chemical branch of the National Research Council and formerly connected with the Dow Chemical Company, of Midland, Michigan; W. Lee Lewis, director of scientific research of the Institute of American Meat Packers, Chicago; Marsten T. Bogert, professor of chemistry at Columbia University; Wilder D. Bancroft, consulting chemist and professor of chemistry at Cornell University; R. T. Haslam, consulting chemist and professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; A. S. Loevenhart, consulting chemist and professor of pharmacology and toxicology at the University of Wisconsin; and Washington Platt, manager of the Merrell Soule Company, of Syracuse, New York.

All of the foregoing are members of the American Chemical Society.

The National Chemical Defense Association was organized for the immediate purpose of defeating the Geneva protocol. Its permanent task will be to further the interests of chemicals as war weapons. It will lend civilian aid and financial succor to that super-military agitator, Major General Amos A. Fries, chief of the chemical warfare service. Its founders, according to its secretary, Colonel John Thomas Taylor, reserve officer of the chemical warfare service, were Messrs. Dryden and Kops. Colonel Taylor is the authority for the statement that these two men were actuated solely by patriotic motives in founding the Chemical Defense Association.

According to his account they appealed to him to suggest something they could do in these days of peace to prepare for future wars, and he being a reserve officer in the chemical service as well as vice-chairman of the national legislative committee of the American Legion, and thus being acquainted on all sides, earnestly advised them to raise the necessary money to bring about a chemical defense group. This was done and Colonel Taylor became treasurer and spokesman for the lobby of the chemical manufacturers. He associated with himself as secretary of the organization Colonel E. B. Clark, a former newspaperman, and member of the National Press Club Post of the American Legion. The services of Thomas R. Shipp, Inc., a Washington publicity firm, were secured and the outfit was ready and anxious to do business.

Authoritative stories written by Colonel Clark and quoting Colonel Taylor were released, declaring that the American Legion at its forthcoming annual convention in Philadelphia was going to enact a resolution condemning the poison-gas treaty. Later when the resolution, without real debate, was shoved through at a business session of the convention when the great mass of Legionnaires were away, it was the Shipp company which broadcast copies of the resolution accompanied by a press release recounting its importance. Later, it was this same company which, under the caption "Authorized, and distribution requested by Colonel John Thomas Taylor, legislative committee of the American Legion," sent out releases making known the fact that the military surgeons and various military orders were against the treaty.

Publicity was not the only activity of the Chemical Defense Association. It was responsible for the utter silence of the War and Navy departments, both parties to the treaty, a silence which one leading Republican Senator characterized as "double-crossing the President." This Senator declared that had these two departments been loyal to their commander, the President, and supported him instead of secretly opposing him, his wishes as expressed in his annual message to Congress that the treaty be ratified would have been realized, instead of being brusquely disregarded.

The Chemical Association used the American Legion in other ways as a smoke-screen for its propaganda. Senator Borah and other Senators declared they received hundreds of protesting communications, practically all from American Legion posts and from Legionnaires, and all patently inspired. Personal interviews and pressure were also resorted to, with the result that although the Senate three years before had unanimously approved a similar pact, that the President and leader of his party had a few days previous voiced the desire that it be ratified, and lastly that the protocol was made a part of the Geneva treaty at the initiative of Representative Theodore Burton, chief American delegate to the conference, the treaty, innocuous though it was, was rejected.

Two things stand out clear in this episode: the shame of the American Legion and the rising power and domination of the chemical interests. Of the latter there have been of late many demonstrations; and of the former, well may Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., himself a Legionnair the chairman of the committee of three which drew preamble to the Legion's constitution, say—

> I deplore the fact that the last American Leg have permitted itself to be rushed int hasty and ill-considered resolution in favor of the use of poison gas weapon in time of war. . . ganization composed of v might and to "prom was not or

[illegible] arry [illegible] copy of [illegible] wearing [illegible] chief in the breast [illegible] that the *Becco Giallo* does [illegible] shops. [illegible] must not forward it from [illegible]

* The word "college" is here used in the same sense as in the College of Cardinals."

Mussolini Chokes the Press

By GAETANO SALVEMINI

FREEDOM of the press was guaranteed in Italy by the constitution of 1848, to which the present King, like his three predecessors, took the oath of allegiance on his accession in 1900. In the first years of Fascist domination (1921-1923) the press underwent the rigors of "revolutionary" treatment: printing works and offices of opposition papers were looted or set on fire; editors and correspondents were beaten, wounded, banished, killed; whole issues were set on fire as they left the press, or in the railway stations; news agents were threatened and beaten and their kiosks burned.

On July 15, 1923, "normalization" began. The King, "prisoner of war," signed a decree under which the prefect of a province may warn a newspaper to change its attitude, if, in his opinion, the paper

> (a) By means of false or tendencious news may hamper the diplomatic action of the Government in its foreign relations, or damage the national credit at home or abroad, or arouse baseless alarm among the people, or incite to any breach of the peace;
>
> (b) By articles, comments, notes, titles, illustrations, or vignettes instigates to crimes, or excites class hatred or disobedience of the laws or of the authorities, or undermines the discipline in the public services, or serves the interests of foreign states, authorities, or individuals to the detriment of Italian interests, or disparages the country, the King, the Royal Family, the High Pontiff, the religion of the state, the institutions and the powers of the state and friendly Powers.

If the paper is warned twice in one year the prefect may forbid the editor to continue in office, even if there has never been a conviction against him, and may refuse to authorize any new editor. If the prefect approves none of the editors proposed the paper is not suppressed, but it cannot be published. This decree was signed by the King in defiance of the constitution, Article 28 of which reads as follows: "The press shall be free, but the law may suppress abuses of this freedom"; and Article 3 of which decrees that the legislative power shall be exercised collectively by the King and the two chambers, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. To this first irregularity a second was added: Mussolini kept the royal decree in his desk for a year before publishing it. Thus the King initiated a new practice, that of issuing a *lettre de cachet* against the constitution to be used by the Prime Minister when he thinks fit.

After the Matteotti murder Mussolini judged that the moment had arrived to make use of the *lettre de cachet* obtained a year previously. But he found that it was not ough. And so the King meekly signed another decree on [illegible], 1924, empowering the prefects to confiscate any [illegible] paper, without bringing any charge before the [illegible]. The Lond[illegible]

> The German[illegible] much more serious matter than cen[illegible] diabolical use of chem[illegible] suppresses an article before it is [illegible] opponents weapons wh[illegible]lace when the paper has already [illegible] and permanent injury. . . . [illegible]f material, labor, and capital. [illegible] are not savages, the use of poiso[illegible] in the case of the big [illegible] has been prohibited by custom fo[illegible] confiscation. even [illegible] deviltry is, of course, a sign of desperation.

Claiming that the Germans had only adopted a device originally invented in England, "and by England rejected as [illegible]."

confiscated. On September 5, 1925, the liberal *Subalpino* of Cuneo was confiscated. After the confiscation the paper brought out a second, expurgated edition. The prefect confiscated this edition also. A third edition was then published, completely blank except for the advertisements; and this again the prefect confiscated. An issue passed by a prefect in one province may be confiscated by the prefect in another province. The *Avanti* was confiscated 100 times during 1925—every third day. The Government thus ruins the opposition papers. It is not open suppression; it is silent, stealthy suffocation.

But a newspaper, even though crippled, is still a newspaper. The Italian reader is able to read between the lines, to interpret silences, to grasp the slightest allusions. An opposition paper continues to be effective as such even if it says nothing at all. Therefore the first two decrees showed themselves powerless to stifle opposition.

On December 30, 1924, the Home Secretary, Signor Federzoni, discovered in the text of the old law of local government a certain Paragraph 3 which authorizes the prefects of the provinces to "take emergency measures when necessary to maintain public peace." This clause had never in seventy years been interpreted as including the control of the press. The freedom of the press was regulated by other laws which were regarded as an essential part of the constitution, and was only under the jurisdiction of the magistracy. In December, 1924, it was discovered that the press might disturb the public peace, and the prefects were authorized to take any measures they thought fit to muzzle it. As soon as any paper tried to publish news that could endanger public peace the prefects might confiscate the issue and even forbid the printing of the paper.

At Bergamo in February, 1925, a paper was confiscated on account of a certain article. A second edition was brought out with a blank space where the article had been. This edition was confiscated because this blank space might have "aroused excitement among the readers by giving the impression that the freedom of the press did not exist in Italy." A circular of the Home Secretary sent to the prefects on January 7, 1926, explains that in ordering the confiscation of a newspaper issue they need not trouble whether a news item is false or true:

> It is absurd to be obliged to investigate whether the news which might disturb the public peace is correct or not before taking the necessary steps to maintain order. The preservation of order is an elementary and primary duty of every government, and is independent of any opinion that may be held as to the bad faith of the person who endangers order.

After this last discovery there could be no need for further measures; but the "new Fascist state" always needs new measures. When the "normalizing" powers of the prefects did not suffice, the "revolutionary" activities of the Fascists came into play. On September 25, 1925, the delegate of the Fascist Central Executive in Piedmont sent the following ukase to the editor of the liberal *Progresso*, of Dronero, in the province of Cuneo:

[illegible]

> There have fallen into my hands certain numbers of your libelous paper containing articles which do not please me at all. They do not please me because they are false and malevolent. Accordingly as a Fascist I warn you to put an end to your stupid campaign. Do not imagine that because you live or rather vegetate some distance from the center you will enjoy immunity. Your turn will come.

On October 2, 1925, the executive of the Parma Fascio, learning that the *Piccolo*, a newspaper which had been suppressed, was about to reappear under another name, published the following ukase:

> The executive of the Parma Fascio, learning that the ill-famed paper which was the organ of the Freemasons and Bolshevists of Parma is about to appear under another name, interprets this attempt as a challenge, and gives notice that the challenge will be taken up by all the Fascists of the province of Parma.

In November, 1925, after the discovery of the so-called Zaniboni plot, a new wave of revolutionary Fascism arose and "normalization" was even more severely imposed. Four newspapers were officially suspended for twenty days—*Giustizia, Avanti, Voce Republicana,* and *Unità;* four other papers were not officially suspended, because they were so prudent that there was no pretext for striking at them; but the police did not allow them to appear. These were the Genoa *Lavoro* and the Rome *Mondo, Popolo,* and *Risorgimento.* As this was the time when subscriptions are collected and advertising contracts renewed, these suspensions meant certain death for the weaker papers. The *Popolo* (Christian Democrat) and *Giustizia* (Reformist Socialist) succumbed to the crisis. One of the subeditors of the *Lavoro,* Giovanni Ansaldo, a most cultivated and brilliant journalist who had already been beaten several times, had to resign before the paper was allowed to reappear. The *Mondo* and *Risorgimento* were confiscated for sixty-six days in succession, though they printed nothing but telegrams from the official agencies and articles reproduced from other newspapers.

Meanwhile a strategic operation on a large scale was carried out against the two greatest Italian newspapers, the *Stampa* and the *Corriere della Sera.* The *Stampa,* which had been officially suspended since the end of September, was allowed to resume publication only after dismissing its editorial staff. It ceased to be an opposition paper; it revealed its opposition character only by its colorlessness. Senator Albertini, editor of the *Corriere della Sera,* remained at his post notwithstanding a furious campaign of insults and threats launched against him. But the brothers Crespi, the largest shareholders in the paper, who were Fascists, discovered in their contract with Signor Albertini a technical flaw which enabled them to cancel it, so that on November 21, 1925, Signor Albertini had to go. Since then the *Corriere della Sera,* with an almost entirely new editorial staff, has been "fascistized," though it is not quite so wild as the other Fascist newspapers. At the same time, a large number of minor newspapers whose editors and staffs were accused of being anti-Fascist or too lukewarm in their Fascism were suspended, that is, in the circumstances, driven out of existence.

During this journalistic earthquake the Chamber and Senate were gravely discussing a new press law as if the preceding measures were not enough. The new law of December 31, 1925, provides that not only the prefects of the provinces, but the public prosecutor may prohibit the appearance of any paper which has been twice condemned for press offenses. Moreover, the printers are made liable for all fines incurred by the papers which they print. The printer thus becomes the censor of the editor. Finally, the law decrees that in every province there shall be a college of journalists*: "The editor of a paper shall be enrolled in the register of the college"; "the exercise of the journalist's profession is permitted only to those who are enrolled in the registers." This measure is linked up with the Trade Union Act, which accords legal recognition only to Fascist unions. On January 16, 1926, the secretary of the College of Journalists in Lombardy made the following promises:

> At the door of our college there will be a sentry who will say: "You are worthy"; "You are not worthy." I intend to carry through the revision of the register. The old register begins with two names which stand for a shameful past—the names of the brothers Albertini. We will begin by striking these out. No new papers shall be permitted to appear, nor shall the profession of journalism be farther carried on by certain persons whom only the generosity of our revolution refrained from nailing to the first gate-post.

In a word, not only may the prefect, not only may the public prosecutor, forbid any person to edit a newspaper, but the president or secretary of the college, by expunging a journalist's name from the register of his "college," may forbid him to exercise his profession.

In addition to these three official watch-dogs there is a whole kennel of lesser "revolutionary" dogs. For instance, on November 18, 1925, the chief of police of the province of Turin notified Piero Gobetti, a Turin publisher, of the following order from the prefect:

> In consideration of the relentlessly anti-national activity of Dr. Piero Gobetti, will you please warn him to give up all publishing.

This order of the prefect was not based upon any law, old or new, of the "Liberal state" or of the "Fascist state"; if it is an indication of the mentality of the provincial prefects it may be imagined what local Fascist leaders will do.

On January 16, 1926, the weekly *Roma Fascista* ordered a boycott of the satirical weekly *Becco Giallo* (Yellow Beak) and the plays of its editor, Signor Giannini:

> Angelo Musco (the manager of the theatrical company) is courteously but emphatically requested to give no more performances at the Teatro Nazionale of the works—imbecile stuff, at that—of that buccaneer Giannini or others of his band, or else the applause which he always gets will change into hissing.
>
> Fascists must not buy a single copy of the criminal paper. They must in every way prevent its circulation, especially by advice and persuasion.
>
> News agents, if they are Fascists, must refuse to sell it. If they are not Fascists, they must not display the paper: to show it may be regarded as provocative.
>
> Citizens must no longer read the *Becco Giallo* or carry it about ostentatiously with them. To display a copy of this infamous libel will be regarded as equivalent to wearing a red necktie or carrying a red handkerchief in the breast pocket.
>
> Fascist workers must watch that the *Becco Giallo* does not find its way into their workshops.
>
> Railway employees must not forward it from Rome station.

* The word "college" is here used in the same sense as in the "College of Cardinals."

> We know that on the morning on which the paper is issued there are persons (not news agents) who take copies about 5 or 6 a.m. into the working-class districts, where they are sold to subversive elements before confiscation has been carried out. These persons are warned that there are Roman Fascists who are also ready to get up at 4 a.m. A word to the wise is sufficient.

The *Becco Giallo* put up a further month's resistance. Then it ceased publication.

In the Genoa *Lavoro* there appeared on February 12, 1926, a ukase of the Fascist Federation of Imperia, warning the non-Fascist paper *Eco della Riviera* of San Remo, "on no account to touch on matters affecting Fascism on pain of suppression."

The following is a ukase from the Secretary of the Fascist Federation of the province of Ravenna:

> Ravenna, 10 (September, 1926)
>
> *Confidential, personal, urgent.*
>
> From the *Voce Republicana* we learn that in certain localities some persons are agreeing to the proposal of contributing a day's wages in support of the paper. The utmost vigilance and the most vigorous measures are needed to prevent the paper from realizing its object. These instructions are equivalent to a definite order to all members of our organizations, from the highest to the lowest.
>
> PASSARETTI, Federal Secretary

It goes without saying that the "new Fascist state" is not content to take all measures, both "revolutionary" and "normalizing," in defense of its existence. It also concocts a whole body of doctrine to bolster up its practices. The *Tevere*, a Fascist paper of Rome, writes on December 7, 1925:

> The state controls schools so that these may always be patriotic. The newspapers are also schools of character, lecture rooms of daily teaching, pulpits for preaching. It is necessary, therefore, for the state to control the work of the newspapers and assure to itself a body of journalists worthy of the tremendous task intrusted to them, namely, that of directing public opinion "nationally." The schools and the press are the two forges in which the new Italy must be tempered.

The *Roma Fascista*, October 1, 1926, remarked that *Il Mondo* of September 30 had refrained from commenting on the meeting between Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mussolini at Leghorn:

> The eyes of the whole world were concentrated yesterday on the yacht anchored in Leghorn harbor—of all the world except *Il Mondo*. It ought to have been confiscated. There is a silence more damaging than outspoken criticism. The newspaper purchaser who spends his penny must not be cheated by the reticences of the journalist, or what is worse, artfully kept in the dark or insidiously poisoned with suspicions, insinuations, half hints. We demand measures against the silence of the press.

Under this hail of prohibitions, threats, and political "new thoughts," the papers held in suspicion by the Fascists were by October, 1926, reduced to twenty-seven for the whole of Italy; sixteen of these were dailies of which six were Liberal, six Christian Democrat, two Socialist, one Communist, and one Republican. After Anteo Zamboni's attempt on Mussolini's life (October 31, 1926) these last relics of non-official press have disappeared. All twenty-seven have been "suspended for an indefinite period." "Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant."

The propagandist of the Fascist Government in England, Signor Villari, assures us that "these measures must be regarded as temporary, and intended to tide over a period of an exceptional nature. No doubt when more normal conditions return the Government will find it possible to abrogate or attenuate these restrictions." But in the Senate on December 16, 1925, Senator Tamassia, speaking on the Press Bill before the Chamber, said:

> If the Government had asked for preventive censorship to be applied for six months, for a year or two years, I could have recognized that we are living at a time when the country is and feels itself in travail. But what we are asked to vote for today is a permanent measure which separates us from the rest of Europe. [Murmurs.]
>
> MUSSOLINI: No, no!
>
> TAMASSIA: There is only one country in Europe like Italy in this respect, and that is Russia.
>
> MUSSOLINI: You make a mistake, there is also England.

Signor Grandi, Under Secretary at the Foreign Office, also declared, in an interview with the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, January 24, 1926, that the new Fascist press laws are the same as in England. Both the correspondent and the editor of the *Morning Post* reproduced this assertion in all seriousness. Who knows how many of the British Fascists, who read the *Morning Post*, are convinced that in Fascist Italy the press is no less free than it is in England?

Two Blocks from Broadway

By HARBOR ALLEN

THE conservative portion of the public likes to explain the increasing violence of the police during recent industrial disturbances by the "revolutionary" character of the strikes and by the assertion that the strikers are foreigners with "subversive and un-American" ideas. The police, they assert, are justified in protecting, by violence if necessary, American property and institutions against these dangerous immigrants.

Unfortunately for this argument the situation in the paper box makers' strike in New York City is reversed. Most of the 3,000 workers on strike are American born, while most of the employers are foreign. Yet, in no recent strike outside of Passaic have the police been more aggressive in wielding clubs and fists, more blatant in supporting the side of the employer.

To protest against this campaign of violence by the police the American Civil Liberties Union recently submitted to Mayor James J. Walker a brief urging an investigation of the charges made by strikers in fourteen affidavits. One striker says that his front teeth were knocked out by a blow from a policeman. A girl swears that she was badly bruised when an officer struck her with a chair. Two men assert that they were arrested and fined on trumped-up charges. A policeman is accused by witnesses of chasing children from the street by brandishing his pistol. A picket states that he was dragged into a shop and there pummeled by a policeman. The writer himself saw police within two blocks of Broadway swinging their clubs to break up an orderly line of picketers, mostly girls of high-school age. One of them was severely beaten on the shoulders. Police ride on all the delivery trucks and have gone so far as to load and unload boxes and drive cars carrying strike-

breakers. The organ of the National Paper Box Manufacturers was evidently not indulging its fancy when it announced, before the strike was actually called:

> The union met with entirely new conditions this year when they called members on strike, for the box manufacturers in the Greater New York territory have become organized and the Greater New York Paper Box Manufacturers' Association formed for the purpose of treating labor difficulties. The association has the full cooperation of the Police Department and is making a strong front against the striking workers.

The action of the Civil Liberties Union, followed some weeks later by a vigorous reprimand from Judge Simpson in the Magistrate's Court, has lessened for the time being at least the more violent manifestations of police sympathy with the employers.

The paper box makers' union is four years old. This is their first general strike. Through the pressure of the union, agreements were signed with 150 shops whereby wages were somewhat stabilized and work during the slack summer months was divided among all the workers. Last July the union and the manufacturers' association quarreled over the question of pay for the Fourth of July holiday. In ten of the shops the girls walked out and the employers were forced to yield. The rift, however, led to a long series of negotiations during which the manufacturers' association, taking advantage of the slack season when non-union labor is easy to hire, attempted to force the union to a new agreement less rigid than the old. This the union rejected. When the union sent its demands in September, the manufacturers' association declined to answer. On October 5 a general walkout was declared.

Conditions in the paper-box factories are primitive as in few other industries in New York. Many of the shops are in cellars innocent of sun or light. Poor ventilation keeps paper dust from the boxes filtering into the lungs of the workers. Cutting machines whirl knives which have no guards to protect the fingers of the operators. "There are few setter-ups who have their fingers whole," said one of them, showing his hand with a finger and a half missing. Ponderous presses clatter up and down, an open threat to unwary hands and feet. Glue drying on the hands of the girls results in severe cuts and blood poisoning. In none of the shops, most of which employ only 25 or 30 workers, is first aid or medical attention thought of. Subjected to a merciless speed-up system, the girls are in some shops docked for fifteen minutes if they leave their machines for even a moment during the day. Wages range from $8 to $25 a week, with the average at $16 to $18. Of the girls in the industry 53 per cent receive less than $16 a week.

The seven demands of the union are: Recognition of the organization; a 44-hour week; time and a half for overtime and double pay for Sunday; pay for five legal holidays; no discharge without just cause, justness of cause to be decided by a committee comprising the manufacturer, a union representative, and an impartial chairman; no raise of less than $5 a week; and a minimum scale running from $25 a week for helpers to $60 a week for mechanics. Twenty-two shops have already agreed to a 44-hour week and a five-dollar-a-week increase to all workers, with a pledge to accept whatever agreement is made with the remaining 120 shops.

During the ninth week of the strike a group of five ministers and a social worker offered to act as mediators. The union accepted. The Paper Box Manufacturers' Association of Greater New York, however, met the offer with a curt rebuff, declaring that they were not interested in anything but maintaining open shops. Since then one large shop has signed an agreement with the union. The rest are holding out through the slack season hoping that by February, when the trade is again in full swing, the workers will have been starved and pummeled and discouraged into submission. The most difficult problem the union must face is the relief of 3,000 men and girls whose wages have never been high enough to make it possible for them to save. More than 300 arrests with heavy fines and bail early in the struggle exhausted the treasury of the union, which otherwise would have been sufficient for a ten-weeks' strike; and the funds of other sympathetic unions are low owing to heavy strike expenses of their own. The courageous tenacity of the box makers has held their ranks together through fourteen weeks without work in the face of police brutality and judicial severity and an almost solid determination on the part of the employers to break both the strike and the union. Only physical collapse can prevent them from carrying the fight through the slack season to a final settlement; the union wants funds for relief and will receive them at its office at 701 Broadway.

The American God in Russia

By MARIAN TYLER

Archangelskoye, October 1, 1926

ROB a mystic of the object of his worship and he will find a new one. After the church had failed to prevent the war or the revolution or the famine Vassily Ivanovich bought a Fordson. But he was doomed to be unlucky in his gods. The Fordson broke down.

"What is the matter with your American machines?" he asked bitterly. "When my ox died my wife told me to buy another ox. I said no, I would get an American tractor that could not die. That was only three months ago, and now it is dead too."

The machinist from the American farm made an autopsy. Three connecting rods had broken, and several vital parts were replaced with bent nails.

"Why do you treat your tractor so badly?" he asked. "You would never let an ox get so sick."

"They told me machines don't get sick, but they lied to me. My wife was right. You can beat an ox and he will go. And it doesn't take five years to pay for him."

It was no easy task to mend Vassily's Fordson. It was in bad shape, and spare parts were not obtainable, but had to be cut new in the American machine shop. At last the tractor was repaired and returned to its owner. His faith was not restored, but it was corrected.

Machinery is not entirely new to Russian peasants. At seeding time and harvest old-fashioned machines appear in the fields. A local cooperative group has a huge, wooden, infinitely complex structure of pipes and wheels and belts that looks as if it might be used to make music in a circus. With it, fifty-seven workers can thresh a thousand poods of grain in a day. The Americans have a neat little machine which eight people can run, threshing two thousand poods a day. They have another with which three operators can cut and thresh a thousand poods, and skip the binding process altogether. This almost qualifies as a miracle.

When there is more mechanized production in Russia the people will lose their superstitious emotion about it. Propinquity is fatal to gods. Gods live in heaven, and machines, as every one knows, live in America. Of course America is not considered heaven, politically almost the opposite, in fact; but there is an impression that when the god is transferred to Russia, heaven on earth will be accomplished. Meanwhile any American who appears is greeted as a prophet of machinery and technical efficiency.

To sustain this reputation, there is the rather self-centered American group in Moscow; there are the Kuzbas community, some religious farmers from Seattle, several technical groups sent over by the Society for Technical Aid, and this colony of twenty Americans in the north Caucasus, who for a year and a half have been running one of the large government farms with equipment bought through their New York organization, the Russian Reconstruction Farms. They have contended with pioneer conditions, the severest plague of locusts in fifty years, homesickness and disaffection among the less sturdy members, delayed salaries for the Americans, debts for equipment, and versts and versts of red tape.

The local officials are always glad to put obstacles in the way. On one side they are disappointed to find the articles of their mechanistic religion so natural and prosaic. On the other it probably hurts their pride to see these good-natured, energetic people doing more work and better work than they themselves. The Russian staff of the farms strut a little. They are thrilled when they can drive a shiny motor truck down the road and honk the two-wheeled carts of their neighbors imperiously out of the way. So the nearby villages feel a decided satisfaction in catching the Americans on a technicality, and the Americans frequently have to go to a higher authority. The last time there was a threat to put the selling agent in jail because a year before he had overstepped some rule which had since been changed. The situation was explained to the district judge, who sent his subordinate a somewhat unusual order to withdraw the charge and deliver all papers to the accused.

But if village officials are jealous, the higher-ups are more than friendly. A series of functionaries have made the painful journey on the Maxim Gorki, the local third-class train that bumps from village to village (getting its nickname from its wandering habits and its interior resemblance to a stage set for "The Lower Depths"), and reaches the farm at 4:30 a. m. After an inspection of the great fields, the mills and buildings, the shop, the harvesting machinery, and the records, the general verdict has been that the Americans' farm, though far from the largest of the government or concession sovhozes, is the best equipped and managed. Now that the first all-American crop has been harvested, results are beginning to show. The manager and machine experts have been called as consultants to other sovhozes that do not make expenses. The farm is an experiment station for testing seed and recommending procedure. Its shop is to be made one of the official service stations for farm machinery, supplied with plenty of spare parts for Vassily Ivanovich's tractor. Last summer it trained a class of twenty boys from community farms and agricultural schools, who will go back as experts to a dozen different provinces. Ten of the little "hooligans," the homeless boys with criminal records who are terrorizing Moscow, have been given jobs on the farm. With occasional minor lapses they are behaving like honest citizens. There has been too much farming and milling, rebuilding and pioneering so far, and too little money, to let the colony begin its model workers' quarters, or its ambitious social program for the village; but with its left hand, so to speak, it has already improved roads, extended its electric system to several village centers, and conducted a clinic.

The American enterprise includes two farms. One of them the peasants still call Plakseika, the Place of Tears. Its old owner was noted for his cruelty in a country of cruel landlords; he made his serfs stand in icy water to dig his canal in the dead of winter. But the old name only emphasizes the different present. Five minutes from Plakseika by motor or half an hour on foot is the village square, a wide trampled space among the sprawling mud huts, where in summer evenings the young people dance to an accordeon, and where the boys play a strange game that they call football. On one side of the space is the huge wooden church, a mass of little green domes bristling with slender brass crosses like lightning rods. Across the square is the American machine shop, along with the office, the living quarters, the clinic, and other buildings connected with the farms. Cars dart in and out, tractors shoulder their way home from the fields, and the machine shop hums steadily all day and half the night.

The sexton ostentatiously rings the church bell as often and as long as possible. He begins summoning the faithful to the Sunday service before daylight Saturday morning. But it is a losing battle.

In the Driftway

THE returns from the questionnaire on religion, recently printed by newspapers in nearly 200 cities, are being used, as statistics always are, to prove almost anything that anybody wants to demonstrate. Unfortunately the Drifter hasn't anything in that connection that he wants to demonstrate, but he notes that 77 per cent of those who answered the questionnaire stated themselves to be active members of some church, while, according to Charles Stelzle, who directed the test in behalf of the Church Advertising Department of the International Advertising Association, church members constitute only 43 per cent of the population of the United States. In other words, the proportion of church members who answered the questionnaire was almost double the ratio that such persons bear to the entire community and helps to explain why the returns showed so high a percentage of religious belief. Mr. Stelzle offsets this by saying that the questionnaire was answered chiefly in the cities and that church membership in the latter is much stronger than in the rural regions, where it amounts to only 20 per cent of the population. Doubtless there is something in this, but Mr. Stelzle will have to marshal more detail in order to make his point in the face of his own statistics.

* * * * *

BUT for fear that he will be accused of trying, after all, to demonstrate something from the questionnaire, the Drifter hastens to say that what most interests him is how the churches are going to use the returns to further their work—the announced purpose of the test. It is to be hoped, for instance, that the result will not lead to an extension of the method of attracting church advertising used by the Elizabeth (New Jersey) *Daily Journal* and tacitly sponsored by all the religious organizations whose notices appear on

the page. A recent copy of the newspaper carries the following little sermon in large type at the head of its Saturday page of church advertising:

> Roger Babson made a most interesting study of the success of the sons of ministers of the gospel, in connection with the stock from which millionaires come. He found that the son of a preacher—and this is from a man who deals in statistics constantly—is 275 times as likely to become a millionaire as a person of the average parentage.
>
> Or, if you wish, obtain a copy of "Who's Who," and check up on the number of illustrious men in all walks of life who are the sons of preachers. He there shows success 16 times more than the sons of any other profession.
>
> Why is this?
>
> Isn't it because character is the foundation of success, and because religious training is a wonderfully good foundation in the building of character?
>
> No doubt there are other factors that contribute to the success of the sons of preachers, but none of us would doubt, surely, that a thorough religious training—which produces an ability to understand other people through the habit of sympathizing with them—is one of the most important contributing causes.
>
> Are your children in *Church*, in Sunday School? Do you have a religious atmosphere in your home?
>
> If not, you are not giving your children the chance they should have. You are leaving something out of their lives which they will need.
>
> Lead the way to *Church*. Take the children. See that they are in Sunday School.

* * * * *

IF this is the religion of those who answered the recent questionnaire, then their belief is not so much in Jehovah as in the Great God Prosperity. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

These Modern Husbands

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For these many years I have listened, sympathetically, to the addresses, remarks, ideas, and emotional expressions of my women friends upon the theme of a better life for their sex. But along with this sympathy I have developed a growing annoyance at certain of their assumptions. They seem to say something like this: Persons of the female sex reach maturity with longings for high adventure, with ideals for social service, with dreams of noble marriage and motherhood, but, by peculiar conventions of society which apply only to them, they are hindered from attaining such goals. To the overwhelming majority of women careers involving adventure and real human service are closed. Marriage falls far below its reputed position; indeed, it involves such drudgery as wilts the flower of womanhood. Child-bearing adds an additional strain on the physical and mental life, altering the entire personality. Thus the female of the species finds life more deadly than the male. To men, on the contrary, are open careers of romance, adventure, and large contribution to social progress. Marriage and fatherhood rest lightly upon their shoulders, without producing any serious handicaps. No wonder that every woman wishes she had been born a man!

But a youth, as well as a maiden, may enter upon matrimony with romantic ideals, only to have them shattered by experience. I came up to my mating-time with ideals concerning the place of religion in the home, concerning child discipline and education, and other intangibles of daily relationship. Just how it happened I cannot say, but these ideals have not blossomed into family habits. Marriage for me has been far from a failure, but also far from the success I dreamed.

Then there is the reflex of the effect of our marriage and of motherhood on my wife. I have seen coming over her many of the changes of which the feminists write: the loss of vitality, the slavery to household tasks, a tendency to chronic irritation and suspicion, a dangerous illness.

Thus as the years slip by, I see my life falling far short of the mark set for it, and my wife's life loaded beyond its capacity with responsibility and nerve strain and unhappiness. I see my children growing up wholesome, yet without certain finer influences that were exerted by my own father and mother. Whatever the future may offer, it will never again give me back the last decade and a half. Who shall say that a man's grief may not be as poignant as a woman's?

My work, congenial as work goes, has involved a large element of drudgery. It is a mistake for women to assume that men have no share of this. Even if it has been a kind master, the job has enslaved me. For the sake of those economically dependent upon me, independence, desires, and sometimes ideals must be put in the discard. I find my enthusiasms dimming, my objectives disappearing, my interests dying.

In youth and early manhood I took life seriously; now in midchannel it rests on me more lightly. I am infected by the spirit that is in modern youth, but I am no longer young, and the conventions and duties of marriage do not permit one to behave too frivolously. For the first time, and far too late in life, I long to sow a (carefully selected) crop of wild oats. I should like to have one (or more) passionate love affairs. But every intimation of forbidden romance must be regarded as a danger signal. I should like to embark upon some voyage of adventure to the South Seas. Instead I commute daily to the city. I should like to stop earning a living and engage in scientific research with an old pal of mine. Actually the field of research is limited to the discovery of a way to secure a more adequate income for the growing family.

I am not arguing that life is harder on men than on women. I merely assert that life, from a masculine standpoint, is not necessarily that unending round of Sunday dinners without dishwashing, that ever verdant series of love affairs without responsibility, that continuous vaudeville of adventure and daring which literary ladies sometimes imply it to be. Many of the problems which your modern women assume to be peculiar to their sex confront all human beings—problems of inner conflict, of attempted adjustment, of advancing age. There is no salvation in being born a male.

San Francisco, California, December 28 A HUSBAND

In Grandmother's Name

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I rise in protest! That a "feminist" should consider it necessary to write an article explaining Why I Earn My Own Living is ridiculous. How else could a *feminist* obtain a living? And that *The Nation* should publish articles so pointless, so self-centered, so visionless, and so absurd makes one wonder if you are engaging in a campaign to make feminism ridiculous.

In the name of our gray-haired grandmothers, let us have done with this nonsense! Are women who stand on their own feet such curiosities and anomalies that we must be forever explaining their why and wherefore?

Berkeley, California, December 20 GRACE MAUL

Modern Standards in Crime

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Should not the penal laws be rewritten so that the written laws conform to the code as practiced? I suggest:

The payment of $100,000 or more to members of the Cabinet to induce such members to give away government

property without consideration is illegal. Penalty: Indictment, trial, publicity, and acquittal (Doheny, Fall).

The payment of substantial sums to members of the Cabinet or Alien Property Custodians to restrain them from performing their duty is illegal. Penalty: Indictment, trial, publicity, and freedom (Daugherty, Miller).

The kissing of girls without their consent by privates of the United States Infantry is illegal. Penalty: Dishonorable discharge and ten years' imprisonment.

O'Dell Malone and Olin Shafer, privates of the 17th Infantry, Fort Crook, Nebraska, charged with drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and bringing disgrace on the service for forcibly kissing girls, were sentenced to dishonorable discharge and ten years' imprisonment.

Brooklyn, December 24 MAX HERZFELD

He Stays in Wall Street's America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you please publish the following as one answer to Mr. Moorehead's question appearing in the November 25 issue of *The Nation?* Please do not publish my name, but use only my initials. I am a government clerk.

Chicago, December 18 R. P. F.

MR. W. K. MOOREHEAD,
Andover, Massachusetts.

SIR: In answer to your question as to whether or not "any reader of *The Nation* is willing to renounce citizenship in our 'capitalistic state,' go to Russia, and reside there permanently":

If by "Russian regime" is meant communism and the establishment of a temporary proletariat's dictatorship, my answer is that I, as an advocate of communism and an admirer of the Russian regime, am not willing and see no necessity for renouncing my citizenship in Wall Street's America, but rather, I shall stay here and use what little effort I have, in cooperation with other American communists, in an endeavor to transform this capitalistic state into a socialistic state.

Chicago, December 18 R. P. F.

A Challenge to Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Before the war liberals could cite the gradual weakening of the power of the Czar's government as proof of the inefficacy of political terrorism, but the spectacular success of the Russian Communists in quelling all serious opposition seems to have demonstrated that terrorism is completely effective, provided that it is efficiently applied. Naturally this is the conclusion of capitalistic groups who favor repressive methods, and liberals now have no effective argument with which to oppose this conclusion. Consequently, those who believe in liberalism will continue to be severely handicapped in their fight against political intolerance until the Russian Communists are either ousted by a successful counter-revolution, or prove to the world that their continuance in power is not dependent upon their system of political terrorism.

Oak Park, Illinois, December 24 BENJAMIN P. NORTON

"By and Large"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Through forty years of reading *The Nation* I have come to hold in high estimation its feeling for language. So I am coming to you for light. Three letters came to my desk today containing the phrase "By and large." It has come to my attention many times before, but three times in one mail is going strong. The phrase is most offensive to my ear—and conveys no clear idea to my mind. I have a faint idea of what it intends to convey, though it is not sharply defined apparently in usage; but I am utterly at a loss to justify or defend the locution. Do you know anything of its history? Is it idiomatic in any sense? Is there any authority for it outside of Babbittry?

Baltimore, Maryland, December 22

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER

[The phrase is older than Babbitt. The New English Dictionary runs it back to 1669, when it was used, as it has since been used on the sea, to mean "into the wind and off it"—or, in landsman's language, "from all angles," "from all points of view," "first and last." Just when the phrase came on land as a metaphor the dictionary does not say, nor do we know. Does any reader?—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Mr. Stieglitz and Mr. Pach

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I believe *The Nation* is interested in the truth. My attention has been called to an article on Brancusi, signed by Walter Pach, in *The Nation,* December 1, 1926. Mr. Pach's opening sentence reads:

> In 1913, when the Armory Show gave to America its first sight of the post-impressionist schools, etc.

Matisse was introduced to America at 291 Fifth Avenue in 1908; the post-impressionists Maurer, John Marin, Marsden Hartley, Marius De Zayas in 1909; Max Weber, Arthur G. Dove, Cézanne lithographs, Henri Rousseau's paintings and drawings in 1910; Cézanne's water-colors and Picasso in 1911; sculpture of Matisse in 1912, etc., etc.

The history of these shows, attended by more than 60,000 people *before the Armory Show,* is recorded in *Camera Work,* to be found in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

"Cubists, Post-Impressionism," by Arthur Jerome Eddy, published by A. C. McClurg, 1914, states:

> During a number of years prior to 1913 Alfred Stieglitz gave exhibitions of extreme modern work in his Small Photo-Secession Gallery, 291 Fifth Avenue, New York, and the International was the outcome, the logical culmination of these earlier efforts.

Royal Cortissoz, "Personalities in Art," page 419, says he saw at 291 "pioneering exhibitions of Matisse, John Marin, Marius De Zayas, Max Weber, Picabia, Brancusi, Picasso, Gino Severini and so on."

Sheldon Cheney, "A Primer of Modern Art," page 232, calls 291 "an oasis in New York for many years. . . . Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso . . . were introduced to America . . . like . . . Henri Rousseau, De Zayas," etc.

New York, December 23, 1926 ALFRED STIEGLITZ

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Alfred Stieglitz's "tiny laboratory," as he calls it, could not and did not give the country as a whole a sight of the post-impressionist schools, although important work in forming a nucleus of appreciation for them was done at 291. Mr. Stieglitz's very valuable exhibitions at 291 were visited principally by a public already familiar with the modern men, as were the artists who gave the Armory Show. "America," to repeat the word which justifies my sentence, was unaware of the existence of the later schools, and it was at the Armory Show in New York, Chicago, and Boston that America, as distinguished from the frequenters of the laboratory, got its first sight of works like Brancusi's Mlle Pogany and Duchamp's Nude Descending a Staircase. Had the title of my article been The History of the Development of Knowledge of Modern Art in America it would have been a pleasure to record Mr. Stieglitz's share in the matter.

New York, December 25 WALTER PACH

Books and Plays

Self

By WITTER BYNNER

If you were beside me now
  With the setting sun!—
And yet there is room in the evening
  For only one,
And for only one when the dawn
  Is turning white,
And for only one in the day,
  And in the night.

First Glance

PADRAIC COLUM as a writer about contemporary Ireland has certain qualities which, since they do not correspond to the conventional notion of what a poet's writing about Ireland should be, probably do not make this portion of his work widely popular. Yet they are sterling qualities, and so far as I know they are unique. They are —to name only two of them, and to take for granted the warm, sensitive mind which Mr. Colum's pages always reveal—honesty and completeness within the limits of his observation. Mr. Colum's prose plays, three of which have recently been reprinted in this country, contain, I imagine, as much essential Ireland as any three plays by Yeats or Synge; and this in spite of the fact that there is no Celtic business in them. They are sober studies, and the characters all speak as if they were the inhabitants of a material land—speak to the imagination, however, and to the emotions, quite as directly as anybody's Deirdre in these days has done.

It is, of course, the oldest and the newest Ireland—"the historic Irish people"—that Mr. Colum is describing in "The Road Round Ireland" (Macmillan: $4). But while he gives as rich a sense as anyone could give of the depth of legend lying back of the race, it is the people over there now that he has his eye on. He begins, it is true, after an enumeration of the things he saw from a certain road in the Midlands, with a bit of vision: "It was, of course, a chance lighting that made all of these significant, that blent them so that they appeared to form, not merely an Irish landscape but a cycle of Irish history—the lighting gave them that timeless aspect that is in the scenes left by the great painters." But as one goes on with the journey one knows that Mr. Colum has never succumbed to illusion any more than he has refused to acknowledge its power. Other marvelously lighted landscapes come along; tinkers are met, and blind poets, and simple fiddlers. None of these things, however, is more interesting to Mr. Colum than the showing so far made by the cooperative stores in Donegal. We get, alongside of charming chapters on Ryan the fiddler and Raftery the poet, equally charming chapters —though the effect is not the same—on the economics of the Congested Districts and on the sociology of the American quota law. Instead of ecstasies about the Irish language we get figures on the comparative vocabularies of Irish and English countrypeople—the Irish have perhaps 5,000 words, the English perhaps 500. We become convinced, in short, of the reality of Mr. Colum's people; and all the while we lose no portion of our conviction, built up for us by older and mistier authors, that these people have more than their share of the mind's gifts. I have not spoken of Mr. Colum's brilliant sections on individuals like Padraic Pearse and Roger Casement. There is too much to speak of in so generous and patient a book.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Beginning and End of Marriage

The Outline of Marriage. By Floyd Dell. The American Birth Control League. 25 cents.

AS MIGHT be expected, an "Outline of Marriage," published by a society for the propaganda of birth control, makes its first and best point in connection with the extra-reproductive as well as the reproductive uses of marriage. As could also be anticipated, an "Outline of Marriage" by Floyd Dell is cleverly written, and written with all Mr. Dell's known capacity for posing his problem in its most effective perspective for his own generation. Having produced an average member of that generation to state the immediate case for marriage, Mr. Dell proceeds to evoke witnesses such as the biologist, the biochemist, and others to elucidate the origin and evolution of what is generally known as the sex impulse.

What the author sets out to do, and succeeds in doing simply and convincingly, is to rid that impulse of its gathered overtones of propriety and traditionalism, and to restate it in that impersonal light in which all biologic impulses must be stated before they can be effectually used as guides to behavior. Mr. Dell makes so excellent a case for the reproductive instinct in primary life forms, and for its relation to what later can be described as "sex-behavior," that it would be an esteemed service to our time if he could be persuaded to put the first part of his thesis into permanent shape, somewhat extended for the sake of those who need what he has to say and who cannot yet take it in the concentrated scientific form of many of his arguments.

But no sooner has Mr. Dell arrived at the insect stage of life and reproductive evolution than he jumps a little matter of twenty million years or so to the Borneo boy, from which point he proceeds without once returning on his track to cover the missing interval. And yet it is within this overlooked period that the most significant features of our human sexual life took their rise. Here began the specialization of sex-behavior as the species mark, and the whole scale of psychological reactions which are differentiated under the general term "love" and its by-product, jealousy. At no point does Mr. Dell attempt to describe the species-sex-behavior for *homo sapiens*, nor to locate its point of departure from that of other mammalia. Nor can one accept his anthropologist as an entirely competent witness to the tribal phase of the evolution of marriage. He is not even an up-to-date anthropologist, and he accepts too many of Mr. Dell's own prepossessions about the part played by psychology in the evolution of marriage custom.

Mr. Dell's anthropologist accepts Freud's "Totem and Taboo" at fourth hand; for Dr. Freud himself collected it at second and third hand from books some of which have been superseded and practically all of which were compiled from anthropological data collected before any of our modern psychological science had been applied to such study. It is, in fact, only since Freud's "Totem and Taboo" appeared that any really revealing and sociologically reliable study of totemism has been made. Much the same sort of thing can be said of Westermarck's work on human marriage. Monumental for its time, it must be borne in mind that since Westermarck's time the tremendous bulk of data drawn from intensive studies of the American tribes has profoundly altered many of our anthropo-

logical concepts in regard to the origin of human institutions. Another item overlooked by the anthropologist who assists Mr. Dell's "Outline" is that practically all of the available data have been collected by men, and that nowhere is there to be found a scientifically compiled Women's Lore of Love which goes further back than the Ghost of Queen Elinor raised by Mr. Dell for his purpose. For the Greek ladies whom he cites had nothing to say publicly on the subject. The best item in this part of the "Outline" is the delineation of the part played in modern marriage by the historic enslavement of women.

If one feels, then, that the second half of Mr. Dell's "Outline" is a little thin—I have just explained that there isn't any middle—it can scarcely be called Mr. Dell's fault. Very much work remains to be done covering the interval between the specialization of mating habits as a species mark—or should one say, near-mark?—and the modern situation before anything like a considered outline can be offered. Mr. Dell has neatly, and one suspects correctly, closed his sketch of marriage on the modern triumph over the reproductive instinct by the discovery of birth control. The contraceptive device is probably the weapon with which the human race will free itself from the nearly insupportable pressure of instincts that have outlived their biologic function. But it by no means closes the adventure of mating, nor does it cover more than a small arc of the range of problems both social and personal which spring in the nature of things from the married relation. Nevertheless, Mr. Dell's pamphlet takes us competently over the first stage of the evolutionary process, and evokes confident anticipation of a final and structurally sustained complete outline.

MARY AUSTIN

The Scandal of the Sects

Twelve Modern Apostles and Their Creeds. Duffield and Company. $2.50.

THE original apostles were interested in telling why they were Christians. Modern apostles seem to be interested in telling why they are something else. Twelve such apostles here set forth and vindicate their differences one from another, and all from Christ. Gilbert K. Chesterton proclaims "that Catholicism is true"; others say or suggest the same for Episcopalianism, Lutheranism, Congregationalism, Unitarianism, Christian Science, Mormonism, etc. The Nazarene would hardly know what any of them are talking about except, possibly, the "unbeliever," Carl Van Doren, who seems concerned with such curiously untheological matters as honesty, truth, and a better world.

It is interesting to note that the majority of these sectarians are what they are because they were born that way. Chesterton, to be sure, speaks of his "conversion"; Dr. Jefferson "decided to become a Congregationalist"; Dr. Crothers "ceased to be a Presbyterian—uniting with the Unitarian church"; Clifford Smith "read the New Testament—[and] then became interested in Christian Science"; Carl Van Doren cries out, "Let us be honest." But all the rest, seven of the twelve, are of the same breed with "the true-born Englishman," Ralph Rackstraw, in "Pinafore," who

> —might have been a Roosian,
> A French, or Turk, or Proosian,
> Or perhaps Italian!
> But in spite of all temptations
> To belong to other nations,
> He remains an Englishman!
> Hurrah!

"I was born in the Episcopal church," says Bishop Slattery; "I am a Presbyterian by inheritance," says Dr. Coffin; "I was born one," says Reed Smoot, the Mormon. Which suggests to the true Gilbertian that, if these eminent religionists had been "exchanged in childhood's happy hour," like Ralph Rackstraw and Captain Corcoran of H. M. S. Pinafore, Senator Smoot would now be President of the Union Theological Seminary, Dr. Coffin Bishop-coadjutor of Massachusetts, and Dr. Slattery one of the Mormon elders.

But suppose that churches were exchanged, rather than men! Would it make any difference? Not much, apparently, except in the extreme cases. Chesterton (Catholic), Smith (Christian Scientist), Smoot (Mormon), and one or two others say distinctive things. But—Dr. Coffin hails Presbyterianism because it represents "a combination of local freedom with a unifying organization"; Dr. Mullins defends the Baptist church because it "conserves the freedom of faith"; Dr. North is well content with the Methodist church because "within [its] organization there is freedom"; Dr. Jefferson was won to Congregationalism because of "the freedom which [it] offers." They all seem to agree pretty much, even on the matter of sectarianism, of which many of them are heartily ashamed, and church unity, which most of them ardently desire. Thus, Bishop Slattery prays for "the single fellowship of the one Church of the Living God"; Dr. Coffin says that "it is not easy to discover the distinctive characteristics of our existing Protestant communions," and is "resolved to seek to end barriers"; Dr. Söderblom would have all men overcome sectarianism, and unite "around the Cross"; Dr. Crothers wants to belong to "the Holy Catholic Church," and longs for "the organization of the religious life in a more inclusive way." With such unanimity of sentiment among the divided churches, one may well ask, Why not stay where you are born? But one may equally well ask, Why have such divisions at all? Why not get together? Dr. Coffin, who seems more sensitive to the scandal of denominationalism than most of the others, says that he hopes to live to see a "more inclusive organic union among the churches of the United States," and vows that he is "ready to do [his] utmost for its accomplishment." "I am a Presbyterian only temporarily," is his word. But "temporarily" has thus far meant, and seems yet to mean, "eternally" for him! Why delay? What does "the utmost" for the accomplishment of "union among the churches" mean, if not active leadership in casting aside sectarian bonds?

As an exhibition of the state of Christendom today, this book is pretty pathetic. Tradition, inheritance, habit, inertia, conformity, content stalk like ghosts through its pages. I am no unbeliever; I have a religion that Mr. Van Doren knows nothing of. But as between his confession and the apologies of the churchmen, I would choose the former every time. Fortunately, no such choice is necessary!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

The Process of John Erskine

Galahad. By John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

THE critical assurances about "Galahad" and "Helen" have been numerous, easy, and irrelevant. We have been told, for instance, that Mr. Erskine's novels are witty, that they are daring even to the point of offending rabbis, that they cast an oblique light on cherished conventions, that they bring mythic figures up to date. Some of these things are true; some are false; none are important.

Essentially it is quite insignificant whether Mr. Erskine's ideas are old or new, good or bad, daring or conventional. The point is that he actually has them, that he really has nothing else. And therewith he bucks the entire tradition of the American novel, which from "The Scarlet Letter" to "An American Tragedy" has based itself on *feeling*. (Even Melville, the most intellectual of them all, shrank from the open play of ideas and shrouded a metaphysical passion in a cloud of symbolism.) This emotional-sentimental convention is a necessary accompaniment of a frontier community like America; heretofore it has been violated only by those who have definitely reacted against the pioneer spirit—witness Henry James. But now, with "Galahad," we seem to hear the accents of a new declaration of independence. Here, in this book, is one of the first examples

of an American *roman cérébrale;* and more than the mere label links Mr. Erskine with those French practitioners, such as André Gide, who are endeavoring to reduce the novel to a new aesthetic pattern whose form shall be as adequate for the expression of pure ideas as was the Platonic dialogue.

One thing will strike the critical reader of "Galahad" immediately—it is a book stripped clean of emotion. For anyone seeking passion and sentiment, great moments, drama, it will prove about as exciting as a well-played game of chess. A romantic myth, originally full of color and heart-burning, is presented with an ironical quietness. This is no easy thing to do. It amounts to a simple and curt refusal to dramatize any dramatic situation, such as that in which the first Elaine falls in love with Lancelot and conceives the idea of bearing a child by him. But the reader must not deceive himself: there has been dramatization and emotionalization. The point is that the reader is not assistant at the process. *All of it has already gone on in the mind of the author.* By a curious and ingenious reversal of the Aristotelian formula, the pity and terror which are the components of drama are preliminarily experienced by Mr. Erskine himself. Availing himself of the ordinary mechanism of the sympathetic artist, he lives through the emotions of his characters, purges himself of the attendant excitements; but only when the catharsis is completed does he sit down to write. What is the result? The end-product is a calm and low-toned conversation, in which human relationships are purified of everything but an intellectual residuum. Nevertheless, this residuum is not utterly pure, for it is tinctured, not with emotion but with its twin brother, misunderstanding. The characters in "Galahad" cannot properly be said to *feel*—but they are so far reminiscent of a precreational state of emotional bewilderment as to be incapable of comprehending each other immediately.

With this problem facing him, the author is compelled to construct a new aesthetic form to serve as an adequate vehicle of expression. The pattern of the story is determined by a graduated series of intellectual clarifications which are analogous to the successive crises of the usual romantic novel. For example, Guinevere terminates a conversation with Lancelot as follows: "Ordinarily this would have been a quarrel, Lancelot. Instead it has been an exchange of ideas." Now, whether they are conscious of it or not, all the characters are striving to attain to the state in which Guinevere and Lancelot find themselves. The culmination of any relationship is "an exchange of ideas." Some reach this point sooner, some later. Galahad, for example, reaches it last of all, and so he becomes a sort of suffering protagonist, except that his agony is entirely mental and his problem is purely a problem of comprehension. Because of the unique position he thus occupies in the story the book is named after him rather than after Guinevere or Lancelot. It will be understood, as a corollary to the foregoing analysis, that in "Galahad" there can be no such thing as "dramatic restraint," a favorite tag of literary reviewers. There is no dramatic restraint because there is no drama and because there is no restraint. On the contrary there is the diametrically opposed quality of intelligent expression.

Our interpretation can now help us to understand why Mr. Erskine should select his material from myth rather than from the contemporary world. It should be made clear at the outset that he is not the cheap vulgarian his admirers would make him out to be. Though "Helen of Troy" seems at first blush to belie the statement, he is not primarily interested in anything so facile as making his characters "talk like modern men and women." Any fool can modernize a myth; it takes an artist to universalize it by making it the basis of a purely ideational realm. Why then do we have ancient Greece and misty Camelot, and, it is rumored, the Garden of Eden? Assuredly not that we may rediscover our contemporaries in an antique mirror. That is a child's game and it is not the game Mr. Erskine would have us play. On the contrary, he chooses his remote backgrounds in order that both he and his readers may be thereby assisted to the necessary intellectual detachment. By placing his characters in a mythical context he hopes to *destroy* any incursion of contemporaneity, to alienate us from anything but an abstract environment capable of engendering abstract ideas. That is why his people have absolutely no mannerisms of speech. Like the characters in Euripides, they all talk the same language.

From this viewpoint, "Galahad" stands out as a much finer because formally purer book than its predecessor. The story itself has less romantic glamor about it; there is no glorious Helen to enmesh our sympathies and thus confuse the clarity of our perceptions. The legend unfolds in a clear dry light. Its charm consists in the enjoyable apprehension we have of a form which is actually based on a continuous mental process. Our delight consists in the eagerness with which we follow each character in his progress from misunderstanding to lucid cerebration.

At present it looks as though Mr. Erskine were the only intelligible practicing aesthetician in the field of the American novel. He is one of those rare artists who can pose a new problem and invent a new form to resolve that problem. That he should be read by 100,000 good citizens of the republic is a masterpiece of irony which the author, more than anyone else, is in a good position to appreciate.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

A Welter of Witches

The History of Witchcraft and Demonology. By Montague Summers. The History of Civilization Series. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

"IT IS quite impossible to appreciate and understand the true lives of men and women in Elizabethan and Stuart England, in the France of Louis XIII and his son, in the Italy of the Renaissance and the Catholic Reaction—to name but three countries and a few definite periods—unless we have some realization of the part that witchcraft played in those ages amid the affairs of these kingdoms." With this attitude of the author one may essentially agree, as also with his view that the Elizabethan dramatists were believers in the reality of witchcraft and magic. Overdrawn, but containing a certain amount of truth, is his identification of persons accused of witchcraft with social pests and parasites, poisoners, blackmailers, charlatans, bawds, abortionists, and other ministers to vice. One could wish that he had presented more specific evidence in support of this view.

But the Reverend Montague Summers goes much farther. He believes that among the persons who were burned as witches—or who should have been, in his opinion, but escaped detection or punishment—were "devotees of a loathly and obscene creed . . . members of a powerful secret organization inimical to church and state." He holds that "satanists yet celebrate the black mass in London, Brighton, Paris, Lyons, Bruges, Berlin, Milan, and alas! in Rome itself. Both South America and Canada are thus polluted." Although admitting the existence of manifold deception and imposture, he nevertheless finds a large element of truth in the evidence that was accumulated during the period of the witchcraft delusion. He is willing to grant that women did not actually fly to the witches' sabbats on broomsticks, but he believes in the possibility of levitation. He maintains the existence, both past and present, of witches, sabbats, contracts with Satan, and cases of diabolic possession. "Keen intelligences and shrewd investigators," he says, "such as Gregory XV, Bodin, Guazzo, De Lancre, D'Espagnet, La Reynie, Boyle, Sir Matthew Hale, Glanvill, were neither deceivers nor deceived." Yet we know that such men were deceived and that they misled others in matters such as astrology and alchemy, in their notions concerning nature and occult properties, and in many another error and superstition. For example, "Salt never appeared at the witches' table. Bodin gives as the reason that it

is an emblem of eternity." "Cum grano salis" would not be bad seasoning for the perusal of Mr. Summers's work.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" appears to be the attitude of this book, with its mention in the dedication of "all the Italian and French madonnas at whose shrines we have worshiped." It would restore the days of the witchcraft delusion and put us back into the mental attitude of the church fathers. And like them it is determined not to be "culpably prudish" in detailing the abominations of witches, "the filth and foulest passions of the age." The author further gives us to understand, although he may be ill-advised in this, that his position is that of the Roman Catholic church today. He translates from the Roman Ritual the actual Form of Exorcising the Possessed in present use, and describes the medals of St. Benedict employed against evil spirits and "first authoritatively approved by Benedict XIV in his briefs of 23 December, 1741, and 12 March, 1742."

The book is not a history in the sense of connected chronological narrative. Rather the following topics are treated: The witch as a heretic and anarchist, worship of the witch, demons and familiars, the sabbat, the witch in Holy Writ, diabolic possession and modern spiritism, and the witch in dramatic literature. Even within the chapters the discussion is discursive and confusing. The author has a fairly readable style but lacks constructive ability in the development of a theme and jumps from one period or thing to another in a most disconcerting manner. And he keeps arguing in season and out of season for the reality of witchcraft. "The lady protests too much, methinks."

At first glance the book gives the impression of considerable erudition, with its equipment of footnotes and long bibliography. But my experience in reading it has been that whenever I came to an interesting assertion of fact or a doubtful asseveration and looked for a means of verification or a reference to the original source, none was given. Moreover, such references as these from page 78 are entirely inadequate, giving no page or even no title:

> 33. Philip Schaff, "History of the Christian Church."
> 34. Matthew Paris, "Chronica Minora."
> 35. J. P. Kirsch.

A protest must be uttered against the relegating of the notes to the close of each chapter, thereby wasting the reader's time and giving him endless trouble and annoyance, especially since the name of the author of a work cited is often not given in the note, making it the more difficult to connect it with the text. Little evidence is given of new research by the author or of new ideas on his part, and it is hard to see how the volume adds anything to the previous works in the field. The views of Manicheans, Waldensians, and Albigensians are grossly misrepresented. It is asserted that the charge against the Templars of celebrating a blasphemous mass was "established beyond any question or doubt"! In short, except for a few useful titles in the bibliography, it does not appear that any serious historical use can be made of this farrago from the literature of witchcraft, while it is to be hoped that it may not come to prurient and superstitious ears, though they, too, would probably be disappointed in it. Finally, surprise and regret must be expressed that such a work should appear in a series on the history of civilization and under the consulting editorship, if not the aegis, of a student of intellectual history.

LYNN THORNDIKE

The Universe Made Familiar

The Nature of the World and Man. By Sixteen Members of the Faculty of the University of Chicago. University of Chicago Press. $4.

THE stated purpose of this collaborative book is "to present an outline of our knowledge of the physical and biological world, and to show the position of man in the universe in which he lives." Again, "it aims to assist the individual in the very important problem of forming well-defined conceptions of the cosmos and of his relation to it." There is no question that we need to democratize and humanize the newer knowledge of man and the world he lives in; for modern society, in its political and social organization, does not encourage despotisms founded on scientific knowledge. If we are to make use of our knowledge it must be through a spreading of that knowledge as widely as possible and, perhaps, as soon as possible.

The present volume, which will be followed by a similar one on the social sciences, covers that vast program of evolution which Spencer attempted to survey somewhat speculatively—from astronomy to the origin and early stages of the earth; from geology, the forms of energy, and chemistry to the nature and origin of life. Then the forms of life—from bacteria to plants, invertebrates, vertebrates, and finally man. Man is treated from several angles, both anthropological and historical.

Granted the interest of the student, all that might be hoped for will probably follow. And, granted lively teachers in the course for which the book is designed, that necessary interest will be forthcoming. For the story is well told, well illustrated, and well colored with human significance. Certainly the volume is accurate; the names of the various contributors guarantee that. Certainly it is interesting and readable, and popular without being diluted. There are few paragraphs or few arguments which require any great effort, provided the reader has once been caught by the fascination of the theme as a whole.

I have already indicated the one criticism which it is fair to make: the book does suppose something of a preexistent interest. Is it asking too much that such a book as this contain some appeal to the needs and the fundamental drives of the human animal? The opening pages of the first essay, that on astronomy, written by Professor Moulton, do to some extent make more than academic appeal, but this note is not carried out in the whole essay or repeated by the rest. In a word, the book has a certain austerity. If we are to humanize and democratize knowledge, then we must use the technique needed for that purpose. The laws of learning are the laws of learning, and must be taken into account quite as much as the laws of gravitation or the dynamics of living matter.

DANIEL BELL LEARY

Sir Hubert Parry

Hubert Parry, His Life and Works. By Charles L. Graves. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $12.50.

SIR HUBERT PARRY will be long remembered, not only as one of the leaders of Victorian English music and the Director of the Royal College of Music, London, not only as one of the most truly English of composers, especially in choral works, not only even as author of perhaps the best introduction to music in the English language ("The Evolution of the Art of Music"), but, as the present book abundantly illustrates, as a human being of rare and fine quality: honest, fearless, magnanimous, wholly free from snobbery, and endearingly subject to prejudice though always seeking the truth with the full devotion of his candid, thorough, and often boldly original mind.

He was of impulsive, almost violent temperament, a reckless motorist and yachtsman, intense in his admirations (as for example for Bach, about whom he has written one of his best books), and, what does not always follow but is in the best English tradition, fearless in the exposure and denunciation of what he considered evil (compare, for instance, the chapters on the Influence of Audiences on Taste in his "Style in Musical Art"). Few musicians have ever been as intensely in earnest as Parry, and it is not too much to say that his earnestness has, directly and indirectly, raised the whole tone of the musical profession. Born of the upper circle, he was early revolted by its idleness and snobbery. Artistic pretense he disliked as much as social; he called a well-known essayist "the most foul-mouthed, con-

ceited, toadying little snob" he had ever met. The same honesty of mind forced him out of conventional church connections, even at the risk of the loss of his inheritance through the shock given his father; he said it "made him squirm to hear all these people complacently call themselves 'miserable sinners.'"

Parry's love of children reminds one of Brahms. "I once saw him arrive unexpectedly," records Sir William Richmond, "in the middle of a very dull children's party. The whole atmosphere changed; he ran round the room on all fours; all the children seemed suddenly to come alive, yelled and shrieked with laughter, and the awful failure of the party was turned into a tremendous success." He was wholly free from highbrowism, the artistic analogue of snobbery, whatever those may think who have carelessly read his merciless attacks on cheap, pretentious, or sensational music. His daughter tells of his delight in some mandolin players at the hotel in Taormina. "In the same hotel," she says, "was a well-known artist full of learned and pedantic talk about music, who had neither the courage nor the flair to recognize it outside an orthodox tradition. He would run away affectedly holding his ears when the orchestra began, and was much provoked when my father said they were 'astonishing,' or 'wonderful,' and praised their 'jolly tone.'" On a first hearing of Boris Godounov he notes in his diary: "A glimpse from a new region altogether. I enjoyed it thoroughly throughout. Music mostly barbaric with its constant reiteration of short figures—wonderfully effective." Yet of Strauss's "Legend of Joseph" his verdict is "Quite disgusted—vulgar, stupid, and lascivious, without any spring in it."

The growth in grasp, reach, and sweetness of Parry's mind as he matured is exhibited in the summary of "Instinct and Character," a work, still unpublished, to which he devoted his last years. Few artists of any sort, and fewer musicians, are capable of the tolerance this intolerant youth at last attained. Mr. Graves thus summarizes his analysis of ultra-modern excesses: "The lesson of the age of inventions was to discredit all feeling and sentiment. . . . Excessive preoccupation with special activities fosters the predominance of the self-against-all-else instinct, especially among the undeveloped masses. Hence raucous self-assertion, obscene gestures, contempt for lovely things and noble creations of art, and the desire to abolish them." "Hubert Parry," adds Graves, "excuses this attitude. The offenders never had the chance to understand this beauty. They know no better; the fault is not theirs; they had been trodden down, and signalize their emancipation by an orgy of earthly pleasures and crude excitements." Parry remarks in this work: "The mind that has the widest range tries to see into the mind that has the least." The generosity and the humanity of the sentiment is not more characteristic than the reticence and almost studied freedom from "big talk" with which it is expressed.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

Books in Brief

Read 'Em and Weep. The Songs You Forgot to Remember. By Sigmund Spaeth. Doubleday, Page and Company. $4.

A valuable collection, with both words and music, of the most grotesque of our fathers' and grandfathers' favorites at the piano or in the music hall. The first is Yankee Doodle and the last is The Curse of an Aching Heart, and in between come many songs which one supposed one would never see in print. Mr. Spaeth's remarks as he goes along date quite as definitely as his material does. His only advantage—now—is that he dates from 1926.

Amy Lowell: A Critical Study. By Clement Wood. Harold Vinal. $2.50.

Many shrewd and wicked things are very well said in this first study to be made of the late Miss Lowell. Mr. Wood is so totally without sympathy for his subject that he has not always understanding; but he has made a good beginning in that process of reduction which will be necessary before we know what of Miss Lowell is worth preserving.

Lee: A Dramatic Poem. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A study in verse not so much of Lee as of liberty. Mr. Masters has taken the leader of the Confederacy as a symbol of the free soul battling vainly to retain the conditions of its freedom. The Civil War becomes here an issue between an old way of life and a new technique of tyranny—the technique we have now come to know as industrialism. If Lee and his fellows know more of the future in this poem than in reality they did, it does not matter. Mr. Masters has added a philosophical poem of genuine depth and power to American literature.

Letters of a Roman Gentleman. Selected from the Correspondence of Cicero and translated by Arthur Patch McKinlay. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

There could be no more agreeable introduction than this to a Roman author who, after several decades of being discounted for his unoriginality, seems to be coming into his own on other counts.

The Tailor of Mount Holly: John Woolman. By F. V. Morley. London: Friends Book Center. 6d.

A pleasant introduction, through quotation and comment, to one of the best of eighteenth-century American writers.

Stories and Dramas. By Leo N. Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Mrs. Lydia Turin, Mrs. H. M. Lucas, and C. J. Hogarth. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

These twelve unpublished stories and sketches and this full-length play ("The Contaminated Family") come to America from Moscow through Paris. Dating all the way from 1851 to 1910, they are an important addition to Tolstoy literature, though their intrinsic value is uneven.

The Story of the Inns of Court. By Sir D. Plunkett Barton, Charles Benham and Francis Watt. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $5.

A notably readable account of the slow growth of London's most baffling institution. It is the second to appear within a year.

The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite. By Frank Sullivan. Boni and Liveright. $2.

The outlandish non-sequiturs of Mr. Sullivan, who regales the readers of the New York *World*, have at last attained the dignity of book form. Mr. Sullivan, like all violent fun-makers, falls very far when he misses the mark, though at his best he is gorgeous.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1926 and Yearbook of American Poetry. Sesquicentennial Edition. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: B. J. Brimmer Company. $4.

The fattest of these annual volumes to date. The introductory matter, consisting of fourteen essays by various hands surveying the American output today, fills almost 200 pages; and at the end, after the usual tabulations, is a "Who's Who" of living American poets.

Johnny Appleseed. The True Story of Jonathan Chapman, 1775-1846. By the grandson of one who knew him well, James Lattimore Himrod. Chicago: Chicago Historical Society. 25 cents.

An interesting contribution to the literature of an interesting American legend. Chapman, the Middle Western St. Francis, here is given, in addition to a narrative and critical account of very slight proportions, a bibliography which will be of real value in the further development of his legend.

Interesting Books of 1926

CHOSEN BY CARL VAN DOREN

Abraham Lincoln. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace.
Jefferson. By Albert Jay Nock. Harcourt, Brace.
George Washington. By W. E. Woodward. Boni and Liveright.
The Intimate Papers of Colonel House. By Charles Seymour. Houghton Mifflin.
Edgar Allan Poe. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Knopf.
Israfel. By Hervey Allen. Doran.
You Can't Win. By Jack Black. Macmillan.
Guy de Maupassant. By Ernest Boyd. Knopf.
New England in the Republic. By James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown.
The Mauve Decade. By Thomas Beer. Knopf.
Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. Scribner.
International Anarchy. By G. Lowes Dickinson. Century.
Virgin Spain. By Waldo Frank. Boni and Liveright.
Today and Tomorrow. By Henry Ford. Doubleday, Page.
The Art of Being Ruled. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper.
Notes on Democracy. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
Prejudices: Fifth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
The Heart of Emerson's Journals. By Bliss Perry. Houghton Mifflin.
The Golden Day. By Lewis Mumford. Boni and Liveright.
Microbe Hunters. By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace.
Psychology and Ethnology. By W. H. R. Rivers. Harcourt, Brace.
The Arcturus Adventure. By William Beebe. Putnam.
Alcohol and Longevity. By Raymond Pearl. Knopf.
Lee. By Edgar Lee Masters. Macmillan.
The Second Book of Negro Spirituals. By James Weldon Johnson and J. Rosamond Johnson. Viking.
Collected Poems. By James Stephens. Macmillan.
William. By E. H. Young. Harcourt, Brace.
The Orphan Angel. By Elinor Wylie. Knopf.
Nigger Heaven. By Carl Van Vechten. Knopf.
The Time of Man. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking.
The Romantic Comedians. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page.
Tar, a Midwest Childhood. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright.
Lolly Willowes. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking.
The Silver Stallion. By James Branch Cabell. McBride.
The Love Nest and Other Stories. By Ring Lardner. Scribner.
The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite. By Frank Sullivan. Boni and Liveright.

Drama

An Elegant Comedy

THE much-heralded Guitrys have arrived and begun their season at Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theater. Thousands of tourists, returning from the now obligatory holiday in Paris, have acted as advance agents without salary and, thanks to them, the atmosphere of welcome has been prepared. Moreover, by virtue of that process which affects all imported goods, a pair of agreeable boulevard actors and a suave boulevard farce—"Mozart"—have become, on this side of the water, two distinguished Dramatic Artists appearing in a play which, if not exactly a dramatic masterpiece, is at least excruciatingly "je ne sais quoi." To admire it and them adequately is to give proof of an international culture. The very least that one can do is to admit that they really do order these things better in France; anything less than that is like to arouse the grave suspicion that one has never taken an apéritif at the Café de la Paix or an ice at the Napolitain, for what Guillaume Apollinaire is (or at least was) to the serious visitors on the left bank, the Guitrys are to the more worldly and yet discriminating denizens of the right. Even those who learned years ago that an enthusiasm for the Folies Bergère is a bit naive would no more miss seeing their latest success than they would fail to pay a visit to the establishment of Jeanne Lanvin or Jenny. Yet the cruel fact remains that the Guitrys are no more than the established favorites of a Parisian Broadway, as clever and as hollow in their particular way as our own popular entertainers are in theirs. If we had them constantly with us we would think of the one no more than we think of, let us say, Avery Hopwood, and we should not elevate the other above her due position as a graceful ingenue. But because the *faux bon* is always likely to appear for a time as the *vrai bon* if only it be in an unfamiliar tradition, we take them both with something approaching solemnity. They are, you know, so French.

But just what, after all, does this phrase mean when applied to things which are inevitably trivial, and why should it cause them to be considered important when they are merely a little exotic? The present play is a polite musical farce about an amorous young man who is labeled Mozart merely to give to the piece an air of significance which it does not have, and we may readily grant that we do not do this sort of thing quite so well here. It is more fluent, more subdued, and more "literary" than our farces are accustomed to be. It is quiet where ours would be raucous, it is well-bred where ours would be rowdy, and it is sedulously elegant. Without ever ceasing to be shallow and conventional it has a superficial air of being cultivated, and it is obviously sophisticated. One searches for an adjective which will just describe its air of smart refinement and one discovers that the adjective is "chic," while one is, at the same time, reminded that that is not a word which one applies to art of even the lighter kind—that it is, indeed, worse than mere vulgarity because while vulgarity may refine itself the merely chic is forever incapable of becoming anything else. Such a play as "Mozart" has, indeed, about the same relation to the drama as those elaborate perfume flasks which one sees in the best shops have to sculpture. Its virtues, that is to say, are the virtues which belong to the world of fashion, not the world of art, and the touch of distinction which it has is the distinction of a modish hat or a lip-stick. It is elegant as an evening wrap is elegant, charming as a piece of lingerie is charming; it is as refined as a powder puff. One admires it as one admires the appointments of a toilet table, and one yawns as one would yawn in an art gallery arranged to suit the taste of a couturière. Undoubtedly they order all these things better in France, but the question, so far as art is concerned, is the question whether or not it is worth while to order them at all.

Ziegfeld's "Betsy" (New Amsterdam Theater) is an elaborate, standardized revue, starring Belle Baker and enlivened with one scene—that devoted to the Harmonica Orchestra—which persistently stops the show. "Peggy Ann" (Vanderbilt Theater) is a musical comedy made from the old farce "Tillie's Nightmare," and not more than sporadically amusing. At the Lyceum E. H. Sothern is appearing in a rather ponderous comedy called "What Never Dies," and at the Booth Otis Skinner is reviving "The Honor of the Family," an old-fashioned play made interesting by his extraordinarily vigorous and ingratiating performance. But perhaps, after all, the best theatrical entertainment of the holiday week was that of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," given by Tony Sarg's unusually agile marionettes (Edith Totten Theater).

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

What Made These Women "Modern"?

The sixth article in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. If you have missed the first five, mail this announcement and sixty cents. John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, will point out in The Nation *the significance of these anonymous articles.*

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Professor of Zoölogy in the University of London

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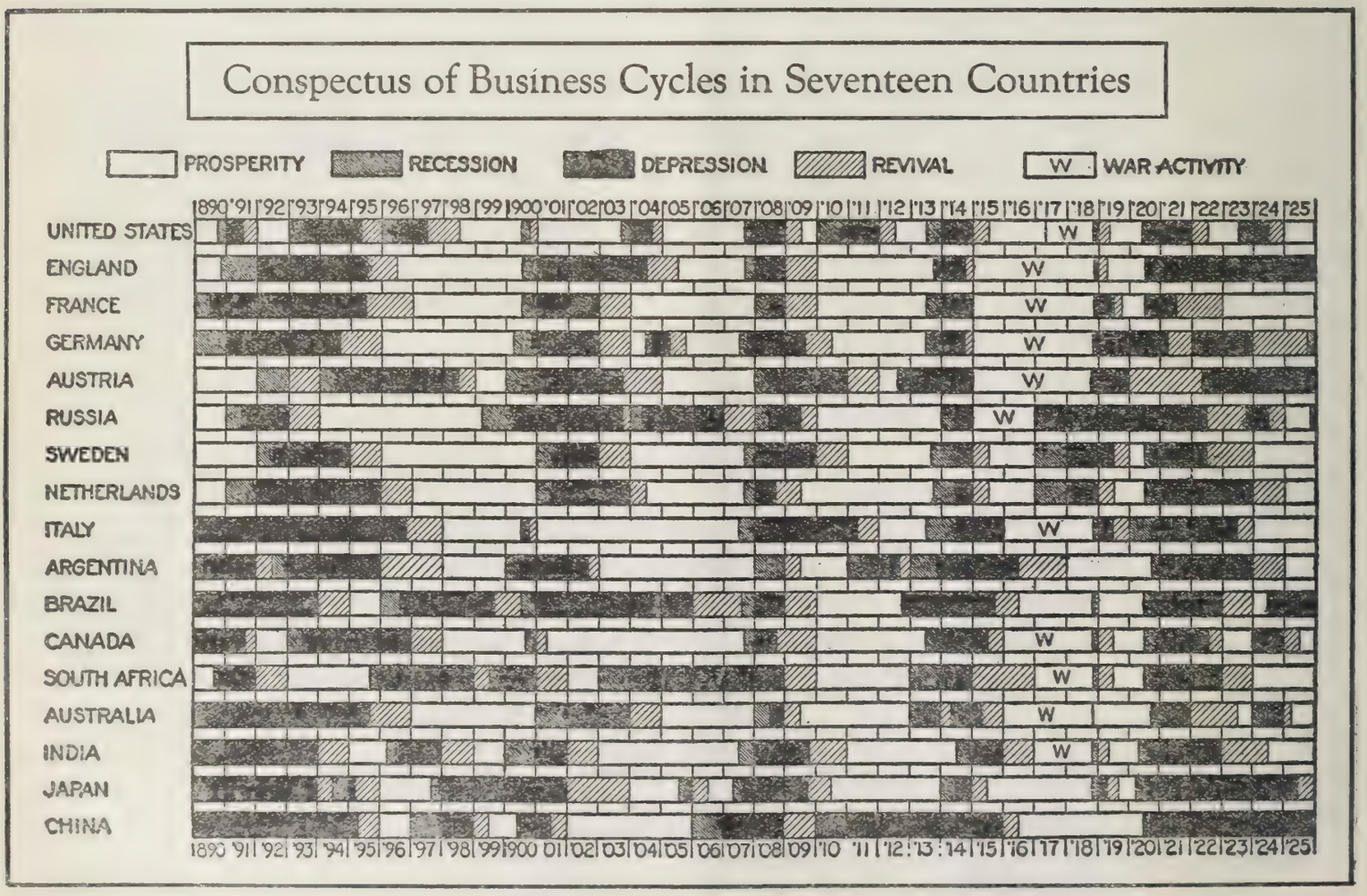
A Chart of World Business

By WESLEY MITCHELL

THE chart printed below shows how the fluctuating business fortunes of different nations are related to each other in the modern world. Seventeen countries from the four quarters of the globe are included. For each country there is a horizontal line picturing schematically the alternations of good and bad trade revealed by its business annals from 1890 to 1925. When these lines are put one above the other, the black spaces representing depression, and the white spaces representing prosperity, they form irregular vertical bands which run down the chart. The business fortunes of the seventeen countries seem to form an international pattern.

The early 1890's brought depression to the business world; the middle nineties brought recovery, the late nineties prosperity. In 1900-1901 there was a world-wide recession (least severe in the United States, Canada, and Italy), followed in 1901-1907 by depression, revival, boom, and a crisis. After a brief period of hard times in 1908-1909, world business recovered in 1909-1910, prospered in 1911-1912, and passed through the recession of 1913 into what promised to be a mild depression. The outbreak of war created enormous confusion in finance, and intensified the depression of business in general. But in most countries the insatiable demands of the war led to quick recovery. Then came the hectic period labeled on the chart "war activity"—a period which ended in 1917 among the European neutrals, and at the armistice among the belligerents. The post-war cycle was uncommonly short and uncommonly intense. The only countries which escaped the crisis of 1920 and the depression of 1921 were countries which had enjoyed no revival in 1919. In the last three or four years, business fortunes have diverged from each other more than for a generation previous. Presumably that divergence will prove to be short lived.

While the international pattern can be traced in the record of every country, even in China and Brazil, no country, not even England or the Netherlands, followed it without variation. Between the recessions which sweep over the globe, most countries now and then breed a domestic recession. American business has been most prolific of such home-made checks. Examples appear in 1893, 1896, 1903, 1910, and 1923. But the record shows that despite our continental spread, the variety of our resources, the richness of our home markets, and the aloofness of our foreign policy, the United States suffers a business reaction, slight or severe, every time that world business feels the shock either of good or bad times. Our isolation is less economic than geographic. Our periods of depression are usually periods when world business languishes, and our periods of prosperity are usually periods when world business flourishes.



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	9	"The Protestant Church and the American Labor Movement"
	16	*Address by Dr. Doychert*
	23	*Address by J. I. Lauffer*
	30	"What and Where Is God?"
Feb.	6	*To be Announced*
	13	"Where Would Lincoln Stand Today?"
	20	"The Ethics of Propaganda"
	27	"The Religious Sanctions of the Doctrine of Free Speech"
Mar.	6	"Why Man? The Divine Problem as Seen by the Christian Theist"
	13	"The Search for the Answer—The Drama of Evolution"
	20	"The Answer—Man and Beyond"
	27	*To be Announced*
Apr.	3	*Address by J. I. Lauffer*
	10	"Tired Radicals"
	17	"The Doctrine of the Cross"
	24	*To be Announced*
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	9	Urbain LeDoux	"Unemployment, a National Crime"
	16	Joseph Lorraine	"Poe, the American Literary Genius"
	23	Rabbi Alex Lyons / Dr. John C. Herring	"Jew and Christian"
	30	Dr. Charles Fama	"Religion and the Fascisti"
Feb.	6	Morris Hillquit	"American Socialism Today"
	13	Hubert C. Herring	"The United States and Mexico"
	20	Marcial P. Lichauco	"The United States and the Philippines"
	27	Lewis Gannett	"The United States and China"
Mar.	6	Henry Sloane Coffin	"The Church and Human Progress"
	13	Judge Florence Allen	"Our Heritage"
	20	Fiorello H. LaGuardia	"Special Privilege, the Government and the People"
	27	Scott Nearing	"Where Is Civilization Going?"
Apr.	3	To be Announced	To be Announced
	10	To be Announced	To be Announced
	17	Harry F. Ward	"Economics and Religion"—1
	24	Harry F. Ward	"Economics and Religion"—2
May	1	Will Durant / Edmund B. Chaffee	Labor Temple Night

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Italian-Albanian Treaty

THE text of this treaty appeared in *Il Lavoro d'Italia* (Rome), December 2, 1926. It was signed at Tirana on November 27 by representatives of the two countries.

Italy and Albania, wishing, in consideration of their geographical position, to strengthen the reciprocal relations of friendship and security, and to contribute to the firmer establishment of peace;

Motivated by the desire of maintaining the political status quo of Albania, both judicially and territorially, within the limits of the treaties to which both are signatory, and in conformity with the Covenant of the League of Nations;

Have convened to draw up the present pact of friendship and security;

And have appointed for this purpose their plenipotentaries . . . who after having taken into consideration their full powers, which have been found to be in good and due form, have decreed as follows:

ARTICLE 1. Italy and Albania recognize that any direct disturbance whatsoever of the political, judicial, or territorial status quo of Albania is contrary to their mutual political interests.

ART. 2. With a view to protecting the aforesaid interests, the High Contracting Parties pledge themselves to lend each other mutual support and cordial cooperation; they likewise pledge themselves to refrain from concluding with other Powers any political or military agreements prejudicial to the interests of the other party, which are also defined in the present agreement.

ART. 3. The High Contracting Parties pledge themselves to submit to a special procedure of conciliation or arbitration any questions which may arise to divide them, and which may have failed of solution through the ordinary diplomatic channels. The methods of procedure for this peaceful settlement shall be the object of a special convention which shall be drawn up within a brief period.

ART. 4. The present pact shall be binding for five years, and may be canceled or renewed one year before its termination.

ART. 5. The present pact shall be ratified and subsequently registered with the League of Nations. The ratifications shall be exchanged at Rome.

[Signed] POMPEO ALOISI, H. VRIONI

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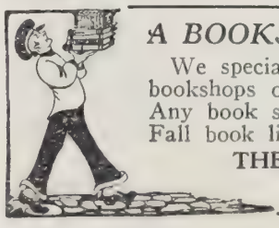
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"I AM ANTI-WHISKERS," says Italy's Duce. "Fascism is anti-whiskers. Whiskers are a sign of decadence." Whether or not this is a fact, it is certainly true that whiskers cover defects in the physiognomy that might otherwise rise to damn their owner. But Signor Mussolini scorns subterfuges like these; in a burst of confidence he confided to the United Press the secrets of his toilet, and the opinion on whiskers quoted above heads the list. This modern Napoleon sleeps exactly seven hours, from midnight on; he arises the instant he is called—or maybe he doesn't need to be called; he takes a few simple daily dozens before the open window—thereby proving his superiority to the majority of his countrymen; his bath is not cold but tepid; he massages himself. And then his shave! There is a whole poem on that subject.

> My shave comes before I put on my collar. I have become rather skilful in the use of an American safety razor . . . though my beard is thick and stiff. . . . I have to use a new blade every time I shave, for there are no blades made that can stand more than one shave on my beard. And I must shave every day.

Lion-hearted, leather-skinned, dauntless, resolute, firm in resisting the comfort of his warm bed—no wonder this man holds Italy in the palm of his hand. He is the Babbitt of the Mediterranean. Work is his gospel; no more all-night jazz in Italian cabarets, no more drinking to excess; only three holidays in 1927. How long will the sloping hillsides of Italy, bathed in abundant sun, hung with grape and olive, warm, volatile, light-hearted, endure this philosophy?

WE HEARTILY CONGRATULATE THE PRESIDENT upon his defeat of the pestiferous House big-navy bloc. Although he vacillated, he finally stood firm, and the effort to appropriate $450,000 in addition to the budget for beginning work on the three cruisers authorized in 1924 was soundly defeated by 183 to 161. This is a gratifying outcome. It is now incumbent upon the President to take the lead in a further move for reduction of the five navies left in the world, by limiting the number of cruisers and abolishing submarines and the use of airplanes in naval warfare. American public opinion will stand squarely behind him on this. Indeed, the defeat of the militarists in the House is the clearest proof that Congress as a whole does not feel that the American people are shaking in their shoes because some "experts" say we are falling behind in the 5-5-3 ratio of the Washington Conference. Admirable was the support given in this fight to Mr. Coolidge by fifty religious and educational leaders who declared that if we were losing in the ratio the remedy was not more ships but another disarmament congress. The more-ship policy, they truly said, could only "create among the nations of the world the mood of suspicion, uneasiness, and fear which gradually breeds the fatalistic thought that wars are inevitable." Among the signers were Henry Sloane Coffin, Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, Samuel A. Eliot, Roger W. Babson, Dr. W. P. Merrill, and President Mary E. Woolley.

THE PRESIDENT'S LATEST APPOINTEE to the Interstate Commerce Commission seems destined to fail of confirmation before the Senate. Indeed there is a question at this writing whether the President will not be asked by Republican leaders to withdraw the nomination. Mr. Cyrus E. Woods made an excellent record as ambassador to Spain and to Japan. It has appeared from his examination, however, that he has fully a quarter of a million dollars invested in railroad securities (which he has offered to sell if confirmed), that he has long been connected with the Pittsburgh Coal Company, which has a deep interest in a rehearing now asked of the commission. Mr. Woods has promised not to sit in this case if he is confirmed, but the question remains whether one who has long been connected with a coal company, as he has been, should be put in a position where sooner or later he must pass upon relations of coal companies to the railroads and to the public. More than that, Mr. Woods denied that he had contributed to the recent Pennsylvania primary campaign, only to have it come out that he had given $5,000; he had forgotten this. He also insisted that he was not the dictator of that primary campaign with its orgy of spending, and did not know of the corruption which should result in the non-seating of Senator-elect Vare. Others declare he was the boss of that campaign. But the worst feature of all is that Mr. Woods

was originally chosen by the President because Senator Reed last year forced a promise from Mr. Coolidge that a Pennsylvanian should be appointed to the next vacancy. If the principle of sectionalism is to control appointments to this commission, it is bound to wreck that body in the long run.

GOVERNOR SMITH'S ANNUAL MESSAGE contains nothing new or startling, but it is another excellent business statement of a remarkable administrator. In it he reiterates his position on the State's water-power undeterred by the cries of socialism with which his recent outlining of his position at the dinner of the Survey Associates has been greeted. He insists again that "the State must itself retain ownership and control of water-power at its source, if the people, and not private interests, are to be the real beneficiaries by its development," and repeats his demand for a new Water Power Authority which will be no more radical or novel a proposition than the "Port Authorities" which are developing the harbors of New York and Albany with complete popular approval. "To attempt to protect the consumer only through the regulatory power of the State," the Governor adds, "is to hold out to him a promise which we know cannot be fulfilled. . . . Public-utility regulation by public-service commissions or interstate commerce commissions involves long-drawn-out battles in which experts disagree over capital accounts. The place to protect the consumer is at the bus bar, where we make the contract for the sale of the power." This fearless frankness in defense of popular rights, together with his consummate mastery of the State's business, is largely responsible for the confidence of all classes of New Yorkers in their Governor.

LYNCHINGS FOR 1926 almost doubled those of 1925—34 and 18 are the official figures given out by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The association traces this disheartening increase in mob violence to the defeat of the federal anti-lynching bill; until punishment for lynching is taken out of the hands of irresponsible local authorities we seem doomed to suffer the humiliation of being the only country in the world in which the account of a mob murder is hardly news. At the same time there are bright spots in the process of adjusting race differences: for example, there were 33 cases last year of officers of the law who prevented lynching, and 29 of them were in the South. These instances further discredit the myth of the sheriff who is "overpowered" by the mob. Again, in Natitoches, Louisiana, even white public sentiment is being aroused against a statue which was recently erected to "do honor" to the Negro; it is inscribed, "The Good Darky of Louisiana. Erected by the City of Natitoches, in grateful recognition of the arduous and faithful service of the good darkies of Louisiana." The figure is of a typical "Uncle Tom," the bent, shuffling, subservient old Negro who was so dear to the heart of the old South. South and North a change is coming—a Southern white lady was recently fined $50 in a Chicago court for calling a Pullman porter a "Nigger."

NOT IN OUR MEMORY has a college executive, not even President Lowell of Harvard, spoken out as bravely, as vigorously, as unqualifiedly on the right of a college teacher to his opinions and his conscience as has Glenn Frank, head of the University of Wisconsin. Here is what happened: Governor J. J. Blaine, United States Senator-elect, recently attacked as a "hodge-podge of lies, half-truths, and misrepresentation" the tax catechism issued by Professor H. MacGregor of the university. President Frank interpreted this action of the Governor as giving Professor MacGregor a choice of two courses—retraction or resignation—and in addition felt that the Governor implied that "the duty of the president of the university was positive." Accepting that challenge and interpretation, Mr. Frank stated to the press: "As long as I am president of the university complete and unqualified academic freedom will not only be accorded to members of faculties but will be vigorously defended, regardless of the pressure, the power, or the prestige that may accompany any challenge of this inalienable right of scholarship." We believe that every self-respecting teacher the country over will call President Frank blessed for that.

FRENCH SENATORIAL ELECTIONS always lag behind popular sentiment, for the senators are elected by mayors and local councilors who have been chosen at previous ballotings. In a sense the recent vote for a third of the Senate registered the same shift to the Left as marked the elections to the Chamber in 1924. For the first time Communists won seats in the upper chamber; the Socialists increased their representation; and several famous Conservatives dropped out of the political scene—among them Poincaré's friend, De Selves; former President Millerand; Clemenceau's lieutenant, Klotz; and, apparently, M. Dariac, author of a famous project to annex the Rhineland. The shift to the Left is a blow to M. Poincaré's prestige, but it will not threaten his control of the Senate, and his success in stabilizing the franc probably leaves him politically secure for the present.

BY THE RESIGNATION of Theodor Wolff, the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the German Democratic Party has lost its founder. A stronger blow could not be aimed at it by a single individual, but the party has swung so far from its original ideas and purposes that Herr Wolff's retirement need surprise no one. The immediate cause was his party's adherence to the amazing censorship laws recently passed by the Reichstag. No liberal Democratic Party could consent to such a handcuffing of press and theater and of the independent writer and contend that it was in any degree consistent with its announced purposes. Yet the Democratic Party made this blunder, emphasizing again the compromising character which it has assumed for several years. The pity of this is great. Theodor Wolff deserves an honorable place in the history of his time because throughout the war he refused to accept the doctrines of the reactionary government or the belief that the mass of Germans were similarly reactionary in purpose and in ideals, and because he insisted that a stronger and more courageous opposition could be built up against the madness of the rulers of Germany among the bourgeois liberals than in the camp of the socialists. It looked as if he had forged a most useful weapon in the Democratic Party, and now he has been compelled to turn upon it and, perhaps, to destroy his own creation.

A FORMER SAILOR in the American navy gives some probably hitherto unrecorded history of our attack upon Vera Cruz in 1916 in a letter printed in Heywood

Broun's column in the New York *World*. The correspondent writes in amiable protest against the praise and publicity accorded to the Marine Corps when, in his opinion, it is more deserved by the bluejackets. On shipboard, the writer says, the marines handle the three-inch and five-inch guns, whereas

> The gobs man the twelve, fourteen, and sixteen-inch play toys. Ask the lads with the flat hats who it was that took the head off the statue of the Liberator of Mexico in the public square in Vera Cruz. A marine? Marine, me eye! It was a gob. Yep, on the scout cruiser Chester, and I think his name was Casey.

Somehow this apparently veracious anecdote of the wanton destruction of an artistic and historic monument by American forces has never been stressed in the official publicity from Washington. Perhaps it is because we were so busy at the time denouncing the destruction of artistic and historic monuments by the German army in Belgium. Of course that was different. Germany was at war, and so her acts were war atrocities. But we bombarded Vera Cruz without anything so ungentlemanly as a declaration of war, and so could not commit war atrocities. The writer in the *World* may be confused. Perhaps the shot was a salute and the head of the Liberator, bowing low with typical Latin courtesy, lost its balance and rolled upon the pavement.

FROM THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS has come a pamphlet describing some notable possessions of the Library and giving examples of others which it still needs. One of Mr. Herbert Putnam's notable achievements is his widening of the conception of this library. It is no longer merely the Library of Congress; it is the library of the nation, the repository of innumerable books and documents essential to the record and history of our government. Mr. Putnam has gone even beyond that. He and his associates have made possible the pecuniary endowment of the library by private individuals and have brought about the creation of "a Library of Congress Trust Fund Board" which is now prepared to receive and administer sums willed or given to it. Of this latter development the most notable act was the creation of the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation and Chamber Music Auditorium, a gift of more than $500,000, in addition to her collection of holograph music and her correspondence with many musicians—records which are beyond price. Mr. Putnam calls attention to the fact that only a few remarkable collections of musical source material are still obtainable abroad. He hopes that private generosity may acquire one or more of these for the library, which cannot hope for sufficient money from the government to purchase them. In the fields of literature and history, and Americana of all kinds, the needs of the library remain great.

EARS, THIS TIME, not hands across the sea. Wireless telephony across the Atlantic is a forecast no longer, but an accomplished fact. All honor to the men whose scientific skill, integrity, and devotion have made it possible. They will, we fear, not receive the individual recognition which is their due—partly because every such development nowadays is less the work of an individual than of a great laboratory containing, as in the case of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, a thousand trained workers. This generation is so accustomed to scientific marvels as to take new ones with a calmness impossible in their fathers who witnessed the coming of the first electric lamp, the first trolley, the first telephone, the first gasoline automobile, the first airplane. The first commercial talks across the Atlantic were hardly inspiring—the usual banalities passed from mayor to mayor and press magnate to press magnate. Yet the profound significance is there. It is only a few years since the prophecy was made by a great expert that in a short time people in New York would be telephoning to the remotest farms in Australia. We are plainly half way to that goal. The truth is that scientific advance is no longer a matter of waiting for the individual genius to appear and to discover. Goals are now definitely set and attained by a host of minds utilizing the unlimited sums that great corporations set aside for experimentation.

"MOTOR VEHICLES IN UNITED STATES: 22,330,000; world registration of motor vehicles: 27,500,000; per cent of world registration in United States: 81." No wonder Europe envies us—one automobile for every five heads in the United States; one for every five hundred in the rest of the world. This country produced nearly four and a half million cars last year—more than ever before—and it exported more than half a million. American motor cars are helping to transform the East: a regular route now connects Bagdad with the Mediterranean, once a perilous month's journey, in a single day; the thirty-two stages of the ancient caravan route from Bagdad to the capital of Persia have been cut to four days; American automobiles shoot in all directions across the vast Gobi Desert in Mongolia; Canton and Calcutta have American bus service. There seems to be no limit to this mushroom child of industry—unless it be the world's supply of oil fuel. Pessimists each year see the market exhausted; it goes on expanding. A few years ago the automobile was a summer vehicle; it is stretching its season. Two years ago barely half the cars made were closed; in 1926 three-quarters were closed. Once the statisticians, calculating the market, figured on one car per family; today 40 per cent of the American cars belong to two-car families. Instalment buying has expanded the market; nearly two-thirds of the cars bought in America last year were sold on that plan. The roads are jammed; accidents increase, although not so fast as the number of cars; drivers are forced to higher and higher speeds. The New York *Times* tells of a Northerner crossing the causeway at Miami at what he thought a good speed. A motorcycle policeman stopped him and asked why he held up the procession. "But I was going thirty-five," said the motorist. "Go sixty!" came the command.

STILL THEY GROW! Incomplete figures of this year's registration show the great universities breaking all records for enrolment. California's two branches have 17,101 full-time students; Columbia, Illinois, and Minnesota also top the 10,000-mark. Including part-time and summer students Columbia has 30,526; California 24,756; New York University 20,504, and the College of the City of New York, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio State, Harvard, Boston, and Northwestern all more than 10,000. Colossal figures! Never in history has a nation shown such a passion for education; never have such multitudes had the opportunity for education. But are we sure that we really know in what education consists? Do the mass universities produce men who think, or just mass minds?

China's War of Independence

THE tide has turned.

In 1857 Chinese troops seized an opium-smuggling boat that flew the British flag, and the British in retaliation declared war on China. They bombarded and occupied Canton; Lord Elgin, on the steam frigate Furious, accompanied by four other warships, steamed up the forbidden Yangtze River to Hankow, bombarding Nanking and Anking on the way. He selected the ports which he thought would be most convenient for British trade; and in the Treaty of Tientsin in 1858 Hankow was nominally opened to foreign trade. The next year hostilities broke out again. A British and French expeditionary force fought its way to Peking, burning the Summer Palace with all its rich store of art treasures; and a new treaty, confirming the opening of Hankow and legalizing the sale of opium, was forced on China. In 1861 by local agreements the British took from China convenient port locations at Canton, Chinkiang, Kiukiang, Tientsin, Newchang, and Hankow, nominally as perpetual leaseholds, with an annual ground rent of 1,500 *cash* per mow—about $9 per acre—subleases to be made in the name of the British Crown. And that is the origin of the little British principalities in the great cities of China, and of that "British Concession" at Hankow from which the frightened British withdrew, faced by an overwhelming Chinese mob, on January 5, 1927.

The Cantonese government officials, the very men whom the British in China have been denouncing as Reds, have offered their apologies for the violence of the mob and promised to maintain order with their soldiers. On that "Red" army, indeed, the lives of the foreigners depend. Two facts stand out in this crisis: First, the American consulate and the American business firms, flying American flags in Chinese territory close to the British Concession, and the missionaries across the river in Chinese Wuchang went unharmed while mobs raged through the British territory, tearing down the Union Jack and defacing the British war memorial. The American policy of refusing territorial concessions proved itself wise in a stormy time. Second, it was the coolie-mass which swept the British out of Hankow, not Russian-trained soldiers from Canton. The spirit behind that mob is no product of one government's ukases; it is a reaction to a century of foreign domineering; it cannot be stopped; it may be silenced for a moment at one spot or another, but it will sweep on across China. Canton was the storm-center a year ago; Hankow is feeling the earthquake today; Shanghai uneasily sees its turn coming; and Peking and Tientsin may follow Shanghai. The Peking Government, puppet as it is of the Japanese, acts in sympathy with the Nationalist program of the Southerners; a significant dispatch reports that, since the Cantonese spirit has driven the British out of the concessions in Hankow and Kiukiang, Peking feels that unless it can arrange a similar result at Tientsin its prestige is doomed.

Thus far in this crisis the British, bearing the brunt of the Chinese attack, have acted with discretion. On January 3 British marines and armed volunteers guarding the Hankow Concession stood off a surging Chinese mob with the butts of their guns, obeying a London order not to fire. Furthermore, the Cantonese had warned them that if they did fire not a foreigner would be left alive in Hankow. The press dispatches, almost all of British origin (the Associated Press unfortunately depends upon Reuter, a British news agency, for its Chinese news, and the United Press service is inadequate), report that the British soldiers were singularly restrained; the dispatches, however, mention a Chinese demand for apology for the brutality of the marines, while omitting to tell in what the brutality consisted. On January 4 the foreign soldiers were withdrawn, protection being left to the British-trained Chinese police and to an outside cordon of Cantonese troops. The mobs broke through these lines and hoisted the red flag of South China in place of the Union Jack over the British official buildings. The Union Jack Club temporarily became headquarters of a labor union. British women were evacuated; British men were concentrated in the buildings of the Asiatic Petroleum Company. (Meanwhile, American business houses a few blocks away in the old Russian Concession which is now Chinese territory remained open for business.) On January 6, fortunately, it rained; the spirit of the mob was dampened; and order was restored. Regular Cantonese troops took over control of the British Concession, and an agreement was negotiated to return it to the British. At Kiukiang, 130 miles downstream, the British Concession has also fallen into Chinese hands.

China acts volcanically; she may rest long quiescent, but when she breaks out she erupts with force. Observers on the spot are like villagers who live close to a silent volcano; they refuse to believe the warnings of the scientists. The "old China hands" have refused to believe that the new Nationalism in China was more than a passing effervescence, and they and the Powers which trusted their judgment are reaping the harvest of their blindness. Had the Powers acted more liberally at Versailles and at Washington; had they even enforced the gentle treaty revisions of Washington; had they taken bold action when they met in Peking a year ago, the storm might have blown over. They did nothing; the present trouble is the result of their own inaction; and more trouble lies ahead.

Great Britain recently circulated a memorandum highly praised in the West. It did indeed indicate a new wisdom in Downing Street. It proclaimed the futility of military force to maintain a bad treaty; but its concrete proposals for reform simmered down to acquiescence in the higher customs rates which, in violation of the treaties, were already being enforced in two-thirds of the ports of China. That is not enough. It belongs to the same Canute-like school of diplomacy as the Strawn report upon extraterritoriality; it is as ineffective as building a dam of pebbles against an inrushing tide.

Measures which a generation ago, or even a decade ago, were successful are futile today. The Western nations have equipped China with their arms and artillery and taught her to use them. They have taught her something of their own nationalism, and her masses have absorbed the lesson. Her officials may talk in terms of customs autonomy and extraterritoriality, but the masses see things simply. They resent the foreign gunboats and the foreign principalities which dominate their great cities. The vast armadas which we Western nations are concentrating in Chinese waters may hold those cities for a time; in the long

run they will lose. White domination of the East is doomed; we of this generation are watching another of those great uprisings of humanity which dot the endless struggle toward human freedom. If we are wise we will realize from the start that, like the American War of Independence, the French or the Russian revolution, it will follow no charted course of legalistic treaty regulations.

War or Peace?

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE, in his message to Congress justifying his private war in Nicaragua, uses all the assorted excuses which he, his Spokesman, and Mr. Kellogg have used on previous occasions. For the first time, however, he has assembled them, and they must make impressive reading for Latin Americans and Europeans.

Recall, first, what Mr. Coolidge is seeking to excuse. We have landed marines in the capital of the Sacasa Government of Nicaragua, ordered the Sacasa army to disarm or get out, censored its communications, blockaded its ports, ordered business firms in its territory not to pay customs duties or internal taxes to its agents. On the other hand, we have landed troops in the rival capital to protect the rival President, and announced that we will give him every facility to buy munitions in the United States and elsewhere. A score of American warships now watch the Nicaraguan coast; thousands of marines stand on guard; American fliers in American airplanes, in the service of the Nicaraguan Government, patrol the Nicaraguan air. At last Mr. Coolidge admits that it is intervention, and offers his complete assortment of excuses.

First, he insists that his favorite President is the constitutional President. His own account of Don Adolfo Diaz's election is enough to deny his argument. Don Adolfo was elected by a rump and illegal Congress, after Emiliano Chamorro had driven the constitutional government, in which Sacasa was Vice-President, out by force of arms.

Second, Mr. Coolidge suggests that it is his duty to aid Diaz because some Mexicans have aided Sacasa. After the interference of which the United States had already been guilty in Nicaragua; in view of the long record of would-be Mexican revolutions fitted out and equipped in the United States, Mr. Coolidge's moral indignation at Mexican friendship for Nicaraguan revolutionaries is ridiculous. Mexico has the same right to ship arms as we.

Next, Mr. Coolidge says that American investments in Nicaragua need protection. Can he name one estate that has been endangered? Does he intend to enunciate the doctrine that American marines must be landed anywhere in the world where revolution, civil war, or rioting suggests the possibility that maybe, some time, somewhere, somehow, American property may be endangered?

Mr. Coolidge's fourth excuse is the canal. There is no Nicaraguan canal as yet, but ten years ago we bought a right to build a canal. Mr. Coolidge does not say that it has been threatened; it has not been threatened. What has it to do with our intervention?

Fifth, Mr. Coolidge fears that if the revolution continues the Nicaraguan currency will be inflated, thereby menacing American business interests. The logic of his argument would imply that the United States must intervene wherever in the world the stability of a currency is threatened. Soldiers and marines will be busy indeed!

And after this the man has the audacity to conclude: "I am sure that it is not the desire of the United States to intervene in the internal affairs of Nicaragua or of any other Central American republic"! What is his message but the most ferocious doctrine of universal intervention which any statesman has ever propounded? What but a principle of universal war? And what is his intervention but an indirect threat to induce Mexico to yield to the oil magnates?

This is doing us infinite harm wherever men can read from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn. Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg may achieve a distinction which they never meant to acquire—they may become the real founders of a complete Pan-American union of offense and defense against the United States. Already the faint hope of settling Tacna and Arica has faded. The whole world is appalled at our bullying self-righteousness. What may not happen if we continue? Had anyone predicted three years ago that the unorganized masses of China would within three years be sweeping the foreigners into the sea and hauling down the British flag from places where it had flown for sixty-five years he would have been written down a madman. From an American friend in Guatemala we hear that "the prestige of the United States in Central America has never been so low since Roosevelt stole Panama." The worm will turn; when the South American republics realize, as this is teaching them to realize, that they must unite against the Colossus of the North, they, like the Chinese, may realize what a weapon lies in their hands in the economic boycott. Already Mr. Coolidge has done enormous harm to American business in the Southern Hemisphere.

If any spark of decency remains in the Administration it will accept President Calles's offer to arbitrate the difficulties with Mexico, and withdraw the marines from Nicaragua.

The Poet of Georgia

THE fame of Frank Lebby Stanton, author of "Mighty Lak a Rose," dead in his seventieth year at Atlanta, Georgia, is a reminder that poetry for most people is now, as it always has been, a matter of song. It means something that the conventional synonym for "poet" is "singer"—not "philosopher," "psychologist," "critic of life," "prophet," or "craftsman." To the literary layman a poem is a collection of words through which a clear and simple tune makes itself immediately heard. The melody must be as readily apprehended as the sentiment, and the best poem by this definition is the one which can bear the most repetition, the one whose tune and whose teaching can be oftenest laid next to the heart. The spirit of the thing may be martial, as in the case of patriotic pieces, or melancholy, as in the case of many ballads, or merry, as in the case of parodies and convivial lyrics. Or, as oftenest in America during the past hundred years, it may strike into the domestic affections; it may treat of children, the home, the old town by the river, mother, father, and Aunt Mary. In any event the poem will function as an agent reducing us to a simple, almost childlike state of mind and heart. And this will be true even when, as now is the case, sophisticated poetry is almost entirely an affair of the intellect. The poetry about which we write criticism today tends more and

more to be involved and ingenious; it is based upon an intricate metaphysic, and the moral of its untunefulness is supposed to be that the modern mind, in so far as it takes in the complex modern world, must be incapable of song.

Mr. Stanton, who was declared in 1925 poet laureate of Georgia, was equally removed from the poetry of sophistication and the poetry of jazz. He is to be identified with the sentiments of mid-century America, particularly as they were accentuated in the South. A columnist on the Atlanta *Constitution* and other Georgia papers for forty years, a friend and protege of Joel Chandler Harris, a singer always of wholesome and tender sentiments, he reached an audience almost as wide as the English-speaking world. This was eventually due to the good fortune of several of his poems in being set to music by composers of great popular reputation; Ethelbert Nevin gave currency in unnumbered concert rooms to "Mighty Lak a Rose," and Carrie Jacobs Bond insured the success of "Just A-Wearyin' for You." One of his specialties was Negro dialect with an ante-bellum flavor, and he achieved indubitable excellence there. A suitable specimen is "A Plantation Ditty":

De gray owl sing fum de chimbly top:
"Who—who—is—you-oo?"
En I say: "Good Lawd, hit's des po' me,
En I ain't quite ready fer de Jasper Sea;
I'm po' en sinful, en you 'lowed I'd be,
Oh wait, good Lawd, 'twell termorror!"

De gray owl sing fum de cypress tree:
"Who—who—is—you-oo?"
En I say: "Good Lawd, ef you look you'll see
Hit ain't nobody but des po' me,
En I like ter stay 'twell my time is free;
Oh wait, good Lawd, 'twell termorror!"

Whether Mr. Stanton in his generation was really the poet of Georgia only time will tell. Time has already brought a number of investigators who, adventuring into cabins and taking a position within hearing-distance of labor gangs, have produced evidence that the Negro people themselves are notable secular poets; perhaps the Negro race has been the poet of Georgia. But Mr. Stanton represented the sentiments of his own race, both in the South where he sang and elsewhere among that large population which likes to be reminded at a distance of the plantation and the pickaninny, with remarkable fidelity. That, too, is to be a poet. Folk-lore we have always with us, and though folk-lore in America is a thing of the printed word, it is nevertheless genuine. Mr. Stanton knew perfectly how to pluck some of the strings of which the American heart is woven; he knew how to make hundreds of thousands of business men and club women melt into sighs and gentle laughter; and he has had his reward. Some day an interesting book will be written, giving in perspective the whole portrait of nineteenth-century American man. Mr. Stanton, along with Stephen Foster and Joel Chandler Harris, will furnish important materials for the picture. Others will undoubtedly be taken out of the great body of Northern song from which Sigmund Spaeth has recently selected the pieces composing his volume "Read 'Em and Weep." Our great-grandchildren will weep to see such quantities of sentiment. Occasionally, however, they will be genuinely touched; and most of the time they will be amused. What they will have will be an impression of human nature very near its uneducated, its uneducable center.

Meals While You Wait

PATRIOTIC publicists and prosperity-puffers are fond of telling Americans that they are the best-fed people in the world. We wonder if they do not mean the most-fed. It is a nice question what people are the best-fed, but certainly we are the most-fed people of our planet. Food is fairly thrust upon us at every turn. There used to be a time when eating, like dressing, was regarded as a function to be performed somewhat privately. One did not eat in the streets, one did not eat standing in a packed line with fifty others, one did not eat even sitting down except in some quiet and privacy. Now the city dweller eats everywhere and all the time; before meals, at meals, and after meals; on the street, in the subways, and at office desks. It is the great American habit.

The demand has called for new sources of supply. At the outset soda-water counters sold only drinks. In time ice cream was added. Now soda-water counters carry food ranging all the way from cocoanut wafers to Boston baked beans and at noon serve a surging crowd which elbows its way for the opportunity to snatch a nondescript lunch while standing up. Even at the highest-priced restaurants one is jostled and crowded and hurried through by racing waiters to whom one can hardly make his order heard for the din. Soda-water counters, once a part only of drug or confectionery stores, have now blossomed everywhere in the crowded business sections. Aristocratic office buildings that once would have barred any but the most discreet and retiring restaurants now welcome glaring soda fountains, odoriferous lunch counters, and at their very portals news stands carrying as a side line—but a considerable one—rows of confectionery in five-cent packages, to be grabbed on the run and eaten ditto. The Grand Central station in New York City, supposedly a railway terminal, is in fact a bustling city by itself, filled with shops of all sorts and offering opportunities for eating ranging all the way from the exclusive restaurants of the Commodore, Belmont, Biltmore, and Roosevelt hotels—connected by underground passageways—to interminable stand-up soda-water counters.

It is largely the skyscraper, packing ten, a hundred, or a thousand persons into a ground area once occupied by one, that has brought these makeshift facilities for food and these bizarre habits of eating. The inhabitants of the business sections of our great cities do almost none of what may be called their serious eating in those quarters. In spite of the amazing multiplication of eating places, the old-time chop houses and oyster bars are disappearing. Present patrons want only a hasty lunch and a pick-me-up at odd hours throughout the day. The increase in women workers, too, has brought striking changes in popular tastes. The eating places cannot be blamed too greatly for crowded conditions and poor food at high prices. They have to pay a tremendous overhead in rent and otherwise out of a trade which lasts about three hours a day. With additional skyscrapers building every day it becomes increasingly hard to keep up with the demands for food, new both in amount and in character. The Equitable Building in New York City, the largest office structure, houses 12,000 to 15,000 workers, while 25,000 are estimated to pass in and out of its doors daily. When do they eat; where do they eat; how can they eat? They can't and they don't. In the old phrase, they gobble, gabble, git.

America in Europe



"Catching anything?"
"Not a thing."
"Well, I suppose America is to blame."



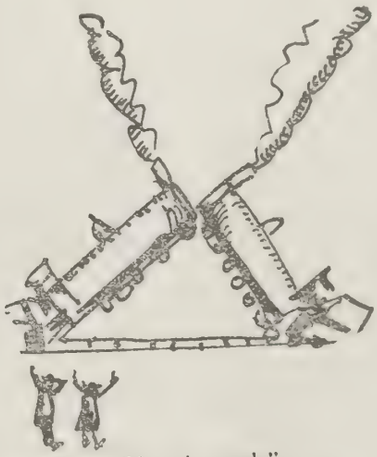
"Stromboli is again reported to be very active. It is supposed that America is at the bottom of this new eruption."—Press Item.



"My new play was a terrible failure."
"It's doubtless the fault of those stingy, blood-sucking Americans."



"What is the matter, little boy?"
"I bit my tongue—boohoo . . ."
"Never mind, little boy. Blame it on nasty old America."



"Look at the terrible train wreck."
"I am sure it is due to the American debt."



"Here it is beginning to rain just when we left our umbrellas at home."
"Que veux-tu? C'est la faute de l'Amerique."



"Waiter, this steak is burned."
"Tell it to Coolidge."



"This is the fifth time this week you are late. What have you got to say for yourself?"
"It was those Americans, Sir."



"They predict a very severe winter."
"Of course. In a world dominated by the Americans. . . ."

Mr. Coolidge, Here's a Court!

By WILLIAM HARD

Washington, January 10

OF course, if we were in the Permanent Court of International Justice, we would take our Nicaraguan dispute to it and get it judicially settled. Would we not? I hope all good pro-Courters will respond heartily in the affirmative.

The trouble now is that a malign fate has deprived those good pro-Courters, Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg, of the engine through which they could express their passion for international judicial settlement.

So I now come forward with a rescue party. I found it in a musty volume dated 1923.

That is a very important year—1923. It plunged us into our present Nicaraguan troubles.

In that year, under the pro-Court auspices of Secretary of State Hughes, the Central American Powers met in Washington and signed a treaty under which they promised, among other things, that they "will not recognize any other government which may come into power in any of the five republics through a coup d'etat or a revolution against a recognized government, so long as the freely elected representatives of the people thereof have not constitutionally reorganized the country."

We did not sign this treaty, but we are so profoundly sensitive to the sanctity of treaties that since we watched this one while it was being signed we insist upon obeying it. We therefore, when Chamorro came into power in Nicaragua and when in our opinion he did it through a coup d'etat, refused to recognize him. Note that Chamorro was perfectly "anti-Bolshevik." Note that he was perfectly anti-Calles. Our refusal to recognize him could not have been based on any thought of striking a blow at "subversive" influences percolating so transparently—as transparently as empty air—through Mexico City from Moscow and Leningrad. Chamorro was as much opposed to those influences as Mr. Kellogg ever was or could be. No! The State Department is absolutely correct in its announcements of its reason for refusing to recognize Chamorro. It refused to recognize him because it wished to live up to the lofty spirit of the treaty of 1923.

But, good pro-Courters of the United States, there is also another treaty of 1923. It was signed under the same auspices. It was signed by the same parties. And—isn't this nice?—it constituted an international court for the judicial settlement of international disputes.

The splendid name of this court is the International Central American Tribunal. The five Central American Powers agreed to refer to it "all controversies or questions which now exist between them or which may hereafter arise, whatever their nature or origin, in the event that they have failed to reach an understanding through diplomatic channels or have not accepted some other form of arbitration."

What a triumph for peace!

And observe! Certain of the jurists to be seated in this tribunal are to be nominated by the United States. Hurrah! We are now taking part in international peaceful justice.

Of course, we always are. Good pro-Courters will not fail to remember that it was under our auspices, when Mr. Root was Secretary of State, in 1907, that the Central American Court of Justice was brought into being.

Have then the Central Americans two international courts, the court of 1907 and the court of 1923? Dear me, no. Don't we all remember? That court of 1907 was a wretched and rotten court. It handed down two decisions adverse to our treaty of 1916 with Nicaragua. It held, for instance, that "the government of Nicaragua has violated, to the detriment of Costa Rica, the rights granted to the latter by the Canas-Jerez boundary treaty of April 15, 1858; the Cleveland Award of March 22, 1888; and the Central American Treaty of Peace and Friendship of September 20, 1907." So Mr. Woodrow Wilson, being a friend of international right, and Mr. Bryan, being even more so, and having inflamed the American populace into so regarding them, were perfectly safe in paying no attention to this Central American declaration of justice. The safe course for any American President, for any American Secretary of State, is to get a great reputation for peacefulness; and then do as you like.

The Central American Court of Justice, being thus snubbed by the world's greatest historic pacifiers, naturally curled up and died, thus accomplishing a great and noble purpose and result; because it gave us at Washington a chance to work for peace again and to further and forward another and new and presumably better Central American organ for peace and international judicial exact determination.

So here we are! The time, the place, and the girl are all together.

There is a dispute. Some Central American states, backed by us, claim that Diaz is the proper lawful President of Nicaragua. Other Central American states claim that the proper lawful President of Nicaragua is Sacasa. This dispute grows out of a legal controversy regarding the meaning of a treaty and regarding the meaning of the Nicaraguan constitution. All the troubles in Nicaragua flow from this legal controversy.

Next, there is a court. How can troubles continue when there is a court? The United States Government has nominated its members of the panel of the court. It is committed beyond recall to the judicial settlement of legal controversies in Central America.

Finally, there are all the women's clubs in the United States who are going to make the United States peaceful by having it join a court at a town called the Hague in a foreign country. Will these dear ladies now step forward and persuade those strong and determined pro-Courters, Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg, to send the Nicaraguan legal controversy to the new improved perfected International Central American Tribunal, of which we were sponsor?

I suppose they will. And, for the first time in my life, I wish them luck. Let us now see them make good. They have a dispute. They have a court. Let them step forward and be the girl in the case. Let them descend upon Washington and find out whether or not our pro-Courters have been buying them chocolates, with no intentions of marriage.

The National Railway of Haiti

A Study in Tropical Finance

By PAUL H. DOUGLAS

THERE are few more striking cases of financial imperialism than that of the National Railway of Haiti. A concession for the construction of a railway between Cape Haitien in the north and Port au Prince in the south was obtained as far back as 1905, but this was used by the Philadelphia group which secured it for the purpose of fleecing investors in the United States rather than for the construction of any line. In 1910 an American adventurer named James P. McDonald came to Haiti, apparently without backing from any large financial interests, and, bribing the members of the Haitian Congress, succeeded in getting a bill passed which turned over to him the prior concessions and guaranteed the company which he was to form, namely, the National Railway of Haiti, 6 per cent interest on bonds issued to finance the construction of the road, up to a total of $33,000 per mile. This was in effect a guaranty of $2,000 per mile per year. He also secured another concession granting him exclusive control over twenty kilometers of land on either side of the railroad for the growing of tropical fruits, for certain of which he was given an export monopoly. This amounted to nearly half of the total land in the country. McDonald had had the foresight to bribe the President, Antoine Simon, but for some reason the latter delayed his approval of the act. After this delay had gone on for some time, McDonald went to the President's daughter, Celestine Simon, a voodoo priestess with a great deal of influence over her father. The conversation, which has been widely reported as having occurred between them, has become one of the Haitian classics. "All the crown princesses of Europe have costly jewels," McDonald is said to have declared, adding: "Where are yours?" It is stated that Celestine replied that she had none and that McDonald then reached into his pocket, took out a box, opened it, and held up a string of pearls. He told Celestine that the pearls were hers if and when her father signed the railway concessions. Antoine Simon signed the act that afternoon and the pearls are said to have been delivered to his daughter that evening. They had cost five dollars! Thus a string of paste baubles launched Haiti into a financial venture which will in the end cost her people more than $8,000,000, and which was one of the causes for the American intervention in 1915.[1]

Bonds for the construction of the company were floated in France by the W. R. Grace Co., and the Caribbean Construction Company was formed to serve as a subcontractor in the building of the road. The British Ethelburga syndicate of somewhat malodorous reputation took a share in this company. Whether or not the insiders in the company made a considerable profit is still an object of dispute. The company went bankrupt, and the National City Bank states that it did not repay a loan which the bank had made to it. In 1914 Haiti found that only three disconnected sections of the railroad had been finished. The first paralleled the seacoast for 60 miles from Port au Prince to St. Marc. There was then a gap of 40 miles to Gonaives, whence a spur ran 20 miles to Ennery. The mountainous regions between Ennery and Cape Haitien were also untouched, but another short line of 28 miles ran directly south from Cape Haitien into the logwood country. In all 108 miles of road were built and $3,545,000 of bonds issued. After meeting two quarterly interest charges of $54,000 each, the Haitian Government in 1914 refused to make further payments—on the ground that it had contracted for a completed road, not for three disconnected segments. Through traffic was of course impossible, and three separate sets of rolling-stock had to be maintained.

The company, meanwhile, came under the control of interests which were at least closely affiliated with the National City Bank. There is no evidence that the National City Bank was a party to the original bribery of the Haitian Government or that it knew McDonald until after he had received his concession. McDonald had by this time not only been eliminated from the company but his banana concession had also lapsed because of failure to develop it. Roger L. Farnham, then in the employ of the National City Bank and later one of its vice-presidents, has been president of the railroad[2] from 1911 on.

Mr. Farnham replied to the Haitian contention by declaring that the company had made an effort in good faith to build a completed railroad, but that frequent revolutions —*force majeure*—had prevented the construction of the line. He insisted that the terms of the concession provided that the interest should be recognized as each section of the road was built and that payments were not contingent upon the construction of the completed line. Possibly he interpreted the concession correctly, but probably none save those directly concerned know definitely why the road was not finished. Revolutions during late 1913 and early 1914 may have hindered the work somewhat. Antoine Simon had been driven out of Haiti in 1911 by groups which charged that he had sold out the country to the foreigners; his successor, President Leconte, was blown up in the presidential palace, and President Auguste died mysteriously after eating food which did not agree with him. It is difficult to see how these assassinations impeded the construction of the road. Most of the later revolutions occurred after construction had been abandoned rather than before. The year from April, 1914, to April, 1915, did indeed break all records, there being no fewer than three Presidents during the twelve months; but these changes occurred after railroad-building had stopped. The sections constructed were those which ran through level country and the full $33,000 a mile was claimed as cost. Most of the sections not constructed were in the mountains, and would probably have cost more than $33,000 a mile.

Despite the frequent changes in government during 1914-1915, all of the Presidents refused to recognize the validity of the railway's claim. The matter was brought to the attention of Mr. Bryan, then United States Secretary of State, and in one of his dispatches to the American Minister to Haiti he urged that the Haitian Government

[1] For the text of the concessions see E. Mathon, "Annuaire de Législation Haitienne" (1910), pp. 52-66.

[2] Mr. Farnham is not now in the employ of the National City Bank.

should come to an agreement with the National Railway of Haiti. But no agreement was reached.

There can be little doubt that the Banque Nationale de la République d'Haïti, in which the National City Bank owned a small interest, desired American control. A cable from Minister Smith to our State Department in July, 1914, stated that if the bank refused to renew the budgetary convention of 1910, whereby it advanced the current government receipts, and if, instead, it held all "moneys intact until the end of the fiscal year" [September 30, 1915] then "the Government will find itself without funds of any sort, and with no income, and undoubtedly will find it most difficult to operate." Minister Smith continued:[2a] "It is just this condition that the bank desires, for it is the belief of the bank that the Government when confronted by such a crisis would be forced to ask the assistance of the United States in adjusting its financial tangle and that American supervision of the customs would result."

This attempt to impound the Haitian receipts for a year in order to obtain American control over the customs, together with the pressure which the Haitian Government was exercising in order to secure control of the reserve for the redemption of the paper money held by the bank, accounts for some of the influence thrown in favor of American intervention. Mr. Farnham in his capacity as president of the railroad would also have been helped by American intervention.

In July 27, 1915, the revolution in Port au Prince drove President Sam to the French Legation and while he was there, his commander of the National Prison shot 164 of Sam's imprisoned political opponents. This massacre inflamed the city; a mob broke into the French Legation and murdered Sam, and crowds paraded the streets with Sam's remains. American marines were landed the next day, and our occupation of Haiti began. With the help of American diplomatic and naval influence Sudre Dartiguenave, who was favorable to our interests, was elected President, and a treaty which gave the United States economic and military control of Haiti was drafted and, after some opposition, was ratified. One of the clauses of this treaty[3] provided that "Haiti would execute a protocol for the settlement by arbitration or otherwise of all pending pecuniary claims of foreign corporations, companies, citizens, or subjects against Haiti."

It was not until 1919, more than three years later, that a protocol was negotiated providing for the establishment of a Claims Commission.[4] This protocol specified that the interest upon the bonds of the National Railway of Haiti should be admitted as a charge upon the Haitian treasury without being submitted to the Claims Commission.[5]

No interest was paid on the bonds, however, until 1923, when the arrearages amounting to over $1,900,000 were paid. During this entire period the railroad had been a complete financial failure. The gross annual revenues from 1914 to 1922 averaged less than $90,000 a year, while the operating costs alone, including depreciation, amounted annually to nearly $170,000. Since the yearly interest charges were $216,000, the income of the road amounted to approximately one-half of the operating costs, and to only 22 per cent of the total annual charges. The remainder came from the Haitian peasant, who ultimately paid the taxes, and from the roadbed and rolling stock, which was allowed to depreciate.

In 1920 the road was thrown into a friendly receivership and Judge Julius Mayer appointed Mr. Farnham as receiver. This receivership lasted for four years. Mr. Farnham charged $25,000 a year for his services and gave $20,000 a year to Sullivan and Cromwell for legal advice.[6] Other costly counsel fees were also paid. Thus the receivership fees paid to men in New York who spent but a small fraction of their time in Haiti amounted to approximately one-half the total annual receipts. These fees absorbed virtually all of the funds that had been accumulated at the rate of 1 per cent per year for the purposes of amortization. Judge Mayer nevertheless praised the receivership in a statement issued to the press on the eve of his retirement as a federal judge by declaring: "The fortunate results of this receivership refute the contention sometimes advanced, that the courts are incapable of dealing successfully with administrative as well as legal problems." He asserted that there had "been a complete rehabilitation to the great advantage of the many investors both here and abroad."[7] It is known that Mr. Farnham, who is now no longer connected with the National City Bank, is at present receiving $18,000 a year as president of the railroad[8] although he spends but little time in Haiti. He has been an expensive luxury for the Haitian peasants.

In 1924 an agreement was negotiated between Mr. Farnham and the American Financial Adviser to Haiti, whereby the bonds of the National Railway of Haiti were exchanged at a discount of 25 per cent for Series C bonds of the Republic of Haiti. The total amount of the bonds was reduced to $2,660,000 at 6 per cent and a thirty-year amortization period was provided.[9] Of the paid-in interest $600,000 was recaptured to extend the road into territory which it was hoped would bring in more revenue. These Series C bonds, as is the case with all the other issues authorized under the protocol of 1919, are guaranteed by American control of the customs until they are paid off. American collection of the customs is thus authorized beyond the expiration of the treaty in 1936.

First and last, therefore, this railroad will cost the Haitians well over $8,000,000. One of the interesting features of the situation is that had the American Financial Adviser acted promptly, the Government might have retired the issue for less than a million. In 1920 the bonds of the railway had fallen to around 55—in francs—on the Paris Bourse. Due to the depreciation of the franc, it would have been possible to buy up some of these bonds for as low as 27, and the value of the entire issue at this rate would have been a little more than $700,000. When it is remembered that the accrued interest alone was by that time approximately twice this figure, the possible saving in interest and in principal is evident. But the opportunity was neglected.

Who then did buy the bonds? It is generally understood that the National City Bank now owns from two-thirds to three-quarters of the issue. The bank, however,

[2a] For the text of this cable see *Foreign Relations*, 1914, p. 346.

[3] Article XI, "Treaty Between the United States and Haiti. Finances, Economic Development and Tranquillity of Haiti. Treaty Series No. 623" (Washington).

[4] "Protocol Between the United States and Haiti. Establishment of a Claims Commission. Washington (1919). Treaty Series No. 643."

[5] *Ibid.*, Article III.

[6] For the records of the receivership see files of Federal Court in New York City. De Acosta v. Compagnie Nationale des Chemins de Fer d'Haïti. In Equity No E—18—196. See especially amended order July 7, 1924.

[7] New York *Times*, July 20, 1924.

[8] *Ibid.*, p. 13.

[9] For the details of this agreement see "Annual Report of the Financial Adviser—General Receiver of Haiti for the Fiscal Year October, 1923-September, 1924," pp. 85-89.

declares that it did not buy such bonds as it holds directly in the Paris market but instead obtained them as collateral for a debt due to them but unpaid. From whom the bonds were taken and what they cost the National City Bank I do not know. It is certain, however, that someone made a large profit upon the transaction. The cost of the bonds, assuming that they constitute 70 per cent of the issue, could scarcely have been more than $600,000 or $700,000, even allowing for an increase in price resulting from bidding them in. The accrued back interest permanently retained would amount to not less than $950,000, while the exchange for Haitian bonds at $75 would mean an added capital gain of $1,850,000. Unknown individuals or the National City Bank, or both, seem to have made more than $2,000,000 on the series of transactions.

The American occupation of Haiti has performed some real services in building roads, reducing disease, collecting the revenues honestly, and in putting down robber bands. But this use of military power to force the Haitians to accept a contract conceived in sin and begotten in iniquity, the ultimate effect of which has been to give a large profit to American interests, cannot be excused. The Haitians can hardly be blamed if they are somewhat cynical when our Government talks about the "sanctity of contracts."

Pilsudski's Militarism

By LOUIS FISCHER

Warsaw, December 1, 1926

PILSUDSKI does things by halves. He is a dictator in fact but not by nature, and after the bloody events of the May putsch—which some Poles delight in calling a "revolution"—he failed to follow up the advantages which his control of the army and his popularity as the symbol of Polish independence gave him. As in the 1920 war with the Bolsheviks his initial success was brilliant and spectacular. The total, however, is zero. Pilsudski's role in history was finished when he and his adherents achieved Polish republican independence. He is no politician and less of an economist; most of the Marshal's activities since 1919 may be marked on the debit side of the ledger; disillusionment, dashed hopes, loss of prestige.

Three hundred men dead on the streets of Warsaw. What has Poland got for it? Even Pilsudski's ardent disciples find it hard to answer this question. To be sure, the Marshal was born under a lucky star, and this time the British coal strike has saved his regime from dismal bankruptcy. Heavy exports of coal to England and to England's customers have temporarily fortified the zloty. The severe economic crisis which from December, 1925, to last May paved the way for Pilsudski's coup has been sugar-coated—not liquidated by sackfuls of pounds in payment for shipfuls of coal. Nevertheless, the so-called Radical Peasant Party, the Polish Party of Socialists (less socialistic even than the German Social Democrats), the Jews, and the Germans, all of whom supported him in May, are disgusted with him for what he has and has not done. His return from voluntary exile to active politics raised high hopes in practically the entire nation. Now, after six months, many persons realize that their hopes are forlorn.

Today Pilsudski is coquetting with the monarchists. Will he take the crown? It is doubtful. He does not go the whole way. Yet he is so temperamental and unaccountable that no one would venture a prophecy. The leading royalist publicist in Poland said to me, "Now we have what we have not had hitherto—a candidate." He meant Pilsudski. It was a day after the celebrated monarchist conclave in Nieswiec, the family seat of the Radziwills, where the premier met four hundred of the richest, most influential landowners of the country. They offered their support and Pilsudski accepted it. He is convinced that he needs such aid to combat the National Democratic industrialists, his staunchest foes. To the extent that it will weaken this bold, quasi-Fascist Opposition, the Pact of Nieswiec was a clever move, yet it may ultimately force him to create and fill the post of Regent and to become a Horthy-like seat-warmer for a future king. It may, moreover, alienate completely the peasants and socialists who are growing more distrustful and disgruntled daily but who are, notwithstanding, his faithful following still.

Pilsudski has no program. His present policy is to ride as many horses as possible, and his cabinet is therefore a queer menagerie of monarchists, socialists, peasant exploiters, and exploited peasants all held together by personal allegiance to the Marshal. He could, by a concession or even a mere gesture, regain the confidence of the Left, which he is fast losing. The workers, like the Socialists, are more nationalistic than socialistic, and Pilsudski is their idol. Every hour, however, makes the prospect of a Left orientation less likely. Pilsudski is heading straight toward reaction, and already the Socialist Party is demanding the resignation of one of its members from the cabinet.

Pilsudski has robbed the Seym of even apparent power. He has browbeaten and humiliated it, and held up a mirror to show it its anemia. Had he offered a substitute for this hollow parliamentary form he might have been allowed to murder the Diet with impunity. Nobody considers it really important. As it is, his methods have only aroused resentment. He has dragged parliament in the dust. Yet he does not dare dissolve it. He stops half-way.

Pilsudski, above all, is a soldier and the army is his pet. The other afternoon I went into a stationery shop on the Marshalkovska to buy some picture post cards. In a mixture of German and Russian I made the salesman understand my question as to whether conditions were any better since Pilsudski. "No," was the decided reply. "All the money," he said pointing to his cash register, "to army. The Marshal has an *idée fixe*," he continued, tapping his temple. "Military, military, like Wilhelm." The 1927 budget provides for an expenditure of 622,000,000 zlotys by the Ministry of War, exclusive of pensions, out of a total fiscal outlay of 1,896,000,000 zlotys. But in reality the Government spends more than 33 per cent of the annual budget for military preparations. An extremely pro-Polish member of the diplomatic corps put it at 40 per cent, and a minister in Warsaw of a Western European Power estimated between 40 and 45 per cent. An official in the Polish Foreign Office admitted that certain army expenses were often debited to

other departments, and it is an open secret that the frontier guard of 19,000 men is maintained by the Ministry of Interior, while the Ministry of Communications pays many troop transport bills and the Ministry of Education for a few officers' training schools. A poor peasant country, Poland must bear the burden of from 250,000 to 315,000 unproductive citizens in the army.

When I complained to Poles—and to the American Minister—about the huge costs of armaments, they resorted to a map and showed the long, unnatural border with Russia on the one hand and with Germany on the other. Under these circumstances, one hears from every mouth, we must maintain a large standing army and be ever on the qui vive. This military force, however, is bleeding the nation white. When invited by the Warsaw Government several years ago to advise it on financial problems, Hilton Young declared that Poland had to choose between defenselessness against Russia and Germany and bankruptcy. Pilsudski apparently prefers the latter alternative.

There is a third possibility which did not occur to the British expert: an agreement with Russia and Germany. But until recently, at least, Poland could pursue no independent foreign policy. With respect to Germany she was a vassal of France; with respect to Russia she was a buffer against Bolshevism. Locarno, and more especially Thoiry, changed the factors in the situation. If Warsaw had had its way there would have been no Locarno without a German guaranty of the Polish-German frontier. Stresemann flatly refused, Briand was conciliatory, and Poland received a sop in the form of a promise of League Council membership. Thoiry deepened Poland's disappointment over the French attitude, and the wires between London and Warsaw grew busier.

There was no money to be borrowed in Paris. But negotiations for a Polish loan were opened in the British capital. One of the Polish financiers who took a leading part in them tells me that the English demanded a veto over all Polish expenditures and a commissioner to control all Polish fiscal affairs. In view of the tendency of the Poles to sink half their funds in armaments, in view, moreover, of the officially admitted corruption of the Polish state apparatus, the men in the City can scarcely be censured for insisting on such guaranties. On the other hand, however, it must be clear that though the Polish bankers and economists favored the acceptance of these onerous terms, no politician who cared for his career could afford to sign his name to them.

After the failure of these loan negotiations, Poland stabilized her currency without foreign aid, and she accordingly supposed that with such a recommendation the door to Wall Street would be wide open. But America was not to be persuaded. In the first place, the $35,000,000 loan floated in 1924 by Dillon, Reed and Company, the Polish Government's banker, is now selling below the original market price, and that despite the very strenuous efforts of the issuing house to keep the bonds from falling. A further issue would weaken the first. In the second place, England and Germany are opposed to direct United States financial assistance for Poland, and England is Uncle Sam's intermediary for a great deal of banking business in Europe, while American money magnates are inclined to listen to German opinion because they have sunk so many hundreds of millions in Germany. The visits of Professor Kemmerer of Princeton and of Harding of the Boston Federal Reserve Bank notwithstanding, therefore—and these trips were frankly engineered with an eye to borrowing—Polish foreign loans, if there are to be any, must come from London or, incredible though it sounds, from Berlin.

Poland must import capital if she does not wish to remain an undeveloped agricultural country with a low standard of living. "Poland," mourns the official English-language monthly, the *Polish Economist*, "has been given the task to defend the capitalist structure [against Russia] without herself having capital with which to work." Too true. But the conditions under which outside aid can be obtained are too exacting. Pilsudski consequently seems disposed to reject foreign control, to pursue a foreign policy which is neither French-dictated nor English-dictated, and to depend on his army in the expectation that sooner or later London or New York will be persuaded to make greater concessions.

Meanwhile the feeling against Germany is even more bitter than the hatred for the Soviet Union. Germany is blamed for interfering with the loan. There are serious territorial differences with Germany but none with Russia. And then Poland and Germany have, since June, 1925, been engaged in commercial war which has been doing far more harm to the Poles than to the Germans. Negotiations looking to the cessation of hostilities and the conclusion of a trade agreement have been in progress for many months but little has been achieved. Yet the matter is of extreme importance because as long as the trade relations between the two countries are in their present inchoate state, Polish economic affairs and Poland's foreign policy defy satisfactory regulation. To complicate things still further Poincaré now insists on a German guaranty of the Polish-German boundary as a condition of the Franco-German rapprochement.

A new element contributing toward a German commercial settlement is Pilsudski's league with the royalist landowners. They are heavy exporters to Germany and have always been pro-German. The Marshal's announced intention of confiding three prominent diplomatic posts—Bucharest, Berlin, and Washington—to titled leaders of the monarchist movement indicates that he has promised to pay in foreign policy currency for their support at home, and increases the likelihood of an early settlement of the Polish-German trade dispute. But since the Germans are ready neither to renounce the Corridor—though they allow that Posen is predominantly Polish—nor to antagonize Moscow, a political peace still appears far off. In the West, then, natural causes, German foreign policy, German internal politics, and the Polish fear psychosis militate against the elimination of friction between the two countries. And this difficulty, together with that of the German railway obligations, may postpone Franco-German friendship. Briand at Thoiry was reconciled to throwing Poland to the dogs or to the British; Poincaré wants a satellite and a guard in the East against Germany. But he must pay for it and cannot. The situation, in other words, is in flux and depends, to some extent, on Poland's relations with Soviet Russia.

The Baltic countries and England have hitherto kept Russia and Poland apart. Now there is another factor: Pilsudski's enmity for the National Democratic industrialists and his consequent disinclination to strengthen his worst opponents by finding a market for their goods in Russia. The Premier, moreover, is a rabid anti-Bolshevik be-

sides being an advocate of a peasant Poland. Everything, it would seem, contributes to make an agreement with Moscow quite remote, yet a pact is under discussion at this moment. These discussions were forced upon Warsaw by the Soviet-Lithuanian non-aggression treaty. It is a fact that this innocent accord between the largest and the weakest state in Europe, signed in September, is probably Chicherin's greatest diplomatic triumph in the last two years.

The Poles, egged on by Britain, and wishing to become the big Eastern Power, a year ago proposed a Baltic Locarno to Russia in which Poland would figure as the protector of Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, and perhaps Lithuania. The purpose was obvious—an iron ring around the Soviet Union which Rumania, as the ally of Poland, would complete. German diplomats have explained to me that this bloc was aimed as much against them as against Russia, and certainly the mutual desire to break it created a warm field of sympathy between Berlin and Moscow. The Lithuanian treaty, which a Polish statesman attributed to the pen of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German Ambassador in Moscow, drives a wedge between Poland and the other Baltic states, and it is significant but not surprising that its immediate result has been suggestions from Latvia and Finland to Russia to commence pourparlers for separate treaties. This is one of the worst defeats which England's and Poland's anti-Russian policy has suffered. Poland, too, is now forced to accept as a basis for discussion a draft pact submitted to Foreign Minister Zalesky by Voikov, the Soviet Minister in Warsaw. The draft was given to Zalesky before the Lithuanian treaty was signed. Then he pigeonholed it, and announced the fact to the press. Now he has had to resurrect it.

The proposed pact contains one significant article which provides, in effect, that if Poland is attacked by a third party Russia remains neutral, and, vice versa, Poland remains neutral if Russia is attacked. In conversation with me Zalesky admitted that by implication Poland was free under this paragraph to march to the assistance of the Baltic states should the Soviet Union attack them, which is all that Poland can demand if she is really interested only in the welfare of her tiny neighbors.

Poland needs this treaty with Russia. Polish industries were designed for the Russian market and they are languishing because it is closed to them. Russia is the keynote to Poland's rehabilitation. "The moment Russia gets foreign capital," Felix Mlynarsky, vice-president of the Bank of Poland, said to me a fortnight ago, "and can buy more goods, Poland's problem is solved." This much is beyond a doubt: the passive trade balance inevitably resulting from a Polish commercial agreement with Germany can only be made active by large exports of manufactured goods to Russia. Yet everywhere in Warsaw one finds people saying, "We have the Riga peace treaty of 1921 with Russia. Why write another?" These men, refusing to recognize that business is impossible before political obstructions are removed, advocate nothing more than a trade agreement. And then Dolozal, Assistant-Minister of Industry and Trade, argues that Poland can deal with Russia as heretofore, that is, without even a trade agreement, a moment after he had drawn from his desk statistics proving that Poland's trade with Russia totaled 19,000,000 gold francs last year as against 1,500,000,000 gold francs before the war.

Time and an improvement in Anglo-Russian relations may help to beat down such resistance to an understanding with the Soviets. Meanwhile it is becoming increasingly clear to a large number of Poles that a country so weak economically as Poland and so much rent by internal political dissensions and by recalcitrant minorities must stop quarreling with its neighbors before foreign investors will feel justified in putting their money into it; and the outstanding obstacle is Pilsudski's militarism.

These Modern Women

Poet Out of Pioneer

ANONYMOUS

[*This is the sixth of a series of anonymous articles, giving the personal backgrounds of women with a modern point of view. The next will appear in* The Nation *for February 2. Later, psychologists will analyze the modern woman's rebellion disclosed in this series.*]

MY mother and father were the two most remarkable young people in a very small Western town: my mother, a pioneer extravert, a hard-working, high-handed, generous, and handsome girl. She never set limits to what she could do. She believed in miracles made by her own hands. When my father came, she was in rebellion against small-town sterility, determined to go to college and become, not a raw country girl with the limit of grammar-school learning but a cultured Christian gentlewoman, who could paint, sing, write, and testify to God's glory. My father had come West from Missouri for his health. He looked like Abraham Lincoln, but delicate and Quixotic. My mother's strength fascinated him and, I suppose, scared him to death. Church and school linked them—he, the principal of the grammar school; in a crude community, a man of learning (six months in a church college); the superintendent of the Sunday school and leader of Christian Endeavor. She was his first-grade teacher and a very good one. Not for nothing had she been mother to eleven brothers and sisters on the old ranch. She ran her schoolroom with an energy that was electric. Children were happy with her. She furnished them a firm foundation.

My father, of course, felt the charge of vitality. They married and for two years lived in a state of enforced chastity, I suppose, determined to save money and go to college. They saved $2,000 and were departing for a higher life when my uncle, my father's brother, came penniless from the East and married a shrew. My father loved my uncle with an unnatural simplicity. Brother John and the shrew wanted the two thousand to buy an apple-farm. My mother

saw an older love in my tender father about to swamp her ambitions. In this emotional tangle I was conceived and it was I, finally, not my father or my uncle, who defeated my mother. The money went of course to John, college plunged into inaccessibility, and my mother was in the usual trap and, I am sure, as bitter as any modern woman about it.

Suddenly came a chance to go to a tropic country—another way out. Romanticists they both were, although they called themselves missionaries. And so when I was still a baby my mother gave the rest of her possessions to my uncle, packed up me and her baffled desires, and set off with her Shelleyesque husband to the heathen. The story is a complicated one; I shall follow only the trends of the two temperaments. My mother, with ultimately three children and a passive husband, still had her old ambitions in this new land. But with us she did not encourage the freedom she gave her little school-children. At home she was a major domo. The family became a highly efficient organization—it had to be, when she gave most of her day to teaching. Although she took care of us all, there was never any ease or leisure; we were not permitted happiness. In the public school and the missionary chapel these two labored, giving their crowded time free for Jesus. My father was the principal, a flexible glove on my mother's strong, stubby hand. She was still his "primary" teacher, his wife, cook, housekeeper, refuge, and intelligence. And so complete was her domination over her man that she expected to mold and use me as she had used him.

But I, of course, began before I can remember silently and consistently to oppose her; to defend my father and to rebel at her steam-roller tactics. I was lonely and excitable. Fairy-tales were denied me—no reading but the Bible—so I made Bible stories into fairy-tales and she found me very difficult about them. She believed in authority. I would not submit to it. She drove me to music lessons and housework—all done to the moral precept: *there is only one right way.* I should have been a musician or a composer; but she blocked the path, hemmed in with her vigilance all creation. Music, made hideous in the guise of duty, I abandoned and took another way out—with words, where no one could give me orders. I dreamed and made fantasies, and soon I lied habitually, to escape her, and went underground in all my desires. I was my father again, but a girl this time, and enough like herself to match her mettle. I had a good childhood in spite of the fact that we lived in a state of nervous tension at home and, as missionaries and school people, in a superior and controlled fashion in public, upholding the just, the good, the true. That was easy because we had the advantage of our less educated native neighbors. My father, as the years went by, became a vague sort of scientist, fleeing away from my mother's pressure. She, passionate and unfulfilled, lived in her three children.

Her objective was this cultural life she had never reached herself, and toward it our faces were always directed. But there was a division in my mother's own mind which she had never faced. Our religion was the religion of the small town, based on a fear of the big world, on a fear of the rational, the progressive, and the huge bugaboo of "Darwinism" and Higher Criticism. And yet however my mother fought against the liberal Congregationalists and the damned Unitarians, and however fanatical was her matter-of-fact mysticism, she wanted her children to live in that intellectual world and, I suppose, to solve, in a Christian fashion, its problem for her.

Twice my father collapsed and was told to his immense relief that he had tuberculosis and that he need no longer inhabit our world. His ailment was undoubtedly psychological. Twice we starved, and adored our mother for her gorgeous strength, and pitied and averted our faces from our father. And then the old theme reentered.

My mother demanded of my now wealthy Uncle John the $2,000 that had made him a comfortable apple-grower, and had kept her in bondage. We lived on canned salmon and rice and wild tomatoes for several months, in a shack where the tropic rains poured on our beds; and John wrote evasively with no inclosures. My father loved him still and would do nothing about it. My mother went as nearly insane with rage as she could permit herself, but only on Saturday mornings, when she could safely compute compound interest on an outlawed loan. The story spins out and out. We returned to the small town in an attempt to collect the two thousand, after a letter from my uncle offering us an old farmhouse near him. There, used as my uncle's hired help and wearing his family's cast-off clothing, we integrated ourselves into the single struggle to exist—without him. At length we returned to our tropics, penniless still, but to decent poverty and our own way of life. And my mother and father took up their teaching where they had begun fourteen years before, in a three-room school on a sugar plantation. This was a little too ironic for my frail father who had just managed to complete before his return to the States a twelve-room modern school for his beloved natives. He fell ill again and again we existed—I teaching in his place to get the $25 a month allotted a substitute.

I was ready for college. On two hundred borrowed dollars we came to a Western university town and there as servants in a boarding-house began again the struggle that included our whole story.

Am I the Christian gentlewoman my mother slaved to make me? No indeed. I am a poet, a wine-bibber, a radical; a non-churchgoer who will no longer sing in the choir or lead prayer-meeting with a testimonial. (Although I will write anonymous confessions for *The Nation.*) That is her story—and her second defeat. She thinks I owed her a Christian gentlewoman, for all she did for me. We quarrel. After I escaped, she snapped shut the iron trap around my brother and sister. That is their story. I do not know if they will ever be free of her. She keeps Eddie Guest on the parlor table beside the books I have written—a silent protest against me. She is not pleased.

I cannot pretend to be entirely frank in telling the story that results from this story; or to apply to it any such perspective. Let my daughter tell it later on. She will see outlines I cannot.

I think I have not been as wasted as my mother was—or as wasteful. I have made worse mistakes, which might have been more fatal than hers and yet have not been, at least for me. My chief improvement on her past was the man I chose to marry. I did not want a one-way street of a marriage, like hers. I married a poet and novelist, gifted and difficult, who refused defeat as often as I did. Hard as it is to live with an equal, it is at least not degrading. We have starved, too; struggled as hard as ever my folks did. But the struggle has not been empty; I have no grudges. Intellectually as well as emotionally my husband had as much to give that was new and strange as I had. In marriage I learned, rather tardily, the profound truth that contradicts Jesus when he said, "Bear ye one another's bur-

dens." I am a better person when I bear my own burdens. I am happiest with people who can bear their own, too. I remember my mother's weariness and contempt for a man who could never take up her challenges. Seven years with a real person is better than her thirty with a helpless, newspaper-reading gentleman.

The pioneer woman was a dynamo—and her man nearly always ran out on her. From the bitterness in such women many of us were born. Where was her mate? Did she destroy him? Did he hate her for her strength? Was he weaker because she was strong? Where is the equilibrium, anyway? I do not know, for sure, although I spend much time wondering.

Marriage is the only profound human experience; all other human angles are its mere rehearsal. Like every one else I have wanted it. And yet having it, it is not all I want. It is more often, I think, a final experience than a way of life. But I am a poet—love and mutual living are not nearly enough. It is better to work hard than to be married hard. If, at the beginning of middle age, we have not learned some of the perils of the soul, in this double-selved life, we are pure fools. Self-sufficiency is a myth, of course, but after thirty, if one is a serious-minded egoist (i.e., artist) it becomes more and more necessary. And I think it can be approximated.

Lucinda Matlock, in the "Spoon River Anthology," says:

We were married and lived together for seventy years,
Enjoying, working, raising the twelve children,
Eight of whom we lost,
Ere I had reached the age of sixty.
I spun, I wove, I kept the house, I nursed the sick,
Rambling over the fields where sang the larks,
And by Spoon River gathering many a shell,
And many a flower and medicinal weed,
Shouting to the wooded hills, singing to the green valleys.
At ninety-six I had lived enough, that is all,
And passed to a sweet repose.
What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness,
Anger, discontent, and drooping hopes?
Degenerate sons and daughters,
Life is too strong for you—
It takes life to love Life.

My mother was not this woman, nor am I, but we are both some way kin to her.

Smith in 1928?

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, January 8

IT is generally predicted that the Democratic Party is headed in 1928 for another convention battle that will make that of 1924 look like a tea party. There may be a way of averting it, but no one in Washington can tell you what it is. Of course it is almost incredible that the minority party, broke, in debt, destitute of leadership, devoid of issues, and still dazed from its last and worst defeat, should be all set for another fierce internal conflict certain to leave it unarmed and impotent before its ancient enemy, whose smug and pudgy personality ought to provide a shining mark. Yet such seems to be the fact.

All the rules of politics, the dictates of common sense, the pressure of the workers for the jobs, the lessons of the past—these things ought to be enough to compel unity, but they are not enough. The history of the past seventy years shows that whenever there appears in the stream of politics a large, jagged rock the Democratic Party hits it harder, more enthusiastically, and more directly than any other, splitting so widely that the well-known adage about the lust for power being stronger than the pull of principle apparently ceases to apply. Outside the breastworks the factions fight with a fury that to those whose eyes are not filled with blood is obviously destructive of election chances. It was that way on the slavery issue, again on the silver issue, and now on the liquor issue. After each split the party suffers a long series of electoral disasters that make its actual survival as a national agency more or less miraculous. In 1920 the great adverse majority was due to the reaction against Wilson and other things, but in 1924 it was due to the convention feud between the Dry forces of the West and South and the Wet forces of the East, with considerable religious feeling between Protestant and Catholic thrown in to increase the bitterness. The nomination of a compromise candidate of the highest character did not avert the disaster. On the contrary, it seemed to increase its size.

And now, looking toward 1928, there is not a single clear-headed Democrat in Congress or in the country who sees anything save another bruising contest between irreconcilable factions. Every sign confirms this view. No one sees any way to avoid it. Many think it will be worse than the last. The outstanding and logical candidate is a Wet, the bulk of the States will be Dry. The two-thirds rule cannot be waived or abrogated. On the other hand, while there is among the Republicans certain disaffection and trouble, the indications are that in the next convention, as in the past, they will be successful in soft-pedaling the dangerous issue, taking as usual the Dry side without driving the wild Wets away.

Of course what enables them to play that game successfully is the inevitable and increasingly bitter Democratic split plus the Dry strength that has so far prevented the logical and natural division between the parties on the liquor issue. In view of these conceded facts, together with recent party leadership and history, it would be ridiculous to call the Democratic outlook for the next national campaign bright. Yet there is no lack of candidates among the Democrats; no lack of men who believe, in spite of the prospects, the nomination is worth having and want it.

It is strange, but it is so. Of course, as the well-known Munyon was wont to say, there is always hope. The Republican candidate might go crazy, or the Republican convention develop courage, or some new note be struck that would swing the pendulum back toward the Democracy. But it will be conceded that all of these are remote contingencies. The one thing that keeps interest and discussion of the Democratic situation from being purely academic on the outside and extremely comic on the inside of that party is the candidacy of Governor Smith. Should

he—a Catholic and a Wet, four times Governor of New York, and concededly the outstanding Democrat in the country—should he be nominated, then all the basis for political prophecy and calculation disappears. It would be an utterly new sort of campaign. It might easily be one of tremendous and unprecedented bitterness, ending in final and irretrievable disaster. On the other hand, the remarkable personality, character, and record of this man, the saltiness of his language, his gift for trenchant expression, his knowledge of the way to the hearts of the people, plus the growing sentiment against the Volstead Act might conceivably upset all the political dope, confound the bigots, and sweep him and his party into power. It is possible to find in Washington so-called Democratic leaders to support both of these views with equal emphasis. Two things, however, stand out here in connection with this Democratic situation. One is that the most astute Republican politicians are unanimously convinced of Smith's nomination notwithstanding the plausible statistical arguments of certain professional political analysists that no Wet can be named and of the raucous cries of Mr. McAdoo's newspaper friends in one or two Southern States. The other is the number of Dry Democrats from the South in Congress who, while publicly compelled to oppose Smith or any Wet, at heart want to see him win and privately say so. Two years ago these men were against him privately as well as publicly.

It may be interesting to note that recently on an inside page and in a most inconspicuous way the fact was mentioned in the New York *Times* that Thomas L. Chadbourne and Bernard M. Baruch would not be with Mr. McAdoo in the next fight. Chadbourne, it was said, is definitely for Smith. The article did not locate Baruch beyond saying that he is not with McAdoo. This will be interesting to a number of Democratic Senators who seem not to have seen it. So far as Chadbourne is concerned it will not mean much to them except as indicating that Mr. McAdoo has lost an angel. The only way Mr. Chadbourne figures in politics is as an intermittent and not over-liberal contributor. What he does is of small concern. But with Mr. Baruch it is different. What he does is of considerable concern to quite a few minority Senators. They like to keep in sympathetic touch and pleasant accord with him. To most of these it will be a relief to know that he is not going down the line with Mr. McAdoo again. It will be a greater relief when they know with whom he is really going to play. Probably he doesn't yet know himself.

In the Driftway

THE only concern which the Drifter has in regard to the telephone service to London at $75 a call is a fear that he may return from lunch some day to find a memorandum on his desk which reads: "The Duke of Eastumberland phoned you—says you're to call him back." The Drifter will call him more than that.

* * * * *

ONE hundred American clergymen have issued a manifesto in which they describe our civilization as "the best the world has ever known." Yes—it always has been.

* * * * *

MUCH as the Drifter regrets to find himself indifferent to any worthy cause, he has been unable to work up any passion thus far against "poisoned alcohol" or in behalf of the downtrodden proprietors of New York City's night clubs, who, according to a new edict, must close their doors just as business is fairly beginning, at 3 a. m. So far as the Volstead act goes, the Drifter can either break it or leave it alone. He has no quarrel with any little group of serious drinkers that wants to go on stowing away the best that it can get hold of. He suspects that law is merely faulty human opinion, that none of it has been handed down from heaven on tablets of stone, and that it is far from the most sacred thing in the world. Yet at the same time it seems like straining a point for anybody to ask a government to guarantee him against unfortunate consequences from violating its statutes. It would be almost as reasonable if murderers were to insist that the government hang them with a noose so soft and elastic that it could by no possibility break their necks or spoil their appetite for lunch.

* * * * *

AS to night clubs, the Drifter has not recently been able to get up early enough to visit one, although when a boy on a farm he might have run in for a moment just before milking time had there been such a resort handy. He doesn't recall that there was. In general, the Drifter has scant sympathy with anyone who isn't ready to go home to bed at 3 a. m. Everybody ought to get up sometime, and it is hard to see how it can be done if one never goes to bed. Anyhow, for those who have no home, or for married men who are afraid to go to theirs at 3 a. m., there are the all-night lunch rooms and the six-day bicycle race.

* * * * *

IN fact the Drifter would like to see this curfew idea carried further. He would advocate an ordinance requiring that all after-the-theater supper parties be held before 8 p. m. Upon emerging from a theater where the play has put one almost completely to sleep there are few more unpleasant sensations than to have the Life of the Party shout boisterously to the stilly night: "What say we go some place and have a bite to eat?" And there's always some liar and idiot to respond: "Why how nice that would be!" Besides, when the Drifter has invited guests to attend the theater in the hope of squaring social accounts for the next six months, it is annoying to be put again on the debit side by having them lug him off and fill him with food and drink he doesn't want. In the days before prohibition, when one was invited in a saloon to take a drink which he didn't care for, it used to be possible to reply: "Thank you, I'll take a cigar instead." Often the Drifter, when urged to go to an after-the-theater supper party, is tempted to respond: "If it's all the same to you, Old Man, I'll take a bed."

* * * * *

NOR would the Drifter stop there. He would extend the curfew law to compel all private parties to adjourn at midnight. This would be welcomed by most of the guests and all of the hosts. The trouble now is that no guest wants to make the first move for fear he'll be thought a sissie or a killjoy, and no host can turn out the lights and go to bed without seeming inhospitable. These views may be disputed by a few die-hards falling to sleep in each other's arms at the fag end of a late party, but they are the unanimous verdict of all whom the Drifter has ever encountered, yawning and red-eyed, on the morning after. But the morning after is an engagement which the Drifter, with all his subterfuges, has never been able to escape. Possibly he is in its grip now. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The New Generation: Better than the Old?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Abbott, in *The Nation* for December 8, stated the exact truth as I see it and experience it in my contacts with the boys of today. In a recent article on the liquor situation in our schools and colleges published in *Harper's* I suggested some of my own personal convictions as to the reasons why there is less drinking among our school and college boys than formerly. I had in mind their idealism, which is seemingly so much higher than that of the older generation. Mr. Martin in *Life* rather sneeringly refers to this as "dry declamation." But any headmaster can relate numerous experiences to support this contention, and, so far as I know, all my personal friends in this profession share the views which Dr. Abbott and I hold.

One point I think should be emphasized as supplementary to what Dr. Abbott has said in this article. While we are confident of the high idealism of the boys of today and of their effort to find a better life and attain a higher goal, the everlasting and selfish hammering of an older generation with distinctly lower ideals upon their impressionable minds may eventually thwart them in the attainment of the desired end. I have seen this happen in individual cases, and I am fearful lest the influence may spread. If the older group, which seeks so noisily to support an untenable position and, with a strange and almost gloating selfishness, seems to exult in the mistakes of the youngsters, would leave our boys and girls alone I should have no fears for the future. It is rather significant, and a bit tragic, that high-minded boys today will tell you frankly that they dread far more the temptations which beset them in the vacation periods on their return to their homes than they do those, which used to be considered hard enough, in the swirl of school and college life.

Andover, Mass., December 9 Alfred E. Stearns,
Principal, Phillips Academy

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Abbott's article is good, timely, and he is right in his estimate of modern boyhood.

Hightstown, N. J., December 14 R. W. Swetland,
Headmaster, Peddie School

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To every statement and belief of Mr. Abbott I most respectfully sign my approval and belief. The life of this school expresses, or tries to, something more of the intimate and family relationship between boys and older people than is possible in a school of larger numbers. It is my personal feeling that the growth of larger schools, or the growth of small schools to larger under the demand of the present time, does not offset the impersonal element that would seem to be developing in certain sections of the country because of the breaking down of the intimate everyday life of the home. If boys "need very careful handling, need all the love and affection that a man can give them," then I feel that there is an increasing need for schools where each boy may be known and may be considered as an individual. This, however, is purely a personal opinion based upon a heritage of an old school which began when family life was vital, simple, and more intimate than it would seem to be at the present day.

Washington, Conn., December 12 Hamilton Gibson,
Headmaster, Gunnery School

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I read with great interest Dr. Abbott's address in regard to the present generation of boys. I am in accord with his conclusions and his estimate of the modern boy, though in reaching my own conclusions I might not have followed the same lines. There is an apparent inconsistency between actions and ideals, but this may be explained by the basic reality which I believe characterizes the present generation.

Southborough, Mass., December 13 W. G. Thayer,
Headmaster, St. Mark's School

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with keenest interest and appreciation Dr. Mather Abbott's address before the Rotary Club of Trenton, New Jersey, entitled The New Generation. I wish it might reach the hands, and the minds as well, of everybody.

Pomfret, Conn., December 9 Wm. Beach Olmsted,
Headmaster, Pomfret School

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I think Mr. Abbott has stated the case of the boys of the present era very fairly. They are direct and straightforward, and, on the whole, clean and wholesome. Of course there are exceptions, and there always will be. My observations of boys over a period of twenty-nine years at Morristown encouraged me very much as to their general dependability. The boys who have graduated at Morristown during that period are almost without exception making a creditable contribution to the life and work of their generation; and what more can be asked?

It was my fundamental principle to be simple and direct with boys and to expect the same from them, and I was seldom disappointed. At Morristown they shared directly the responsibility in many phases of the school life, and in this way gained valuable experience for adjusting to the changed conditions of life about them—which they accepted as normal and natural, having known nothing else. And as I have seen the girls, I feel much the same about them. I am entirely an optimist for the future.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., December 15 Arthur P. Butler,
Former Headmaster, Morristown School

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I don't believe the boys of today are any worse than we were; perhaps they are better; but to call them five times as decent, truthful, and manly is, to my thinking, absurd. The difficulty is that they *need* to be five times as decent, truthful, and manly. The fact that I stayed at home and did a good deal of reading when I was sixteen, did not go to the movies or the theater, or on automobile parties was nothing to my credit, because I had no such temptation. The boy of today needs vastly more character and self-control than we did a generation ago.

The old police regulations of religion have gone but I believe that the boy of today is as religious in a true sense as the boy of the last generation. His reasoning is both good and bad. He goes deeper in his questionings and analyses, but he is also able to find reasons for unworthy actions more readily than we could. We discussed things in a way that was wholly unwholesome. Now the girls and boys discuss such things in the open, together. This requires more self-control; and, while it brings disaster in some cases, it has its healthy side.

Of course the boys in my day did not drink while they were at home; but when they went away to school and college they drank many times more than the boys do today. I tremble to think what would have happened to us if we had had the automobile. On the other hand, when a boy drinks today he does it with a new defiance, which has its own results.

The long and short of it is that I regard the modern boy as rather better than the boy of my day, but I am greatly concerned for him because he needs to be many times better than we needed to be. Another Headmaster

Somewhere in New England, December 8

Books, Music, Plays

Poems

By CLINCH CALKINS

Come Tired Young Women

Come tired young women,
The first snow is falling,
This is the enfolding season.
Wrap yourselves away from the exhausting earth.

In spring earth must sow,
And small rest in spring's passionate sleeping,
And in summer she tills and in fall pays her wages in weeping.

Come tired young women,
The first snow is falling.
In the first falling snow wrap yourselves away.

The Arms of Grief

The arms of Grief are very strong,
His vigor swift, his passion long.
A woman tired in heart and limb
Should not lie down to rest with him.

First Glance

WHEN Frank Moore Colby died not long ago I was one of many who were told by his friends that I should have been better acquainted with his essays than I was. Having now read "The Colby Essays," two volumes which by their editor, Clarence Day, Jr. (Harper: $7.50), are said to contain the best of Colby, I am acutely aware how much I missed; and indeed it is difficult to understand how anyone who cared for good writing could have missed these things. But I understand why it was that Colby never achieved popularity. Though he liked to defend the people against highbrows and reformers, he meant by "the people" himself and a few other persons whom he knew well; he was not given to expressing opinions about things he could study only at second hand. And anyhow it was the highbrows and reformers he talked about—arguing from the way they wrote that they could hardly possess more information than they showed sense. Could the man on the street, either, have got much satisfaction out of this typical conclusion to an essay called The Reading Public? "Taking people as they are, considering whom they marry, and what they eat and how they live and what they say and how they say it, we must in common sense conclude that their literary taste is the least thing that is the matter with them."

Colby seems not to have cared a rap how many readers he got, or whether they agreed with him. "It is pleasant to argue," he said, "but hideous to convince." He retired with his wit into a cool, private corner where he quietly amused himself by annotating the bosh that others wrote. Like his junior Mr. Mencken, whom evidently he liked, he had "something of a collector's mania" for specimens of editorial asininity. He regularly clipped and preserved the solemn paragraphs he found in British journals of opinion, and he was not without occupation, of course, as he went through periodicals nearer home. It is hard to determine whether he despised a certain kind of editor, and a certain kind of writer on "big" themes having to do with Women and Morals and the Public Taste, less or more than he despised senators and college presidents. But at any rate it was the utterances of these scribes that gave him his cues; he might never have written had not his contemporaries written badly. He saved his wrath particularly—and yet wrath is not the word for this man whose tongue cut so coldly—for "collapsible opinions, that is to say, those large, ownerless public thoughts which almost any one will display on a public occasion, but which deflate instantly in solitude or in the comparative candor of private conversation." He always found the right word for those responsible journalists who handle human society as if it were "the tenderest of little potted flowers, watered by weekly or monthly tears, surviving by a miracle during the intervals of magazine publication." He was far from denying the imperfections of the world, but these were summed up for him in the cheapness which he found to be characteristic of human nature generally. So he will not be popular. Though he never said an untrue thing, and though he always expressed himself with a forthright felicity, he never hoped for what can never happen. He never hoped, for instance, that most of the magazines in the world would see that they had nothing to talk about and cease tomorrow.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Compendium of Imperialism

Imperialism and World Politics. By Parker Thomas Moon. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

SO much has been talked and written about imperialism in recent years that it is strange to find in the English language no adequate and comprehensive treatment of the subject until the appearance of this work by Professor Moon. The competitive acquisition, through force, diplomacy, peaceful penetration, purchase, and other methods, of colonies, protectorates, and other landed properties, by most of the Great Powers, and some little ones, has visibly or secretly underlain the activities of modern nations in all their dealings with one another. On this account Professor Moon has rendered a great, indeed an indispensable service to students of world history and politics.

Though modern imperialism, as a creed or an enthusiasm, may be said to have organized in the fertile breast of Benjamin Disraeli, empire-making in planless detail had long been going on. The fully conscious competitive process began, however, in the eighties, when France and Germany became aware of the huge lead which Great Britain had obtained in all quarters of the globe, and when the economic pressures for foreign trade, investments, and development of backward countries became urgent motives of national economy. The struggle for the exploitation of the Congo Basin and East Africa in the eighties marked more clearly the new consciousness of the meaning of empire and the discords it created among the competing governments. Professor Moon, after some preliminary analysis of origins and motives, takes us on a great world tour, which begins with "the five Africas," proceeds to the Turkish and other provinces of the Near East, then treats of the Anglo-Russian rivalry in the Middle East, and after an illuminating

chapter on India under British occupation passes to the struggle of the Western Powers and of Japan for concessions in the Far East. A keen analysis of United States policy in Central and South America follows, and a chapter upon the "Mandates" throws light upon the new professions of what may be called inter-imperialism.

There are three great merits in this book. First, it presents a full and well-documented history of the imperialist processes. Second, it gives a geographical and populational survey of the part played by the several imperialist Powers, accompanied by reliable statistics and maps. Third, it discusses in a keenly appreciative manner the causes and effects of imperialism from the standpoint of the imperialist and the subject peoples. With conspicuous success the author exhibits the close and continuous interplay of business and politics, in particular the submissive way in which governments have used their diplomatic and armed power to promote the profitable schemes of traders and financiers. But Professor Moon well appreciates the complexity of motives which operate in imperialism—disinterested religious and philanthropic enthusiasms hobnobbing with patriotism, profiteering, and buccaneering in a Livingstone, a Rhodes, or a Roosevelt. He rightly assigns the determinant role in most modern instances to the organized national or international groups of exporters, importers, bankers, and shipowners who know what they want and mean to get it. The whole gamut of imperialist tones and undertones from "spheres of interest," "influence," and "hinterlands" to "protectorate" and "colony" is subjected to a nice study. The whole treatment is conducted in a calm, scientific spirit, and forms a most important contribution to a larger understanding of national and international politics. J. A. Hobson

The Fame of Anatole France

Anatole France: The Degeneration of a Great Artist. By Barry Cerf. The Dial Press. $4.

Rambles with Anatole France. By Sandor Kemeri. J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

THE fame of Anatole France is obviously open to an attack, but hardly to one of the sort which Mr. Cerf launches against him. The unorthodox character of France's moral philosophy was surely patent enough to render unnecessary even the elucidation which it received at the beginning of his career, and at this late date it is scarcely effective to label him a sensualist and a cynic. His fame was the fame of an artist, won in the teeth of moral opposition, and it is not likely that those who were impotent against him then should triumph now. If he failed it was only as an artist that he failed, and it is not as an artist primarily that Mr. Cerf assails him.

He does indeed point out that France was capable of a sentimentality which ill accords with his explicit philosophy and that he never took the trouble to think his way through the monstrous inconsistency involved in combining socialistic enthusiasm with a pessimistic insistence upon the impossibilty of human improvement; but the center of Mr. Cerf's argument is always moral. Anatole France, we are informed, was a skeptic too indolent to seek the truth; a voluptuary "who knew women not as mothers but as instruments to allay sensual passion"; and a writer whose doctrine "withers the stock from which charactor springs." He failed to perceive that stoicism and Christianity are "two of the most adequate approaches to virtue yet devised by man"; he sought knowledge for amusement rather than improvement; and he did nothing to promote "the establishment in the world of sound ethical principles, which every man must abide by, on pain of being ostracized as unsocial." He was, in a word, Anatole France.

Yet surely that is exactly what, as an artist, it was his right—even his duty—to be. Even when the world shall have got a great deal closer than now it is to "the establishment of sound ethical principles" cynicism and sensuality will still be the dominant notes in one possible reaction to life, and hence also in one of the possible moods of art, whose glory it is to be as infinitely varied as mankind. If he failed, he failed not because he was a sensualist and a cynic but because the indolence which accompanied his sensuality and his cynicism kept him aloof from the hurly-burly of his times and forbade him the effort to express his conviction in forms which should have a contemporary validity; because he was content to remain a contemporary of Petronius and of Voltaire, speaking their language and seldom straying far from the world of their ideas, in spite of the fact that the modern world has its forms of cynicism and sensuality which a great cynic and a great sensualist might find. His works too obviously resembled other classics ever to become classics in their turn, and that is the worst than can be said of them.

Nor is misdirection the only flaw in Mr. Cerf's extended study. Whoever would attack Anatole France with any prospect of success must write almost as well in his own way as France does in his, and this the present author fails lamentably to do anywhere in the course of his labored and repetitious analysis. With laudable zeal he undertakes, for example, to prove how pernicious is the dictum (borrowed by France from Montaigne) that "to die for an ideal is to attach a very high price to conjectures"; but here as everywhere one's sympathy goes instinctively out to so gaudy a butterfly upon so ponderous a wheel. "There is a certain impertinence in letting oneself be burned for an opinion," adds Anatole France, and the dazzling effect of the simple statement remains undimmed by all the solemn reproof which follows. Any destructive criticism is foredoomed to failure where the quotations stand out, as here they do, like green oases in an arid desert. Perhaps M. Cerf is righter than Anatole France, but at least he is no match for him.

After "Madame" had died in 1910 Mme George Bölöni, a Hungarian woman who wrote under the name of Sandor Kemeri, came to take the dictation of Anatole France and to act also as his companion. For him she entertained a romantic adoration, and from the conversational crumbs which fell to her lot her book is made. One will not find in it any of the critical insight which has marked several of the somewhat similar volumes of reminiscence which have recently appeared, for the hero-worship of the author is obviously incapable of that; but one will find instead a series of vignettes—France at the Book Shop, France in Rome, and France at lunch with his one-time enemy Rodin—which have a certain charm. At its worst the "Rambles" is inclined to be gushing; at its best it is genuinely entertaining.

Joseph Wood Krutch

Quixotic Platonism

Preface to a Life. By Zona Gale. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

BEAUTY, so stylists used to tell us, is not too rashly to be invoked by name. Instead let the poet describe the beautiful thing. Or better, perhaps, instead of trying to describe the face that launched a thousand ships, let him describe its effect on two old men of Troy, and make a deathless myth of beauty.

But Greece gave us Plato as well as Homer, and the hero of Miss Gale's new novel loves abstractions better than their concrete embodiments. Instead of embracing the woman he loves, he tells her ecstatically that he sees through her—sees *The You*, just as he sees through flowers: "The lilacs, they're not real. They're cut out, cut out in lilac pattern, and something beautiful that's beyond shows through—it's like a hole in a curtain, and we look through! . . . Alla, you're a pattern, cut out, you know. And just now I saw—but shaped like you—all the beauty beyond. . . . "

Of course his family and neighbors and Alla herself think this sort of thing madness; and it is very foolish of them to think that a man who sees more than they do, who sees through appearances to reality, is mad. We may tarry with Miss Gale

to ask what reality is—chiefly multiplicity, I gather from Bernard Mead's visions, since when he looks at the trees in his yard he sees: "The trees—the tree, trillions, sextillions, nonillions, what came next? all standing growing, putting forth leaves, harboring birds. . . . Birds, he grew dizzy with birds—multitudes of wings, folded or flying, multitudes. . . . " We may tarry with Bernard Mead's visions of reality, or we may turn back to the story for illumination.

In an unwary moment Mead had slipped into a tepid engagement with a Paris gown wrapped around a piece of soggy dough, and the next day he fell in love with a charming young woman. There are other things more important than love, he observes, a proposition that is nicely arguable when one is not considering marriage, but it was precisely marriage that Bernard was considering.

"He muttered: 'I don't want to live without you. The point is—what of that?' She cried: 'What's life for if it isn't for love?'" And here perhaps she should have said: "Why do two people live together in sexual intercourse, if not for love?" But she didn't, and so Miss Gale could have her hero answer: "That's the stage where we've all stuck. And yet—'Loved I not honor more'—they'll swallow that stuff. Doesn't it apply anywhere else? Except in going to the 'wars'."

Mead loves honor more. And so he forces the woman he loves, and who loves him, to live lonely all her life so that he can also force himself and the woman he marries to live equally lonely and unloved. He embraces for his life-work the lumber business that he hates, because he has permitted his dying father to extort from him a promise to do so. And about the time he reaches fifty-one he seems to the neighbors to go to pieces. People sometimes do. Decorous old maids have been known to assault defenseless men in the street. And it almost seems as if Bernard Mead, in trying to pierce too abruptly through appearances to reality, assaults the life he has denied.

If what he finds when he breaks through is as unsatisfactory as most of the messages that have thus far come from the spirit world, this is doubtless due to the complete incomprehensibility of a world in which people are born only to grow old and die. For that is the world Mead knows, the world that one usually knows when one reduces things to abstractions. He is filled with pity as he thinks of the futility of the life lived by his aging mother and his aging aunts and his aging wife and his soon-to-be-aging and generally no-account children. One turns from this weeping philosophy to admire the skill with which Miss Gale presents the small foibles of the unloved and unlovely persons of her story, all to be transformed by the mystical eye of Bernard into patterns of some universal beauty.

I have given one interpretation. The reader will see his opportunity for creative reading, a passive but none the less an exciting role, when I confess that I think Miss Gale inclines to another, that she sees Mead's story as a spiritual victory wrested from unhappy circumstances. "He looked up into the hot darkness where there was nothing sinister, but something soft and kind—Himself, perhaps, extending on and up. . . . It was the goddess in whom no one any longer believed, it breathed deeply and it waited, it was carrying its children to some birth."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Ask the Whale; He Knows

The Yankee Whaler. By Clifford W. Ashley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $20.

A QUARTER of a century ago the sailor was presented to us in print as a round-faced, jolly little man who spent his off moments in hitching up his trousers, doing a hornpipe across the deck, and singing out "Heave ho!" and "Avast there, my hearties!" while into his active hours was crammed pristine and lurid adventure more tightly than sardines are ever packed into the traditional tin. It was a slim year that didn't yield a sailor a mutiny or so, a couple of attacks by pirates, and at least one shipwreck.

When, early in the present century, sociological fiction came into fashion this Gilbert and Sullivan sea was invaded by writers who had less to say of high adventure than of lowly bouts with such prosaic facts as hard work, miserable quarters, bad food, and degrading treatment. It has remained for still more recent writers to give the public an inkling that a sailor's hardships are as much spiritual as material; that one who is looking for thrills should ship in the movies rather than before the mast; that those who follow the sea for a livelihood know it chiefly for its loneliness, its eventlessness, its tedium, its imposition of a routine as inflexible as that of the most Fordized factory ashore. All of which was far more acute fifty and a hundred years ago—America's great era at sea—than it is today.

And now have we reached another fashion in sea books? Apparently so. The striking revival of interest in the almost extinct square-rigger, in the great days of our clipper merchantmen and greasy whalers, is leading to a new romanticism, a tendency to accentuate the poetry, the glamor, the beauty of those days to the exclusion of the brutality, the degradation, and the boredom.

It is worth saying this in connection with Mr. Ashley's beautiful volume not because it is sentimental slush but because it is for the most part a faithful, first-hand pictorial and literary record which will undoubtedly take a place among the few authentic books on a once great American industry. It is fair to the reader, therefore, to point out the writer's tendency toward romanticization, and Mr. Ashley has in a way courted such criticism by his own attack upon the authenticity of the whaling accounts of E. Ross Brown and Frank T. Bullen.

Mr. Ashley is a painter first and a writer secondarily. Of whaling ancestry, he spent some months more than twenty years ago aboard a New Bedford whaling bark off the coast of Africa, taking notes of what he saw in picture and text. Since then he has been almost continuously at work making a pictorial record of the whaling industry of New Bedford, as pleasing artistically as it is valuable from the standpoint of history. "My task came to a close," he says a little sadly, "when the Charles W. Morgan was towed out of the harbor and there were no whalers left to paint." Most of this artistic wealth is reproduced in the present volume, which, besides numerous line drawings in black and white, contains more than a hundred plates, nearly a score of them in color. The book is far and away the fullest and finest pictorial record of the New England whaling industry that has appeared or, it is safe to say, ever will appear. For reasons sad to recall it never can happen again.

It is not unnatural that the text should be somewhat less comprehensive and satisfactory than the pictures. Perhaps the most valuable chapters are those on gear and craft, and on scrimshaw. Here Mr. Ashley's trained artistic eye makes him an unusually good interpreter. Scrimshaw is the old whaleman's word for the useful and curious objects which he wrought during long voyages out of whales' teeth or bones and adorned to suit his fancy. Mr. Ashley calls scrimshaw "the only important indigenous folk art, except that of the Indians, we have ever had in America."

Having accused Mr. Ashley of romanticizing the New England whaling fishery, it is only fair to quote an instance:

"Some day man may fashion a machine more beautiful than a full-rigged ship," he writes in his concluding chapter; "some day a cleaner craft than the Yankee whaleboat may be evolved; but there never will be a braver and sturdier race of men bred in this world than the officers of that vanished fleet. There is one other thing that is certain: if ever there is to be fairer and better hunting than the chase of the sperm whale, man will have to go to other worlds to find it."

One may pass the first sentence as a rhetorical expression of the author's affections, but the second ought not to go by without a referendum to the whales. Man has never engaged in a fair contest with any animal. He would be a fool if he did,

and as an evolutionary animal man has never been a fool. His ascendancy over other beasts rests largely on his refusal to fight them except when favored by vastly superior odds. Nor has he scrupled to be as cruel as necessary—often considerably more so—to win. Personally I agree with F. V. Morley, who in a recent book in conjunction with J. S. Hodgson on "Whaling North and South" says, in comparing new methods with old, that the modern capture by exploding a bomb in a whale's lungs "is far less cruel and consequently preferable." Anyhow, I insist that on this point the victim be allowed the deciding word. Ask the whale; he knows.

ARTHUR WARNER

The Metaphysics of Mussolini

Contemporary Thought in Italy. By Angelo Crespi. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AMONG other interesting things this timely volume explains the metaphysics of Mussolini, the philosophy of Fascism. Il Duce's aggressive nationalism is a form of ego-centered idealism, a reaction against the abstract and intellectual trend of ancient and medieval realism which goes back to Plato and has attained its supreme triumph in Dante's mystical vision. Instead of a supra-mundane paradise the modern leader promises to his countrymen a real paradise on the Peninsula, an immediate Utopia brought about by a "new liberalism which recognizes as a real and free individual only the one in whom the superior interests of the community and the sovereign will of the state are pulsing. This new liberalism is a collective movement; an idea animating a whole mass, an idea which has become a passion, because it is the energetic self-expression of a whole personality."

Here Gentile, the official philosopher of Fascism, sums the matter up as self-realization, not through a plurality of personalities, as in democracy, but through the acts of the transcendental ego as the world's self-consciousness. In such a scheme there is no room for individual liberty and personality, for the true reality and freedom of the individual is that which he gains by losing himself in something else. "My personality is not suppressed, but uplifted, strengthened, enlarged by being merged and restored in that of the family, the state, the spirit."

All this sounds very fine, but Gentile exposed the true inwardness of his "actual" idealism when in his Palermo speech of 1924 he stated that "every force is moral force in so far as capable of influencing the will, whatever be the argument applied, the sermon or the cudgel." The philosophy of Fascism, then, is a philosophy of force. It may be called idealism, but it begins with castor oil and ends with the black-jack. Its early converts were gained by a process of purgation, its later by physical suasion; witness the fate of Senator Matteotti and of the philosopher Amendola, who was reported as dying of "consumption" superinduced by a walk he happened to take with a group of young Fascisti. With these things in mind the author of this book summarizes the matter thus: "Fascism, which through some of its leading mouthpieces claims to be not merely the overcoming and transcending of the liberal and democratic state, such as emerged from 'the stupid nineteenth century', but also a new culture and a new religion, has so far, both in theory and in practice, been merely an orgy of bombastic negations, a chaotic mixture of Asiatic despotism, Renaissance amoralism, and Prussian state worship on the one hand and of the self-intoxicating cult of the passing impulse, of unrestrained violence as the highest form of individual, of party and national self-realization on the other."

Gentile, as has been pointed out, is the manufacturer of many of the high-sounding phrases uttered by Mussolini. But where did Gentile obtain the speculative basis of his thought? The answer is from his teacher, Benedetto Croce, known to us chiefly for his theories of aesthetics, but here the proponent of a form of historical idealism which has for years been seeping into the minds of young Italy. Master and pupil have since split; in fact, Croce's house was recently sacked by a Neapolitan Fascist mob; yet there remains a real connection between the two. Croce's political philosophy contains implicitly the conclusions drawn by Gentile. Admitting that the state is and must be the most useful, efficient, and comprehensive expression of the best life, Croce proceeds to identify it with government and to consider it as identical with society. Now reverse these propositions and see what happens. If society is identical with the state, if the state is identical with the government, and if the government ends with being identical with a dynasty, or an oligarchy, or a party, or a group, or a man, how shall it be possible to differentiate between ethics and politics, between what is moral duty and what is merely desirable?

Signor Crespi has performed a distinct service in presenting both the origins and the implications of that Italian neo-idealism which eventuates in Fascism as the apotheosis of uncriticized and uncriticizable self-assertion. But he goes even further; he points out that the Italian neo-idealism is a variant of that pestilent neo-Hegelianism, that metaphysics of militarism, which bolstered up the claims of Teutonic world dominion.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY

Interesting Books of 1926

CHOSEN BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Israfel. By Hervey Allen. Doran.
George Washington. By W. E. Woodward. Boni and Liveright.
Guy De Maupassant. By Ernest Boyd. Knopf.
The Memoirs of William Hickey. Vol. IV. Knopf.
My Past and Thoughts. By Alexander Herzen. Vol. V. Knopf.
Our Times. By Mark Sullivan. Vol. II. Scribner.
The Mauve Decade. By Thomas Beer. Knopf.
Transition. By Edwin Muir. Viking.
Notes on Democracy. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
Prejudices: Fifth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
The Art of Being Ruled. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper.
Personality. By R. G. Gordon. Harcourt, Brace.
Three American Plays. By Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. Harcourt, Brace.
The Dybbuk. By S. Ansky. Boni and Liveright.
The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound. Boni and Liveright.
The Time of Man. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking.
The Casuarina Tree. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doran.
Tarr. By Wyndham Lewis. Knopf.
The Romantic Comedians. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page.
My Mortal Enemy. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
Two or Three Graces. By Aldous Huxley. Doran.
The Ninth Wave. By Carl Van Doren. Harcourt.
Nize Baby. By Milt Gross. Doran.

Books in Brief

Benjamin Franklin, the First Civilized American. By Phillips Russell. Brentano's. $5.

This reviewer does not know who Mr. Russell is, but it is a safe inference that his literary training is the result of newspaper work, for the trail of the newspaper runs right through this ambitious, handsomely illustrated life of Franklin. It is superficial, uncritical, written in journalese that lapses frequently into slang, and fairly dripping with "human interest." One feels, in reading it, that a bright young newspaper man set out to write a good long article about Franklin for one of the popular magazines, and after he had started it turned itself into a 323-page book. In this Sunday-feature-story atmosphere salaciousness is deftly introduced by bringing in grave and naughty productions of Franklin's pen, such as "Advice to a Young Man on the Choice of a Mistress" and "Polly Baker's

Defense." Somehow, in the handling of the subject the luminous power of Franklin's mind and his constructive instinct are almost lost sight of—and in the end our impression is that French ladies sat on Franklin's knees and that he had illegitimate children. Yet, despite these shortcomings, Mr. Russell's book is very readable and very entertaining.

Music

Music and Common Sense—II

IN the first part of this article[1] I gave my reasons for believing that even the simplest language could not make the musical relations which it described, or a judgment of these relations, intelligible to one who had not had direct experience of these musical relations. I shall now apply my reasons to an example of such writing.

Our critic[2] is speaking of Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Handel, and he reasons that "For a composer to set down a theme . . . and then solemnly to put it through ten or a dozen little acrobatic tricks seems a little too naive to be even funny." Here the technical term variation is translated into the more accessible acrobatic trick which common sense—the critic's and his lay reader's—can judge to be too naive, etc.

This is, however, quite deceptive. For one thing, by identifying musical variation with acrobatic trick one does not convey to the lay reader the thing the variation is; what he understands is not the musical variation but whatever in ordinary experience is connoted or denoted by the expression "acrobatic trick," as he would realize if he allowed himself to be misled into actually hearing a set of variations, particularly the Brahms set in question, and tried to discover in the proceedings what he had been led to think he was familiar with. And so, in the second place, he cannot question the correctness of the identification; but, having accepted the identification, he must accept the judgment it carries with it.[3] While, therefore, he thinks he is using his own common sense to judge the musical procedure, in fact he is doing nothing of the kind; without knowing it, he is accepting a judgment already made for him by our critic, a judgment, in the third place, which he understands only as it applies to the acrobatic trick to which alone common sense is applicable.

For the conventions that constitute musical procedure are not dictated by common sense or regulated by it. Common sense would perhaps hold that after a theme had acquired a wardrobe in the development section of a sonata-allegro movement (to put it as our critic might) it should not be trotted out naked again; but actually themes are restated in original form without, by that fact alone, spoiling things. What determined the placing of the theme in this context, and what still determines whether or not it shall be so placed, was not logical but purely musical fitness, which is in fact what governs all musical practice—past practice, from which have crystallized the general outlines of the forms as we know them; and present practice, in which even these outlines change in deference to content. A form cannot, then, in the first place, be judged as an abstraction; it must be judged, if at all, in the only form in which it may be said to exist—namely, as it is bodied forth by the actual music for which it provides the occasion; which means that it must be judged anew in each new embodiment. And when, in the second place, such an embodiment is judged, it must be as music, and not, therefore, by common sense. It is—to return to our first example—only the particular set of variations by Brahms that can be judged, and then only as music. At most (and even then at its worst) our critic's reasoning can, properly, only stand for a musical judgment: that Brahms's Variations are in a class with those of Proch for agile sopranos; in other words, that they are so poor in musical substance as to reveal the bare, pitifully absurd formal skeleton which better music would conceal.

I say "properly" because there is also an "improperly" to take note of. For it is possible to take our critic's writing as illustrating the critical process not as it should be but as it is. For one thing, the musical judgment is nearly always deflected and corrupted by irrelevancies; and here, instead of the customary indigestion, we may have common sense in the form of an a priori intellectual prejudice against a particular musical form. Either that, or common sense may be dragged in a posteriori to adorn the victim. For, in general, once the judgment has been arrived at, no matter how, the critic begins to consider his audience. For the *Dial* he is an artist in prose; for the New York *World* he is a regular fellow or a lowbrow or hardboiled. And indeed, for the lay readers of the *Dial* he remains only an artist in prose, for those of the *World* only a lowbrow or a hardboiled egg. It is the musically experienced person who treats him as a critic of music—who penetrates to the all but total absence of original musical judgment in the bloated prose;[4] to the judgment that could be dispensed with in the condescending cuteness of the regular fellow; to the ignorance of the lowbrow; or to the utter feebleness behind the swagger and bravado of the one who would be hardboiled.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

On Dramatizations

NO first-rate novel ever made an equally good play. The very qualities which made it great as a novel—the amplitude of its action and the cumulative effect of its innumerable details—render impossible the task of compressing it within the narrow limits of the stage, for the stage demands a compacter action and a more summary characterization. However skilfully the adapter may select the essence of the action, it seems in its compressed form to move with a disconcerting rapidity; and however surely he may seize upon the most salient details of the characterization, he is compelled to heighten them unnaturally in order to compensate for the innumerable subsidiary strokes with which the novelist built up his effect but which he must leave out. A satisfactory play made from the materials of a novel would have to remold them so completely as to produce an independent work which the maker would be justified in calling his own, for in the arts there is no such thing as a simple transference from one form to another, and a mere dramatization is inevitably either a series of detached illustrations or a synopsis with all the characteristic defects of a synopsis. It is never full-blooded and complete.

To this general rule there is, I think, no single exception, and though the dramatization which Jaques Copeau and Jean Croué made from "The Brothers Karamazov" (Guild Theater) is probably as fine as any possible one, it is no adequate substitute for the great and turbulent novel from which it is taken. It is obvious that these dramatists have aimed high. Their purpose was to produce an independent work, not merely a series of visualized scenes selected from the book, and they have, indeed, achieved a certain continuity; but they cannot

[1] *The Nation*, December 8.

[2] Mr. Deems Taylor.

[3] There is also Mr. Ernest Newman, who translates the harmonic texture of the "Poem of Ecstasy"—the Scriabine discords without resolution—in combination with its structure, which includes the several climaxes and recessions of any large form, into "a series of harmonic startings that are always checked just on the verge of realization," and this in turn into "a long aphrodisiacal convulsion" which is, inevitably, too obscene to be played.

[4] Mr. Rosenfeld, for the most part, does not judge; he describes. In his descriptions of the older composers there are sometimes judgments as well; but like the descriptions they are the current judgments of these composers—even to the errors these include—which appear to be original because the vividness of the paraphrase causes them to strike us with new force. In dealing with his contemporaries, Mr. Rosenfeld is usually content to give a first work a typically lurid and inflated description, or to find a later work to be less or more this-or-that than the earlier one.

possibly crowd the *effect* of Dostoevsky's vast action into the brief period of one evening. Too much that is necessary for the complete understanding of the why and the wherefore is inevitably left out—things happen too fast to be adequately prepared for, and events succeed other events too rapidly to allow time for any adequate appreciation of their significance. The vast roar of anguish which echoes through the book sounds here at times like a shrill falsetto, and because the play never succeeds in casting Dostoevsky's magic spell we watch the contortions of the characters without ever entering fully into their souls.

Even the players, admirable as in certain respects the performances of some of them are, fail, I suspect, to feel that passionate conviction of the desperation of their predicament and the inevitability of their acts which the characters of Dostoevsky habitually feel, and to realize how significant is that fact one need only remember that no writer was ever less detached than Dostoevsky or ever permitted less detachment on the part of his readers. He did not so much create his characters from observation as project them out of himself, creating each in the image of one of the multiform personalities which warred within him, and suffering with each because each was himself. It is just the mark of his peculiar power that he not only shows us his world, tortured almost to madness, but that he actually leads us into it; and yet upon the stage this whole effect is altered. Too much which served in the novel to generate the mood that rendered the characters and their creator emotionally comprehensible, that made their scruples and their passions seem significant, is necessarily omitted; judging them as we must by the light of our own common day their conflicts seem often shadowy and the violent alterations of their temper incomprehensible. Dostoevsky's art is essentially romantic in the sense that it is, both for himself and for his readers, an intimate personal experience, and the present dramatization fails of complete success just because it fails to make the play that. We watch it and we strive to comprehend, but it remains alien and, in the deepest sense, incomprehensible. Both "The Brothers Karamazov" and "Crime and Punishment" are complete wholes which cease to have a really valid existence as soon as they cease to have the form which their creator gave them. They have lost their atmosphere, and in losing that they have lost everything.

"In Abraham's Bosom" (Provincetown Theater) is the first full-length play by the young Southerner Paul Green, whose short pieces have won much praise. It is full of rich material and it is acted by a company, composed for the most part of Negroes, with the wholehearted conviction characteristic of the race. Unfortunately, however, its structure is too uncertain to raise it above the level of highly interesting prentice work. Cast in the form of a biography in seven scenes (at best an unsatisfactory dramatic scheme) it fails to have a continuously cumulative interest; in spite of a fine beginning and a fine end it continually suggests the fact that its author has not fully grasped the outline of his hero's drama as distinguished from the chronological outline of his life. "The Devil in the Cheese" (Charles Hopkins Theater) is a dream fantasia with some amusing moments in spite of the fact that the characterization is amateurish and the logic of the play very nearly as flimsy as the logic of the dream.

Neither "The Nightingale" (Jolson Theater) nor the "Vanities" (Earl Carroll Theater) is quite up to the highest standard of such entertainments. The first, an operetta dealing with the life of Jenny Lind, is thinner both in book and score than the best of the other Shubert offerings in the same genre, and the second is neither so lavish nor so fast as it might be. Several performers formerly of Charlot's Revue add some mild humor, and though this is the third successive year that I have heard Moran and Mack discuss the psychology of the early worm and why black horses eat more than white, their dialogue is still by far the most amusing thing in the performance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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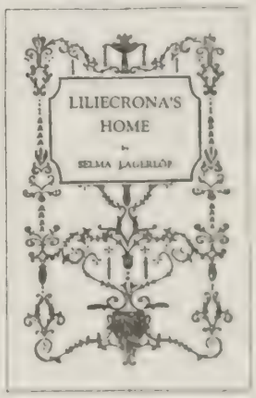
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The Chinese Revolution

THE interview with General Chiang Kai-shek, commander-in-chief of the Chinese Nationalist army, from which extracts are printed below, was given to Bruno Schwartz and appeared in the Hankow *Herald* for November 23, 1926.

"What are your plans with regard to the form of government China will have after the revolution is completed?" I asked General Chiang.

"The new government will be based entirely upon the policy laid down in 'The Three Peoples Principles' by Dr. Sun Yat-sen," he replied. "It will be a committee form of government along the same lines as exists in Russia today."

"What are your intentions with regard to seeking recognition from the Foreign Powers?" I next asked General Chiang.

"Those who are sympathetic with us will extend us recognition without making demands for privileges in return for extending us recognition," he replied. "Such friendly nations will relinquish all their special privileges and concessions without question, and will recognize us as a friendly Power. Those who still desire to maintain their special privileges and their concessions, and those who are not willing to cooperate with us by denouncing all existing treaties with China as unequal and making new treaties upon a basis of entire equality will be considered by us as unfriendly and we do not care whether they recognize us or not. Existing treaties will come to an end, however, in the immediate future, recognition or no recognition. We want to be friendly with all other nations of the world, but we are out to stamp down imperialism, and no unequal treaties will ever be adhered to by us for the sake of securing recognition from Powers with imperialistic ideas." . . .

"What about your courts of law?" I asked General Chiang. "It is common knowledge to Chinese and foreigners alike that what the present courts dispense is something far from justice, that China has no civil or criminal codes which are worthy of the name, and that so-called justice is in accordance with local custom of each individual village in China; that almost all judges in China live on what they can get out of their jobs (which are usually short lived) and not on their salaries (which are usually not paid); that foreigners in the country would be far from willing to submit to the ruling of this inadequate system, and that their governments would probably be unwilling to make them submit to it as it exists at present."

"We are prepared for that," stated General Chiang in reply. "We have our civil and criminal codes drawn up which we are sure will be satisfactory to all. As the revolution progresses these will be instituted, and they will not only guarantee the foreigner in China justice in accordance with our laws, but will guarantee the Chinese people justice from the foreigner, which is more important. The beating of Chinese with impunity by foreigners and the security of the latter in so doing will be a thing of the past. Foreigners who beat Chinese in future will be punished in accordance with our laws, and such acts will not be looked upon with leniency."

"What do you think of Dr. Wellington Koo's action in abrogating the Sino-Belgian Treaty?"

"Dr. Koo was right," was his prompt reply, "and the abrogation of this treaty is but the first of others to come. No new treaty will be made with Belgium which contains special privileges, and no status quo will be maintained. If Belgium wishes to enter into a new treaty, this government is willing to enter into one with her, but upon an entirely new basis. We will execute no treaties such as were signed by former governments, nor will we continue to adhere to any treaties or agreements which were made with other nations by any government in China previous to that of the Nationalist forces. Nor will we at any time recognize any treaties made now, unless they are over the signature of the Nationalist Government."

"What about extraterritoriality and the foreign concessions?"

"If extraterritoriality continues to exist in China, and if foreign Powers continue to exercise special privileges in this country in the form of administering and owning concessions here under their own laws and outside of the jurisdiction of the Chinese Government, then the present revolution will not be complete until these are entirely abolished. It is just as great a part of the revolutionary movement to abolish extraterritoriality and foreign concessions as it is to stamp out the northern militarists, and this revolution will not come to an end until that has been done."

"Don't you think it would be more satisfactory to all concerned if the relinquishing of special privileges in China were accomplished gradually," I asked, "and that it could be done with mutual satisfaction over a period of years as the Chinese government machinery developed a standard of recognized efficiency?"

"This is not an evolutionary movement," replied General Chiang. "It is revolutionary. There will be no period of years, not one, or two, or three years. We shall have equality, and any treaties which do not give us that equality with other nations of the world will cease to exist as far as we are concerned. There will be no probationary period of waiting from the time the revolution has become a success in so far as our military movement is concerned. There will be no years to wait for the abolition of extraterritoriality and the handing back to China of the concessions. This will be done at once, and foreigners who wish to remain in China are cordially welcome to stay here and be governed by our laws. Nations who wish to trade with us may do so in accordance with our laws. But no one can stay in China and no one can trade in China and still be subject to his own laws alone without reference to the laws of the Chinese Government. The idea of waiting for the abolition of these special and unequal privileges over any period of time does not meet with sympathy on our part, and we shall not submit to any such delay under any circumstances."

"What is your attitude toward the United States and Americans in China?" I asked.

"I like America and Americans," he replied, "and we are glad to have nationals of your country living and trading in China."

"Do you think the form of government in the United States of America would be suitable to future China?"

"No. Your government, in spite of its name as a democratic form of government, tends to be imperialist in nature. Our government, as I have said before, will be founded on 'The Three Peoples Principles.' The fact that you tell me that America is ruled by the people and is therefore a democracy does not make it so. A proper democracy does not hold possessions outside of its own territorial limits, and refuse to the people of those possessions the right to freedom and the right to govern themselves. In so doing we cannot consider America a government which respects the rights of the people, and thus it is imperialist in nature."

"Do you refer to the Philippine Islands?" I asked.

"Exactly so. The United States has no right to maintain its hold upon these islands outside of its territory. They are a separate people and are entitled to the right to govern themselves. . . ."

"What do you think of Christianity and missionaries in China?" I questioned. "Will the Nationalist Government continue to sanction missionary activities in China, or will they be banned?"

"I have no quarrel with Christianity, and missionaries will

always be welcome as heretofore. The elimination of missions from China is not part of our program, and they may function in this country without interference as always."

"Will the exploitation of China's natural resources be permitted by foreign companies, and will foreign industrial enterprise and factories be permitted, or is it the intention of the Nationalist Government to favor the promotion of native-owned industries?"

"We will not solicit foreign capital for China. It will always be welcome here. If foreign concerns wish to continue their factories in this country, or to open any other form of industrial enterprise, it will be given our hearty support in exactly the same manner as any Chinese enterprise. But it will only be permitted provided it is profitable to the Chinese people who work in these industries. The welfare of the workers comes first in our scheme of things, equally with the welfare of the enterprise itself."

"By giving the laboring masses as much power as your Government is allowing them at present, and stirring them up by means of propaganda which is so ultra-revolutionary in nature, is it not possible that your labor will eventually attain so much control over your movement that it will dominate you completely and possibly impede your movement when it opposes your own plans?"

"This is also extremely unlikely. We have no fear of our laboring classes. We work with them, and teach them and train them. Our system is for the people, not over the people, and if we continue to lead them right and train them right there will be no fear of opposition. . . ."

"Will your revolution be complete," I asked, "when the militarists in China have been downed, when the concessions are returned to Chinese jurisdiction, and when extraterritoriality shall have been abolished in China? In other words, is it the object of this revolution to carry out its plans within the boundaries of China, or is it molded on the principle of Soviet Russia, to extend its propaganda into other countries? Is this revolution in China the beginning of a world movement on your part, or will you be satisfied if you have removed imperialism and militarism from China?"

"This revolution is not the end, but merely the beginning," was the startling reply of General Chiang Kai-shek. "There are other nations in the world today who are burdened under the yoke of imperialism. It is true that this revolution is now taking place in China, but there are other countries where it must take place as well. Such revolutions, the freedom of other oppressed peoples, will have to come about. China is but one country. There are many more in which imperialism must be crushed before the world will be at peace. . . ."

The Sino-Belgian Treaty

THE official statement issued by the Chinese Government in Peking explaining the termination of the Sino-Belgian Treaty of 1865 is printed below.

The Chinese Government have repeatedly sought through diplomatic channels and international conferences to put an end to the unequal clauses contained in China's treaties with the Powers which seriously restrict the free exercise of her legitimate rights in such important matters as customs tariff, jurisdiction over foreign nationals, etc. These provisions create unilateral rights and derogate from China's sovereignty; they impede the development of her international relations and hamper her political and economic life. Consequently, the Chinese Government have, on the one hand, raised the question of revision of China's unequal treaties at Versailles and Washington as well as at the Special Conference on the Chinese Customs Tariff in Peking and, on the other hand, have consistently refrained from concluding new treaties unless they were based on equality, reciprocity, and mutual respect for territorial sovereignty. Treaties on this new basis have been steadily growing in number: they now include those with Austria, Bolivia, Chile, Finland, Germany, Persia, and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

In pursuance of this policy, the Chinese Government are endeavoring to revise the existing treaties which are as a rule terminable by notice after a certain period, so that all unequal and obsolete provisions may be omitted from the new treaties to be negotiated upon the expiration of the specified periods. Accordingly, the Chinese Government proceeded to terminate, after having given six months' notice in advance, the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation concluded between China and Belgium on November 2, 1865—a treaty which, it may be remarked, belongs to the category of treaties imposed upon China against her free will in the early years of her foreign intercourse and which restricts her sovereign rights.

By Article 46 the said treaty is revisable at the expiration of each ten-year period beginning from the date of exchange of ratifications. The Chinese Government, therefore, communicated to the Belgian Government on April 16, 1926, their desire to terminate the Sino-Belgian Treaty on October 27, 1926, in its present form, and proposed to commence negotiations at the earliest possible date for the conclusion of a new treaty. The Belgian Government disagreed with the Chinese interpretation of the aforesaid Article 46 and expressed its willingness to negotiate the proposed treaty only after the work of the Customs Conference and the Extraterritoriality Commission had been completed.

After lengthy negotiations, however, the two governments agreed to terminate the Treaty of 1865 and adopt in its stead a provisional *modus vivendi;* according reciprocally the most favored-nation treatment to the diplomatic and consular agents, citizens, juridical persons, products, and vessels of each country in the territory of the other and agreeing to conclude a new treaty on the basis of equality and mutual respect for territorial sovereignty. It was also agreed that this *modus vivendi* should continue to be in force until the conclusion and the coming into effect of the new treaty. . . .

Seeing that if the regime of special rights was to be effectively terminated, the new treaty should be brought into existence within a specified time, the Chinese Government suggested that negotiations should be completed within six months from October 27, 1926, and that if upon the expiration of the said period the new treaty was not concluded, each party should be free to reconsider the *modus vivendi.* In proposing a definite period the Chinese Government believed that the Belgian Government would have no objection thereto, as they understood that Belgium was equally solicitous to put the mutual relations on the basis of a new treaty as promptly as possible. Indeed the Chinese Government felt the more confident of its acceptance, inasmuch as they had given an assurance to the Belgian Government that if substantial progress on the new treaty should have been made by the end of six months, it would be a simple matter for arrangement at the proper time to extend the period so as to insure the completion of the new treaty.

To the disappointment of the Chinese Government this proved unacceptable to the Belgian Government, which proposed instead that if, after the expiration of the six-month period, the new treaty was not concluded or could not be put into force, the aforementioned *modus vivendi* was to be extended for another six months upon the request of one of the parties three months in advance, "and so on from six months to six months until the coming into force of the new treaty."

Believing that such an arrangement would merely encourage the indefinite prolongation of the *modus vivendi* rather than hasten the conclusion of a new treaty, the Chinese Government could not see their way to accepting it. But animated by the spirit of conciliation, they made an additional concession by proposing to the effect that on the expiration of the six months' period the *modus vivendi* could be extended by mutual agreement and might be terminated by three months' notice in ad-

vance. This was designed to prevent a situation which the Belgian Government apprehended might arise but which the Chinese Government believed could not arise if Belgium was as desirous as China to conclude the proposed new treaty, a situation wherein the relations between China and Belgium would be left at the end of six months without a treaty and without the *modus vivendi*. It was hoped that this proffered compromise would meet with a frank acceptance. To their disappointment, however, the Belgian Government in its reply of November 5, 1926, definitely rejected it and, repudiating the results of negotiations thus far attained, proposed to bring the question of the interpretation of Article 46 of the Treaty of 1865 before the Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague.

In the same reply the Belgian Government engaged itself to the effect that as soon as the United States of America, Great Britain, France, and Japan should have concluded a new treaty with China in the matter of jurisdiction, Belgian would accept the same dispositions as might be agreed upon between China and any of these Powers. The Chinese Government while taking note of this expression did not feel justified in accepting it in place of a definite period for the conclusion of the proposed new treaty. . . .

Since the point actually in dispute between the two governments is not the question of terminability of the treaty on October 27, on which the Belgian Government had already accepted the Chinese point of view in the more recent stage of the negotiations, but merely that of fixing a definite period for the conclusion of the new treaty, the Chinese Government cannot see the usefulness or necessity of such a course of action. Besides, the basic motive of the Chinese Government in insisting upon having such a period is to be able, in obedience to the unanimous wish of the Chinese people, to free China from the state of inequality to which she is at present subjected by the Treaty of 1865 in her relations with Belgium. It is founded upon China's national aspiration for equality in her intercourse with foreign Powers, and national aspirations are scarcely suitable subjects for adjudication.

Having exhausted all means of arriving at an amicable settlement with the Belgian Government, which by its memorandum of yesterday's date put an end to further negotiations, the Chinese Government had no alternative but to conform to the notice which they had given to Belgium in April last and declare the Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation between Belgium and China of November 2, 1865, as terminated on October 27, 1926. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM HARD, formerly *The Nation's* Washington correspondent and still a frequent contributor, will speak on Calvin Coolidge at the fifth *Nation* dinner, April 12.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS, professor of Industrial Relations at the University of Chicago, recently visited Haiti.

LOUIS FISCHER is shortly to lecture in the United States.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, writes regularly from Washington to *The Nation*. He will speak on Calvin Coolidge at the fifth *Nation* dinner.

CLINCH CALKINS is a member of the department of fine arts at the University of Wisconsin.

J. A. HOBSON, British economist and author of many books, is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is Dramatic Editor of *The Nation*.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS, author of "Woman's Dilemma," is soon to publish a novel.

ARTHUR WARNER, Associate Editor of *The Nation*, sailed before the mast for several years.

WOODBRIDGE RILEY'S latest book is "From Myth to Reason."

B. H. HAGGIN is contributing a series of articles on musical criticism to *The Nation*.

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WE urge every reader of The Nation *who believes in peace to write or telegraph a protest against the Administration's Mexican policy and a demand for the removal of our marines from Nicaragua to President Coolidge, Secretary Kellogg, and to his or her Senators. The crisis is not over; it remains grave.*

JUST AT THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT, Mr. William Floyd, editor of the *Arbitrator*, has issued a call to all peace-lovers to take part in an American arbitration crusade. His aim is simple and unquestionable. He seeks to induce our government to outlaw war by negotiating treaties with every nation, these treaties to provide for obligatory arbitration or adjudication of all disputes. The Bryan treaties were not obligatory; the Root treaties are vitiated by those damnable old-fashioned provisions excepting questions of vital interest and national honor—as if nations were like silly coffee-house duelists of the seventeenth century. No sincere advocate of peace can decline to support this proposal. Every army officer who declares that he urges preparedness for the sake of peace should be for it since it may save his life and those of multitudes of his countrymen. To further this crusade, which we unqualifiedly approve and indorse, Mr. Floyd is offering $500 in prizes, the details of which he sets forth in a letter on the correspondence page of this issue of *The Nation*.

IT MUST BE an astounding experience for a boy of seventeen years, hitherto acclimated only to a modest reputation as a long-distance champion swimmer in Canada, to clamber up a rocky shore in California, after fifteen hours, forty-five minutes in the water, and find himself famous wherever newspapers are printed throughout this somewhat spacious earth. George Young found himself standing in the dark on a lonely beach at 3.06 a. m. on a chill morning, yet surrounded by newspaper correspondents and photographers while a crowd of vaudeville agents were pressing in to offer him highly paid engagements in addition to the $25,000 prize he had already won as the only one of 102 contestants to finish the race from Catalina Island to the mainland. George covered some thirty miles against baffling tides in water of fifty-seven degrees, succeeding where three conquerors of the English Channel failed. Two women, Martha Steger and Margaret Hauser, remained in the water four hours longer than George, but could not finish. What, we wonder, will George do with the $25,000 and the easier money to follow it? That will be a sterner test than the Catalina Island Channel, but a boy who beat his way from Toronto to Little Rock on a second-hand motorcycle, hitch-hiked the rest of the way to Los Angeles, and pledged his prize money to save his mother from work in the kitchen, should weather it.

THE SURGING TIDES of Chinese national feeling sweep higher and higher. The foreign-trained leaders of the Cantonese Government are powerless to check the outbreaks of resentment which have been piling up for decades. The British Concession at Hankow has not been returned to the English; and the French and Japanese there are questioning the desirability of clinging to their footholds. Ten foreign gunboats guard the tiny foreign island of Shameen, a quarter mile long, lest Chinese mobs cross the two bridges which separate it from Canton—an amazing example of the panic in which the foreign territory-grabbers find themselves today. The Peking Government, hitherto regarded as pro-foreign, is demanding that the territorial concessions which foreign Powers have appropriated in Tientsin be returned to China. At Foochow angry mobs have raided foreign mission buildings. Thus Nationalist ideas spread, even at a moment when the Nationalist armies are temporarily checked. Meanwhile the Belgian Government has sagely canceled its protests and decided to negotiate a new treaty with China on a basis of reciprocal equality; it is even reported ready to return its Tientsin Concession. Representative Stephen G. Porter, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of our House of Representatives, has presented a resolution proposing a similar policy for America. The adoption of this resolution would do much to restore that prestige which the United States, by her timid hesitations and waiting upon the British, is losing in the East.

FASCISM HAS BECOME A RELIGION. Little boys are being inoculated with it in their early childhood; at eighteen they are solemnly and formally initiated into the Fascist militia. The very words of the Ten Commandments have been paraphrased to make a Fascist creed: "I am Italy, thy mother, thy sovereign, thy goddess. Thou shalt have no other mother, sovereign, or goddess above me. Thou shalt honor the Government, keep festivals. . . ." With all due respect to the leaders of the Fascist movement, we prefer the ringing, noble words of the original commandments as issued to Moses. The terms "mother," "sovereign," and "goddess" used interchangeably are confusing and misleading. They put the burden of Fascist domination on the shoulders of a vague female figure labeled "Italy" when as a matter of fact the instigator, head, guiding spirit, the leader, author, founder, inventor of Fascism, who had the idea all by himself and is carrying it through almost single-handed, is none other than our exclusively male and unmotherly friend Mussolini. Meanwhile, the Pope expresses his fears for the religion of Italy's young men. An impartial judge would say that the Fascists are substituting one intolerant religion for another. But there are no impartial judges; which is one reason why we find ourselves on the side of the Pope.

CONGRESS, SAYS THE SUPREME COURT, has the right to compel witnesses to attend its hearings, and recreant witnesses may be haled before it for citation for contempt. It was in the case of Mal Daugherty, Harry's banker brother, that this decision was handed down; but the decision also affects the whole group of gentlemen who sought to cloak their actions behind a pretense that Senate committees were invading judicial functions—Samuel Insull, the public-utility millionaire who financed Mr. Smith's fight to become Illinois's Senator; Thomas F. Cunningham, one of Mr. Vare's Philadelphia backers; and other campaign "angels" and oil men. We hail this decision as a victory for common sense and justice. In recent years Senate committees have become the greatest bulwark of decency in the nation. When the executive departments stank with corruption a group of fearless Senators plowed into the stinking mess and exposed the rottenness of officialdom. Their work should have been done by the Department of Justice, but that, under Harry Daugherty, was rather a Department of Injustice. And without the power of the Senate to compel the attendance of witnesses the nation might, in a similar crisis, find itself gagged and bound by technicalities of the law, unable to free itself or even to expose its enemies. We hope the decision will encourage "Jim" Reed to probe further into the buying of elections.

IT IS TO BE HOPED that George R. Dale, editor of the Muncie (Indiana) *Democrat*, will not drop his effort to have his condemnation for contempt reviewed by the United States Supreme Court merely because that tribunal has declined to consider the case upon its first presentation. The action of the tribunal was due to a failure to present a sufficiently complete record of the proceeding in the lower court, and does not prevent another application in the required manner. The case, discussed in our issue of August 18, 1926, page 142, is important because it sets a new mark in the absurdity and autocracy of the courts in the suppression of freedom of the press by means of the contempt process. Mr. Dale, who had long been fighting political corruption and the Ku Klux Klan, was arrested on some probably trumped-up charges. He called these charges a frame-up in his newspapers, and was sentenced to a fine and imprisonment for contempt of court. He then offered to prove the charges and was punished again. The Supreme Court of Indiana reversed the second sentence but upheld the first on the ground that a plea of truth was no defense in a case of contempt. This ridiculous ruling should be challenged before our highest tribunal.

IF THE LINEN-WASHING now going on in the labor unions were likely to result in fresh, clean leadership friends of labor might be happier. But apparently we are witnessing a war in which the old leaders are seeking to smash all opposition by using the Communist bogy. There can be no doubt that the Communists and near-Communists were disastrously ineffective in the recent strike of the ladies' garment workers; there can be no question, either, it seems to us, that Communist discipline makes free cooperation in union meetings on a give-and-take basis extremely difficult, and that Communist principles allow scant leeway for negotiated settlements. But to leap from these premises to the conclusion that all Communists must be ousted from the unions and all Communist-controlled locals reorganized is a long and unwarranted jump. The Communists are not responsible for the worst evils of the trade-union movement. Whether the charges that the Communist leaders of the fur workers used union funds to buy police protection for their gangsters be true or not we probably shall never know; but it is certain that gangsterism in the unions antedates the advent on these shores of the word "Communist." The San Francisco building workers who have made slugging a business are no radicals; the conservative leaders of the garment trades today know all too well the gangsters in their industry; the recent exposure of graft in the New York machinists' union was among good old-fashioned anti-Reds. Where the Communists have won power they have done so by calling attention to the weaknesses of the old leadership; and that leadership must do more than expel Communists to regain its prestige. It is significant of the weakness of American labor that the prosperity of 1926 did not prevent a continued decline in the membership of the American Federation of Labor.

AFTER DELIBERATING for more than a year upon the Scopes anti-evolution trial the Supreme Court of Tennessee has arrived at the decision which any plain citizen familiar with conditions in the State could have predicted after five seconds of reflection. By a three-to-two decision it upholds the constitutionality of the law; by a unanimous decision it sets aside the verdict of the lower court in this particular case on the ground that the fine (one hundred dollars) was fixed by the judge instead of the jury; and it unanimously recommends that the case be not retried. Nothing could be more inconclusive or less satisfactory, for it leaves the whole question exactly where it was when the famous trial began. The pretext seized upon for setting aside the verdict is the most insignificant one that could be found and while the recommendation not to retry may not make an appeal to the United States Supreme Court impossible it certainly renders it more difficult. When the original trial was in progress *The Nation's* correspondent quoted as the composite comment of

leading Tennessee citizens: "It's a damn-fool law, but I won't be quoted." The court's decision amounts to just about that. In effect it refuses to condemn the law but it recommends that no attempt be made to enforce it.

"I DON'T BELIEVE IN GOD; I don't believe in Heaven or Hell; I don't believe in the Bible as the inspired work of a god." In these forthright terms Ernest V. Sterry of the Toronto *Christian Inquirer* admits his unbelief. Because of it he has been arrested under a blasphemy statute which has been invoked only two other times in English history. The charge reads: "blasphemous, indecent, and profane libel of and concerning the Holy Scriptures and the Christian religion." Among other things Sterry referred to the "God of the Bible" as an "irate old party who thunders imprecations from the mountain, or mutters and grouches in the tabernacle." It is the frivolous character of his remarks that evidently made them offensive in the eyes of the law. To attack the Christian religion is permissible but to poke fun at it is unlawful. "Publications which in an indecent spirit asperse Christianity . . . in a language calculated and intended to shock the feelings and outrage the belief of mankind are held to be liable to persecution under the act," is the opinion of Crown Attorney Eric Armour. If this point of view should become popular in the United States, which has about every other sort of censorship in some form or other, many publications would suffer. Many writers and artists have dared to laugh at certain aspects of the Christian religion; and laughter at established institutions is the most deadly and penetrating sort of criticism.

IT WAS HEYWOOD BROUN who in a moment of anger at an ill-mannered audience wrote that he wished New York theatergoers might be punished for their lack of manners by waking up some morning and finding that every theater in the city was giving only "Abie's Irish Rose." It was the worst penalty that he could think of. But "Abie's Irish Rose" has passed its two thousandth Broadway performance. The profits of the author, Miss Anne Nichols, have been estimated at five million dollars or more. She has now signed a contract for the production of the play in the movies, which is expected to bring her several million dollars more. There are seven companies now on the road or in New York and an eighth company will produce the play in London next April. For four years and eight months the play has run in New York. No play has had such a success either in America or in Great Britain —unless "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has surpassed it through the decades. And the amazing fact remains that Miss Nichols had to produce it herself as no manager would take it, and that the bulk of the critics dismissed it as trivial and contemptible—the dramatic critic of *The Nation* did not think it worth a notice. To most people this record stands as a dreadful indictment of the taste and standards of American audiences. That, however, is only a narrow view. Despite its lapses of taste and its juvenility, the play has touched the emotions of enormous numbers of people—1,750,000 are believed to have attended its performances in New York City alone—and it has somehow affected them deeply. It has been so faithful a representation of certain phases of our American life that it has struck home. It has had, moreover, the saving merit of humor, which ought not to be overlooked by Miss Elisabeth Marbury, who at the recent dinner of some of *The Nation's* New York readers made an eloquent plea for more laughter and humor on the stage.

THOSE WHO DO NOT TRUST THE CENSOR at that delicate crisis in his career when he must distinguish between decent and indecent literature, between art with a good purpose and art with a bad purpose will be confirmed in their distrust by the recent action of two women investigators from the Illinois Vigilance Association. In Chicago, as in New York, there has been agitation to suppress the "art and sex magazines" so plentifully found these days on news-stands; the New York *World* has made the agitation the basis of its newest campaign. What more inevitable, once persons have been empowered to act in the matter, than that action should be taken against art the purpose of which no one knows. That the editors of "sex magazines" have a certain purpose there can be no doubt. But the two women in question marched into the galleries of Marshall Field and Company, saw seven nudes of which they disapproved, and complained to the police—who ordered the paintings taken down. What was the purpose of the painters of these nudes? They were good painters, say members of the Chicago Art Institute. Surely it is impertinent to ask their purpose—or at least to proceed upon the assumption that one knows. The two vigilantes should have known better. But so should metropolitan newspapers know better than to yell for the creation of public offices which in the very nature of the case can never be filled by educated citizens.

HU SHIH has returned to the United States. Nearly ten years ago he left us—an unassuming Chinese student who had attracted slight attention by winning a student essay prize and editing a Chinese students' magazine. Two years later word came back from China that a magazine referendum had voted him one of the twelve greatest living Chinese—along with a group of men twice or three times his age. Boldly advocating use of a despised vernacular tongue, he did for Chinese what Dante and Petrarch had done for Italian: he opened the doors of literacy to millions who could never have mastered the intricacies of the involved classic tongue. He urged his countrymen to write as they spoke, and he discovered an unsuspected dignity in vernacular works which had been despised by the literati. In the course of centuries the written language had lost contact with life, but life refused to be excluded from literature. The scholars of China despised the novel; Hu Shih picked up scores of wretchedly printed vernacular novels of the last two centuries, found among them masterly honest revelations of market-place life, remote from the studied artificiality of the classical scholars; these he republished, with scholarly introductions—and although the novels were available in cheap editions at a few cents each the more expensive editions sold out at once. The first volume of his unfinished "History of Chinese Philosophy" was the best seller of China for two successive years. He produced prodigiously—poems, dramas, essays —all in the language of the people. It was this literary revolution which made the "mass-education" movement possible. Those who are privileged to hear this professor of philosophy from the National University of Peking lecture will find in him a sensitive artist, a genial philosopher with an intuitive understanding of mass movements.

No, Mr. Coolidge—No!

SO it is not Nicaragua after all, nor even Mexico, but Moscow that Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg have been gunning for! Once more the American people are asked to believe that the Bolshevists are after us and that we are saving our homes, our firesides, our women, by establishing a front in Nicaragua and letting the "Bolshevist Government" of Mexico know that we shall dominate in Central America and that anyone who gets in our way will be crushed and broken. There it is in its stark nakedness, this new policy to which his followers are giving the name of "the Coolidge doctrine"!

In all our experience American statesmanship has never touched such a low level. Mr. Kellogg's Bolshevist outburst is an insult to the intelligence of every sane American. His quotation of Chicherin's desire to use Mexico as a base for Communist anti-American activity, with his suppression of President Calles's ringing reply telling the Russians to keep their hands off, is proof of a deliberate duplicity which alone ought to compel his retirement from office. No wonder that the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* calls his effort a "dud," that many Republican newspapers say that neither he nor the President made out a case. The truth is that in this emergency the lives of thousands of Americans, the honor of the United States, and the peace of a continent are in the hands of the two most incompetent politicians this country has ever intrusted with its highest offices. Every step the Administration has taken has proved the absence of a clear-cut policy. It has blundered, blundered from one position to another, advanced one excuse after the other. It began by saying that it was merely protecting American property in Nicaragua and then moved on and on until the Bolshevist bogy was trotted out. It is impossible, after reading the documents, to believe that either the President or his Secretary of State really knows or understands the case. What is happening is that they are being led into one position after another by the machinations of subordinates hidden away in minor positions.

Let no one be misled by the apparent improvement in the situation as this issue of *The Nation* goes to press. *There can be no safety in the situation as long as our marines are in Nicaragua and as long as we have a Secretary of State filled with fury and hatred toward Mexico.* True, the fine and outspoken position of such papers as the Springfield *Republican,* the Baltimore *Sun,* the New York *World,* the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* and many others is cause for great satisfaction, and so is the outpouring of private protests directed to the White House. Many preachers like Henry Sloane Coffin, S. Parkes Cadman, and Harry Emerson Fosdick have spoken admirably. The Methodists and the Masons are making their great influence felt. The united Southern press is whipping the recreant Democratic Senators into line against the Coolidge policy. Many Catholics are dissenting from the anti-Mexican crusade of the Knights of Columbus. But although the forces for peace have gone into action quicker than ever before, the need for them to continue in action is tremendous. The Administration is quite willing that the impression shall go abroad that things are quieting down. But the danger remains. A few shots in Nicaragua, a mob outburst in Mexico against Americans in official or unofficial life, and the fat may be in the fire. If there are attacks upon American property in Tampico—and renegades can easily be hired for that—the fleet and its guns will appear at once. If a pistol-shot in Bosnia could plunge a world into war what may not a shot in Nicaragua or Mexico do?

No, there must be no relaxing of the efforts of every humane and decent American to bring pressure to bear on Washington and let the President know that neither now nor hereafter will this country stand for a policy of force and that the public desires a new Secretary of State, not one who, for physical reasons alone, is unfit for the position he seeks to fill. Above all else Congress should be called in extra session—the new Congress will be far less in favor of the "Coolidge doctrine" than is the present one. It is openly stated in those misguided business and religious circles which seek a conflict with Mexico that action will come as soon as Congress is out of the way. True, there can be no formal declaration of war until Congress votes it, but any Administration can make war, as Woodrow Wilson, to his shame, twice made war in Mexico and once in Haiti—something that profoundly embarrasses the Democrats in the present crisis.

Already the most insidious argument to combat in Congress is the one which says: "Well, we made a mistake in going in but now we are in we must stay in; our prestige demands it"—with the variation that if we should retreat now our actions would be regarded as a sign of weakness by the Latin Americans who "understand no argument except that of force," as one news agency puts it. That is just the way reckless or incompetent statesmen take to insure to themselves support for acts which cannot stand the light of reason. Once the almost inevitable incident occurs, it is "Stand by the flag and the President"—last week a Representative stated that he was for the American President as against the Mexican whatever the former's stand or acts might be. Passion, a misguided patriotism, unreasoning national prejudices—these come into play at once. Already we have the atrocity story. On January 14 the New York *Times* printed on its first page the account of a Mexican boy's tongue being cut out, and the killing of five boys under twenty. Next will come the cutting off of children's hands and women's breasts, and then the crucifixions on barn doors.

Against these things only a steadfast and lasting opposition on the part of every peace-loving person can prevail. The program is simple: The marines must come out of Nicaragua; any dispute with Mexico must be arbitrated. Since Calles has offered to arbitrate even a domestic law, the United States, for so many years the chief advocate of international arbitration, must accept or write itself down a complete hypocrite. The imperialists, the advocates of war are unceasingly at work. Those who believe in international morality and decency must likewise be unceasing in serving notice upon President Coolidge that the American people do not propose to be betrayed into bloodshed in Nicaragua or Mexico, that they still believe in the right of small nations to self-determination, and that they scorn the doctrine that war-might gives us the right to say how people shall live or think or act in any weaker country.

What About the Catholics?

THE uprising of the American people against the attempt of the Administration to plunge this country into the sea of imperialist war has been inspiring. Press, pulpit, and lay platform have rung—after a period of hesitating doubt of the facts—with appeals for peaceful arbitration. The most discouraging feature has been the silence of the Catholics.

A Catholic, in this crisis, has been torn by two allegiances. His church is being persecuted in Mexico. The present Mexican Government, convinced that the power of the church is an obstacle to progress, has deliberately sought to destroy its power and subject it to the temporal authority. In that effort it has trampled on old church liberties. Naturally Catholics in the United States have been aroused to protest. A liberal may believe that Mexico's war upon the church is a natural outgrowth of the latter's history, but he cannot expect a Catholic to agree with him.

The Nation is not with those who would establish frontiers for protests. We believe in international public opinion. We have made our protests against outrages in Ireland and India, against French brutality in Syria, against Polish pogroms and Italian despotism as well as against American imperialism. We regard ourselves as citizens of the world, and think it a healthy thing for men in one country to resent the sufferings of their fellowmen in another. And the example of Ireland is evidence that a world public opinion can be made effective.

To protest, however, is one thing; to demand—or even tolerate—armed intervention in support of a protest is another and a more dangerous thing. The United States has been and is perilously close to war in Mexico; it has, in its anti-Mexican campaign, landed its military forces in Nicaragua. Against the use of brute force by the United States to impose its will upon a lesser nation, it seems to us, even good Catholics should protest. A more patently un-Christian course could not be imagined.

Yet in the shout of protest against the Coolidge-Kellogg policy of war we have failed to detect more than a very few Catholic voices. We understand that Senator Walsh of Montana is personally opposed to the war policy; he has not said a public word. Of Governor Smith's attitude in this crisis which involves his church and his country, we have had no hint—despite Norman Thomas's effort to force him into the open. In Boston, while the usually regular Republican *Herald* has bravely questioned the Coolidge policy, the Democratic *Post*, commonly regarded as a mouthpiece of the hierarchy, has shrieked its support of military intervention.

The equivocal position of the Knights of Columbus is well known. On July 26, last, its New York chapter demanded that our Government "take action . . . to terminate the present intolerable situation in Mexico." On August 5, its Supreme Council announced that "the period of watchful waiting or any other such procedure is over" and demanded "action." It authorized assessment of its members to raise a million-dollar fund to fight the Mexican Government's position. Despite widespread criticism of this as a policy of war it was not until seventeen days later that the Supreme Knight questioned the interpretation, and then he merely stated that the manifesto "did not specify the manner or form which governmental action should take." A recent circular issued by Columbus Council of the K. of C. carried this ambiguous plea:

> We must succeed and will—if—everyone carries his share of the burden. Your contribution to the K. of C. Mexican fund, no matter what it is, will be welcomed—doubly welcome if sent immediately . . . Remember: The Red must die or dye us red.

It is charged that this K. of C. fund has been used to finance such armed revolts in Mexico as that led by the Archbishop of Guadalajara. Has it?

Meanwhile, Judge Talley, Representative Boylan, and other prominent Catholics have been violently bellicose. Their readiness to plunge the country into war, largely in behalf of their church, is the more alarming because of the possibility that a Catholic will be in 1928 one of the leading contenders for the Presidency. *The Nation* has always insisted that membership in the Catholic church should never be considered a bar to holding public office in this country; it would like to see more evidence to support its belief that Catholic Americans put their country first. It is heartening to find in the *Commonweal*, a Catholic publication, for January 19, these words:

> Should we intervene in Mexico? In Nicaragua? By no means. . . . We have something at stake in these countries; and as soon as you begin to protect that something by force of arms, you are sure to sponsor imperialistic methods and purposes. The simplest definition of imperialism is government of weakness by might. To what such a policy will ultimately lead is indicated to some extent in the mirror of Latin American public opinion, but is demonstrated fulsomely in the present Chinese debacle.

That is good; but it is not enough. Where do the Catholics of the United States stand?

Revolution and Art

THE artists' replies to the *New Masses* questionnaire are not of a sort to bring great comfort to those who would make art the handmaiden of revolution. Fourteen writers replied to a series of carefully formulated queries, and though all, with one exception, belong more or less vaguely to the left wing rather than to the right, not even Upton Sinclair answered with a direct affirmative to the crucial question "May society properly demand of the artist . . . the transvaluation of values?" Three of the ten who answered another specific question called American culture "decadent"; several confessed a marked bias in favor of the revolutionary labor movement; and several expressed an interest in "the machine age"; but one and all revealed the immemorial tendency of the artist to shy at the "demands of society." "This is too esoteric for me," comments Stuart Chase; "I do not think it will do society any good to demand," replies Joseph Krutch; "It would have its nerve," says Heywood Broun; "Hell!" exclaims Genevieve Taggard; and most of the rest—Robinson Jeffers, Babette Deutsch, Van Wyck Brooks, and Waldo Frank—reply in similar fashion. At any particular period they might, so their answers imply, find themselves in sympathy with the "ins" or with the "outs," but they ask to be excused from specific sociological accountability and they pray to be saved from their reformer-friends.

Yet none of these writers can be impatiently swept

aside as an aesthete or a dilettante. Not one confesses to any longing for the ivory tower; not one is concerned with an "escape"; and not one asks to be allowed to remain dreamy over the past. Nothing in their attitude is mincing or precious. Without exception they think of art as a function of life, as of something which draws its materials from contemporary existence and in turn modifies the form which that existence takes; without exception their ideal implies revolution and change. Yet they will not and cannot define their conception of their function in any terms satisfactory to those whose concern with social reform is more immediate and direct. As one reads their responses one is led to suspect that triumphant revolution will be as distrustful of the artists produced under it as other societies have generally been of their own stepchildren and one is reminded of the fact that though the radical is fond of charging that the artist of the past has persistently truckled to capitalism and reaction, at least the capitalist and the reactionary have not usually thought so.

At bottom, perhaps, the cause of the quarrel lies in the fact that the artist has always demanded more freedom and more thoroughness than the reformer thinks either necessary or advisable. The fear of practical consequences is not so immediately before his eyes and he is not so impatient. He loves to reopen questions which the reformer thinks closed and to dwell upon the little ironies which the reformer would rather keep hidden. Interested in perfection rather than workable compromise, sacrificing even loyalty to insight, he is distrustful of all orthodoxies and he loves to express the protest or the aspiration which can hardly be got into the form of an argument. In his heart he never believes that any philosophy contains the whole truth, and his dearest concern is always with the things which official propositions leave out. Always feeling himself justified, he would, nevertheless, rather thumb his nose at Serious People and call his trade useless than be called upon to justify himself before any court, and he always pleads for a change of venue. At his feeblest he is a useful safety-valve affording a harmless outlet for unregenerate impulses which, if totally suppressed, might blow us all up; at his best he perceives truths still too nebulous to be defined or defended.

Back in the Middle Ages, when all the world was as orthodox as any reformer can ever hope to make it again, the artist used his freedom to keep alive, for example, that faith in the worth of the world and the flesh which both scholarship and authority would have utterly crushed, and he was able to do it because even when he gave his allegiance to the church he somehow managed not to comply with the spirit of its demands. And the chances are that when that day, near or distant, shall come when the revolution is complete and all that the reformer now hopes for has been obtained, the artist will still be found occupying himself with things which are as undreamed of in the Revolutionist Handbook as romantic love was in the Summa Theologia.

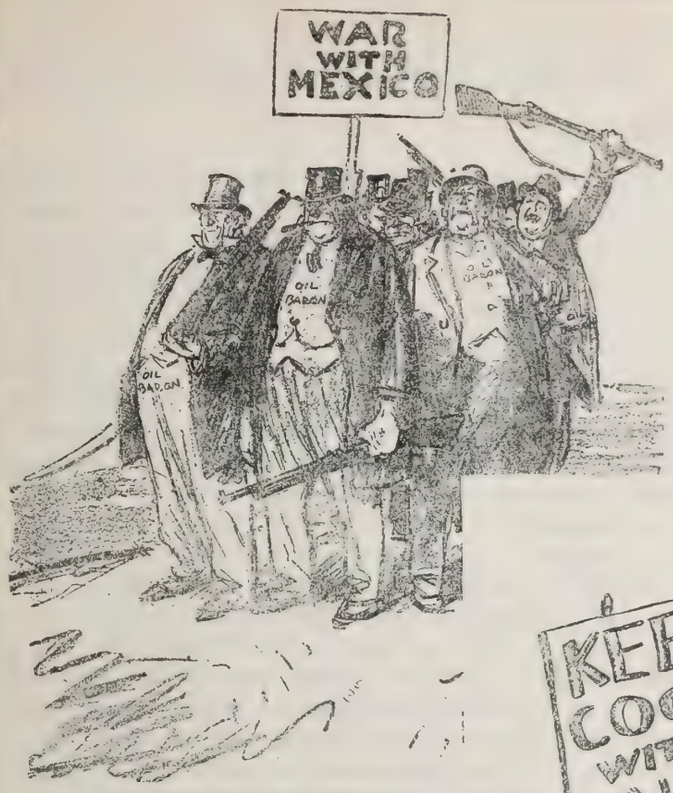
Reform rough-hews society, and art is always more or less contemptuous of its summary though useful labors. "You do your work," it says, "let me do mine. On the whole I prefer an avowed enemy to the friend who would demand of me what I have not to give. Despise me if you must; but remember that I can bear no fruits at all except those after my own kind."

The Ship Subsidy Again

As was to have been expected, the Shipping Board has come out in favor of ship subsidies; in fact, of government aid of every description, in order that we may have a merchant-marine reserve in case of war and "a merchant marine adequate for the needs of the greater part of our foreign commerce." It states that at its hearings, held in various cities, there was a virtually unanimous sentiment in favor of this program. That is not surprising; at hearings such as the Shipping Board held few but interested people appear. The fact that most of the arguments the board heard were in favor of the government support of a merchant marine does not, of course, by itself mean that the policy is wise, or economically sound, or that it will be accepted by Congress. Indeed, there is no evidence at all that Congress, which refused to act in response to a special subsidy message sent to it by President Harding in 1922, will reverse that refusal in 1927.

Now *The Nation* would like to see a merchant marine under the American flag as much as anybody living. It has always held, however, that the only sound way to get such a fleet is by private initiative and private enterprise in response to a genuine business opportunity. No artificially stimulated fleet will be worth having. The only way we know in which this Government can legitimately aid in the development of a merchant marine is by taking all possible handicaps off American ships, bringing the navigation and port laws up to date, protecting the sailor-man, and by granting liberal payments for carrying the mails. The payments now made are inadequate and can perfectly properly be increased in such a way as to stimulate the building of faster and up-to-date ships. A subsidy paid on tonnage, or miles covered, would inevitably corrode the very industry it is meant to help. We have found striking confirmation of this in an article by Mr. John C. Seager, a veteran shipping man with experience all over the world. In the *Nautical Gazette* he quotes one of the most successful British shipping men, Frederick R. Leyland, founder of the Leyland Line, as saying: "I would not accept a government subsidy if offered to me." When asked why, his reply was: "The profit would go up the chimney and in brass buttons and extravagance, for the government gives you a subsidy on one hand and obliges you to do many things that take the profit away." Where the government does not take the profit, extravagance and inefficiency are bound to enter.

At bottom the fundamental principle remains vicious; no such industry ought to be built up if there is no economic reason for it, if it cannot maintain itself on its own feet—in this case on its own bottoms. The Shipping Board and those who believe with it seem to think that if we do not pour money into subsidies and have our own merchant marine our crops will not be moved. As a matter of fact our export trade grew steadily during the long years when we had no fleet and was never hampered or injured by the lack of American-flag vessels. Again, the argument for a reserve in time of war ought to be negligible if President Coolidge persists in his avowed intention to bring about a further reduction of the fleets. The effort should be not to build up a fleet reserve but to muster out the fleet that we have and what remains of the fighting navies of the world. Let us have a fleet under the American flag, but let it come normally and naturally because of a genuine need.



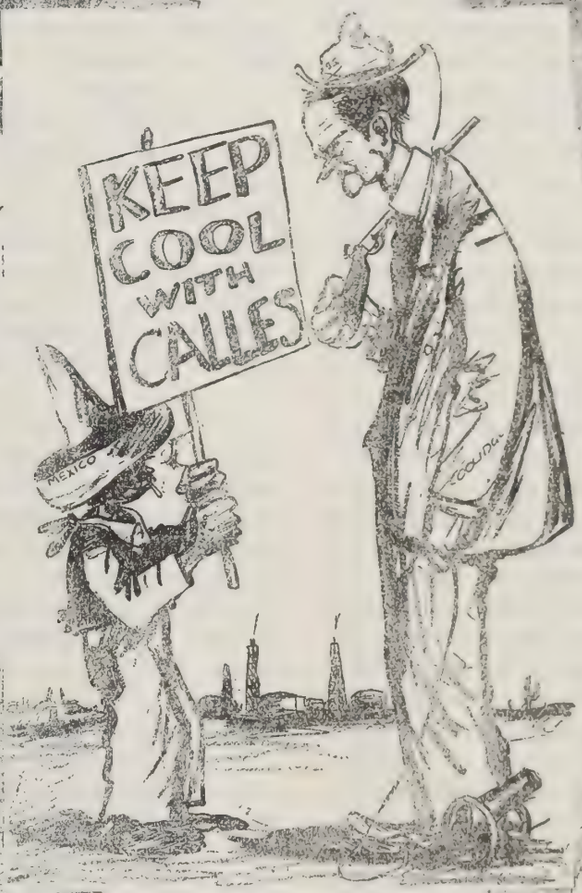
From the New York *World*

Mobilized



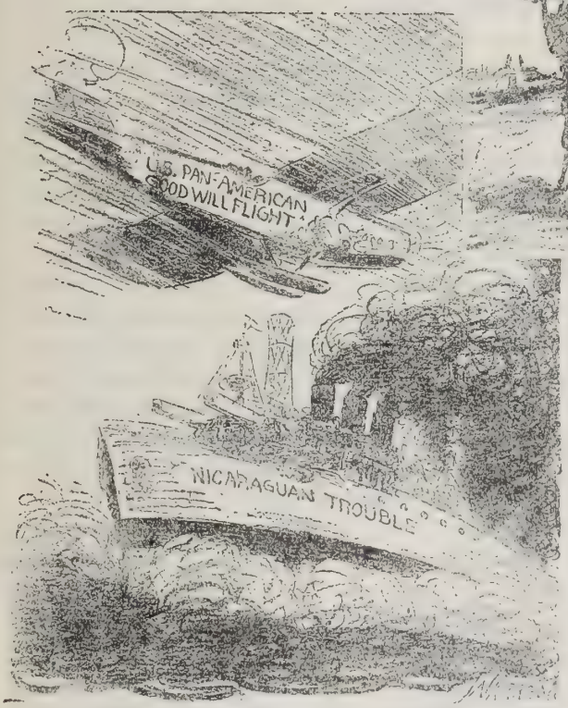
From the New York *Evening Post*

Hardly Enough Light



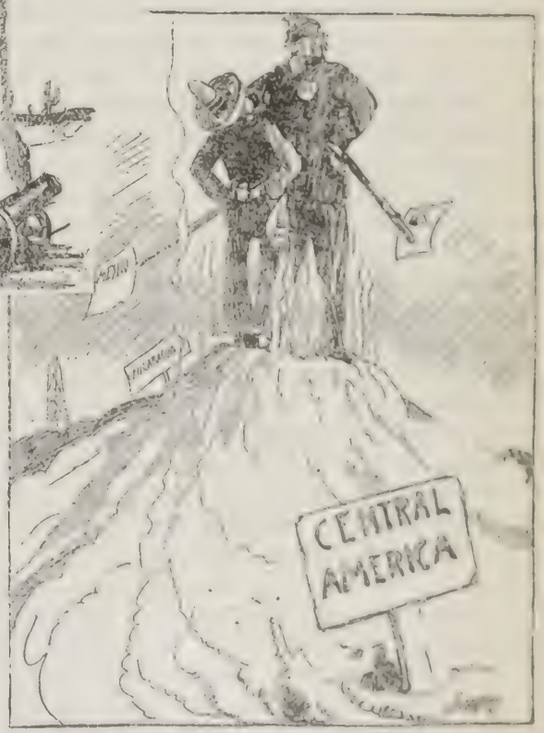
From the Baltimore *Sun*

A Word to the All Highest



From the Cleveland *News*

Cross Purposes



From the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*

Who's the Policeman on This Beat?

No War with Mexico!—*Cartoons from the American Press*

My First Press Conference as Secretary of State

By WILLIAM HARD

Washington, January 17

"OF course, now I'm Secretary, you boys will want to know my policies. Well, first place, I'm in favor of spreading American institutions. Unless a country has elections like ours, I won't recognize it. So I've surprised Bill Borah by adopting his suggestion of having me and the Marine Corps supervise this next election that's to take place in Nicaragua.

"I'm doing it right. I'm sending Bill Vare of Pennsylvania down to raise the campaign fund for Sacasa and I'm sending Frank Smith of Illinois down to raise the campaign fund for Diaz. Then I'm sending Jim Reed of Missouri down three boats later to find out what they did. This Administration's idea of a fine career for him, Reed, I may tell you in confidence, is to have him spend all his time investigating American elections in foreign countries. Next, I'm sending the whole town of Herrin, Illinois, down to Nicaragua, so that if there's any violence in the election, it will be real violence. But I haven't told you my masterpiece. I'm sending the Chicago election officials and their friends down there to count the ballots. This is where I get even with Bill Borah. If any of Bill's Sacasa voters get by the bandits that my Chicago vote-counters will take down there with them, well, the vote-counters will do the rest. But you see my point. We've got to teach American institutions to these foreign birds—and especially to the Latin ones. If any institution looks good to us, it's got to look good to them. That's my first principle. Unless a guy gets into office in any foreign country through an election, American-style, I'll have nothing to do with him.

"I'm going to try this on with some big Latin country, like Italy, as soon as Congress passes the necessary appropriations for the Marine Corps. I've got the nerve if they've got the money.

"Well, next—next, I'm in favor of recognizing our responsibilities abroad. That's the solemnest word in diplomacy. Responsibilities. I hope you gentlemen realize what an international responsibility is. It's like this: I go and interfere in some foreign country and commit my country to interfering there, and then my country must keep on interfering because I started interfering. That's a responsibility. And I may confide to you that I'm going to be the greatest Secretary of State that ever lived, because I'm going to give the United States more responsibilities than any of my predecessors ever did. Let me illustrate my point. After I've counted Diaz into office in Nicaragua, if Sacasa goes and counts the rifles in Nicaragua and counts himself in that way, it will be my responsibility to send the Fifth Infantry and throw him out. But then if Diaz unconstitutionally dissolves the Nicaraguan Congress it will be my responsibility to send the Ninth Cavalry to restore them to their seats. Grasp the principle—if once we are in and do something, it would be an irreparable blow to our prestige and importance and self-respect and face if we got out and let it be undone.

"Now you have the first two steps in my policy. First, interference. Then, responsibility. The third step is the protection of the interests which we have acquired through our interference and our responsibility. Let me illustrate again. We had to get the Panama Canal in order to protect the Pacific slope. Now, I'm patrolling the canal route in Nicaragua in order to protect the Panama Canal. Very well—that's as far as my predecessors went. I'm following in their footprints and going ahead of them. You mustn't quote me on this, but I'm going to take the canal route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico in order to protect the canal route in Nicaragua. What do you think the writers of history will say to that? That will place me somewhere, won't it? And I've got other ideas on that line, too. We have to have Hawaii to protect San Francisco. We have to have Guam to protect Hawaii. We have to have the Philippines to protect Guam. But what have we got to have to protect the Philippines? I'm thinking of Tibet. Keep that dark. Don't print it. I never tell the Senate or the American people anything, but I want you newspaper fellows to plug for me if you will. And I think you will if I tell you enough things you can't print and you want to learn some more. So I'm telling you now. I'm looking for something we can get to protect the Philippines.

"I ask you to be sure to memorize a fundamental principle of diplomacy. The more interests we get to protect, and the farther away from home they are, and the more difficult to defend they are, the safer we shall be. Get that? Master it, and you will be good correspondents on foreign affairs.

"Well, how far have we gone? Oh, yes. First, interference. Then, responsibility. Then, protection of interests.

"All that remains is bogies. Every good Secretary of State must have bogies. Otherwise how can he scare the American people into doing what he wants? My predecessors merely scared the American people with Bolsheviks. Watch me, boys. I want to tell you everybody is plotting. The Pan-Slavs are plotting. The Pan-Moslems are plotting. The Pan-Asiatics are plotting. The Kluxers are plotting. The Pan-Latin-Hispanic-Rio-Grande-to-Tierra-del-Fuego Confederation is plotting. What will be my answer? I will occupy Honduras. Some bang, what? That's me. That's what I'm going to do to carry on the recent traditions of American diplomatic policy. Interference, responsibility, protection of interests, bogies. Let me plead with you. Do grasp that quartet of principles. They are the four legs of the great chair in which I sit.

"Oh, I forgot. I'm in favor of joining the Permanent Court of International Justice if the League will let us. I'm in favor of peace. I'm sorry I forgot to mention it. I mention it now. Please put it in the leads of your stories. The principal thing I have in mind as Secretary of State is to forward international peace. The undeviating record of the United States is to be in favor of peace. Make that plain. Peace is my main object.

"Well, I guess that's all. Any questions? No? Well, I don't blame you. I think I made it all perfectly clear. Good afternoon, gentlemen. Thank you."

Mexico's Bloodless Victory

(*Special Cable Dispatch to* The Nation)

By CARLETON BEALS

Mexico City, January 15

WITH the United States Government's attack on Nicaraguan sovereignty; its overthrow of constitutionalism in that country; its violation of the Washington treaties of 1923; its support of Diaz, the puppet of dollar diplomacy since 1919; its attack on Sacasa, the liberal legal successor to Nicaragua's presidency; with its Panama treaty, creating a new protectorate, in Central America; and with its smoke-screen of charges of Bolshevism and threats of force against Mexico, scurrilous attacks against a friendly government endangering the peace of two continents, the moral leadership of the Western Hemisphere definitely passes from the United States to Mexico.

Calles emerges as a continental figure with a moral courage unparalleled since the death of Sun Yat-sen—Calles, the one government executive in all the world supporting international justice. Sacasa is momentarily annihilated as the result of Mexican recognition; but Mexico emerges the leader of Latin America, pictured in the press as a David fighting the Goliath of the North. Coolidge has set two continents aflame, aroused eighty million people to resistance, solidified Latin-American culture, and revived the old fear and hate of the Yankee.

The National Congress of Students, meeting at Oaxaca, has cabled to all the students of Latin America its support of Calles against the United States. The Honduras students in Mexico have cabled their home government, opposing the action of the United States. The Guatemalan students have held enthusiastic demonstrations in front of the Mexican Embassy, and sent cables to students and governments of other countries. Students are protesting in Cuba and Peru, in all Latin America. Coolidge is sowing the dragon's teeth of future antagonism, creating hundreds of Ugartes, Fombonas, and Fabelas pledged to dedicate their lives to the fight against American aggression. The editors of Salvador have unitedly protested against the American overthrow of constitutionalism in Nicaragua and have sent a memorial to the Pan-American Union. Chile is on the eve of a revolt in favor of conciliation with Peru, settling the Tacna-Arica controversy and solidifying Latin-American resistance. Messages pour in from all Latin America pledging support to Calles. The Latin-American Union is actively cabling the facts to the European newspapers, governments, and liberal and labor organizations. Argentina has already instituted a boycott against United States goods, and American imports have dropped.

The Latin-American Union of Mexico is attempting to inaugurate a continent-wide boycott, advocating the application to the Americas of Gandhi's Indian tactics. It has issued a manifesto reciting the aggressions of the United States, both economic and political, since 1847, adding: "But Latin America is at last reacting against this encroachment: Argentina is establishing a boycott; Nicaragua stands arms in hand; Mexico is nationalizing its wealth despite the protests of the usurper." The union presents a far-reaching program for the liberation of Porto Rico, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua; for equalization treaties; for the abolition of the Platt Amendment in Cuba, of the 1916 Bryan-Chamorro treaty in Nicaragua, and of the present Panama treaty; for the end of all special privileges granted to the United States; for the promotion of native industries and the development of inter-Latin-American commerce.

The official Mexican reaction is this: Mexico has enemies within and without, but, despite the economic, political, church, and international crises, the present regime has never been more strongly solidified. There have been no examples of army treachery, as in the days of Carranza and Obregon. The story of plots by Arnulfo Gomez, commander of Vera Cruz, apparently are utterly unfounded. The Government will weather all difficulties unless it is undermined by the machinations and propaganda of the State Department of the United States. Present State Department tactics are more disintegrating than overt acts, but Calles is unflinchingly proceeding with his program, publicly unrepentant regarding his Nicaraguan attitude, which he declares is founded on the rights of nations, and unshaken by Kellogg's bullying.

The United States Government looks toward Mexico while it kicks Nicaragua; Mexico looks toward the United States while it kicks the Catholic church. But the latter has been definitely proved an internal plotter; during the last two months the Mexican Government has broken up ten rebel groups with such slogans as these: "The Rights of Religion" and "Viva Christ, the King!" The first rebellion in mountainous Guanajuato, led by two priests, Ignacio and Pedro Gonzales, was driven toward Jalisco and dispersed. The most recent rebellion in the Federal District, including Catholics of the aristocratic families of the capital, headed by the former Zapatista officers, Reyes and Castro, has been broken up; documents have been seized implicating Rene Capistran Garza, head of the Mexican League for the Defense of Religion, who is now in the United States. Capistran Garza has announced himself as provisional president, promising arms and funds from the United States. The Government charges that other documents implicated the Episcopate, which explains the arrest of Bishop Diaz, secretary of the Episcopate, and his deportation to Guatemala. The Government accuses the church of traitorously seeking outside aid at a moment of international crisis, as it has repeatedly done in Mexican history—witness the imposition of the Hapsburg Maximilian. Yet the Catholic church is helpless from a military point of view unless the army should turn traitor or elements in the United States give substantial aid.

The Calles program has four facets: first, Latin-American solidarity; second, economic independence; third, financial retrenchment; fourth, legal enforcement of the 1917 constitution. Since the time of Carranza and the Plan de Monzon, all Mexican governments have been consistently, legitimately, and far-sightedly promoting a program of cultural and economic union in Latin America. The Mexican revolution aims at economic independence; it represents a reaction against the pro-foreign policy of Porfirio Diaz.

As Calles said at last year's convention of the Regional Confederation of Mexican Labor: "Mexico cannot hope to achieve political without economic independence." He declared that the Government aimed to build up native industry and to safeguard the country against wild-cat exploitation of its natural resources, this being the reason for the land and petroleum laws. Calles's financial record includes elimination of graft, rigid economy, and a regularity of payment on its foreign debt which might be envied by European Powers. But Mexico gets no credit for this. Calles has been systematically enforcing the 1917 constitution, his last two years representing the most brilliant period of codification since the fifties of the last century.

Regarding his difficulties with the United States Calles declares that although the Hague Court is dominated by imperialist Powers Mexico is willing, as the lesser of two evils, to submit even her internal legislation to international arbitration. This is a sharp contrast to Kellogg's continued bitter propaganda tending, as it does, toward armed conflict. Foreign Minister Saenz reiterates Mexico's intention to safeguard foreign rights legitimately acquired and to fulfil her international obligations. The Claims Commission is evidence of Mexico's willingness to create conciliatory machinery for the settlement of legitimate claims against her. "Mexico's aims and aspirations are simply to dwell peacefully with all peoples, solving her own problems by her own efforts. Mexico does not close her doors to any understanding or settlement based on justice." Regarding bolshevism, Mr. Saenz repeats Calles's reply to Chicherin's declaration that Mexico might be used as a Communist base: "Mexico extended the hand of friendship to Soviet Russia, but she expects absolute respect for her independence and sovereignty. Mexico's program of political and social reform sprang out of Mexico's needs, and is developing in conformity with Mexico's needs, unshaped by exotic factors."

The labor situation is this: The railroad workers, who have been threatening a general strike for nearly a year, have repeatedly been staved off by domestic and international crises, but their plans are again maturing. The indications are that Calles will insist on arbitration. The Regional Confederation of Mexican Labor, the largest organization in the country, has reaffirmed its unqualified support of Calles. General Secretary Trevino declares that the organization always combats Communist tendencies. The Mexican masses and the Mexican Government are not influenced by Bolshevist theories or activities. The Mexican revolution crystallized its constitution in February, 1917, while the Bolshevist revolution did not occur until November of that year. The little Communist propaganda which has been carried on in Mexico has been directed against the Government by American citizens who have since been deported. Russian Communists in the United States have been actively opposed to the Labor governments of Obregon and Calles.

Trevino spoke the truth: but 300,000 peasants, composing the National Peasants League, who are not connected with the Government and who may ultimately determine the fate of Mexico, are far more radical. No Mexican Government on the Kellogg pattern could possibly sustain itself, unless with the aid of United States bayonets. If Calles should be overthrown by a break in diplomatic relations, by lifting the embargo on shipments of arms, or merely by continued hostility, he might be followed, after a period of new violence, by the most radical government in Mexican history. A church government or a landlord government could not exist three months. If Calles falls, the State Department will face a semi-Bolshevist and bitterly anti-American government. Will Kellogg's work in inciting revolution in Mexico benefit American property and commerce, and promote peace and security—or merely aid a few oil properties with doubtful titles?

The Eagle and the Red Bird: A Fable

By ARTHUR WARNER

AN Eagle was winging his way above Washington One Day in December (the 27th to be exact) when he heard a Great Commotion in a Building at Seventeenth and G Streets. He swooped down and, perching on the sill of an open window, saw a great multitude of men called Newspaper Boys bustling into a room where stood Somebody whom the Newspaper Boys called Mr. Secretary to his face but among themselves Nervous Nellie. The Newspaper Boys were Hot on the Trail because only three days before United States marines had been landed at Puerto Cabezas, on the east coast of Nicaragua. The Newspaper Boys wanted to know Why.

"It is solely to protect the lives and property of our citizens," declared Mr. Secretary solemnly. "Admiral Latimer has been instructed to preserve the Strictest Neutrality as between the Diaz and Sacasa forces. If the Diaz forces enter the Neutral Zone they will be disarmed as quickly as the troops of Sacasa."

"But," said one of the Newspaper Boys who was Wise, "Puerto Cabezas is the military headquarters of Sacasa. His troops have just licked the Tar out of the army of Diaz so that it is Running Yet. There's a Fat Chance that the forces of Diaz will Come Monkeying around there again. Mr. Secretary, what do you mean, Neutrality?"

"I can't answer that question," said Mr. Secretary.

"Mr. Secretary," said another Wise Guy, "will you give us the names of the lives and property that our marines are protecting?"

"I never was good at remembering names," replied Nervous Nellie, "though I never forget a Face. As to that I would say we were protecting Our Own."

Thereupon the interview ended and the Eagle flew away to Potomac Park for a Much Needed Rest. But he was back again three days later. Unfortunately he was a Bit Late. The interview was over and the Newspaper Boys had left the room. There was a Parrot there, though, and of him the Eagle inquired What Had Been Said.

"Same old Bologna," squawked the Parrot; "we're still neutral."

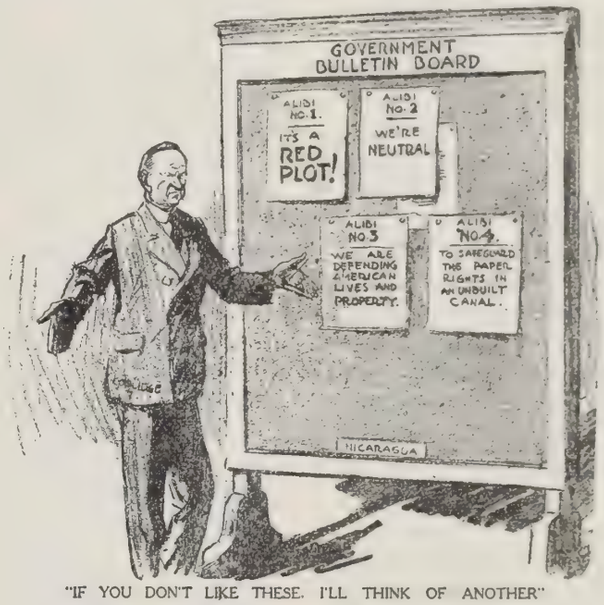
This time the Eagle took a Longer Rest, but on January 4 he heard a Great Silence over a building called the White House. He flew down to learn what it was All About and saw a man that looked like Cautious Cal but was called the Official Spokesman. This man had found a New One.

He told the Newspaper Boys that Uncle Sam was in Nicaragua to protect his Rights in a Canal which he hadn't yet started but might want to build Some Day.

So the Eagle flew away to Rock Creek Park and cogitated on This Bluff. He concluded that in building trenches the army of Sacasa might shovel some Loose Dirt off the line of the Canal and thus prevent a future Deserving Republican contractor from charging it up as excavation through Solid Rock.

On January 6 there was a Terrible Commotion at Seventeenth and G Streets and the Eagle hopped on the window-sill As Before. He learned that American troops had been sent to Managua, the headquarters of Diaz, but the troops of the latter had not been compelled to disarm nor had the city been declared a Neutral Zone. In fact our embargo against the shipment of arms into Nicaragua had been lifted in so far as Diaz Was Concerned. It was explained officially that Our Troops were in Managua at the request of British and Italian officials, but the Eagle heard On the Side that they were there to keep the Naughty Boys of Sacasa from Crashing the Gate and Knocking the Block off Diaz, the Angel Child of Nervous Nellie and Cautious Cal. The Eagle also heard that Two Senators, a Mr. Robinson and a Mr. Swanson, had been assured by Cautious Cal that we were in Nicaragua to uphold our Prestige in Latin America against that of Mexico. This was Something that the Eagle, who was No Fool, had Already Suspected.

From the New York World



"IF YOU DON'T LIKE THESE, I'LL THINK OF ANOTHER"

The Eagle flew away thinking it was Pretty Soft for Diaz, but the next day the Newspaper Boys got Another Earful. This time it was Officially Stated that we were in Nicaragua because of the Evarts Doctrine, a poor relation of the Monroe Doctrine but capable of raising Some Hell on its own account. The Evarts Doctrine was promulgated by William M. Evarts, Secretary of State, in a letter to our Minister to Mexico in 1878. In true He-Man Style Mr. Evarts wrote that the United States was out to protect the lives and property of its citizens and was "not solicitous about the methods to accomplish this protection of its imperiled nationals." The Eagle also overheard Nervous Nellie declare that for Mexico to allow arms to be shipped to Sacasa after we had hailed Diaz as our Angel Child was an Unfriendly Act.

The Eagle spent three days trying to digest this Mess, but on January 10 he spied some Typewritten Sheets that an Unappreciative Page had dropped out of one of the Capitol windows. The Stuff proved to be a Message to Congress from Cautious Cal giving five reasons why we were in Nicaragua, all bad and all old except One. That is to say, one wasn't old. It was that we were in Nicaragua to prevent an Inflation of the Currency.

"Well, well!" said the Eagle when he read that. "Can you beat it?" Evidently you could, for two days later Nervous Nellie let the Cat out of the Bag or rather the Bird out of the Cage. The Bird, he said, was Red; its habitat was Mexico. It lived on Food imported from Moscow and unless it was promptly chloroformed there would be the Devil to Pay all over Latin America, not to speak of the Nordic U. S. A.

The Eagle thought this was Slush. He had met this Bird occasionally when flying along the Rio Grande and had found him to be a Reg'lar Feller who minded His Business as long as you Minded Yours. So the Eagle went next day for a Personal Chat with the Secretary of State. Hopping on the Window-sill he sang "Nellie Was a Lady" until the Secretary looked up. Then the Eagle cleared his throat and began.

"Mr. Secretary," he said, remembering the formula of the Newspaper Boys, "in the last two weeks I've heard a Dozen Reasons why we are in Nicaragua. Snatch me Baldheaded if I know which to believe. None of them Sounds Good."

"Dear me! Dear me!" mourned Nervous Nellie. "I thought that with So Many Shots I'd be sure to hit the Bull's-Eye with one. But I've got four clerks in the next room working on New Ones. Come in tomorrow morning and I think I can Fit You out."

"I don't want more reasons but better ones," replied the Eagle. "I'm getting especially sick of the Stuff about that Red Bird. In the first place he's a friend of mine, and in the second he is only a nice quiet sort of red."

"But," said Nervous Nellie, "he will destroy your Nests and nationalize your Eggs."

"Twaddle!" responded the Eagle, forgetting the formula of the Newspaper Boys. "I'm not afraid of your Red Bird. In fact he reminds me of myself when I was Young and Idealistic and not so Fat and Bald-headed an Eagle as I am today. I can't see anything in trying to chloroform the Bird—neither Kudos nor Kale."

"The Kudos," replied Nervous Nellie, less nervously, "will go to me and Cautious Cal—who may need it in 1928. The Kale will go to Wall Street."

"But where do I come in?" asked the Eagle, stroking his Polished Dome with his Fore Talon.

"You," answered the Secretary not unkindly, "you will Get Yours all right, all right, first in the Trenches and later in the Taxes."

Moral—What's Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander, but there is Some Bilgewater in Washington too thick for Any Bird to Swallow.

What Made These Women "Modern"?

The seventh article in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. If you have missed the first six, mail this announcement and seventy cents. John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, will point out in The Nation *the significance of the anonymous articles.*

What the World Thinks of America

England

LONDON *Daily News* (January 11). "So barren of argument is the American war policy in defending the indefensible Nicaraguan adventure that Senator Willis has asserted that if the United States had kept out, England, to protect Englishmen in Nicaragua, would have sent the British navy to take charge . . . a glaring example of the hypocrisy of American moral philosophy."

London *Outlook* (January 1). ". . . most Latin-American states are watching Washington with considerable apprehension. In place of the Pan-American spirit which Mr. Hughes fostered with considerable success when he was Secretary of State, there is now definite hostility, mingled with fear as to what may come next. There is a feeling abroad that under Mr. Kellogg official Washington has undertaken a definitely aggressive policy toward Latin America. . . . there is a strong war party in the United States, and the antagonism between Mexico and the States has been of such long standing that the situation has become dangerous in the extreme. If some moral pretext can be found it will not be difficult to set America aflame with the war spirit."

London *Spectator* (January 8). "The whole of Central and South America will be further excited against the Monroe Doctrine. The shield will be regarded as a dagger."

London *New Statesman* (January 1). "The economic interests of the United States in Nicaragua are very large, and it is undoubtedly the representatives of those interests who are most actively spreading from Washington the grotesque story about Mexico's design for a Bolshevist hegemony in Central America."

London *Nation and Athenaeum* (January 1). "The [Nicaraguan] affair has created a sensation throughout Latin America, and President Coolidge is called upon to defend his policy. . . . Such action is inevitable in the present circumstances [he explains], but the United States 'never takes sides.' This statement has a singular sound in the face of the fact that the State Department has recognized Señor Diaz, while Dr. Sacasa has been accorded recognition by Mexico."

London *Sunday Worker* (January 2). "The setback to the 'conservative' forces in Nicaragua, followed by the skilful move of the United States in declaring the main zones occupied or threatened by the 'liberals' neutral, has made it more difficult than ever for President Coolidge to disguise the fact that the struggle between President Diaz and Dr. Sacasa—between the 'conservatives' and the 'liberals'—is the struggle—perhaps the final one—of Nicaragua itself to resist complete absorption into the imperialist system of the United States.

"For the government of the U. S. A. it is a stage toward the complete conquest of power in Central America and the Caribbean Sea."

Manchester Guardian (January 11). "Before the crisis Mr. Coolidge plainly was on the side of the peacemakers, but since the intervention of Rear Admiral Latimer it would seem that his assent has been obtained both to the definite taking of sides in Nicaragua and to the adoption by the State Department of a minatory tone toward Mexico."

France

Echo de Paris (Pertinax, semi-official political writer). "The absorption of Panama proves, no matter what one says, that American imperialism exists. It differs from European efforts at hegemony only by the weakness of the obstacles it meets. . . . After the conquest of the Spanish colonies in 1898 there came the subjugation of Panama in 1904, the Dominican Republic in 1907, Haiti in 1915, Nicaragua in 1916, and Honduras in 1924."

La Liberté (Conservative). "The star-spangled banner is fast becoming the symbol of a nation of prey for the descendants of Bolivar. America is assuming a position similar to that of Germany before the war."

L'Humanité (Communist). "The American imperialism of 1927 is more dangerous than Germany's was in 1914."

Le Temps (Semi-official). "The Monroe Doctrine, transformed from an American principle of defense against the Europe of the Holy Alliance, has now became the postulate of the United States protectorate over the South American republics. . . . Alternately, under various forms and combinations of seductive dollar diplomacy and the coercive policy of the 'big stick,' the doctrine openly serves the objects of those two so closely allied forces, the State Department in Washington and the bankers in New York."

Le Temps (January 10). "It is difficult to admit that the principles and methods which characterize America's attitude in Nicaragua and Mexico do not reveal an imperialistic policy. One understands perfectly why the republics of Latin America look toward the future with serious apprehension."

Germany

Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger* (Nationalist). "The policy of North America now shows itself in its true colors as a policy of might against the independence of small countries, which are weak both in respect to their economic position and military establishment."

Berlin *Vorwärts* (Socialist) of January 12. "With unparalleled cynicism the Coolidge Government continues its intervention in the activities of Nicaragua for the benefit of the defeated usurper Diaz, despite protests from Americans as well as warnings from Latin America. The United States believes it cannot permit any neighboring states to use violence, since the past showed all such undertakings successful. In reality the history of the expansion of North American influence in Central America is merely a long chain of brutal oppression."

Italy

Giornale d'Italia (Rome) of January 11. "The United States today is one of the leading imperial Powers of the world, cultivating an unswerving imperial policy supported by dollars and commerce, but when necessary by cannon and armed intervention."

Lavoro d'Italia (Rome) of December 29. "These tendencies in American policy have no need for comment; they all converge in one point, the assertion of American domination everywhere and by every method . . . traditions, ideals, rights, justice, all are set aside when the interests of the state demand it. Like all the imperialisms of his-

tory, even American imperialism in its relations with other states recognizes but one law—that of force."

SPAIN

El Debate (Madrid) of December 30. "The economic advance of the United States disturbs this paper, which sees new evidence in the treatment of Nicaragua of a chain forged by the Northern republic to bind South American countries, which can only end in the complete subjugation of free nations."

El Sol (Madrid) of January 13. "It is the Spanish Government's duty to give an expression of sympathy with South America without violating the international protocol. Certainly Spain can do more by creating genuine Hispano-American ties than all the Columbus Day celebrations in many centuries."

CUBA

Diario de Cuba (Havana) of December 31 scores both the "policy of imperialism of the United States in Latin America" and the "cowardice" of the Latin-American republics in failing to rally to the defense of a small sister nation.

ARGENTINA

La Nacion (Buenos Aires) of January 12. "No acts against Americans justified military intervention without first exhausting all diplomatic measures and resources, which the United States would have applied in the case of any other nation not so weak as Nicaragua. . . . A new conception of imperialism, crudely materialistic, has supplanted the sentiments of high idealism which the great leaders of the United States had established."

BRAZIL

Jornal do Brazil (Rio de Janeiro) of January 13. Warning Brazil against increasing its national financial obligations to the United States, it describes such a step as "becoming caught in a dangerous web of gold."

PARAGUAY

La Tribuna (Asuncion) of January 12. "North American intervention makes it known to the world that 'might makes right' in America."

PERU

Diario Comercio (Lima). "It is strange that war vessels should be sent to an independent country under the pretext of defending Yankee interests."

COSTA RICA

Diario de Costa Rica (San Jose) of January 7. "Since the interests and lives of Americans and other foreigners were respected in Nicaragua, the attitude of the American State Department fails to explain but rather hurts the Pan-American sentiments voiced by Mr. Kellogg in his speeches. It also takes away from the prestige of the Monroe Doctrine."

[*Those excerpts not quoted directly from foreign papers are taken from dispatches of the Associated Press or the New York* Times.]

Dollars and Bullets: A History

Compiled, Mainly from State Department Records

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

1907

Central American Court of Justice created under joint auspices of United States and Mexico.

1909

October 7. American consul at Bluefields, Nicaragua, wires State Department that "a revolution will start in Bluefields on the 8th," that the revolutionaries "propose to protect the property of foreigners," and that General Emiliano Chamorro (who, with J. J. Estrada and Adolfo Diaz, secretary—at $1,000 per year—of an American mining company, was to lead the revolution) has just landed secretly from Costa Rica.

October 12. Consul wires State Department that revolution occurred on 10th; that "foreign business interests are enthusiastic," that "immediate reduction of tariff is assured; also the annulment of all concessions not owned by foreigners."

December 1. Secretary Knox withdraws recognition of Nicaraguan Government, stating that "the Government of the United States is convinced that the revolution represents the ideals and the will of a majority of the Nicaraguan people more faithfully than does the Government of President Zelaya."

December 16. Zelaya resigns, naming Madriz, also of Liberal Party, to succeed him.

1910

May 16. Madriz forces, having swept all Nicaragua, call upon Estrada to surrender his last stronghold at Bluefields.

May 16. U. S. S. Paducah declares Bluefields a neutral zone.

May 31. United States prohibits interference with American ships carrying arms to Estrada in Bluefields; insists that customs duties be paid to Estrada faction, not to Madriz.

August 20. Madriz resigns; Estrada enters capital and declares himself President; his first official act is to telegraph Secretary Knox that the victorious party "entertains warm regard for American people."

September 12. Estrada promises to ask for American loan.

October 11. Department of State offers aid in securing loan from American bankers, suggests foreign control of customs, and offers service of "confidential financial expert."

October 18. Thomas C. Dawson arrives as special Agent of the United States.

October 27. "Dawson Pact" signed on board United States battleship by Nicaraguan leaders, promising loan, American customs control, and a Claims Commission—one member to be appointed by Nicaragua, two by United States—to settle American claims against Nicaragua; and agreeing upon election of Estrada and Diaz as President and Vice-President.

December 31. General election; Estrada and Diaz *unanimously* elected.

1911

March 27. American Minister cables "President Estrada is being sustained solely by the moral effect of our support and the belief that he would unquestionably have that support in case of trouble."

March 29. Estrada by presidential decree ratifies Dawson plan for Claims Commission.

April 4. President Estrada dissolves Assembly; revolution threatens.

Late April. New Assembly, subordinate to Estrada, elected.

May 6. New Assembly authorizes President to negotiate loan with American bankers.

May 9. Estrada resigns in favor of Diaz.

May 14. Department of State approves recognition of Diaz; revolution still threatens.

June 5. American Minister reports informing Diaz that "I had communicated to my Government his pledge not to resign and that I was instructed to say that my Government considered the pledge as given to it through me and appreciated it very much."

June 6. Knox-Castrillo treaty signed, United States offering to aid Nicaragua to get $15,000,000 loan from American bankers, customs to be put under American control as security. (This treaty was never ratified, either by the American Senate or the Nicaraguan Assembly.)

July 30. American Minister reports that Diaz is a mere figurehead, but has "repeated his promise not to resign until the loan matter had been settled."

September 1. Brown Brothers and Company, and J. and W. Seligman and Company, New York bankers, sign contract for $15,000,000 loan if and when treaty is ratified; meanwhile lend Diaz Government $1,500,000, also guaranteed on customs, which they are to control; bankers also take option for 51 per cent of stock of National Bank of Nicaragua, and railway rights.

November 20. State Department wires to hold Assembly in session until American fiscal experts arrive, as supplementary legislation may be needed.

December 2. Diaz orders Assembly held in session.

December 21. Diaz confidentially suggests treaty "permitting the United States to intervene in our internal affairs."

December 23. Secretary Knox expresses "intense gratification."

1912

March 26. Same bankers give Nicaragua further loan of $500,000 taking lien on government steamship and railway lines.

July 29. Anti-Diaz revolution breaks out; Diaz appoints Chamorro his general-in-chief.

August 3. Revolution spreading; Diaz asks "that the Government of the United States guarantee with its forces security for the property of American citizens in Nicaragua and that it extend its protection to all the inhabitants of the republic."

August 4. 100 men from U. S. S. Annapolis arrive in Nicaraguan capital. United States Minister orders revolutionaries to return engine and two box cars to American corporation operating railroad.

August 11-15. Nicaraguan capital bombarded by revolutionaries.

August 12. American manager of Bank of Nicaragua wires James Brown of Brown Brothers for protection. Brown consults State Department.

August 15. Major Smedley D. Butler with 350 United States marines arrives in capital.

August 20 (about). American Minister declares capital a neutral zone.

September 4. State Department announces its policy is "to take the necessary measures for an adequate legation guard at Managua, to keep open communications, and to protect American life and property." Also states that "the American bankers who have made investments . ... have applied for protection."

September 5. Admiral Southerland arrives with reinforcements.

September 15. Expeditionary force under Butler starts north.

October 6. Marines complete campaign by capture of Leon, last revolutionary stronghold; 4 marines, 3,000 (estimated) Nicaraguans killed in course of campaign.

November 2. With American marines guarding the polls, Diaz is unanimously reelected for four-year term.

November 4. New $500,000 loan by bankers, secured by American collection of tobacco and liquor taxes, and option for purchase by bankers of remaining 49 per cent of railroad stock.

November 14. Admiral Southerland, Major Butler, and bulk of United States expeditionary force leave Nicaragua.

December 13. All marines except 100 men at capital and a ship at Corinto recommended withdrawn.

1913

October 8. Bankers buy majority stock of railroad for $1,000,000 and of bank for $153,000 and make $1,000,000 loan; of this $2,153,000 all but $772,000 is held to repay previous loans.

November. Chamorro is *unanimously* elected to succeed Diaz.

1916

February 18. Bryan-Chamorro treaty signed; United States pays $3,000,000 for right to build canal across Nicaragua, and for 99-year lease of naval bases on Nicaraguan territory. Money is used to repay American creditors of Nicaragua. (Costa Rica and Salvador protested that this treaty violated their treaty rights, and appealed to the Central American Court of Justice, which ruled that the treaty was invalid. Nicaragua, encouraged by United States, refused to accept the verdict; and in 1918, accordingly, the court dissolved.)

1924

July 12. Nicaragua pays off last of her debts to Brown Brothers and J. and W. Seligman and Company. Railway and National Bank are returned to Nicaragua, although Americans are retained as members of directorates.

October. First free elections in Nicaraguan history held under new election law. Carlos Solorzano, Liberal, defeats Emiliano Chamorro two to one for Presidency; Juan Sacasa is elected Vice-President.

1925

August 3. American marines are withdrawn from Nicaragua, leaving native constabulary in charge of American officer.

October 25. Chamorro and Diaz seize power by coup d'etat.

1926

January 16. Chamorro, after expelling opposition members of Assembly, has Assembly elect him President. Solorzano is forced to resign, Sacasa to flee.

January 22. State Department refuses to recognize Chamorro because he gained office by use of force.

Early May. Liberal revolution to reinstate constitutional regime begins.

October 30. Chamorro, discouraged by State Department hostility, resigns.

November 10. Adolfo Diaz elected President by Chamorro's Assembly.

November 15. Diaz asks for American aid and support.

November 17. State Department recognizes Diaz.

November 18. New loan agreement negotiated by Diaz with New York bankers.

December 7. Mexico recognizes Sacasa as constitutional President of Nicaragua.

December 24. Admiral Latimer lands troops at Bluefields.

December 25. Sacasa is ordered to disarm or get out.

In the Driftway

A GOOD friend of the Drifter's has a morbid curiosity to see himself as others see him, which invariably leads to chagrin. He should have known better than to eavesdrop on the theaters of Moscow, where in two entirely different plays he saw the same portrait of himself, in fact, of all Americans. This is what Russians think an American is like: He wears loud plaid knickerbockers and if he were a woman he would also wear a lorgnette. He talks with a drawl, and carries a light stick. He is forever snapping pictures with a pocket kodak, especially when he has the rare good fortune to see a suicide or an execution. He fox-trots incessantly, and interrupts his ungraceful seesawing only to gulp a tumbler of champagne. When in Mr. Meyerhold's famous play, "Rechi Kitai"—Roar, China!—an American answering to this description was quietly tumbled into the Yangtze, it was impossible not to experience an unforgettable thrill of satisfaction.

* * * * *

IT rather surprised the Drifter to learn what a seditious activity the fox-trot is. He has been known to try it himself, but not as ardently as the printers, movie stars, ice men, and taxi drivers of his acquaintance. Is he to understand that these persons are all deep-dyed imperialists, plotting the destruction of the proletariat? His friend declares he is reconciled to the anti-fox-trot law in Russia, since it increased his chance to see the ballet and the peasant dances. "The best thing in the Moscow version of 'Desire under the Elms' was the admirable lancers of the wedding party; though the set seemed better and the land-greedy people rather more convincing in Russia than in Mr. O'Neill's imitation New England." He continues:

> It does not take much revising to turn Russian dances into pure gymnastics. This is Meyerhold's way of avoiding the bourgeois taint, and adding another color to his orchestration, even if it has no special part in the action of the play. In "Rechi Kitai," for instance, you see a row of large drums on a dark stage, beaten by crouching drummers, and behind each one a wheel of red legs and arms. It might symbolize the execution of two boatmen in the next act, or the revolution to come when China does roar, or the Saturday night of a sampan man, or it might be simply a sinister Eastern dance, to heighten the color and the feeling; but its effect was of the most vital significance.
>
> It is fashionable for a stage setting to consist of a framework of lath and a set of screens instead of painted backdrops of trembling pillars and wrinkled trees. This removes all restraint on the dramatist's imagination as to multiplying scenes, which in the modern Russian play he does with reckless abandon. Russian art in general is not simple, probably due to the influence of the language.

* * * * *

ALL of which is interesting and greatly strengthens the Drifter's resolve to leave for the Soviet Union on the next boat. He makes this resolve every morning before breakfast. A day will surely come when he will not be forced to break it before lunch. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Brutus: Enough About His Life to Blast His Reputation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When Cicero went out to Asia Minor as governor of Cilicia and adjacent territory he carried with him the government's mandate to reseat a certain Ariobarzanes, king of Cappadocia, upon his wabbly throne. Now this legislation had been put through the Roman senate by Pompey and Brutus, with the help of the sanctified Cato, because they had both gambled huge sums of money on loans to the king and if anyone more acceptable to the people should get his crown they never would be paid. Cicero bolstered up the tottering dynasty and Brutus got his pound of flesh.

More serious was the case of the city of Salamis on the island of Cyprus. Cicero found an obscure Roman man of business, Scaptius by name, trying to collect from the Salaminians a large sum of money, with interest at 4 per cent per month. When the impoverished citizens could not pay, Scaptius obtained cavalry from the previous governor and besieged the city fathers in the senate house until five of them died of starvation.

Cicero, hearing of this twentieth-century strong-arm method of treating subject peoples, withdrew the cavalry entirely from Cyprus and made an astounding rule for those days—that no Roman engaged in business in the province should hold government office or use any troops for the collecting of investments. Scaptius, blocked, denied troops or office, became truculent. The governor was obdurate—12 per cent compounded annually was all that he would permit on this debt, and no military to collect. At this point Brutus disclosed his friendship for Scaptius, seeking to induce Cicero to wink at his methods. When the man of letters turned politician did not yield, Brutus became highly offended and Cicero, to his amazement, learned that Scaptius was only a man of straw and that the person whose money was at stake and who was trying to collect a debt with interest at 4 per cent per month was none other than Brutus himself, the "noblest Roman of them all."

Hanover, N. H., December 29 ERLE WILSON MESSER

Beware the "Larger Issue"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Now is the time to beware of a "larger issue." The aggressive attitude of the Coolidge Administration toward Nicaragua and Mexico is so plainly inspired by the financial interests operating in these countries that war would be ex-

ceedingly unpopular. Hence Secretary Kellogg's efforts to "sell" a capitalist war to the American people by asserting that Latin America is hanging over a Red abyss. But his assertion fell dead flat. Doubtless the American imperialists will make other attempts to distract attention from their real objects. That is their business.

The Boer War is of especial interest in this connection. It originated in a conspiracy to overthrow the Boer Republic entered into by the South African mine owners and the Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain. But the war party in England cleverly shifted the issue to that of preserving the British Empire. The trick succeeded, and the Boer War received the enthusiastic support of the British people. England repudiated her liberal traditions as the friend of oppressed peoples, and there followed a debauch of imperialism which ran to such wild extremes that it disgusted even that stout old Tory, G. K. Chesterton.

Undoubtedly the Monroe Doctrine originated in a genuine desire of the United States to save the New World from autocracy. However, as a result of the investments of American capital in Latin America and of the Panama Canal the doctrine underwent a subtle change. It is no longer the means of preventing European aggression but of cloaking American aggression. In effect Latin America is now a gigantic protectorate of the United States.

Perhaps the future has in store a cosmic satire. The Monroe Doctrine may become the means used by the United States to destroy democracy in Latin America.

New York, January 15 J. Salwyn Schapiro

Arbitration in 1848

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You remind your readers that our Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo made with Mexico in 1848 contained a recommendation that in case of future disputes the country deeming itself aggrieved should consider arbitration.

Research in the manuscript papers of Nicholas Trist, recently acquired by the Library of Congress, shows that during the negotiations the Mexicans from the first insisted on arbitration. The proposal to arbitrate was not even considered by Trist, who says in his report to President Polk: "They propose *arbitration* as the just mode of settling this question. . . . I decline to enter into this question, or to consider the proposal. . . . We must proceed to business at once."

The Mexicans then proposed a clause providing for compulsory arbitration, in the future. This the prudent Trist would have none of, but he finally consented to the present mild Article 21, which merely suggests that in case of future disputes arbitration be "maturely considered," and not refused by either party unless deemed incompatible with the circumstances of the case. Such a clause, Trist assured the administration, could "do no harm." Apparently it has not!

Northampton, Mass., January 15 M. and M. Curti

The American Arbitration Crusade

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: *The Nation* may be glad to place before its readers a practical substitute for war, be it never so radical. The proposal to negotiate compulsory arbitration treaties with all countries is extremely radical. Instead of pledging individuals to refuse to fight—a program deemed Bolshevistic and unpatriotic—the American Arbitration Crusade is endeavoring to pledge the entire nation to refuse to fight any country for any cause at any time. And yet this program should win the support of the officer of the military training camp who urges preparedness to prevent war, for no action is demanded of the United States that is not reciprocal on the part of other nations.

The United States has made no such treaty. The Bryan treaties were for conciliation, the disputants remaining free to reject the recommendation of the commission. The Root treaties excepted questions of vital interest or national honor. War is not outlawed under any of them.

To arouse popular interest the American Arbitration Crusade, 114 East Thirty-first Street, New York City, offers the following prizes: $100 for the best letter, editorial, or article on the subject of arbitration appearing in any paper of at least 5,000 circulation; $100 for the best public demonstration or concerted endeavor for obligatory arbitration; $100 for the best cartoon; $100 for the best slogan; $100 for the best sermon. All contests close July 4, 1927.

New York, January 11 William Floyd

Guns for Victims

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I regret your dictum that "a federal law limiting drastically the importation and transportation of revolvers would [help] end gunmen and banditry." It may be delicately suggested that the present federal control of hard liquor is a parallel of how the proposed law would work in practice. Such a law would surely tend to raise the now scandalously high price of good firearms. I would venture that in periods of high-pressure banditry there exists a class molded by economic environment and training which comes to believe that to rob and kill is a good life. On this I have no statistics, but have the impression that such periods generally follow after times of war. In other words, illegal robbery survives after the lawful form is temporarily suspended.

It may be rash to propose the arming of the victim class, not the vain attempt to disarm the predatory poor. But I know from personal experience and some observation that even a mob recruited from the American Legion and the Knights of Columbus will prefer for its victim the unskilled in arms, and will only growl at those who are ready, able, and willing to make a two-sided affair of the armed raid. From among many inept acts of government we must except the order for military patrols of the mails. It seems to work.

The only effective alternative to arming the victim class would be the continental system of registration, passports, and police espionage of citizens, immensely more irksome than the cheerful duty of target practice.

Anyway, I'll say this: If all my guns were taken away by some government snooper, I would exercise diligence in getting others, with all needful accessories.

Butte, Montana, January 1 Harlow Pease

Endow Men

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your plea for the "endowment of men," as well as the endowment of "chairs," needs to be emphasized. We all know that men, especially young men, if they could be freed from economic pressure, would make outstanding leaders in liberal movements. There is no man who deserves our sympathy more than a young man of promise, full of ideals and decision of character, who must repress his zeal because of the necessity of making a living. When middle life is reached and sufficient income provided, the urge to carry on for a more liberal economic order has often been lost.

It is because of the economic problem that we have so few "genuinely independent individuals capable of taking intelligent charge of their own lives," as is urged by Harry Emerson Fosdick. If some such men could be "endowed," the world would greatly gain thereby.

Denver, Colorado, January 8 William E. Sweet

Books and Plays

Death and Dancing

By DONALD KIRKLEY

Dancing, they talked of the dead girl Anna.
They were sad, thinking of Anna.
Dancing lightly, dancing gracefully, they were sad, thinking of Anna.
Saxophone, violin, drum
Droned out a sweet waltz, a soft waltz, a slow waltz.
One two three, *one* two three, *one* two three, *one*.
The dead girl Anna had roses in her hair,
The dead girl Anna, God but she was fair.
One two three, *one* two three, *one* two three, *one*.
"Your hair is sweet, your body is fair,
Anna's body tonight is where?"
One two three, *one* two three, *one* two three, *one* two three.
She was Anna's friend,
He was Anna's lover:
Will the dancing never end?
The earth is cold above her.
One two three, *one* two three, *one* two three, *one* two three.
Lithe in his arms, warm in his arms,
She dances gracefully, thinking of death.
Strong in her arms, solid in her arms,
He dances lightly, thinking of death.
One two three, *one* two three, *one* two three, *one* two three.
Death and dancing, dancing and death.
Death has taken Anna, Anna was a dancer,
Anna was a dancer and danced with death.
One two three, *one* two three, *one* two three, *one* two three.
Pirouette sadly, fair friend of Anna,
Whirl around lightly, man who loved Anna,
Pirouette, whirl around, thinking of Anna,
Thinking of Anna, dancing, dancing, thinking of Anna, thinking of death.
One two three, *one* two three, *one* two three, *one* two three,
One two three, *one* two three, *one* two three, *one*.

First Glance

"NOW and then he would start and exclaim: 'Oh, that I were young again! I would go to America, too. Hey! what a country it will be, Mr. Audubon.' I retorted by exclaiming, 'Hey! what a country it is already, Mr. Bewick!' " Thus the author of "The Birds of America" to the author of "British Birds," as the two sat over their hot brandy toddy in Newcastle in April, 1827. It was very nearly a hundred years ago, and the enthusiasm of the younger man may be explained either by that fact or by the nature of his genius, which was first to adore birds and after that to adore America. Lewis Mumford has recently written of the golden day when America had men like Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whitman, and Melville. He might have touched the brow of John James Audubon as he went along; the radiance of a golden age was there, too, and it is still there for anyone who will open any of the five volumes of "Ornithological Biography" and read. Such a reader may well be interested in what is said there about birds; he is sure to be captivated by the occasional episodes which tell of more general things seen and done by Audubon as he tramped through his beloved Ohio and Mississippi river valleys. These now, it is pleasant to know, are collected and for the first time separately printed under their original title, "Delineations of American Scenery and Character," by the biographer of Audubon, Francis Hobart Herrick (G. A. Baker and Company: $4.50).

Born in Haiti in 1785, the natural son of a French lieutenant and a Creole woman, Audubon lived as a boy in France. But as soon as occasion offered he sailed swiftly back to the hemisphere which was to be his hunting-ground. "I gazed with rapture upon its noble forests, and no sooner had I landed than I set myself to mark every object that presented itself, and became imbued with an anxious desire to discover the purpose and import of that nature which lay spread around me in luxuriant profusion." In his youth he had read of the golden age. Here now he thought he had found it; and nothing ever disillusioned him. On he plunged into the forests, on he trudged along the trails, on he went past river towns and hidden settlements; and all of the people, like all of the trees, were heroes in his eyes. He gives an account that would have been pleasing to Homer of a night spent in the lonely cabin of young Willy and Eliza; the pair are as hospitable to him as Baucis and Philemon—though they were old—once were to Jupiter and Mercury among the Phrygian hills. The fugitive slave, living with his wife and three children in a cane-brake which the separate owners of the five would never penetrate, rises to classic stature when Audubon discovers him and talks to him. The youth of Kentucky advancing to a barbecue resemble "a procession of nymphs and disguised divinities." Audubon has heard the squatters along the lower Mississippi dismissed as "a sallow, sickly-looking sort of miserable beings," and he goes to inspect them. "See the joyous mother and daughters as they stand on the bank!" They are expecting their joyous husband and father home from New Orleans whither he has floated a raft of saw-logs. "A store of vegetables lies around them, a large tub of fresh milk is at their feet, and in their hands are plates filled with rolls of butter." What difference if our glorious bird-painter was deceived? At all events he could write endlessly in this rapturous strain without growing tiresome, so great and so pure was his energy. Perhaps he was not deceived.

MARK VAN DOREN

Secretary Houston Recalls

Eight Years with Wilson's Cabinet—1913 to 1920. By David F. Houston. Doubleday, Page and Company. Two volumes. $10.

THE publishers make surprising claims for this work. They say that "no other living man knows as much about Woodrow Wilson as David F. Houston," and further that "Houston opens the first true complete record of Wilson and his conduct of the government at home." I do not find justification for these statements in the 457,000 words before me. And a very different story is told in the author's modest foreword. Speaking of himself in the third person, he says:

> The record is a partial one only, and it is necessarily partial because he made no attempt except incidentally or occasionally even to indicate the views or deal with the activities of other members of the Cabinet. He offers it not as a complete or balanced account of the events, but as a

contemporaneous record which may help to fill in the picture of eight important years and be of value to the historian.

Bearing strictly in mind these limitations, it may be said that the author fulfils his undertaking.

Secretary Houston so carefully observes the rule of silence with respect to his Cabinet associates that we must look elsewhere even for the names of some of them. Those for whom the rule is relaxed will not all be grateful for the attention given them. Bryan is the only colleague to be given a "close up" in the picture; and his friends will regret this distinction. Houston's rigorous mind admitted no sympathy for Bryan's enthusiasms and personal devotions. They did not seem to be logical. His break with the President has been so thoroughly ventilated by friends and foes of both men that we have only repetition, not revelation, in these volumes. From the author's lump-sum estimate of Wilson's Cabinet we learn that at least a third of its members must be taken as "liabilities." Wilson's consultations with his advisers, as reported by Houston, were not illuminating. They were rarely (if ever) determinative of important matters. Many Presidential decisions seem to have been made without reference to Cabinet opinions.

Much detail is given concerning the Federal Reserve Act and concerning our naval and military establishments. Full account appears of the operations of the Department of Agriculture; but there will not be universal agreement with the author's estimate of the importance of this Department's efforts toward increase of crop production. Many will suspect that high prices were sufficient to account for the results actually attained. In a chapter on Inter-Allied war debts the case, developed up to 1920, is well presented. The extreme cancelationists offer some considerations, political and sentimental, which are not touched upon by our author; but we have from him the official foundations of this controversy.

Many readers will turn to the long chapter called An Estimate of Woodrow Wilson, hoping there to find leading and light. Concerning these pages the author himself expresses a view which may well be adopted by the reader. "It is not even satisfactory to me, and I shall doubtless revise it as I get sidelights from his other friends, from his critics, and from new materials." It is pleasant to read Houston's tribute to Wilson's unselfishness. He comments upon the directness and lucidity of the President's intellectual processes, while emphasizing the fact that, as described by himself, his was "a single-track mind."

Wilson's treatment of the Mexican situation remains where other records have left it. Insistence upon the wrong of interference with a people struggling toward true democracy, followed by sudden determination to use force in the suppression of Mexican revolutions—that is the picture. We know from other sources that the tragic order to seize the Vera Cruz custom house was sleepily made by the President at half-past two in the morning. Admiral Mayo's aggressive demand for a salute to our flag had little to do with the decision. Our rulers decided that an expected cargo of arms should not be received in Vera Cruz harbor. A number of lives—American and Mexican—were sacrificed. The resulting good, if any, is to be found among the imponderables. The arms were duly landed a few miles down the coast. The sending of an army and banners into the heart of Mexico to avenge a bandit raid is not discussed by Houston. Indeed he leaves the "mess," as he calls it, where Mohammed's coffin was left.

As to the World War, Page, House, Tumulty, Daniels, Ray Stannard Baker, and many others—officials and intimates of the Administration—have preceded our author in the field. We learn from him of his own positive condemnation of all things German. Indeed it appears from these memoirs that, with the exception of Bryan, practically no member of the original Cabinet heeded the President's early injunction to "think neutrally." From Tumulty we have learned that Wilson himself rejected such an attitude in 1914 as in 1917. Houston emphasizes his own hearty acceptance of the extreme views that became Wilson's orthodoxy when the President finally unbosomed himself to the world. The record before us was made by a belligerent. It is not disturbed by recent disclosures of historians on both sides of the Atlantic. Nor is it affected by President Wilson's violent denunciation of French post-war policies. It reveals the state of mind out of which wars are made in Berlin, London, Paris, and Washington.

OSCAR T. CROSBY

The World's Disillusion

Wedlock. By Jacob Wassermann. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

WHEN a novelist stops being an artist and for some reason decides to turn himself into a priest he thereby sets his powers to the doing of bloody-minded work. He is no longer content to let his characters play their own lives and bring about their own doom. Once upon a time he would let them speak from their own hearts and go their ways. He never showed in his own person. He was a god invisible. Now that he has become a priest he drags his men and women up the steps of the temple and lays them on the altar. Haloed and garmented in a sacrificial zeal he cuts out the heart and examines the entrails and makes speeches to the crowd in the temple and prays to his god. He slays his own inventions for the sake of an idea or to explain a system of thought or for the good of society or to appease a wrathful divinity. As his victims lie with their hearts torn out and their mouths stopped with blood he discourses on their souls and informs the worshipful crowd that these victims are types and symbols of society (not men and women by their own nature) and that by their example the ills of life may be cured.

Since "Christian Wahnschaffe" (mysteriously translated as "The World's Illusion") Wassermann has somehow learned the vows and duties of priesthood. In almost all of "Gold" and "Oberlin's Three Stages" he did give us the drama of life rather than ideas and symbols of life; but even in those books one could see the mantle of prophecy and revelation gather like a cloud round his shoulders. The characters were not all men and women. They were something else: like a woman ceasing to be a woman and becoming *das Ewig-Weibliche.* Now in "Laudin und die Seinen" (mysteriously translated as "Wedlock") Wassermann has taken the last initiation of modern priesthood. In other words he has been reading psychology. Instead of letting the world of life go by in haunting and unforgettable pictures as he does in "Christian Wahnschaffe" he invents Laudin and his wife Pia and most of the other characters only that he may pull down the pillars of society and show the gray rats gnawing at the timbers. He has all his old impressive magnificence. The only difference is that he has renounced the world and taken up the study of sociology. In so doing he has ceased being the only near fellow we have had in these times to Dostoevski and joined H. G. Wells and all other lecturers to whom humanity seems of much less importance than a system of ideas.

Fortunately Wassermann cannot altogether escape his own powers. His books still stand like cities cut from basalt and hued with the cloudy light of a somber sun. Rivers flood from obscene cellars and bear a ghastly freight of men and women drowned in muddy waters of sin and their souls white like leprosy. Tender and brave hearts are racked with pain and thrown into sulphurous pits of betrayal and crime and wrong. All the agony and idealism and heroic futility of life crowd into pages ribbed with an adamantine austerity. Yet there remains the fatal difference from most of the earlier works. The men and women cease talking. Long essays in indirect discourse and letters written from one character to another and endless pages of analysis drag their slow length like wise pythons and crush the bones of action and swallow every semblance of living life. It is very much as if at every per-

formance of the "Ring" operas it was made customary for a lecturer to get up in a box and chant Wagner's system of metaphysics through the rolling groundswell of the music.

Laudin is a lawyer of distinguished eminence. More and more with the years he goes down and down into the muddy cellars which rot under the base of the majestic temple of justice. He stands appalled by the impotence of the law to bring any happiness or ease of pain or relief from obscure misery to the men and women who come to his office for advice and counsel. The profound and obscure springs of human emotion and conduct lie so rooted in the immense dark woods of life that he feels like a man trying to exterminate the fungus on a dying tree by the simple process of reading from a musty book or making a clever speech in court where he is opposed by advocates without scruples or honesty. He is a fly caught in the complex web of society and he cannot find the spider. His wife Pia is a sweet and wholly fleshless *hausfrau* who ministers to his every need. The son of his best friend commits suicide on account of an affair with an actress. He meets the actress and comes near to being meshed in her toils. Case after case of divorce he studies with a growing sense of his utter helplessness to cure the infinite tangle of human maladjustments or to find any one sure way whereby men and women may live in peace. At the last he breaks down and Pia nurses him to health. By some kind of sudden revelation they decide to begin all over again, and loving each other they embark on a new path for some remote ineluctable goal.

The whole book resounds dully from an endless heavy beat of speeches and analysis and introspection. Time after time one lays the thing aside and goes back to "Christian Wahnschaffe" and all its linked scenes of terrible beauty. It looks very much as if Wassermann had set himself to the revelation of all present society. Of course the task is monumental and impressive; and I don't know any other living novelist who can do what Wassermann can do. None the less, ideas perish and take on a green mold of age. Philosophy after philosophy gibbers like a spent ghost. Life remains.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Oil Intrigues

The Oil War. By Anton Mohr. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE world's oil resources are divided almost evenly among British and American companies and the Soviet Union. Lack of capital makes Russia's role, for the time being, a passive one, and Dr. Mohr is therefore right in seeing the international petrol conflict first and foremost as a bitter struggle between Great Britain and the United States for sources of supply. The author is persuaded that in this fracas England will win and that in a few years—when Uncle Sam's gas tank begins to run low—the United States will be forced to pay Great Britain $1,000,000,000 per annum for oil products without which her autos, industries, and navy would languish.

Meanwhile, however—and the talk of substitutes has changed nothing—the battle for the control of old and new fields continues unabated. Officially, the line-up is Royal Dutch-Shell and Anglo-Persian versus Standard Oil. Actually, "the struggle for oil has developed into a quarrel among the Great Powers comparable to the struggle for colonies in the preceding century."

Dr. Mohr, who is lecturer in political geography at the University of Oslo, is at his best not, as one might expect, when he treats of Europe, but rather in dealing with oil intrigues in Latin America. How the violent and peaceful political developments in Mexico, Central America, and the cap of South America are affected by oil intrigues is a dark if fascinating page of twentieth-century history, and Dr. Mohr does the subject justice. Charles A. Beard and H. K. Norton have suggested that I lay these crimes at the door of malicious capitalists seeking only profits and of corrupt officials interested only in bribes. God forbid! One does well to remember that it is the business of government to insure a future supply of the all-important liquid for the millions of its nationals who ride the bus, drive the car, and turn the lathe. But must the United States defy the Mexican constitution, enthrone and dethrone presidents, and foment revolutions in the states south of us in order to achieve this end? There are decent and legal ways of doing business which cost more dollars but fewer lives and which are more in harmony with the lofty principles diplomats so readily invoke.

Dr. Mohr, however, apparently places little faith in the moral effect of marines and machine-guns, for he believes that despite our geographical proximity, our wealth, and the readiness with which our navy backs up the oil companies England will carry off the victory even in the Monroe Doctrine domain. Her diplomats are more clever. Where the State Department refuses to accept the new Mexican land laws British firms have bowed to the inevitable, and Downing Street must be chuckling over the resentment we have been reaping in Latin America as a result of recent affairs in Nicaragua. We play the bully in Latin America and the liberal in China. Britain plays the liberal in Latin America and the bully in China. In the long run, the bully always gets it in the neck, yet diplomacy remains as inconsistent as ever.

Dr. Mohr's treatment of the Lausanne Conference and of the entire Mosul complex is equally good. But with the exception of these chapters—The Near East and Central America—this volume is disappointing. There are the same old tales about Admiral Fisher and about the use of oil in pre-modern times, the same old anecdotes about the Royal Dutch and the Standard which almost every book in the growing oil library furnishes. The volume seems to have been written in 1922 and faultily brought up to date by means of a few footnotes and added paragraphs. There is no mention of Albania, North Persia, the Genoa and Hague conferences, Sinclair's adventures into international petrol politics, the Teapot Dome, and numerous other important items of oil history. The treatment of Russian oil is extremely inadequate and full of misstatements. The chapters on the Royal Dutch and Standard Oil contain no reference beyond 1922.

"The Oil War" is not a book for the man who has even only a rudimentary knowledge of the petrol problem. But it fills the beginner's need of an introductory study. The truly comprehensive work on the role of oil in international affairs is yet to be written.

LOUIS FISCHER

A La Viennese

The City Without Jews. By Hugo Bettauer. Translated from the German by Salomea Neumark Brainin. Bloch Publishing Company. $2.

HERE, in the guise of a problem novel, is a delightful Viennese operetta which should commend itself for American adaptation to Herr Florenz Ziegfeld, himself a Viennese. Bettauer starts with the fanciful proposition: Can a city do without Jews? The anti-Semitic majority of the Austrian Parliament decide to find out. What happens any New Yorker could have told them in advance. The entire business life of Vienna, from the general merchandising in the department stores to the specialized trade of the gay young things of the demi-monde, withers for the lack of Semitic stimulation. The theaters at one fell stroke lose producers, playwrights, and audiences; the aristocratic patisseries are turned into frankfurter stands; and hobnailed shoes and cotton petticoats are the latest style in the exclusive shop-windows. The great summer resorts, "where formerly the sight of anyone who might be suspected of being a Gentile would have created a sensation," are forced to close down (the author omits the plight of those who thrived on excluding Jews); the newspapers, robbed of their most brilliant feuilletonists, become dull and unreadable;

politics become even duller, for the Christian-Socialist Party loses its only political issue; and, lastly, Leo Strakosch, brilliant young Jewish etcher, is separated from Lotte, his beloved little blonde beast. Vienna, sighing for its lost Jews, is about to slump into a village of a million and a half peasants when there appears on the scene one Henry Dufresne, who is none other than Leo Strakosch disguised as a Frenchman. At the kiss of this Jewish prince the sleeping princess, Vienna, awakens from her Nordic nightmare and, doffing her flannel nightgown, springs gaily into silk step-ins and the latest spike-heeled slippers.

Not very original satire, but fairly entertaining, and on the whole with very little sting to it—particularly as its author was not Jewish but of aristocratic Teutonic stock. So that the tragic fact that on the publication of the book Bettauer was shot down by a twenty-year-old Nordic strikes an unexpected alien note in its high comedy. One rereads it in vain for an explanation, until one comes across the following paragraph:

> It is possible, and even probable, that one cause for the profound and fanatic anti-Semitism among the male inhabitants of Vienna during the last few decades was the fact that the youth with the Hakenkreuz could not stomach the sight of his Jewish rivals snatching away all the pretty girls.

Which perhaps throws some light on the matter. It is pertinent to remark that the young murderer collapsed when he was told that Bettauer was a Christian himself.

Though professing to have no propagandist bias, "A City Without Jews" bears a moral for Hakenkreuzers and Zionists alike, namely, that without Jews Vienna would be less Viennese, Paris less Parisian, Moscow less Muscovite, New York less New Yorkese, and Tel-Aviv (Palestine) decidedly less American.

ALTER BRODY

When Quakers Turned Adventurers

A Quaker Adventure. By A. Ruth Fry. London: Nisbet and Company. 10/6.

NO FUTURE historian of Europe can ignore the picture of devastation, disease, starvation, and suffering which forms the background of Miss Fry's story of Quaker relief work in Europe. And no picture of practical Christianity of the last quarter century will be complete unless it includes many details of the achievements related in her book.

Miss Fry tells how a group of thirty-three pioneers, believing that any direct participation in the war itself was wrong, went out and devoted themselves to alleviating the suffering brought by the war to civilian populations. She sketches the growth of this group in many countries, until in France alone, in 1918-19, there were more than 500 English and American men and women ministering to the extraordinarily varied needs of a population which had lost practically everything by war. In France over 1,000 of these workers altogether served under the red and black star of the Quaker relief.

The book has chapters on the work in France, Holland and Belgium, Serbia, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Poland, and Germany, with incidental references to other countries. The bare recital of dramatic and often heartrending problems and of equally dramatic achievements in each country is so briefly given that one longs for a full story of the whole enterprise. Those familiar with the events may be amazed at the accuracy of the details which the author has woven into her narrative.

Entire chapters of the book would have to be cited for adequate illustration of the many forms the relief work took. In Germany the main task was the organization and supervision of child-feeding. In Austria an important element was the organizing of farmers and distributors for the restoration of a large and cheap-milk supply to Vienna. In Poland much of the work was fighting disease; but fields in Poland were plowed with Polish war-horses, and tilled with German trench spades bought for four cents each. Agricultural relief was made efficient by a process of pyramiding for usefulness, not for profit. Thus in Poland grain was sold at a nominal price or at a low price on time to peasants. With the proceeds sheep were bought and sold in the same way. The proceeds of the latter transaction were used to purchase fertilizer, which in turn was sold. And so the enterprise went on.

The book should stand on the shelves of every college and every public library as a dispassionate account of a great constructive adventure of unarmed workers, written by one who was both a pioneer in the adventure and a director and leader during its most strenuous period.

EDWARD THOMAS

Books in Brief

The Outlook for American Prose. By Joseph Warren Beach. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

Mr. Beach writes clearly, with insight, good humor, and—that rarest of American characteristics—temperateness. His general criticism of American prose is summed up in his statement that "what American prose most lacks is flavor . . . we do not seem to love words as the English and French love them, and we do not pick them with jealous affection and arrange them with fastidious care." Few will disagree with this statement. Superficial culture is the most apparent cause, but economic pressure is unquestionably a factor. Naturally, there are a few exceptions. But these are not as numerous as is generally thought. Mr. Beach finds tarnish on several literary halos. Mr. Hergesheimer, sometimes praised for his style, is proved guilty of extremely bad English and incoherency. Mr. Van Vechten, "the Baedeker of the intelligentsia," is charged with unpardonable solecisms and, in fact, the writing of downright nonsense. On the other hand, there are signs of hope, as in the case of Sherwood Anderson.

William Blake. By Osburt Burdett. English Men of Letters. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Mr. Burdett has steered a lucid path through the maze of Blake's poems and designs. He has kept the twofold aspect of Blake's genius always clearly in mind, and he never absents himself from the question how much harm—and how much good—Blake's lack of education did him. His decision in favor of the first seems to be arrived at a little too easily, so that we get not even an attempt to evaluate the Prophetic Books in their own terms. While the essay is on the whole a useful one, it has the failing common to most of the volumes in the new series of the English Men of Letters—it brightly evades all the difficult problems.

Step Child of the Moon. By Fulton Oursler. Harper and Brothers. $2.

The idea behind Mr. Oursler's novel is good, and were it developed to even one-half of its possibilities we should have an interesting book. But the author has given us stock melodrama—absurd situations and tricky avoidances of solutions to definite problems. Platitudes, ragtag erudition, and stupid local color parade the pages in full panoply, and the whole affair degenerates into one of those novels which make one wonder why Bertha Clay was so harshly criticized.

Demosthenes. By Georges Clemenceau. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

"Demosthenes" is well worth reading. One may take it as a lively biography of the Athenian orator or as the spiritual biography of the "Tiger." From either angle it has interest. Its future significance will depend upon the extent of Clemenceau's posthumous fame. Otherwise it is not important.

Dymer. By Clive Hamilton. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

An interesting narrative, in uninteresting verse, of a spiritual experience.

Primitives: Poems and Woodcuts. By Max Weber. The Spiral Press. $7.50.

The woodcuts are worthy of some of the attention now being given to Negro sculpture; the medium is new, and the execution is impressive. The poems are negligible.

The Candle in the Cabin. A Weaving Together of Script and Singing. By Vachel Lindsay. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

The third volume, indistinguishable from the others, in Mr. Lindsay's series of thin books of pictures and verse.

The Singing Crow and Other Poems. By Nathalia Crane. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

Nathalia Crane continues to promise; but there still is doubt where she will end. Her strong point, of course, is her language—and the reckless use she makes of it. Often fresh and savoring of strength, it is too often at present insignificantly bizarre. There would be no harm in her resting now until she finds out what words mean—even to poets.

Drama

Who's Afraid?

A SOMEWHAT forlorn troupe of actors, hopefully calling itself a "permanent company," has set up shop in the little Grove Street Theater and promises a series of playlets from the Grand Guignol in Paris. When Holbrook Blinn failed in a similar enterprise a number of years ago it was currently reported that the American public was not sufficiently sophisticated to support such an institution, but if it fails now—and I suspect that even a more competent company would fail—an opposite reason may be alleged with at least equal show of truth. If ten or a dozen years ago the American public was too unsophisticated to value a bill of mere shockers, it is too sophisticated for them now.

Perhaps there was a certain phase in the development of the modern theater when obvious and mechanical little plays which have nothing to recommend them except labored impropriety and crude horror had a certain function. Given a theater dripping with sweetness and drenched in light like that which was once ours, and almost anything is a relief. After a prolonged diet composed exclusively of "clean comedy," "optimistic sentiment," and "wholesome drama," mere blood and mere obscenity are healthful and invigorating. In the absence of any genuine drama, at a time when everything is merely tepid and innocuous, it is something to be reminded even inadequately that life can be obscene or ghastly, and indeed certain of the one-act pieces with which the Washington Square Players inaugurated the modern theater in New York did little more than that. But an audience which has in its memory, for example, "What Price Glory?" and half a dozen of O'Neill's plays, is not likely to relish the barren violence of the Grand Guignol. It knows what real drama is. It has seen plays in which real characters suffered real tortures, and it will find the pasteboard horrors of the cheap French shocker merely absurd. Properly to appreciate such pieces one must be in the mood either of the child who wants a ghost story to frighten it or of the adolescent whom the clumsiest impropriety will suffice.

In one respect love and death are much alike—the fundamental processes by which each is accomplished are simple and monotonous—and it is only when we know who is dying or who is making love that either becomes interesting. The mere fact that two members of opposite sex are coupling is not in itself any more comic that the mere fact that someone or other is being killed is tragic; it is just this that the writer of the shocker overlooks. He tortures his brain to find some new and fantastic way in which a murder may be done or an adultery committed; in his search for novelty he may even resort to such desperate expedients as those employed by the respective authors of two of the plays upon the present bill, in one of which the lovers are Lesbian and in the other of which the heroine is seized from behind by a supposedly incurable paralytic who suddenly resumes sufficient control of his projicient apparatus to strangle her; but he neglects to create characters individual enough or credible enough to make us care which are to be buried and which are to be bedded. The result in the present case is two "daring" farces which have nothing except their bad intentions to recommend them and two "thrillers" which are not much more than merely temporarily annoying to the nerves. And, as it is hardly necessary to add, inadequate acting does not improve their effectiveness. In one, it is true, George Renavent (director of the company) gives a vivid performance, and in the same piece Mary Blair is fairly good; but the playing of all the other roles varies only between the pretty bad and the unspeakable.

Frankly, the production of "Ghosts" (Mansfield Theater) in which Mrs. Fiske is appearing is not much better. One has, of course, a respect for this woman who was once a distinguished comedienne, but here she is only a failing woman appearing in a part totally unsuited to her and surrounded by a completely inadequate company. I had always thought of "Ghosts" as a play whose power no performance could hide, but this company, aided apparently by incompetent directors, has achieved the impossible. It has made one of the most moving tragedies of modern times seem thin and feeble. At the Mansfield even Ibsen looks like a bungling playwright.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Interesting Books of 1926

CHOSEN BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Abraham Lincoln. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace.
The Memoirs of William Hickey. Vol. IV. Knopf.
The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson. By James Kerney. Century.
Fathers of the Revolution. By Philip Guedalla. Putnam.
Edgar Allan Poe. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Knopf.
The Intimate Papers of Colonel House. By Charles Seymour. Houghton Mifflin.
My Apprenticeship. By Beatrice Webb. Longmans, Green.
Cortes the Conqueror. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Bobbs-Merrill.
George Washington. By W. E. Woodward. Boni and Liveright.
Portraits and Portents. By A. G. Gardiner. Harper.
The Conquest of the Philippines by the United States. By Moorfield Storey and Marcial Lichauco. Putnam.
The Decline of the West. By Oswald Spengler. Knopf.
The New Leadership in Industry. By Sam A. Lewisohn. Dutton.
The Art of Thought. By Graham Wallas. Harcourt, Brace.
Education and the Good Life. By Bertrand Russell. Boni and Liveright.
The Story of Philosophy. By Will Durant. Simon and Schuster.
From Goethe to Hauptmann. By Camillo von Klenze. Viking.
Critical Woodcuts. By Stuart P. Sherman. Scribner.
Microbe Hunters. By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace.
The Arcturus Adventure. By William Beebe. Putnam.
On the Trail of Ancient Man. By Roy Chapman Andrews. Putnam.
Impressions of Old New Orleans. By Arnold Genthe. Doran.
The Romantic Comedians. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page.
Show Boat. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Page.
Her Son's Wife. By Dorothy Canfield. Harcourt, Brace.
The Kays. By Margaret Deland. Scribner's.

International Relations Section

The Cause of the Conflict with Mexico

THE following summary of the Mexican-American oil and land-law controversy is abstracted from the December 22 issue of the Foreign Policy Association Information Service. Complete copies of its summary, with the texts of the laws, may be obtained from the association, 18 East Forty-first Street, New York City, for 25 cents.

Four outstanding differences have arisen from the recent land and oil laws adopted by the Mexican Government to carry out the nationalization provisions of the Constitution of 1917:

1. The alleged retroactivity of the land law;

2. The alleged retroactivity of the petroleum law and the question of the modification of titles to oil lands acquired prior to May 1, 1917;

3. The nature of Mexican undertakings at the Conference of Mexico City in May, 1923, preceding recognition by the United States;

4. The Mexican Government's insistence that foreign property owners bind themselves not to invoke the support of their governments, but submit themselves to Mexican jurisdiction in all disputes where their property interests are concerned on penalty, if they do invoke the support of their government, of forfeiting their property. . . .

The Land Law

The agrarian provisions of the Constitution of 1917 gave constitutional status to the earlier agrarian decrees of January 6, 1915. These provisions gave sanction to the division of landed estates. Further agrarian measures were promulgated in December, 1920, December, 1921, and April, 1922.

The Mexican Foreign Minister, in a communication on March 31, 1923, explained the difficulties arising out of the redistribution of lands in Mexico:

> This administration succeeded in quelling such center of rebellion and in reestablishing peace throughout the national territory, not so much by military force and bloodshed as by the quick application of agrarian laws. Nobody doubts that, facing such dilemma, the adopted solution was the most humanitarian and economic one—in spite of the inevitable damage to individual national and foreign agricultural interests.

The American Commissioner at the conference of 1923 declared that

> Under the rules of international law there can be no taking of lands, water rights, or other property of American citizens, in whatever form their interests may be held, legally acquired prior to May 1, 1917, under the laws of Mexico and the Constitution of 1857, without indemnification in cash at the time of the taking for the just value thereof;

and added that the United States cannot recognize any right of Mexico under the terms of any law to pay in bonds or to compel American citizens to accept bonds as compensation for land, and that the indemnity which the Government of the United States believes Mexico should pay for these lands is their just value in cash.

The Mexican Commissioners declared that although excesses may have been committed, the Government had always endeavored by all means within its power to comply with the law in all cases and that the bonds paid by way of indemnity would be redeemed, if a special loan in order to pay in cash all the indemnities for the expropriation of lands were concluded. They also promised restitution of property confiscated or wrongfully taken from their owners during the revolution and to have all claims settled by the Mixed Claims Commission.

The Question of Retroactivity

The land law regulating Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution was promulgated January 21, 1926. The prohibition of aliens acquiring land or being shareholders in Mexican companies owning land within 100 kilometers of the frontiers or 50 kilometers of the coasts or being shareholders in Mexican companies which may acquire such ownership in the prohibited zones contained in the constitution was amplified in Article 1 of the organic law. Secretary Kellogg inquired on March 1, 1926, whether this law was to be given retroactive effect. Minister Saenz in his answer declared that Article 1 of the land law was not retroactive and that it did not refer to an alien with property rights as described by Secretary Kellogg.

Article 2 of the land law prescribes that all aliens agree before the Department of Foreign Relations to consider themselves nationals in respect to any property rights which they may hold. Again Secretary Kellogg inquired of Minister Saenz whether this law was to have retroactive effect with reference to aliens "who prior to the promulgation of the law had acquired an interest in a Mexican company." Minister Saenz assured Secretary Kellogg that Article 2 required no compliance by aliens "who prior to the promulgation of the law had acquired an interest in a Mexican company."

Article 3 of the land law specifies that a permit shall not be granted to aliens owning a majority interest in Mexican companies owning rural property for agricultural purposes. Minister Saenz denied that Article 3 was retroactive and stated that "an alien who before the promulgation of the law held an interest in a Mexican company does not need to apply for any permit."

It is provided in the land law that the present owners possessing rights legally acquired prior to the going into effect of the law and contrary to the provisions of the new law shall hold them until their death, in the case of individuals, and for ten years, in the case of corporations, after lapse of which the interest in question will have to be disposed of under penalty of forced sale. Minister Saenz held that the articles containing these provisions were "not retroactive because the rights acquired by aliens prior to the going into effect of the law would be conserved by the present owners until their death. . . ."

Finally the seventh article requires that

> Aliens who may possess any of the rights which are the subject matter of this law, and which were acquired before the going into effect of the law, shall make a declaration [of their rights] before the Department of Foreign Relations within the year following the date of the promulgation of the present law. If this is not done it will be considered that the acquisition was made subsequent to the promulgation of this law [and therefore subject to its provisions].

Minister Saenz pointed out that aliens only have to make a declaration, which declaration must be a statement of such rights previously acquired.

The Mexican land law, like the petroleum law, requires foreigners to waive their nationality in so far as Mexican-owned property is concerned.

The Petroleum Law of December 31, 1925

Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution of 1917 containing the new dispositions with respect to the rights of foreigners to petroleum deposits in Mexico marked a complete departure from regulations previously governing these rights. Under the old mining codes of 1884, 1892, and 1909, owners of the surface, whether natives or foreigners, were given the right to exploit subsoil deposits of petroleum as owners and without

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special concession from the Mexican Government. The deposits of mineral fuels were "the exclusive ownership of the owner of the soil." The rights acquired by foreigners under the provisions of the old laws were complete and not subject to geographic limits.

The change in the constitution consists primarily of the extension of the doctrine of nationalization of subsoil deposits to petroleum and other substances. "In the nation," Article 27 provides, "is vested direct ownership of all minerals or substances . . . and petroleum and all hydrocarbons, solid, liquid, or gaseous."

The nation's ownership of its natural resources was defined as "inalienable," but authorization to exploit the subsoil deposits might be granted in concessions to private parties or corporations organized under the laws of Mexico.

> Only Mexicans by birth or naturalization and Mexican companies have the right to acquire ownership in lands, waters, and their appurtenances, or to obtain concessions to develop mines, waters, or mineral fuels in the Republic of Mexico. The nation may grant the same right to foreigners, provided they agree before the Department of Foreign Affairs to be considered Mexicans in respect to such property, and accordingly not to invoke the protection of their governments in respect to the same, under penalty, in case of breach, of forfeiture to the nation of property so acquired. Within a zone of 100 kilometers from the frontiers, and of 50 kilometers from the sea coast, no foreigner shall under any conditions acquire direct ownership of lands and waters.

United States Position

The State Department does not deny the right of Mexico to make new laws governing the acquisition of property in the future. "This right," wrote Secretary Kellogg in a recent communcation, "cannot be questioned by any other state. If Mexico desires to prevent the future acquisition by aliens of property rights of any nature within its jurisdiction this government has no suggestion whatever to make." In recognizing this right of the Mexican Government the State Department, however, took care to point out on January 28, 1926, that the retroactive effect of any such law by damaging the rights of foreigners acquired prior to its promulgation would put it under the "positive duty to make representations and efforts to avoid such action."

The Mexican Constitution of 1917 had provided in Article 14 that "no law shall be given retroactive effect to the prejudice of any person whatsoever." On the other hand, Article 27 nationalized petroleum deposits previously regarded as the property of the owner of the surface. Five famous cases before the Supreme Court of Mexico in 1921 declared that Paragraph 4 of Article 27 of the Constitution of 1917 was not retroactive. The petroleum law of December 31, 1925, in providing, as did the constitution, for the nationalization of petroleum deposits and for the granting of petroleum concessions to Mexicans and foreigners under certain conditions, obliges the owners of vested rights secured prior to May 1, 1917, to exchange their titles for concessions of not more than fifty years' duration.

The petroleum law of 1925 provides moreover a series of definitions and distinctions as well as specific requirements affecting holders of oil land titles.

> The following rights [it reads] will be confirmed without any cost whatever and by means of concessions granted in conformity with this law:
>
> (a) those arising from lands in which works of petroleum exploitation were begun prior to May 1, 1917;
>
> (b) those arising from contracts made before May 1, 1917, by the surface owner or the successors in title for the express purpose of exploitation of petroleum. . . .

It is around these laws that the most recent and most critical discussion has centered.

The State Department has held since the first discussion of the petroleum law that each of these requirements of the

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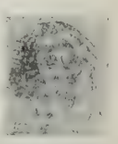
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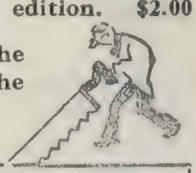
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Mexican law is in violation of the rights of American citizens on the ground that the provisions are retroactive and affect the scope and value of properties to which titles were obtained prior to the promulgation of the laws in question. . . .

The Mexican Government has denied that there is any retroactivity in the present law. It held that both the constitution and the five *amparo* cases before the Supreme Court of Mexico in 1921 bore out this contention prior to the promulgation of the present law.

Mexico Denies Retroactivity

At the Conference of 1923 the Mexican Commissioners denied any desire or intention on the part of their government to impair the rights of foreigners having titles legally acquired prior to 1917.

> It is the duty of the Federal Executive powers under the constitution to respect and enforce the decisions of the judiciary power. In accordance with such duty the Executive has respected and enforced, and will continue to do so, the principles of the decision of the Supreme Court of Justice in the Texas Oil Company case and four other similar *amparo* cases declaring that Paragraph 4 of Article 27 of the Constitution of 1917 is not retroactive. . . .

The principle of retroactivity was condemned also in the correspondence of the Mexican Foreign Minister, who on November 5, 1925, when the petroleum law was under discussion, admitted that in accordance with international law acquired rights may not be harmed. He insisted, however, that if a state respected property rights, it need not respect these rights just as they existed at the time of the acquisition. In another note the Mexican Foreign Minister wrote:

> that a subsequent law may modify a status in law created by a previous law without being retroactive. . . . It is always assumed that a new law is an improvement on the preceding one, and the only limitation to be placed on the application of such new law is that it shall not be retroactive, and it is not as long as it does not infringe upon any right that has already been put into effect.

What Is Retroactivity?

The exposition of the principle of retroactivity in the Mexican correspondence introduces a modifying idea. A law is not retroactive, it is held, "as long as i does not infringe upon any right that has already been put into effect."

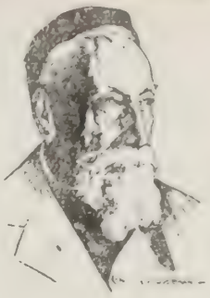
This modifying clause raises the question as to when and how a vested right is acquired. Nothing in international affairs could be of a more legalistic character than such a discussion. It is here that the greatest divergence between the contentions of the United States and Mexico is to be found. The Mexican Commissioners at the Conference of 1923 held that a petroleum title is not complete unless it is confirmed by a positive act. Various legal authorities were quoted to support this view, in particular the treatise of Fernando Vega, a Mexican jurist who in 1905 elaborated the doctrine that rights which are granted by law "are not considered as acquired rights . . . except when they are exercised."

This distinction is based on the existence of "positive acts" prior to 1917 manifesting the intention on the part of the owners of the surface to exploit the subsoil deposits. These full titles are defined in the petroleum law as:

(a) Those arising from lands where works of petroleum exploitation were begun prior to May 1, 1917; and

(b) Those arising from contracts made prior to May 1, 1917, for express purposes of petroleum exploitation. . . .

The Mexican Government proposes to exchange only vested titles for concessions of fifty years' duration. In apparent contradiction to the statements made by Mexican Commissioners in the 1923 Conference as to the policy of the Mexican Government to grant preferential rights to such persons who had performed no positive acts, Secretary Kellogg pointed out: "The law in question seems to give no preferential rights to such owners or persons." Secretary Kellogg holds each of



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these measures retroactive in substance and impairing the legal rights of American citizens in Mexico.

The Calvo Clause

The provision of the Mexican Constitution which requires all foreigners acquiring lands in Mexico to agree to certain stipulations before the Department of Foreign Affairs, known as the Calvo Clause, has also been the subject of protest by the State Department. This provision has been reaffirmed in the recent petroleum law and as it now stands requires that all foreigners who desire to obtain petroleum concessions must "agree before the Department of Foreign Affairs to be considered Mexicans in respect to such property and agree not to invoke the protection of their governments in respect to the same under penalty, in case of breach, of forfeiture to the nation of property so acquired."

Secretary Kellogg on January 8, 1926, denied that an American citizen could extinguish the obligation of his government to protect him in the event of a denial of justice and elaborated the American stand in the note of January 28 as follows:

> Article 2 of the recent land law provides that any alien who may have acquired ownership of agricultural lands, waters, or their appurtenances, or concessions for mining . . . shall agree before the Department of Foreign Relations to consider himself a national of Mexico in respect of his part of the property and shall agree not to invoke in respect thereof the protection of his government with reference thereto under penalty, in case of failing in the agreement, of defaulting his property to the nation. . . .
>
> The United States does not admit that one of its citizens can contract by a declaration or otherwise to bind his own government not to invoke its rights under the rules of international law. Under the rules applicable to intercourse between states, an injury done by one state to the citizens of another state through a denial of justice is an injury done to the state whose national is injured. The rights of his state to extend what is known as diplomatic protection cannot be waived by the individual.

The Mexican reply of February 12, 1926, admitted that an individual cannot prevent the state of which he is a citizen from asserting a certain right that belongs to it, but denied that the Mexican law made such an assertion:

> since that which is required is that the alien shall consider himself a national with respect to the property which may belong to him in a Mexican corporation which he enters, and shall not invoke in regard thereto the protection of his government.

Diplomatic Protection

Secretary Kellogg answering the Mexican rebuttal in his note of March 1, 1926, reasserted that an injury done by one state to a citizen of another through a denial of justice is an injury also to the state whose national is concerned. He added that even though the individual should make a waiver,

> that could not stop his state in case of a denial of justice from extending its right to diplomatic protection or seeking redress in accordance with the principles of international law.

Arbitration

Article 21 of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of 1848, confirmed in the Convention of 1908, between the United States and Mexico reads in part as follows:

> A resort shall not . . . be had to reprisals, aggression or hostility of any kind . . . until the government of that [country] which deems itself aggrieved shall have maturely considered in the spirit of peace and good neighborship whether it would not be better that such differences should be settled by the arbitration of commissioners appointed on each side or by that of a friendly nation. And should such course be proposed by either party it shall be acceded to by the other unless deemed by it altogether incompatible with the nature of the differences or the circumstances of the case.

Contributors to This Issue

William Hard, veteran Washington correspondent, wrote Mr. Coolidge, Here's a Court, in last week's issue of *The Nation.*

Carleton Beals, who has been living in Mexico for several years, wrote The Nicaraguan Farce in *The Nation* for December 15.

Arthur Warner, associate editor of *The Nation,* spent 1923 in the Caribbean as special correspondent of *The Nation.*

Lewis S. Gannett, associate editor of *The Nation,* has been active in the Haiti-Santo Domingo Independence Society and other anti-imperialist movements.

Donald Kirkley is a poet of Baltimore.

Oscar T. Crosby is author of "International War; Its Causes and Its Cure;" an explorer of note; and was Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury in the Wilson Administration.

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Louis Fischer, special correspondent of *The Nation* in Germany and Russia, is author of "Oil Imperialism; The International Struggle for Petroleum;" he is now lecturing in the United States.

Alter Brody is a poet, playwright, and essayist of New York.

Edward Thomas is a New York attorney and a Quaker.

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THE MEXICAN CRISIS REMAINS GRAVE. And the responsibility therefor lies clearly at the door of President Coolidge who is shifting his ground continually so that no sane man can know from day to day just what it is that he stands for, he and his Secretary of State. Look at the dispatches as they have appeared in the press. On January 17 the delicate situation in regard to Mexico and Nicaragua was "more satisfactory than at any time." Mr. Kellogg stated that the Government's policy had "undergone no change whatever; it was not true that it had gone from one of a continued show of force . . . to a willingness to endeavor to promote amity by arbitration or mediation." The very next day, however, he "welcomed" the resolution of Senator Robinson for arbitration and added: "For some time I have been giving very careful consideration to the question of the definite application of the principle of arbitration to the existing controversy with Mexico." Naturally that was supposed to be the utterance of the Government and as definitely to commit President Coolidge to the principle of arbitration as he could possibly be committed. The announcement created joy in Mexico, but on January 21 President Coolidge, through the thin disguise of the "Spokesman," cast his Secretary of State overboard and announced that he saw "no hope in arbitration, no question which should be arbitrated," and let it be known that in his opinion "nothing helpful could be gained by a discussion of arbitration of a dispute." The President wished even discussion of it banned. As the New York *Times* reported: "In the President's opinion, the sole issue at stake was the inalienable right for people to own their property and it should not be taken away by a government unless paid for," and that was not subject to arbitration.

MR. COOLIDGE'S DESIRE TO STOP DISCUSSION of the question of arbitration is in keeping with his recent demand that the American press cease criticism of his foreign policy. The country properly continues to bombard the President with demands that the historic American principle of arbitration be applied to this issue. In addition to the magnificent manifesto signed by more than 400 prominent citizens including many university presidents, we have had two admirable utterances in favor of arbitration and against war with Mexico from William Green, of the American Federation of Labor, and a fine statement by 101 college professors, many of them teachers of international law, demanding arbitration and pointing out that "the United States has already agreed upon a method by which they [the issues] should be adjudicated." The professors further declared that the questions are "appropriate for settlement by the judicial method. Protracted delay is dangerous. . . . The issue may become one of national pride and sentiment; feeling may be aroused which will make impossible the judicial settlement now practicable." The protest of the administrative committee of the Federal Council of Churches is another answer to the President's effort to throttle the discussion of arbitration. We repeat that the danger remains grave; a Washington news service is about right when it quotes "an authority" as saying bluntly: "We simply are not going to tolerate unfriendly governments south of us, and *that is all there is to it.*" That determination to impose our will upon others makes the late German Kaiser look like a "piker." The fire upon the President must be continued increasingly and, as Senator Frazier and Congressman Huddleston—who has done admirable work—declare, Congress must be kept in session in order to keep us out of war.

WHAT IS BRITISH POLICY in China? The cables are full of pacific speeches, but from the lesser dispatches we assemble the following amazing data: On January 12 there were in the Yangtze River in China 9 British gunboats, 1 sloop, 6 destroyers, and 5 cruisers. Three more cruisers, an aircraft carrier with airplanes, and other British warcraft were in other Chinese waters. In all, there were 62 foreign warships—British, American, French, and Japanese—in the Chinese Yangtze River! On January 19 the British cruisers Frobisher, Delhi, Dragon, and Danae left Malta for China; on January 24 1,000 royal marines sailed from Portsmouth for China on board the Zeeland, and the White Star liner Megantic was in drydock being fitted as a troopship for China; four more battalions of infantry, comprising 140 officers and 3,424 men, and the Fifth Armored Car Company were under orders to sail from England; two

battalions in Malta were also under orders; two liners had been chartered to sail from India for China; the Durham Light Infantry, the Gloucestershires, and a battalion of Punjab infantry were reported mobilizing; and three companies of "Punjab Indian-British soldiers were dispatched from Hongkong to Shanghai"; on January 24 it was announced that an expeditionary force of 12,000 men, with armored cars, would leave England at once. Actions speak louder than words. The United States has 55 warships, 8,000 blue-jackets, and 800 infantrymen in or close to China. Is there something sinister and secret behind the fine words of the statesmen?

THE REJECTION OF COLONEL FRANK L. SMITH of Illinois at the door of the Senate by a vote of 48 to 33, or, rather, the reference of his case to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, is welcome news. Rarely has there been such deep feeling shown in the Senate, at least by those Senators determined that this controller of public utilities, who accepted huge contributions to his campaign fund from the men he was supposed to control and to judge, should not take his seat among them. The vote is all the more impressive because all of the "lame ducks" voted for Colonel Smith. On his side were Cameron of Arizona, Ernst of Kentucky, Lenroot of Wisconsin, Stanfield of Oregon, Means of Colorado, Pepper of Pennsylvania, and Wadsworth of New York, all of whom have been defeated for another term, and with them voted Gould of Maine, who is under a cloud because he was once found guilty in a Canadian court of bribing a high public official. We do not deny that the issue was a difficult one. Senator Borah, for instance, voted for the swearing in of Colonel Smith, not because he wished him to take his seat, but because he thought that the wiser way to achieve his ousting. Had the question not been complicated by this doubt as to what was the constitutional procedure, the vote would have been overwhelming against Colonel Smith. As it is, there are sixteen precedents for this action of the Senate in refusing to swear in a Senator whose election has been protested, the precedents beginning in 1849 and ending in 1865. The difference lies in the fact that in these sixteen cases the question was whether the election was legal, or the applicant was eligible for reasons clearly specified by the Constitution, or because of doubts as to the contestant's loyalty aroused by the Civil War.

IN DECIDING THAT COLONEL SMITH cannot take his seat—and that is what the vote comes to—the Senate has indubitably gone further than ever before in passing upon the qualifications of Senators. From the moral point of view it is a wholesome decision, and the deep feeling displayed shows that the recent scandals have had a good effect upon the spirit and tone of the Senate. But when Senator Smith comes back in March to take the seat to which he will then be entitled by reason of the decision of the electorate of Illinois after it was aware of all the facts in the case, the situation will be more difficult and more serious. Then the Senate will refuse to accept a man deliberately chosen by the voters of a great State—now he is merely a gubernatorial appointee. If he does not resign it would appear that Illinois will be deprived of her constitutional representation by two Senators for an indefinite period, and the same will be true of Pennsylvania when Vare is similarly spurned. This raises the question of States' rights and that will be harped upon in many directions, though as yet there are few protests in the South where the States' rights doctrine has so long held sway. No one can doubt that the Senate has the right to set any standards that it sees fit. It alone is judge of the qualifications of those who are elected to it; that the Constitution specified. If it should decide to reject a Senator because he had one blue and one brown eye there could be no appeal, for neither the Executive nor the Judiciary could intervene. But as we have said, quite aside from the legal and constitutional factors we have much to be thankful for that the Senate has made it clear that so far as lies in its power it is going to prevent men coming into its fellowship who have bought their seats by enormous campaign expenditures.

ALONG WITH MR. KELLOGG'S embarrassment over the repudiation of his Nicaragua-Mexican policy by public opinion in the United States comes another disaster to the State Department's prestige, possibly a direct consequence of our invasion of Nicaragua and our insolence toward Mexico. Previous to our latest attempt at bossing Latin America the Secretary of State had proposed as a way out of the Tacna-Arica trouble that Chile and Peru both abandon their claims and allow Bolivia to buy the territory in dispute. Chile had accepted the proposal in principle and Bolivia was more than ready to carry out its part. But since our invasion of Nicaragua Peru has declined to accede to the scheme. Of course it might have taken that course anyhow, but it was certain to do so after an exhibition on our part which has stirred public feeling all over South and Central America, more deeply, probably, than any of our previous adventures in imperialism. Indeed it is not too much to say that Pan-Americanism, as once conceived, is dead. In so far as such an ideal is developed henceforth it is likely to be a moral and material coalition of the republics of Latin America against the aggression of the United States.

ENTIRELY GRATIFYING IS THE ACTION of the liberal Jewish women of the United States, speaking through the National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods in their convention at Cleveland, on January 20, in urging the compulsory arbitration of international disputes, the abolition of poison gas in warfare, American cooperation in world disarmament, and the abolition of compulsory military training in all land-grant colleges. In addition, the convention favored the World Court and demanded arbitration in the present disputes between the United States and Mexico. That is really magnificent. Especially strong is the resolution relating to military training in the schools which, as reported by the New York *Times*, reads in part:

> Such training stresses war psychology in the minds of our youth. The War Department is thus given unprecedented influence in our civil and educational institutions. Such a training runs counter to the movement to substitute law for war. The Sisterhood's recommendation is that the compulsory feature of military training be eliminated in all land-grant colleges.

The establishment of the principle of compulsory arbitration of all international disputes is an essential step, the Sisterhood correctly holds, to the outlawry of war. So powerful is this organization that its outspokenness is bound to have an effect upon the politicians. It confirms us in our belief that if the facts as to military training in schools and colleges can be laid before the American people, the people

themselves will demand its abolition. Why should Americans stand for training in arms of boys? The Prussians never resorted to it, if only because they were convinced that the military training of the physically immature is of no value whatever in the creation of soldiers.

SIX FORMER PASSAIC STRIKERS on January 19 entered pleas of "non vult"—substantially admissions of guilt—to a charge of "throwing explosives with intent to injure property"—thereby admitting a crime against masses of their fellow-workers more serious than the futile explosions in Clifton, N. J., which led to the indictments. It is no excuse to say that they were foreigners, living under a sense of brutal police oppression, and saw no other way out; it is no palliation to say that they were held in extravagantly high bail, or that they were tortured into signing confessions in a language they did not understand. Nor do the affidavits of company spies, paid by the mills, that they had discussed bombing as a means of discrediting the strike excuse them. The fact that they did use this peculiarly detested form of violence against the property of strikebreakers will be used against workers everywhere, bolstering up false charges in scores of coming strikes. One may understand these men, setting their action against the black background of mill and police violence in Passaic; one cannot excuse it. Union men cannot afford to tolerate violence in their own ranks: it always strikes first at petty individuals, leaves the real enemies unscathed, and reacts against the whole battle-line of labor.

WITH THE PERSISTENCE OF THEIR KIND the fundamentalist opponents of the theory of evolution are continuing their agitation for restrictive laws, and the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Tennessee in upholding the constitutionality of the anti-evolution law of that State will doubtless stimulate them to new efforts. In Kentucky as well as in Tennessee the law is already upon the statute-books, and, according to an informing pamphlet just issued by the Civil Liberties Union, campaigns have been started in South Carolina, Washington, Oregon, Kansas, Florida, Virginia, and California, while the bill drawn up in Arkansas in December is now ready to be put before the State Senate. To be sure, the efforts of the liberal forces are not always unavailing. In 1926 a referendum to the voters in Oklahoma sustained the State Legislature in its repeal of an anti-evolution bill previously passed, and the year before bills were defeated in North Carolina and Georgia. This year West Virginia has downed an anti-evolution bill. But the "Bible Crusaders" and "Bryan Leaguers" are not easily discouraged, and only organized opposition like that of the Civil Liberties Union can either defeat them or keep them defeated.

"BUTTON YOUR GALOSHES!" is the latest command of the censor. The Town Marshal of Salem, Indiana, has issued such an order to the flappers of the town and their flapping footgear. Unbuttoned arctics are a nuisance, he says, and while he remains in office will be kept neatly fastened. We must now ask of the censor what we shall drink, what we shall read, what plays we shall see, how long our bathing suits must be, and in some places how much of arm or leg may be visible when we appear in public. Censorship and the movement for it are progressing surely and not too slowly. The so-called "art" magazines have been ordered off the news-stands in New York, Yonkers, Chicago; the head of the Vice Society is urging the abolition of the New York play jury on the ground of its inadequacy; nude pictures have been removed from the walls of a Chicago picture gallery. All these restrictions, of course, are to protect the public; but has censorship ever protected anybody from anything to which he wished to expose himself? The Town Marshal of Salem introduces a new note. He dislikes unbuttoned galoshes and he uses his power to abolish them. This is a frank and refreshing revelation of the nature of censorship.

ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED people attended the dinner and one thousand were turned away for lack of seating capacity—this tribute to Jane Addams in Chicago on January 20 ought to give pause to the small minds of the American Legion and other organizations which have been seeking to bait this noble woman. No finer cross-section of American life has ever been brought together on such an occasion, nor have more heartfelt or better-earned tributes ever been paid to an American man or woman. "First citizen, not only of Chicago but of the American republic," they called her. We are especially pleased with the tribute of Governor "Al" Smith of New York. We give it in full:

> May I be permitted to share in the tribute to Jane Addams, for she belongs not only to Chicago but to the nation and the world. No American woman has contributed so much to awaken our social conscience. She has been a statesman of society, cooperating with public officials to have government an instrument to serve humanity. In her inspiring life, in her writings, and in the movements Jane Addams has typified lies the spirit of true democracy, which recognizes the potential worth of every human soul without regard to his race, creed, or origin. In honoring Jane Addams we honor the idealism of American womanhood.

EDWARD P. MITCHELL, LEE KOHNS, JAMES FORD RHODES—the death list for the week ended January 22 was a long one. In Mr. Kohns the city of New York lost one of the best of its citizens, who took his civic responsibilities seriously, kept an open mind, and always had time for public causes. No city could ask for more intelligent or more loyal service. Especially devoted to the College of the City of New York, of which he was for twenty-seven years a trustee, he capped his generosity by endowing last fall a professorship of American History, Civilization, and Letters at the Sorbonne in Paris—an act of international friendship deserving of the highest praise. Edward P. Mitchell was for a full half century connected with the New York *Sun*, and was its guiding spirit after the death of Charles A. Dana. During part of this period it was the most brilliantly edited and written newspaper in America. Yet it left no deep mark upon our journalistic life or our political progress since it was without principle, cynical to a degree, and more interested in poking fun, ridiculing, and satirizing than in pointing out a better way. And at times the *Sun*, less so under Mr. Mitchell than Mr. Dana, was incredibly brutal and unfair. Its viewpoint was too often narrow, and its vision limited; but Mr. Mitchell had a host of devoted friends and wielded a great personal and political influence. In James Ford Rhodes *The Nation* has lost a warm friend, the country a great historian. To his career we shall return on another occasion.

The Monroe Doctrine and the Coolidge Doctrine

THE powerful uprising of popular feeling against the threat of war with Mexico has, for the present at least, compelled the Administration to modify its tone, and arbitration of the outstanding differences seems likely. The marines, however, remain in Nicaragua; and public relief at the removal of the imminent threat of war seems to have obscured the fact that we are continuing to commit the crime of military interference with that small republic.

Despite the contradictory excuses offered by the Administration, certain facts stand uncontested. No American or other foreign property had been injured by the revolutionaries when we landed our marines; no American or other foreign lives had been lost. There was no threat of foreign intervention; at most the British and Italian representatives at Managua asked the American marines to give the property of their nationals the same special protection which was contemplated for Americans. There had been, we repeat, no damage to foreign lives or property; only that threat of damage which any revolution must cause. How does this relate to the Monroe Doctrine whose name the Presidential Spokesman uses so recklessly?

James Monroe was a cautious soul, fearful of political entanglements in either hemisphere. It was only when there seemed a real possibility that Bourbon France would form an offensive alliance with Spain to recover the old Spanish colonies, then young republics, in South and Central America, that President Monroe took action. And the momentous words in which he enunciated a century ago what has come to be known as the Monroe Doctrine sound strangely mild today when a score of battleships patrol the coast of Nicaragua and United States marines guard the capital.

> The American continents [said Mr. Monroe], by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers. . . . We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

Yet Mr. Coolidge explains that the Monroe Doctrine required us to intervene in Nicaragua. Piffle! Mr. Coolidge does not know what the Monroe Doctrine is.

The Monroe Doctrine, to be sure, has undergone certain sea changes in the course of a century; but never before has it been stretched so far from its original shape. President Polk, in the forties, suggested that the doctrine might require the United States to occupy territory of the Southern republics to prevent the introduction of the European system; President Grant, in the eighties, announced that the doctrine did not permit transfer of American territory from one European nation to another—but neither he nor Polk carried his new principles into practice. Mr. Blaine, as Secretary of State in the eighties, sought to extend the doctrine to the assertion of the exclusive right of the United States to umpire in all disputes between other American Powers, or between those Powers and Europe—a right which, one need hardly add, is admitted neither in Europe nor in Latin America, although it has become increasingly a habit. (The fiasco of Mr. Coolidge's "mediation" between Peru and Chile may put an end even to the habit.)

Theodore Roosevelt made the most striking additions to the Monroe Doctrine—but though he made the phrases "dollar diplomacy" and "big stick" current he never went so far as Calvin Coolidge. While he suggested that we might have to act as an international policeman in flagrant cases of wrongdoing by a Latin nation, he also said:

> If a republic to the south of us commits a tort against a foreign nation, then the Monroe Doctrine does not force us to interfere to prevent punishment of the tort, save to see that the punishment does not assume the form of territorial occupation in any shape.

And Roosevelt declared that

> It has long been the established policy of the United States not to use its armed forces for the collection of ordinary contract debts due to its citizens by other governments. We have not considered the use of force for such a purpose consistent with that respect for the independent sovereignty of other members of the family of nations, which is the most important principle of international law and the chief protection of weak nations against the oppression of the strong. It seems to us that the practice is injurious in its general effect upon the welfare of weak and disordered states, whose development ought to be encouraged in the interests of civilization; that it offers frequent temptation to bullying and oppression and to unnecessary and unjustifiable warfare.

Two short decades later, we have moved so far that a President of the United States justifies the use of military force not merely to enforce payment of contract debts but to ward off a threat of possible danger to property, and even suggests that we must use our troops to prevent a possible inflation of the currency!

A billion and a quarter dollars, the Department of Commerce says, is the rough total of American investments in foreign capital securities in 1926. Never in history has one nation poured forth so much money in a single year. Nor is this all: when Belgium, Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria, Honduras, Costa Rica, or Salvador, the Hugo Stinnes Corporation, the Swedish International Match Company, the Trinidad Oil Fields, the Chile Copper Company, or the South Porto Rico Sugar Company floats a loan in New York—as all of these, and many others, did in the last quarter of 1926—the fact is publicly noted; but when an American oil or copper company invests more money in its own estates in Chile or Mexico no public record is made. We are aware how loans from government to government have embittered our relations with Europe; most of us admit that without the loans from banks to Central American governments our increasing tendency to dictate in the Caribbean would at least have been more restrained. Whither are we bound?

The Coolidge message excusing intervention in Nicaragua made no distinctions of size and geography. Americans have just lent $1,500,000 to the Housing and Realty and Improvement Company of Germany and $2,500,000 to the German Protestant Church welfare institutions. Logically the Coolidge doctrine would justify us in landing marines, in case of another German civil war, to defend the houses and hospitals in which Americans have invested their cash. It sounds ridiculous, but it is no more absurd today than Mr. Coolidge's present doctrine would have seemed in the days of President Monroe.

Merging 12,000 Miles of Railway

THE whirligig of time has played no more remarkable trick in our recent political and economic history than in bringing to the fore a proposal for the reunion of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads. The dissolution of the union of these two roads and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy constituted one of the great triumphs of Theodore Roosevelt. He wrote in August, 1904:

> The Northern Securities suit is one of the great achievements of my Administration. I look back upon it with great pride, for through it we emphasized in a signal fashion, as in no other way could be emphasized, the fact that the most powerful men in this country could be held to accountability before the law.

More important still was the principle laid down that competition should be kept alive in the railroad field; for that purpose the Anti-Trust Act of 1890 was invoked.

The Anti-Trust Act still stands, but as a result of our experience during the war the policy of this country toward its railroads has been reversed. Incredible as it seems, there is a law permitting the merger of railroads, and it is under this that the Northern Pacific and Great Northern are now applying for permission to do in 1927 what they were prevented from doing in 1904, when those who proposed it were denounced by Roosevelt as "malefactors of great wealth." In 1904 the proposal was to hold the three railroads through the Northern Securities Company, a company specially formed for that purpose. Today the plan is to have a single operating carrier which shall operate the Great Northern and Northern Pacific and the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway. The Burlington is to be operated separately for the present, but the statement given out in regard to its status shows that there is to be one ownership, since 97 per cent of the Burlington stock will be vested in the new company. Thus more than 12,000 miles of railroad will be brought together if the Interstate Commerce Commission approves, and competition will entirely cease in the great Northwest. It is pointed out by the proponents of the plan that "such unified operations will afford exceptional opportunities for improved service and for substantial economies promising to improve the aggregate net earnings of the railroads in the Northwestern region, which has made the poorest showing of any rate region in the country." All of which does not alter the fact that it was precisely this proposal which so stirred not only Mr. Roosevelt and his Administration, but the country as a whole. What, destroy competition and create a railroad monopoly in the Northwest? Fifteen years ago the mere proposal would have roused the farmers to fury.

The proposal for these mergers is camouflaged as "regional groupings," and the pretense is maintained by Mr. Coolidge and others that there will still be competition, possibly by one region against another. If this merger goes through it means, in our judgment, another step toward the inevitable government ownership of railroads. The war showed that in time of stress that ownership was essential. We do not propose here to go into the question again as to whether the Government ran the roads well or badly. The point is that there was a necessity for moving quickly large quantities of freight and men, and the advantage of controlling the whole railway system from Washington was so obvious that no one questioned the advisability. Were war to come again the same step would be taken immediately, even with the assent of those who believe that the roads were turned back to their private owners in bad condition. We are unable to understand why this should be done only in a war emergency. If there are unquestioned benefits to be had from a union of all the railroads in war time, there must be at least some benefits in peace time. Why not let the country, shippers and passengers, profit by the economies of administration from complete union and joint operation, as the railroad presidents insist will be the case if the new Northwest merger is permitted? Is it not true that if there are economies and greater profits, and perhaps lower rates, to be obtained by the merger of these three Northwestern roads, still greater economies could be obtained by merging all the railroads?

We are aware, of course, that this is treason, precisely as the Northern Securities Merger of 1904 was akin to treason. But facts are facts, and no sane man can deny that if, as a result of the merger, the farmers and the merchants of the Northwest feel that they are in the grip of a selfish monopoly—that the stockholders are getting all the benefits of the merger—there will be an overwhelming demand that the government itself take over these railroads. If government consent is given to the merger, the lines will never again be unscrambled. It is a sign of the times that Governor Smith of New York has just declared in his annual message that the public gets nothing out of Interstate Commerce Commission control except "long drawn-out battles in which experts disagree over capital accounts." The prostitution of that commission by President Coolidge's recent appointments is another very large nail in its coffin. Regulation of the railroads will inevitably give way to national ownership.

The Last Serfs

CONUNDRUM: When is a strike not a strike? Answer: When it is on shipboard.

A stray item in the newspapers lately is a reminder that almost the only part of the modern world that is free from strikes is the sea. For on shipboard a strike is not a strike but mutiny. When the American steamship Colombia of the Panama Mail Line arrived in New York recently from San Francisco it was learned that just before the vessel reached the Canal three Filipino stewards refused to do work assigned to them because they said it was duty usually performed by seamen. They were put in irons, upon which twenty-eight other stewards knocked off work and endangered the safety and lives of the passengers to the extent that the latter had to make their own beds. The next day the three stewards had a change of heart, were released, and returned to work, but the twenty-eight were arrested at Panama, taken ashore, and held for trial, charged with mutiny on the high seas, an offense that under American law is punishable by as much as five years in prison and a fine of $1,000.

To characterize by so serious a word as mutiny an act that led to no greater catastrophe than necessitating passengers to make their own beds seems obviously excessive, yet many would hesitate to demand the right to strike at any time on shipboard, partly because of the peculiar relation of a crew to its ship. But whatever the argument may be for carrying over the crime of mutiny, with its historically severe punishments, into an age of short voyages, radio

communication, and ships in which nine out of ten employees have nothing to do with the vessel's safety, there is no such justification for the survival of a medieval system whereby a sailor is chained to his job and practically deprived of his wages until—and unless—he finishes his term of employment. Except for the modifications worked by the La Follette act, the sailors of the world are bondsmen in a civilization in which other labor—in theory, at least—has become free. They are the last serfs surviving into the twentieth century.

Up to 1915 the general law of the world was that when a ship left the country of her ownership she signed a crew that agreed to work aboard until she returned to a home port or until a stated period of time—usually about three years—was up. During this period a sailor's wages were withheld, with the exception of one month's advance pay—usually signed away to a crimp as a shipping fee—and such small sums as it pleased the captain to dole out in foreign ports or to account for against clothing, tobacco, and the like received from the ship's slop chest. A sailor who left a ship before his time was up was guilty of the crime of desertion; he could be forcibly brought back aboard and punished with a term in jail besides—although he rarely was. If he made good his escape he forfeited all his accrued wages. The amount of wages lost by sailors in this way has always been huge. Most sailors are rolling stones and after a hard voyage feel an urge to try life ashore in a foreign port—for a while. In favorite ports desertions may amount to 25 per cent of the incoming crews. Where other crews are obtainable, desertions are often stimulated by captains as a means of saving wages.

A breach was made in this system in 1915 by our Congress, in the La Follette act, which provides that a sailor in an American ship may demand one-half of his accrued pay in any port, at home or abroad, while a sailor in a foreign ship has the same right in a port of the United States. The act also abolishes the crime of desertion in American ships or in foreign vessels when in our ports. It was intended to be not merely domestic but international in its effect. It is only the beginning of the end of serfdom for the world's sailors, a moderate measure from the standpoint of the freedom acquired by labor ashore, but it is still opposed by many ship-owners in this country, and an effort is afoot to undermine it at the present session of Congress. There is also a tendency to make it the scapegoat for the recent slump in shipping, although low tide in that regard was reached years before the La Follette act. Silas B. Axtell, counsel for the International Seamen's Union, thinks that body must take an active, constructive part in the rehabilitation of American shipping in order to refute the charge that legislation for the benefit of seamen has killed our ocean commerce. Sea power, says Andrew Furuseth, president of the union, is in men, not in ships; the latter are but tools.

It is this view which the American people should impress upon their business men and legislators. No shipping policy which does not produce a great breed of men upon the sea is worth while. If sailors are generally thriftless and improvident—and they are—it is because they have not had the control over their money which develops contrary traits. If they too often quit their ships, it is a reaction against the harsh and outmoded terms of their employment. Better morale and higher ability will come when conditions at sea appeal to men possessed of those qualities.

Vegetarian Dogs

THE late W. H. Hudson, who got a great deal of attention whenever he wrote about animals, recorded in one of his books that a considerable portion of his popularity departed when he wrote an article calling dogs "scavengers." Hudson liked dogs, or rather he liked particular dogs, as any reader of the South American books and of "A Shepherd's Life" must know; but this did not prevent him from saying that he found their habits disgusting. They preferred carrion to caviare, they buried good food until it should become bad, they dug up refuse out of foul places; their famous noses had been perfected by nature for the sake of an unlovely search, and they slunk away from the scene of this search with something like the attitude of hyenas. Hence their moral qualities, such as they were or were not. Thus Hudson declared himself, and thus he got the sort of attention he cared nothing about—the attention of dog-lovers. There was no comfort for these readers in the fact that Hudson had credited their favorite animal with having taken on a remarkable amount of polish during the centuries.

Whether dogs, like men, will ever become fundamentally different from what they once were and now are is a question which men answer in diverse ways. What dogs think about themselves is unfortunately unknown. It is unknown, for instance, whether they have a doctrine of canine perfectibility under whose light they look forward to an era when garbage will have been forgotten by every member of the race calling himself or herself civilized. But a situation has arisen in India which may force a declaration of opinion. According to a dispatch received by the New York *World*, Shet Arjunlal, millionaire of Boroda, has founded a dog city, called Kutta Nagar, wherein he will attempt henceforth to lead dogs in the way he thinks they should and can go. His chief criticism of them at present is that they eat meat, dead or alive, and of course in the latter case have to kill other creatures in order to do so. So he has inclosed 300 acres within a fence that ingenuity can go neither over nor under, has paved the inclosure with concrete, so that there will be no rats or mice, and has put his charges on a strictly vegetable diet—milk being the only animal product available to them. The puppies are treated to "wheat flour fried in butter and slightly sweetened with sugar, with a dash of salt." Adults get "pancakes made of whole wheat flour, with a dash of curry made of vegetables and flavored with salt and pepper." The sick and the convalescent are let off with a special dish consisting of "almonds fried in clarified butter and sweetened with honey." For millions of years dogs have cleaned their teeth on the bones they gnawed; now in Kutta Nagar the operation will be performed by the human attendants who administer the morning bath. There will be no fleas if Shet Arjunlal can help it, and there will be the strictest moral virtue among the members of the colony. The sexes will be segregated until marriage time, after which monogamy will be the word and the law.

The result of these measures should be awaited anxiously by reformers everywhere. If the dogs die or go mad, that may mean something. If they live and continue to look like dogs, and appear happy, that will mean something too. To mere lovers of dogs, however, the whole experiment will mean little. Dogs to them are dogs.

The Urge Toward Empire

By WILLIAM HARD

Washington, January 24

WHAT is the psychological anatomy of the thing we call "imperialism"?

I observe in Washington that it would continue to exist even if no such persons as New York bankers or oil magnates were in being.

I hold it thoroughly inadequate to think that "imperialism" is forced upon the State Department and the United States by the machinations and pressures of wicked "interests." I hold it more reasonable to believe that the average American is naturally "imperialistic" and that, when he finds himself in the State Department, he just naturally acts "imperialistically."

Secretary of State Bryan owed nothing to any New York bankers or oil magnates. He had no political or commercial commitments impelling him toward the use of force against weaker countries. Yet he was thoroughly prepared to use force against Mexico and he laid the train of policy which necessarily exploded into the use of force in Haiti and in Santo Domingo.

For years I have watched my "imperialistic" friends in the State Department. They are not acting as the conscious tools of "interests." They are perfectly honest. They are perfectly patriotic. They would not for anything have the United States do wrong in order to help a mahogany company. The idea that they would arouses my indignation. I know them, and I know they would not. It also incidentally arouses sincere indignation in their breasts when I call them "imperialistic." They do not think they are.

Few of them have any relationships worth mentioning with the industrial or commercial or financial world. Those who are well-to-do are living on inherited or married money, quite aloof from all contemporary business struggles. Those who are poor are living honorably in their poverty, with their eyes fixed on a great glory—the glory of "the career." Any secretary of state would get about one hundred resignations tomorrow morning from our diplomats of "career" if he tried to make them follow a policy which they thought was a surrender of the interests of the United States to the "interests" of business.

Why then are they what the editors of *The Nation* call, and what I call, "imperialistic"?

I claim that it is for the same reason that, under President Polk, led Northern lads from the free States to volunteer in swarms to go and fight the Mexicans, although it was well known that the immediate result of the fighting would be the adding of more slave territory to the Union. It was against the interests of the North to fight that war. Yet the volunteers from the North were aboundingly plentiful.

Let me then state what I have observed in the psychology of our "imperialistic" diplomats; and then let me ask the editors of *The Nation* how in the world they are going to uproot the roots of that psychology.

The first characteristic in it is an extreme "consciousness of kind" and an extreme "consciousness of difference." "We" are Americans. "They" are something else—something else that is very, very different. "You can't treat Nicaraguans the way you could treat Americans." I have heard that remark until it requires all of what self-control I have to get home without kicking the roof off the car.

These people—and they are most of us—do not start with saying: "All of us inhabitants of this planet are first of all human beings. Then, afterwards, we have split off into being Americans and Nicaraguans." No! They do not start with thinking of our points of equality. They start with thinking of our points of difference.

It is the start of our thinking that determines the ultimate outcome of our actions. What is the instant result?

It is to despise the people from whom we feel ourselves to be so different. If Americans and Nicaraguans are so different, one side must be "higher" and the other side must be "lower." That is not necessary in logic; but it is necessary in human nature. Start once with the idea that you are more different from a Nicaraguan than you are like him, and you will inevitably find yourself saying: "One of us must be the higher. The other must be the lower." Well, then, which is the higher? Why, naturally, inevitably, *I, we.*

Take then a man who thinks himself necessarily "different" from a Nicaraguan and necessarily "higher" than a Nicaraguan and put him into the State Department. In other words, take almost any man in the United States and put him into the State Department. What will he do when some "low" Nicaraguan general seems likely to interfere in Nicaragua with the welfare of some "high" American?

Does any New York banker have to telegraph him? Does any sinister influence have to worm itself into an invitation to his dinner-table? Does the President have to call him in and talk politics to him? Not at all.

The American business men who have wanted our marines in Nicaragua at this moment are not worth the political powder to blow them out of their little counting-rooms. Our largest business interests have been extremely skeptical of our intervention in Nicaragua. Yet we intervened. We intervened—how shall I express it? We intervened by automatic psychological momentum.

We are different. We have ideals. They are different. They have no ideals. One of our fellows is in danger. We must rush to rescue him. It makes no difference who he is. He is lofty. They are degraded. Send the marines. We have them. We have the power. This gives a duty. Duty!

First, difference. Second, loftiness compared with degradedness. Third, duty. (That is the final and most frenzied step in the process.)

We have a duty to diminish the degradedness of the Nicaraguans. We have a duty to make them be peaceful. We have a duty to make them be better.

This is our moral compensation to ourselves for our original sin of despising fellow human beings.

Starting with a perfectly sincere under-emphasis on humanity, we end up with a perfectly sincere over-emphasis on humanitarianism. And we sincerely send the marines, to safeguard the exalted and to elevate the lowly!

Destroy every banking firm in New York. Destroy every oil company in the whole country. The psychology which I have here described will still drive us toward empire—and toward the ruin which always follows empire.

The Last Empress of Mexico

By ERNEST H. GRUENING

IT was Charlotte who dreamed of empire. Franz Josef's jealousy and court intrigues had removed Maximilian from the governor-generalcy of Lombardo-Venezia. He had been personally popular, but not *strong* enough to satisfy the Vienna militarists. He retired to Miramar, his castle across the bay from Trieste.

"Max is planning," Charlotte wrote a friend, "to place a fountain on the terrace, to build at the garden's edge a Moorish kiosk, furnished in Oriental style." He also contemplated a winter aviary filled with exotic birds. Charlotte had exacted a daily mass, and for it a chapel was designed so that even the servants could hear—from the vestibule. Such was life by the blue Adriatic. It began as an idyl. It became monotonous. A long Mediterranean journey duly reported through a series of detailed *Reisebilder* to the royal relatives at Windsor, Schönbrunn, and Laeken relieved the tedium but little.

Then Napoleonic intrigues; scheming of Mexican expatriates; Maximilian's availability warmly urged by Eugénie. His noble and sincere gesture of refusal "unless the entire nation, freely expressing its will, ratifies your demand." The Mexican Conservatives produced certified lists to show that 6,445,564 Mexicans of a total population of some eight million had voted to call Maximilian of Austria to a new imperial throne. He credited this fraud. Charlotte had always been for acceptance. Victoria of England counseled against it. Queen Marie-Amélie of France, Charlotte's grandmother, strongly opposed it. "It will be an occupation for Max, a diversion for me," retorted her favorite grandchild. Moreover, under the existing Austro-Hungarian constitution, Maxchen, were he to live to be eighty, could never be other than a private citizen, always the second in a realm where being first alone counted. Her father, Leopold I, of Belgium, agreed. The archduke's income, he pointed out, was insufficient to meet the needs and dignity of that station. Only when Franz Josef and the other Hapsburgs asked Maximilian to sign away all his archducal rights to patrimony and succession did the young couple protest violently and hesitate.

Napoleon III, learning of these vacillations, wrote sharply: "the assurances given in Mexico, the pledge to the subscribers to the loan . . . bind your Imperial Highness. . . . No, it is impossible that you renounce going to Mexico . . . the interests of your family demand it . . . for the honor of the House of Hapsburg is involved." What was really involved was 270,000,000 pesos, to pay which the unfortunate archduke's agreement with the French Emperor mortgaged in advanced the bankrupt Mexican treasury. Even around the Tuileries the court gossips referred to *l'archdupe*. In vain did Marie-Amélie, Cassandra-like, cry "they will assassinate them."

In the palace at Schönbrunn there was a terrible family quarrel, harsh recriminations, sneers, expressions hardly noble. Maximilian said to Charlotte: "Let's get out of all this."

The night Maximilian's signature to the family compact and his severing of the tie that bound him officially to the Old World became known, the Empress-to-be presided, radiant, over a great banquet at Miramar. But her consort, requiring a physician, lay in the *Gartenhaus*, to which the breeze wafted the music and tinkle of glasses. When next morning Charlotte hurried to give him, with her own hands, a congratulatory dispatch from Napoleon, he brushed it aside with "I tell you I do not want to hear of Mexico." The day following he refused to receive delegations come to felicitate him. As the Austrian frigate Novara, pennanted from stem to stern, weighed anchor amid the huzzahs of multitudes, Maximilian sat in his cabin, his face buried in his hands, weeping.

But after the Papal blessing was received at Rome, the party turned gay and lighthearted. He was thirty-two; she, twenty-four. The grave problems which the new monarch would face were brushed aside. Maximilian himself designed a new decoration for prominent Mexicans; precedence, titles, uniforms, court organization, and ceremonies were enthusiastically discussed.

From the fever-laden sandhills of straggling Vera Cruz blew the first breath of disillusion. So indifferent were the inhabitants that even the buoyant Empress—Carlota now—could not hold back her tears. Up to the plateau in rattling coaches pulled by mules straining under the *arrieros'* cracking whips, over roads that were often torrent-beds, the imperial cortège, with its five hundred trunks, struggled. At Cordova but one dingy room was prepared for the imperial guests, while their suite slept in coaches or in hallways.

But in the capital the splendor of the old viceregal days and of Emperor Iturbide shone forth. Arches of triumph blazoned "Eterna Gratitud à Napoleon III" and "Viva Nuestro Emperador." Moreover, there was a genuine outpouring of affection, of native cordiality for the gallant young couple and above all for the lovely little Empress, whose beauty and vivacity, whose regal bearing and democratic manner captivated every heart.

With all his weaknesses, Maximilian was at heart a liberal. Despite the constraint of rank and environment which hedged his mentality his was truly a nobility of soul. To his new and unknown country he brought a sentimental love for the oppressed, a modern disbelief in absolutism that boded an early clash with his supporters. Carlota shared these qualities; in addition she had fire, determination, and persistence.

"The arrival of the Nuncio," she wrote her grandmother, "is an important event in the settling of ecclesiastical matters. I hope that thanks to us this country will become healthily Catholic, at the same time as liberal, for it was neither one nor the other. To have survived the scandals of the clergy, our holy religion must indeed be of divine origin, though it would soon have disappeared without the reforms we shall undertake."

But the Mexican hierarchy was more influential with the Papal envoy than were the imperial couple. He was obdurate for the return of ecclesiastical properties disamortized eight years previously, inflexible for rescinding the religious tolerance promulgated by Juarez. Maximilian turned over the hopeless task of convincing Mgr. Meglia

to Carlota. She was no more successful. The clericals were to become militantly hostile.

It was the intrepid Carlota who, during one of the Emperor's brief absences from the capital, legislated to alleviate the terrible abuses of the Indian peons on the haciendas. But she succeeded only in enraging the landowning class, while the reforms, like so many others throughout Mexican history, remained scraps of paper.

Finally, Bazaine, the French commander, persuaded the Emperor, much against his will, to sign a decree outlawing those who fought in arms against his government and subjecting them, upon capture, to execution as bandits.

With his only supporters, the clergy, thus alienated for reasons wholly creditable to him, and the opposition steeled to the utmost through the ill-advised ruthlessness of the French military, who were soon to be withdrawn, Maximilian was doomed. But when he considered abdication, the Empress opposed it passionately. She was determined to carry out her dream of empire with him.

Poor Carlota! She had already lost him. It was in the enchanted Borda Gardens at Cuernavaca, where the Morelos Valley lies in tropical warmth below the snowy volcanoes, amid the deep scent of jasmine, hyacinth, and heliotrope, that she lost him—to the gardener's daughter—lost him to the Indian loveliness that had conquered the conquerors. His absences from the capital became more and more frequent. From then on her feverish activities, her immersion in charitable works, her journey to Paris and Rome vainly to implore aid were a desperate effort to escape from her own burning unhappiness.

It is doubtful whether she ever fully grasped Maximilian's death. Despite widespread belief to the contrary, her derangement had begun before she left Mexico. In an Empress much may pass for caprice. Only when she openly conjured up Napoleon's poisoners as on her trail and refused to leave the safety of the Vatican did the world learn of her madness. Within a few months it had shrouded her bright spirit like a pall. For sixty years she lived—until January 19, 1927—in her native Belgium, "dans les tenèbres." How much she really knew, what fancies of hope, resignation, or despair passed through that clouded mind, will forever be a mystery.

The League of Nations: A Misprint in History

By HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD

I

SIX years ago I found myself, at the height of the Russo-Polish War, in the border town of Minsk. Its starving citizens were watching the last relics of food vanishing from its shops. In the Christian villages the peasants lay prostrate, counting the horses and cattle which the retreating Poles had carried off. The Jewish villages were heaps of timber, which smoldered to the accompaniment of an incessant wail. Under my windows, along the cobbled street, there flowed two streams of peasant carts, drawn by diminutive ponies. One stream carried shells to the Russian front, and the other brought back the sick and wounded of the Red Army.

A young staff officer read out for me the news which had been picked up that evening from the West by radio. "This morning," ran one item, "the first assembly of the League of Nations met in Geneva." What was it, this League? I tried to picture Geneva to the mind's eye. But the cart-wheels went on jumbling their munitions over the cobble-stones, and in my nostrils there was the sickening smell of charred humanity and smoldering wool. Wilsonian phrases ran in my ears; they would not blend with the landscape around me.

I have often wished that some realist could carry the legislators of Geneva on a Candide's pilgrimage round their world. For the scenes at Minsk have been repeated in many corners of our earth since the creation of the League. Smyrna has gone up in smoke; the heavens have rained their fiery mercies on the villages of the Riff; by the light of the flames of Damascus one might see the French engineers diverting its rivers until the fruit-trees withered in its legendary gardens; the hum of airplanes in the sky has punctuated the phrases of a British ultimatum over Cairo; and as China entered the League's Council, British gunboats fired their salvo of welcome at the city of Wanhsien. The League has become the European goddess. By pacts and treaties of arbitration her ritual is celebrated from Vistula to Thames, but for Nile and Yangtze there are other gods and other rites. There seems to have revived in the atmosphere of Geneva something of the old sentiment about a European family, but it practices its exclusions as well as its intimacies. It is gradually evolving its intricate system of Locarno documents, complicated by an almost bewildering system of promises to arbitrate. The lower grade of peoples stands outside these family relationships. With them one does not conclude pacts; one "guarantees their independence."

One may indeed exaggerate the success of this local pacifism in turning the European Continent into an oasis of peace. The garrisons of the victors must still keep watch on the Rhine. The chimneys of Creusot and Skoda smoke busily, and around the chemical factories the air is not perceptibly purer. It is hard to follow with any optimism the news that the League's disarmament committee sits from time to time. No one is so simple that he interprets the treaties of arbitration which Italy negotiates with Albania and Germany as evidences of the devotion of Fascism to peace. Each garrison watches the increase of the other across the frontiers of Italy and France. And indeed we could find no clearer proof of the futility of a technique of peace which is content to cultivate its European garden. For if Italy seems to be enlisting a League of the Dissatisfied in Europe, it is because she cherishes extra-European ambitions. It is for Tunis or Smyrna, for Abyssinia or even for Syria that she seeks to enrol her partisans in the pacified Continent, flirts with Germany as she begins to reconcile herself with France, and disturns the staffs in Paris, whose duty it is to watch the Alpine passes, and guard the sea lines which in time of peril will carry the Negro troops from Africa to Marseilles.

Partly to provision herself with foods and raw mate-

rials grown under her own flag (or in more realistic language, for the profit of her own middlemen), partly to find a protected sphere for her own capital, but chiefly to secure careers for her surplus population, Italy is determined to expand. She coquets with Germany, whose Nationalists cherish the same ambition; and these things she cannot do without disturbing in the Balkans and elsewhere the balance of power which France had adjusted for her own purposes. No more than in 1914 can peace be established and war banished by a continental system. What Morocco and Bagdad were then, Tunis and Syria are now. Powers which believe that prestige and profit depend on their expansion outside Europe cannot be confined within the bonds of a Locarno pact. The plan of thrusting the lesser peoples outside the mercies and fraternities of this European concert does not work. You may revise your code of morals and decide that war is not war but only killing, when Riffi or Chinese or Syrians serve as targets. You may agree that "independent" Egypt shall not arbitrate with imperial Britain. You may make peace the privilege of an international upper caste, but within that caste itself the disturbing jealousy of imperialism breaks through. Italy wants colonies, and for that contingency there is no provision in all the verbiage of Locarno.

The political pacifism of which the League is the highest expression has its limitations. One may doubt, to begin with, whether every salutary movement toward the reconciliation of France and Germany which the Locarno pact registers had its real origin in a political calculation. Could it have succeeded while the heavy industries of the two countries were living in acute discord? Was it not the reflection in politics of the Iron and Steel Cartel, which was all but concluded before the statesmen ventured to sign its reconciling provisions? When these industries, each dominating the party machines of their respective countries, failed to agree, M. Poincaré invaded the Ruhr; so soon as they agreed, even his relentless memory consented to forget the racial feud.

On the eve of the decisive discussions over disarmament so good a friend to the League as Lord Cecil explained in a speech in London why Great Britain could not reduce her armaments. The army, he said, barely suffices to police the empire. Its geographical distribution and the safety of its communications will always forbid Britain to reduce, even by one unit, the number of her cruisers; she might, perhaps, reduce their tonnage if others would do the same, but that must be her only contribution to the world's disarmament. That speech revealed, as plainly as any hostile diagnosis, the motives of a great Power's armaments. The defense of one's home territories has become the least of the excuses for heavy armaments. It will become steadily less important as the reorganization of Europe proceeds on the models of Locarno and Geneva. It might vanish altogether, if ever the victors could bring themselves to revise the territorial settlement of Versailles, and clear away those racial grievances, which disfigure the map of Europe, like so many finger-posts pointing to the next war.

But even if one can stretch one's mind to this difficult climax of optimism, the imperial and economic reasons for armaments remain. Lord Cecil's enumeration was not complete. It is not solely the risk that communications with India and Australia might be broken which requires Britain to maintain a fleet in the East. There are at this moment fifty-five British naval units in Chinese waters, engaged, in the last analysis, in maintaining against the will of the Chinese nation certain privileges, valued by her traders, but so obnoxious to Chinese pride that force must defend them as force extorted them. Nor is "police work" an accurate description of the army's functions. Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, and Singapore are not the most turbulent spots on our earth's surface. But they may well supply the decisive arguments, if ever England is compelled to debate the question whether British capital shall control the railway development and banking system of India; or whether she shall continue to base her ability to dictate the world price of rubber on her possession of Malaya. And in the same order of thought, it is clear that on the ability to fly over Cairo in bombing-planes depends who shall ration the Nile water and grow cotton from the dry sands of the Sudan.

So long as the decision of such questions depends on the number of a Power's cruisers, on its coaling stations and its air force, an institution like the League of Nations disguises the operation of the real forces which shape the history of mankind. It is what Nevinson called the first Hague Conference, "a misprint in history." Pacifist ideals cannot be reconciled with the ownership or even with the exclusive exploitation of territory beyond the motherland. "Police," as Lord Cecil uses the word, is a complete misnomer. These imperial policemen are not the guardians of the common good; they are the defenders of owners' privileges. Sooner or later the glaring incompatibility between these claims of ownership and the new ideals of arbitration and disarmament must become apparent. The world cannot tolerate forever a system which allows force, past or present, to decide the ownership of materials which are the foundation of our daily life. While it hesitates to face this problem of economic imperialism, the League is tolerating the growth of the forces and motives which one day will destroy it, and civilization with it.

II

Is it possible to see the lines of an international solution for these problems? Some of them depend on the mobilization of the world's public opinion. When even one or two of the Great Powers is clean of compromising ambitions, the League's Assembly will gain the courage to speak the fitting word about such matters as the British ultimatum to Egypt or the proceedings of France in Syria. In Great Britain itself there are forces which may one day achieve for India a full dominion status. But for the problem of raw materials one must await the growth of a corporate consciousness vastly stronger than the world has yet developed in times of peace.

There are two suggested solutions, of which one is no solution at all. Mr. Hoover's criticisms of the British rubber monopoly proceeded from the obsolete doctrine of *laissez-faire*. His complaint seemed to be that the British Government had intervened to make the restriction of output effective. He would apparently have felt no objection if the same restriction had come about by the voluntary action of the syndicated producers. One must be very blind to the tendencies of the modern world if in the face of such facts as the formation of the European Iron Cartel one supposes that free competition among the producers can much longer protect the consumer in the world's markets. Even M. Loucheur, commenting on the formation of this cartel, declared, in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, that the

European governments would have to take concerted action to control it and to regulate its prices. He was thinking solely of the world's need of cheap iron and steel. What may well be argued on that ground becomes an irresistible necessity when one considers the interests of peace. The world certainly needs oil and copper, rubber, iron, wheat, and cotton at stabilized prices which will yield a living wage to the workers who handle them; but no less must it be protected against the allocation by force of the power to control their sources. There is no way of escape, save by the revival on a permanent basis of the international machinery for rationing the distribution of the chief raw materials and foodstuffs, which existed in an effective though rudimentary form during the war. Given this assurance of regular and impartial supply, it would become even to London a matter of indifference whether British war-planes could circle over Cairo or British warships find a shelter at Singapore. But to this solution American *laissez-faire* is as much the enemy as British imperialism.

The need remains, it is said, for civilized administration of the territories which produce these things: that no nomad tribe has a divine right to keep, as its own hunting preserves, territory which might satisfy the world's need of cotton or oil. Possession must be justified by the effective use of natural resources. But if this argument, based on the claim of mankind to all the earth's potential riches, is to be honestly used, then there must be an authority which represents mankind and no national government with the right to apply it. In a very timid form this principle is latent in the League's system of mandates. That system, though it was in its origins a laughable hypocrisy, may be capable of further development. The Mandate Commission stands in need of stronger backing from public opinion in its occasional efforts to check and criticize the administration of the Great Powers. The suggestion that it should have its own resident reporter in every mandated area is worth consideration. In the long run we shall have to face the fact that every imperial Power which boasts that it holds its tropical possessions as the "trustee" of their native inhabitants and of humanity at large ought in that case to hold them not as owner or conqueror but under the mandate of an international authority.

I would base the future of the League on the decay in men's minds of the conception of a Great Power. The word means nothing but the ability to act, by virtue of force or the prestige which force conveys, beyond national frontiers. Within these frontiers democracy may seem to be sovereign; beyond them it has no meaning. To other Powers, save by courtesy and at a sacrifice, no Great Power can ever bow or yield. That is the meaning of the insistence on unanimity in the League's constitution. Many years ago, when we were discussing the foundation of the League, Gilbert Murray asked me: "Can you imagine the British Empire consenting to allow itself to be placed in a minority in any international assembly?" Candidly, I cannot imagine it. But so long as this clinging to the idea of national sovereignty survives, so long will the League be a mere decoration which barely disguises older and harder realities.

Disarmament alone will not cause the conception of national power and sovereignty to decay. Above it we must create a mechanism which represents and serves the common economic interests of mankind. Men will find the League workable when the bond of common opinions means more to them than the bond of nationality. Opposed to this evolution are the economic interests which use the power of the national state for gain. The future depends on their defeat in the social struggle waged within each national unit. But by constructive criticism and the reasoned statement of an international ideal we may, while we struggle, hasten the victory of humanity.

These Modern Women

The Evolution of Disenchantment

ANONYMOUS

AS one of those awful Southerners in the North, I shall have to begin with the Civil War. Of course there were earlier wars in the family annals, but I do not feel so personally responsible for them. Grandpapa A gave some money to the Confederate Army and stayed at home to look after his possessions, consequently came out of the war pretty well off, continued to beget daughters, and in his old age was rewarded by the appearance of a son who was to be my father. When I was very young I thought it a terrible disgrace that Grandpapa A had not gone to fight the Yankees; now I regard his perspicacity somewhat differently. Grandpapa B was a hero and went to war (it now appears that he went reluctantly but it was a long time before I knew this), ruined his health, came home to dire poverty, begat a number of children, and died with suspicious readiness. My mother was his oldest daughter.

Papa was a good-looking young man, trained to do nothing, who drove a fast horse and was supposed to have money. Mama was such a good girl that when a man once told her she had a pretty foot she blushed and wondered if she should feel insulted. The last cent of her inheritance from her grandfather had paid for her college diploma. She had taught school for a year and been sick most of the time; her mother told her to get married. So the city girl drove back of that fast-stepping horse to her country home; all the male relatives of the groom got drunk at the wedding supper and I was born as speedily as possible, not as an accident but as the natural consequence of ignorance. The physician was papa's brother-in-law and an autocrat; he believed that women should suffer in childbirth and refused to administer chloroform during the process. The parents were twenty-two years old, papa startled but inclined to strut, mama consumed with bitterness and terrified of having another baby, all three of us surrounded by a family organization tighter than a band of steel. It was determined that the only son must stay on the land, in spite of the fact that all other decent families had moved away and tenant-farmers were all around beginning their devastating efforts.

There was not a thing papa knew how to do except

ride a horse and boss the Negroes about the crops. It developed, too, that after Grandpapa B had given each of his girls a good wedding and two thousand dollars there was not much left except the two farms. So we lived with the bluegrass hills and the rattlesnakes, the mocking birds and the darkies, my mother in a terror of childbirth and I in a loneliness not greatly mitigated by the contempt in which I was taught to hold all other children in the vicinity. I could play with the Negro children, who knew they were my inferiors, but I could not play with the white children, who might want to dispute this. The Negroes, too, taught me to despise the white tenants as trash, so it was not hard for me to perceive that my family was the most remarkable in the world. But those lonely, bitter years were a crime against childhood; I shall not ever lose their scar. There was always plenty of money for newfangled and useless machinery, never any for books; the small girl read Shakespeare and the poems of Edgar Poe; she thrilled over the composition books in which her mother had written college themes; she determined to be a writer.

We print herewith the seventh of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in The Nation *for February 16.*

Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, and John B. Watson, behaviorist, will analyze through these articles the underlying causes of the modern woman's rebellion.

Before I was six I knew that men could do something terrible to women, and I flamed with the injustice of it. I ached with the longing to make it up to my mother and I braced myself against the dining table to tell my father that I hated him, then fled in terror before his threatened vengeance. That ache and that hatred continued until I was myself out of college, and there have been many nights when I have stayed awake planning desperately how to make a great deal of money and take my mother away from my father. Now I know that she would not have gone; now I know that there were compensations which she never allowed me to suspect, and that there was never any reason for things to be half as bad as I thought them. But the scar remains.

When I was seven we moved to the city. My mother's family, more prosperous now, made a place for my father which he took on sufferance, always with the threat that he would soon be going back to the country. Once we did go back and I hated him worse than ever, but we did not stay long. In business my father has always been the kind of man who comes out of a trade poorer than he went in; he has the need to be generous and lordly and superior to money; he wants to give things away in order to assure himself that he is of some importance in the world. When I was seven there was also a little brother to relieve me of some of the injurious strain of my mother's devotion.

My two grandmothers must not be omitted. They were very different, except that both were proud as peacocks. Neither had any just cause for pride, but that was the way they had been brought up. They outlived their husbands many years and continued to dominate the families. My mother's mother was the daughter of a country doctor who roused the ridicule of his patients by the education he insisted on giving his girls. Perhaps it is from him I get my feministic strain. I doubt if either grandmother felt it was any particular hardship to be a woman; they were both vigorous, able women, capable of getting a great deal of enjoyment out of life. They took, as I remember, a rather tolerant and somewhat amused attitude toward the men of the family; it was my mother's mother who used to check me up when I said bitter things against men or specifically against my father.

By the time I reached my teens I had a well-developed dogma on the world's injustice toward women because they could not have everything they wanted, on nature's injustice toward women because they have to bear the children, and a lack of interest in God because he was a man. A lady god would have roused my soul's devotion. It is true I did get religion when I was about twelve, being then jointly in love with the minister and the minister's daughter. I spent an afternoon kneeling at the altar and tried to feel uplifted, but without great success; told my Sunday-school teacher of the visions I had and despised her for appearing to believe me. Then at fifteen I fell in love with a language teacher who was an atheist and lost my religion. Thereafter I had only one religion, a sort of perverse feminism, based on the convictions that women had all the children, men had all the fun, and men were pretty awful anyhow. I was still determined to have a career as much like a man's as possible. And no babies. And no matrimony.

Mama said she wanted me to have three good offers and to refuse three. She wanted me to be a glorified old maid, doing the things she might have done. I decided I would get married when I was thirty, in order to have tried everything, and then I advanced the date by six years to get rid of the argument: to be or not to be. It seemed to me it might be pleasant to have something settled, even though the settlement itself was bad. Then I had begun to suspect that marriage could not possibly be as bad as I had thought it. And I had met some Northern men who seemed to think women might be treated more or less as adults and who were willing to assume some of the responsibilities for the more boresome side of domestic life. I had lived too long in a family of men who in times of distress remained pleasantly incapable of making a cup of coffee; I do not believe I could have married a Southerner, and if I had I am sure I would have murdered him the first time he asked for his slippers or the evening paper. So I married a Yankee and found marriage not so bad as it might have been, nor yet so good. At any rate I got that cause of conflict more or less settled. My husband is interested in my work and I am interested in his; at a pinch we substitute for each other, though this is growing more difficult as we grow older and our interests become more specialized. He is eager for me to develop as far as I can, and he has few theories about woman's position, or man's. We keep house casually and travel a good deal. My own diathesis is against anything that is fixed. We have no children and thus my mother's old terrors are laid for me.

The war swung me out of college into a totally unexpected job. Since then I have dabbled a bit in college teaching and a bit in research. Over the college teaching I was discouraged because, while I liked the students, I found it rather dull ladling out platitudes to the indifferent adoles-

cent, and I could see no prospect of working into graduate teaching. Women do not, as yet, get much chance at this cream of the teaching profession. In research I shall always be interested, though here, too, I am hampered by my attitude of disenchantment. I can never quite accept the finality of a statistical formula, and the errors which are constantly being demonstrated in the work of even the best scientists make me a little dubious about branding any conclusion as the Truth in capital letters. I can still get mad when I see an obvious case of discrimination against women, but in general all my old feministic revolt has been transferred from men to the conditions of human existence. There is nothing any of us can do about these conditions which does not seem to me futile, so my only test for different activities is the pleasure to be derived from them.

Thus I have at a comparatively early age lost all my motivating faiths, faith in the righteous cause of women, faith in the recreating powers of science, faith in the ennobling possibilities of education. This is indeed a very sad state. Worse, I have become that futile creature, a writer. I had rather make small black marks on paper than go through any experience I can name. The sensory pleasures have pretty largely ceased to be; I can sit here in my quiet study and desire to desire something, something to touch or taste or see or hear, but the desire does not come. If I were building a Utopia, I would take away our memories, so we would start fresh every day, and then I would endow each of us with strong, lusty desires, and I would give us strong, eager feet with which to run swiftly and determinedly after our desires. I would leave principles out of my Utopia, even feminism; in place of principles I would give us all a magnificent and flaming audacity.

A Government of Minnows

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, January 21

ALMOST exactly a hundred years ago a discouraged friend of the able but not amiable Adams coined a phrase, "the millennium of the minnows," in order to describe the small fry swept into public office on the great popular Jackson tide. There are times when a look around the official Washington of today makes that description seem to fit present conditions perhaps better than it could possibly have done in 1828. There is of course one really big fish in the Department of Commerce, and there is a splendid shining gold fish over in the Treasury Building, but for the most part they do seem to be more or less of the minnow variety. The glitter of the gold fish and the splash of the big one go a long way to prevent a general comprehension of the extreme insignificance of the others that swim about in the Capitol pool. To drop the piscatorial metaphor and get down to cases, when you eliminate Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon, about whose size and sense opinions radically differ, those occupying high place here today undeniably grade pretty low. There is a class of writers in Washington who think it dreadful to blurt things out like that. Even though it is a conceded fact it seems to them "unnecessarily vitriolic" and "unbecomingly violent" to state it in print. Yet not many unbiased and posted persons would privately combat that particular indictment.

In the White House, for example, we have a small Massachusetts machine politician whose flawless record of inertia and inaction in a dozen offices plus several extraordinary pieces of political luck has enabled him to keep an unbroken attachment to the public pay roll for thirty years. His real intimates include a retired Boston department-store keeper, an aged Vermont village lawyer, and a dull but rich Massachusetts mill-owner who rode up on the same State political machine. In his official Cabinet are the scintillating figures of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Wilbur, Dr. Work, James J. Davis, and Harry F. New. In the House we have the noble "Nick," who looms large as a leader only to certain congenial colleagues and to them only under certain circumstances. There too is the devoted Tilson, whose caliber was well illustrated in the recent cruiser fight. Over on the Senate side leadership, such as it is, is lodged in the hands of Curtis of Kansas, Bingham of Connecticut, Fess of Ohio—honest and worthy men, smooth but unstimulating. However, this lack of outstanding legislative leaders and great executive figures is not a thing of which to complain in this time of prosperity and absence of critical problems. The country has not suffered because of them. Perhaps on the whole it is better not to have stimulating men under such conditions. So long as a negative policy is all that is needed, these negative men, aided by a daily press four-fifths of which in the last ten years has become concentrated in strong Republican hands, can rattle around in their jobs without doing anybody any real harm and with great joy to themselves, albeit some of them never quite get over the uneasy feeling that in their case a mistake has been made and that somehow it is going to be found out. You can if you watch for it often see this apprehension in the eyes of the Attorney General. In negative action, however, they are all right. It is only when affirmative action is required that mediocre men clothed with power make trouble for themselves and the rest of us—which brings us quite naturally to Mr. Kellogg and the State Department.

Not long ago one of the wisest of Washington observers—he is not an office-holder—speaking of the conduct of our foreign affairs made what seems a searching and trenchant remark. Said he: "Our State Department, like the British Foreign Office, is conducted primarily and properly in the interests of the business of the country. The difference is this—in England it is business as a whole which is represented. With us it is not only business as a whole but individual business as well. At the British Foreign Office a group of business men representing an industry can get in—and they ought to get in, but the individual industrialist with his little individual ax to grind and his little personal grievance to air cannot get in and ought not to get in. With us that is the very fellow who does get in. Not only the bureau heads but the Secretary himself is easily accessible to him. Every little tin-pot business man who wants to can get into our State Department and muddle the minds and cloud the heads of the men who mold our

policy and commit our country. This may be democracy, but it has its disadvantages."

The more reflection given this comment the more reasonable it seems. Unquestionably it is the individual business interest which has forced Mr. Kellogg on his indefensible course in Nicaragua and in Mexico, not industry as a whole. It seems to be generally believed that the interested individuals in this case were oil men and that they were powerful or persuasive enough to have compelled Mr. Kellogg to take affirmative action and for Mr. Coolidge, who is inherently averse to all forms of affirmative action, to support him in this policy as soon as he discovered what it was—which it may be said in passing was quite late in the game. The net result has been a sorry mess. No one can tell what the situation will be when this appears in print, but as it is written, while the prospects are that we will muddle through and avoid an actual clash with Mexico—perhaps even emerge on Arbitration Avenue—our loss will be none the less real no matter what we gain. Our prestige in South America has mostly gone; even the pretense of friendship with us among our Latin-American neighbors has vanished, and the diplomats in Europe are gleefully chuckling over the situation. Here is America, which since the war has been trying to save the soul of the world and has preached at the Powers without ceasing, pointing out to them the beauties of national goodness and unselfishness—here is America doing to a small nation on this continent exactly what it has been the American custom to deplore in Europe. Why shouldn't the diplomats chuckle? They have, as the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* points out, got the United States on record in a way which will bind it to silence when the occasion presents itself—as it will—for European Powers to take analogous steps where their interests are involved. It is a great pity that Mr. Kellogg could not stick to negative action like the other Cabinet minnows.

The Debt Unsettlements

By JAMES N. ROSENBERG

THE clamorous European echoes of the recent Columbia manifesto urging a reopening of the European debt question remind us again that this matter of the Allied debt is far from being settled. Aided by our politicians we have come to look upon ourselves as benevolent and generous creditors. But Europe, led or misled by its politicians, has as strong convictions to the contrary and looks upon us as an international Shylock. Europeans know only that we are eternally asking for blood-money. Whenever the European tax collector comes around, they blame us. That is politics.

The only hope of a friendly and lasting solution of the question lies in removing it from the arena of party politics, dealing with the matter as if it were a business affair between an embarrassed debtor and an intelligent creditor. Let us forget that mighty sovereign states are involved. Suppose a business corporation gets into a jam—what happens? We examine the circumstances. Perhaps the corporate affairs have been so mismanaged, the corporate assets so looted, that the debts are far greater than the assets and it is not worth trying to resuscitate the concern. Then only one course is possible—receivership, bankruptcy, liquidation, the scrap-heap.

But perhaps the debtor corporation has assets and good prospects for future earnings. Perhaps it has mines, factories, lands, labor, but not enough cash or other liquid assets. It needs merely time to work out of its difficulties. In such circumstances an intelligent creditor gives time.

There is a third possibility—a settlement at less than a hundred cents on the dollar. If it is useless to accept extension notes because the debtor has not enough to pay them, intelligent creditors, as realists, accept a compromise. They trade and bargain and sometimes haggle. Finally they take fifty cents on the dollar, or forty, or whatever they can get.

Now, you cannot put a sheriff or a receiver in charge of a government. If the government is a weak one, or if it has been beaten in a war, you can arrange for a financial adviser or a reparation committee, which looks a good deal like a receivership; but with most of the countries of Europe such a course is not to be thought of. Let us perforce take a cheerful view and politely assume that our European debtors are solvent and want to pay us but are temporarily hard up for dollars. Just what shall we do?

We can grant an extension of time or take a settlement at less than one hundred cents on the dollar. But we in America have chosen neither course. What we have done is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. Our representatives have solemnly assured us that the last drop of blood has been squeezed out of the turnip, and the high-minded European statesmen have told their constituents that although the Americans are bloodthirsty sharks they have been induced to be quite reasonable. But when these statesmen are dropped from office, how do their successors talk? "What!" they exclaim, "the United States yielding or generous? Just listen to what the American Secretary of the Treasury has himself stated to the people of the United States." So they prove from our own lips that we are grasping and merciless. Thus the dragons' teeth of hatred are sown.

Now, when a business creditor exacts a settlement he makes sure that he gets real money and not worthless stage money. If he accepts a 50 per cent settlement on a $100,000 debt, he sees to it that before he releases his old debt he gets a certified check for $50,000. But what have we accomplished in our dealings with Europe? In place of the notes which England owed us at the time of the Armistice, we have accepted new notes for 75 per cent of the principal amount of the old notes. In place of Italy's old notes we have taken new notes for 25 per cent of the old debt. From Belgium we have taken paper for 54 per cent of the old debt, and we are now proposing to settle with France on a basis of 48 per cent. These agreements are merely the acceptance of new scraps of paper for old scraps of paper, of new promises for old promises. And we have called these agreements settlements.

Instead of pursuing this stupid, irritating, and discriminatory policy, why should we not, as intelligent creditors, say to our debtors in Europe something like this:

> We lent you eleven billions of dollars to help you win the war. You admit you owe the money. We, on the other hand, admit you cannot pay it at present. We do not wish to press you, but, of course, we know that yours is a high-minded, powerful, solvent government and that given time you will insist upon discharging these obligations for moneys which we were able to lend you because of heavy taxes imposed on our citizens. You shall, of course, have time, plenty of it. Ten years have gone by since we lent you this vast sum. No repayments of principal have been made.

Hardly any interest has been paid. Never mind. We are your friends, your brothers, as we were your allies in the war. So we declare that for another ten years you need not pay a penny of principal or interest. We lift the load from your shoulders so that you may prosper and so that you may feel free of burden to us for a total period of twenty years. We have already settled with some of you which we thought not only fair but generous, but we gather that you are not satisfied, that you consider us harsh creditors. If that is so we offer to let you cancel the settlement already made. Let the old debt be restored. It can stand for the additional ten-year period, and at the end of the ten years if you find yourselves ready to discuss payment in whole or in part, we shall be glad to discuss the matter with you. If at the end of the ten-year period you are not ready to pay in full, we know that you will be able to make some payment in part at least to reimburse our citizens.

If such a policy were to be announced and pursued we could take the matter out of politics, put it on a sensible and business-like basis, and make a step at least toward a final solution, or we would remove all opposition of the irreconcilables since we would not be canceling any part of the debt; and we would stop the mouths of the hate-breeding jingo foreign politicians.

The Solid South Backs "Al" Smith

By GEORGE W. HAYS,

Former Governor of Arkansas

WITH the popularity and influence of "Al" Smith and his importance as a national figure increasing every day, many persons are asking what attitude will be taken by the solid Democratic South toward his candidacy for the Presidential nomination in 1928. One can hardly pick up a newspaper without coming across the statement that the South will reject the New York Governor as Presidential nominee on account of his religion; that the Southern delegates will bolt the party to which the South has always given its whole-souled allegiance rather than accept Smith as standard-bearer. To one who is fully alive to the true sentiments of this section of the country such speculations appear almost ridiculous.

I doubt whether other parts of the nation realize the strength and solidity of the Democratic Party south of the Mason-Dixon line. Locally, to be nominated by the Democratic Party is to win the election. The candidates who lose in the primary go on fishing trips, while the successful nominee is interviewed by the press on the reforms and policies of his future Administration. This condition prevails throughout the South and Southwest with the exception of sections of Kentucky and Tennessee, both of which have gone strongly Democratic this year.

The Democratic Party is the party of our fathers and our fathers' fathers. It is the perfect organ for the expression of our political beliefs and hopes. We are mainly an agricultural people, in contrast to the industrial North and East. Our advancement must come largely through our farmers and small merchants. We are probably the largest group of individualists left in the nation in this day of industrialism and mass production. The Democratic Party is the only party whose ideals and platform represent our interests.

The Southerner distrusts the Republican Party with an instinctive suspicion fully as strong as the faith he holds in Democracy. His animosity is "bred in the bone," a heritage from the period of Republican ascendancy in the South during the dread days of Reconstruction when the carpet-bagger ruled over a desolate and wretched land. The deliverance of the South in those times was the Democratic Party. By lining up solidly under her protection the Southern white man discovered that he could once again win back to freedom and social supremacy.

In the light of these facts it is easy to see how absurd is the presumption that the South would desert its party in the event of Governor Smith's nomination. The argument that the religion of New York's chief executive would bring about a change in Southern allegiance assumes that religious prejudice and intolerance are stronger than party loyalty. Such an assertion is unfair to the vast majority of Southerners. While it is a fact that most of us are Protestants, I feel certain that I voice the sentiments of the average Southerner when I state that the principles of Democracy are too great and mean too much to us ever to be sacrificed for anything so un-American and so petty as religious bigotry. The Constitution of our country says that there shall be no religious test for office. Church and state are completely separated.

The events of the 1924 Democratic National Convention are not pleasant to recall. Religious dissension showed its ugly head. Painful and humiliating but inevitable were the results in the elections which followed. We learn from experience, and I feel certain that at the convention of 1928 the delegates, bearing in mind the fiasco of 1924, will nominate their strongest and ablest man and put aside petty politics and sectionalism.

The elections last fall showed that a reaction was setting in in favor of the Democratic Party. In view of the scandals of the Republican regime and the Republican Party's failure to coordinate and harmonize its own ranks, discord and discontent are widespread and the people throughout the nation are ready for a change to Democratic control. With such a leader as Governor Smith the return to Democracy should be an almost foregone conclusion. He is not only the greatest figure in the Democratic Party today; he is the most important statesman of our time regardless of party affiliations. To belittle such a man because of his religious views would be incredibly stupid.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter finds in his letter file the following from a correspondent in Cleveland:

That impulse to kill—to kill a fellow-being, to take upon myself the mark of Cain—has been coming over me. And I want you to file this letter whether you publish it or not; I may have to use it in my defense some day.

I spend much of my time in a Ford coupé, chasing around downtown Cleveland. A few months ago I welcomed, as a big step forward, these automatic, three-light signals at busy intersections. I have obeyed them faithfully. To me they are a much better traffic control than an officer. There is such an absolute, impartial Justice about them. The signal is inexorable and each driver checks the other, a symbol of automatic Democracy.

But pedestrians, apparently, are Republicans or Bolsheviks. What gets my goat is that after I have waited patiently for my green "Go" signal, and am just start-

ing up, a pedestrian walks deliberately across the street.

I am mild. I consider the safety of the other fellow. But think of some of the drivers we have nowadays. Take a real he-driver; add to him some of the thoughts I had today; and you might get a dead pedestrian. Here am I with an incipient urge to hit the leering pedestrian who crosses my path at the wrong time. I have in my hands, under my power, the weapon that will do the job. I have the probable immunity. With an officer out at the intersection trying to speed me up, no court would hold me guilty.

I wonder how many of our traffic accidents are accidents. Are we going to wake up to a new spasm of our social order, an epidemic of traffic homicide? Will the time come when jury verdicts of "justifiable traffic homicide" will be common? We must do something to lessen the traffic jam. Is killing pedestrians the answer?

* * * * *

PROBABLY the Drifter's correspondent, like most car drivers, is unaware of the law of the highway. Ironically enough, a candidate for a driver's license is questioned about almost every other subject under heaven except his legal obligations toward pedestrians. Nor are policemen better informed. The ancient law of the road, as expounded to the Drifter in those halcyon days before it had become a dead letter, gives the pedestrian an equal right on any part of the highway with any vehicle and a special right at crossings. Legally speaking, a crossing is a continuation of the sidewalk. It is the pedestrian's special domain. A vehicle crosses it on sufferance. No automobile has a right to honk a pedestrian off a crossing or to keep him waiting at one side. Probably this is *legally true* in most cases even where there are lights or where a policeman regulates traffic. In New York City, at any rate, the municipality has been empowered by the State to regulate only vehicular traffic—not the goings and comings of pedestrians.

* * * * *

BUT of course in the year 1927 all this is mere theory—moonshine of the most impalpable sort. There has been no invested capital to champion the pedestrian's rights. He himself hasn't even been aware of them, and through neglect he has irrevocably lost them. The Drifter read a paragraph recently in which one citizen was represented as saying militantly to another: "We pedestrians ought to organize to protect our rights." To which came the placid reply: "What rights?" What rights, indeed? To reclaim the rights of the pedestrian today would, in most of our cities, tie up traffic in a Gordian knot in ten minutes. And the Drifter surmises that the pedestrian has got what he deserves. He is a chicken-hearted, white-livered insect who has been more devoted to getting a car in which to play the bully himself than to asserting his rights or those of his fellows when afoot. Let him suffocate in his own exhaust.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's sympathies used to be all with the pedestrian, but he is beginning now to regard the automobile driver as an object for commiseration too. When pedestrians straggle off the curb into the street and impede the progress of a line of cars without getting anywhere themselves, the Drifter would hardly blame some choleric driver for giving them a not-too-gentle bump. Come to think of it, the Drifter sometimes harasses drivers himself by stepping in their path and pretending not to see them.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

California Is Awake

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A student mass meeting, held on the University of California campus, January 13, discussed America's policy in Nicaragua and Mexico. Fifteen minutes before the meeting was scheduled to begin it was impossible to get inside the doors. An overflow meeting was held in another auditorium. About three thousand students attended, and many were turned away: sorority "sisters," fraternity "brothers," political-science students, foreign students, art majors—all the personalities that combine to make a university. Many sat in the aisles, more stood up; only three people left before the meeting was adjourned.

After the preliminary speeches by Professor Barrows, Professor Priestley, Chester Rowell, and others, the meeting was turned over to discussion from the floor. The trend of these talks was decidedly "liberal." A vote was taken and resulted as follows: For our policy in Nicaragua—about even. For our antagonism toward Mexico—80; against our antagonism toward Mexico—2,000.

The very fact that such a meeting was even called shows that the American youth is waking up; the fact that the discussion was "liberal" indicates that the splendid work of *The Nation* is bearing fruit; and the fact that the vote was 2,000 against 80 in opposition to America's maintaining a policy which may lead to war with Mexico offers evidence that American youth is unwilling to fight a war for "dollar diplomacy."

Our next ambition is a mass meeting on military training.

San Francisco, January 15 R. T.

Honor Where Honor Is Due

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Does *The Nation* know anything about the English case? Does it know that the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, in driving that corrupt judge from the federal bench, one of the most difficult feats imaginable, rendered a conspicuous public service for which it was applauded all over the country—everywhere, indeed, except in *The Nation's* Roll of Honor? It seems to me a very grave omission. How could you have overlooked this feat which made almost all journalism respectable?

St. Louis, January 6 CLARK MCADAMS

[We plead guilty. We should, of course, have placed the *Post-Dispatch* on our Honor Roll, and do so now with the greatest pleasure.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

No Rules for War?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Attempts to restrict the use of poison gas in warfare by international treaty are predestined to futility by the impossibility of including arbitrary regulations in a procedure which, by its very nature, must be without such regulations. War should not be confused with sport. In sport, ends are ignored for the sake of the means. In war, means are ignored for the sake of the ends, and by this an international Hoyle prescribing means is inconceivable. Indeed, by its very declaration of war, a nation says that all rules are off, and that henceforth anything goes.

Let poison gas be an indictment of war, and let us outlaw both; but if, as I cannot believe, it is possible to have war without gas, then it may also be possible to have war without guns or bayonets.

New York, January 15 A. Y. JAMESON, JR.

Down with "March" and "Thursday"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For more than two thousand years the idea of war has been perpetuated in the names of one of the months and in a day of the week. Where do we find the idea of peace perpetuated in any universal public institution? Would a proposal to change the name of March to "Pax" and Thursday to "Peaceday" bring a storm of protest? Perhaps we are too "civilized" nowadays to create such memorials to the spirit of our age.

Indianapolis, December 27 Frank Ross

The Source of Freedom

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We ought not to feel extremely happy over the freedom of worship in the churches and freedom of thought in the schools (there is considerable of both, although here and there are restrictions). What freedom exists comes from a smallness of interest in religion and in the schools. Let the public become vitally interested in either, and much of our boasted freedom will disappear. It will go like the freedom of Negroes to vote in the South, the freedom of the press in Italy, the freedom of speech in America during the war, the freedom of worship during the Middle Ages, when religion was a vital matter.

Freedom in church and school today is probably due to our twenty-four-hour attention to "Business as usual."

New York, January 11 Lloyd M. Crosgrave

Let's Have Lots of Holly

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You say: "Now that Christmas is well over we can begin the New Year with good resolutions never to use live holly again." Why not say "Appreciate the plant so much that you will support a movement to learn how it can best be propagated by seed or cuttings. Help populate the region in which it can be grown, so that all that has been destroyed will be replaced. Persuade those who have helped in its destruction to join you in filling the world with more rather than less of the beauty of this or that American plant"?

Plant science has until recently paid little attention to the study of the propagation of native plants, but we are learning. We now know how the dogwood may be propagated, either by seeds or cuttings, and the response to a leaflet on dogwood distributed at the New York Flower Show last year leads me to expect an increase in the number of dogwood plants in America. With the information in regard to dogwood seeds and dogwood cuttings now available, one can say with conviction: "Use dogwood all you will; but use your own. Fill your world with the loveliness of the dogwood flower, of the gloriously colored leaves of the fall and the red fruit, but grow your own."

The problem of holly has also been solved. At one Christmas dinner this year the centerpiece was a ten-inch holly plant covered with red berries, and this was established in less than six months. Roses would have taken that long. Why should we be deprived of using living holly or dogwood any more than carnations or roses? We need funds for research work whereby in each State, at some college or university, at least one person will study the propagation of the plants of greatest beauty and those most in danger of extermination, so one can say: "Use the plant, but use your own, and help fill America with its natural loveliness."

The Garden Club of America has already given to the Department of Botany at Vassar College a Conservation Research Fund. The Boyce Thompson Institute of Plant Research is carrying forward the work without a special grant. Graduate students are at work on problems of this type at Ohio State University, Chicago University, and at Washington State University.

Do not sound the death-knell to the use of holly, nor ask us to use some scrappy substitute. Teach the Southern States how to have nurseries full of their own grown holly. It is done with the English holly in the West. It can be done with American holly in the East. Increase the number of American plants in America, first by aiding in obtaining the knowledge of how to grow them, then by aiding in growing of them. Enrich the lives of the American people with living American plants.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., January 4 Edith A. Roberts

A School with a Lantern

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial Authors with Lanterns glows with the fire of freedom. It emboldens me to bring out my lantern and ask you to lift it high. I am searching for lovers of freedom to help the Modern School of Stelton, New Jersey, pioneer of libertarianism in education since 1910. There have been fears lately that it might have to stop for want of sufficient income, and a committee is attempting to raise an endowment of $100,000, which would carry about half the annual load and banish further fear. But it is a stupendous job for poor men in a land of hundred-percenters, and the help of every lantern-bearer that can be found anywhere is needed.

This school follows the lead of the child's spontaneous interests, letting play be its teacher; the child learns by doing. We consider education not merely preparation for life but a large part of life itself; wherefore we give the children the environment and the contacts of actual daily living in the world. We have an art-room, a weaving-room, a carpenters' shop, a printing-shop, places for all sorts of outdoor activities—sports, of course, gardens, barns with cows and chickens.

The school publishes a circular for free distribution, a 25-cent pamphlet on "The Spirit of Freedom in Education," a dollar book of the school's history, and an occasional magazine, the *Voice of the Children*, written, illustrated, printed, and bound wholly by pupils. It appeals to every friend of happy childhood to give it a lift.

Stelton, New Jersey, January 14 S. W. Simpson

Elinor Wylie, Geographer

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a review of "The Orphan Angel" in your columns I indirectly reproached Elinor Wylie for placing Portsmouth in Vermont. On rereading, by request, the passage I learn that Miss Wylie referred to Portsmouth in one connection and to Vermont in another, and she, you, and all concerned have my apology.

New York, January 18 Abbe Niles

One Soul Saved

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I cannot read a publication which lends its advertising pages to such rabidly blasphemous propaganda as that which has disgraced *The Nation* recently. Granted that the Bible is confusing and out-of-date in many ways—it has been and still is the best crutch for limping humanity to stumble along life's perplexing road, and until you can provide a better prop, why knock away the old one? You undo much of your excellent editorial work by the folly advertised in your publication. I have not even opened the later numbers—they are too poisonous.

Formosa, Japan, December 22 Clarence Griffin

Books and Plays

First Glance

The age demanded an image
Of its accelerated grimace,
Something for the modern stage,
Not, at any rate, an Attic grace;

Not, not certainly, the obscure reveries
Of the inward gaze;
Better mendacities
Than the classics in paraphrase!

The "age demanded" chiefly a mold in plaster,
Made with no loss of time,
A prose kinema, not, not assuredly, alabaster
Or the "sculpture" of rhyme.

THIS poem, one of the best, I think, to be found in "Personae: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound" (Boni and Liveright: $3.50), is only half ironical. It is only half, that is to say, against this age. One part of Mr. Pound regrets being born into a time when it is necessary, if one is to write good poetry, to be occupied with contemporary externals. This part of him hankers, and has been hankering for eighteen years, after the grace of other years, after alabaster and the inward gaze. Hence the many pages in "Personae" filled with translations or paraphrases from Propertius, the Provençal poets, and the classical poets of China; pages which, however learned and clever they may sometimes be, are not for me the real thing. The real thing in Mr. Pound—leaving out of account the famous epic, which is yet to be assessed—is his objective rendering of the age one half of him hates. The other half not merely relishes the act of rendering; it relishes the world thus rendered. "In a few years . . . no one will remember the trivial parts of me," says Mr. Pound to his detractors, implying that something greater will be remembered. I am not so sure. The best of him is still the impudent breeze of satire which blows through "Lustra." Coming on that once more in this collection, I gave the jump of delight which one must always give before the spectacle of a poet who has glanced directly at the world about him, decided how it looks, and invented a way of speaking that will bring poet, reader, and world for the moment into perfect conjunction. Epic or no epic, to have done this in many poems, even if they be slight ones, is to have become one of the poets of your age. And Mr. Pound is that.

In a foreword to "White Buildings: Poems by Hart Crane" (Boni and Liveright: $2) Allen Tate says that Mr. Crane has written "the most distinguished poetry of the age," and that if Mr. Crane is difficult to read, as he certainly is, the fault lies with the age, which does not offer "a suitable theme." "The comprehensiveness and lucidity of any poetry," explains Mr. Tate, "the capacity for poetry being assumed as proved, are in direct proportion to the availability of a comprehensive and perfectly articulated given theme." The rejoinder that it is the business of the poet to find or make such a theme where no theme is, that indeed the theme is always in the poet and not in the world, will doubtless be made; but it will be absurd in the face of Mr. Tate's analysis of the two elements fundamental in all successful poetry: adequate vision and adequate subject. The capacity for poetry will be a certain energy of vision; but there must be a subject to be seen. Mr. Crane, says Mr. Tate, has the energy; our world, however, has not the structure to support this energy. So Mr. Crane's poems are formidable and, perhaps, futile; they are the result of a powerful and original poetic mind straining in its nakedness to express nothing. I am not convinced that this is the most distinguished poetry of the age, but I am sure that it is distinguished poetry, and I am sure that "White Buildings" is important.

> And a poor prayer, in these days, to be simple.
> What can the curled tongue say a straighter way
> When beauty breaks, even before we touch it,
> Into a thousand ardors at a thought?

This third commentary upon our time is made by Laura Riding Gottschalk, whose collection of poems, "The Close Chaplet" (Adelphi Company: $1.75), introduces simultaneously to England and America a metaphysician in verse of most curious and distinct merit. Miss Gottschalk, equally convinced no doubt with Mr. Tate that the present order does not invite the vision of the poet, escapes into her own brain for subjects to see.

> For in untraveled soil alone can I
> Unearth the gem or let the mystery lie
> That never must be found.

"The close chaplet of thought" to which she goes is nothing more or less than the knot of nerves at the top of the human spine. There she plants her eyes and plays with all manner of ingenious images, ideas, and rhythms sent to her along the nerves. Her book will seem laughably obscure to some. To others it will be fascinating with the fascination of the best, the most burrowing lines of Donne. Justly considered, it represents one of the numerous adventures which American poetry must make if it is to remain—or become—distinguished.

MARK VAN DOREN

Another Microbe Hunter

Wealth, Virtual Wealth, and Debt. By Frederick Soddy. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

I AM not competent to review this book. I cannot tell you whether it is one of the most important ever written, although it well may be. It is about money, and having dealt with money for fifteen years as a practicing accountant, I know nothing whatever about it. My perspective upon its social implications has been hopelessly befuddled by virtue of the thousands of individual transactions I have checked and balanced to the penny. Thus I stand—for once in my life—shoulder to shoulder with the banker and the captain of industry. The three of us cannot see the wood for the trees. The men who handle money the most have no more notion of what it does to society than a Mississippi fishwife—or a Congressman.

Frederick Soddy is Dr. Lee's Professor of Chemistry in the University of Oxford; he received the Nobel prize for chemistry in 1921; he is the author of "The Interpretation of Radium" and other learned works, and one of the most brilliant scientists alive. For many years his thinking has been regulated by the stern realities of quantitative fact. Struck with the objective absurdities of the economic scene, he has attempted to swing the searchlight of the exact sciences upon the poetry and mysticism of money, credit, wealth, value, and the other imponderables in which we economists, accountants, and bankers deal. It is an adventure at once illuminating and per-

plexing. His analysis of the going structure is clear, penetrating, and, for me at least, exciting. I did not miss a word, or an idea, as he looked at production, distribution, and physical plant in the light of the first and second laws of thermodynamics. But when he came to superimpose upon this physical picture the gossamer veil of money and credit, and particularly when he outlined specific controls for money to keep it from wrecking production, perpetuating poverty, going on the loose in business cycles—I stumbled and fell. The accountant rose up and overwhelmed me. He may have discovered, as his subtitle implies, "the solution of the economic paradox," but I cannot follow him in that solution. I hope to God he has; and that it remains for a Nobel prize chemist to lead us out of the wilderness.

Here is a ball of gold, nine inches in diameter. "As a hoard or store used to buy goods it will diminish in quantity, like soap when you wash with it." Even in the vault of a bank it will tend slowly to disintegrate. But lent out at compound interest, "in six hundred years, there would arise legal claims to a golden ball equal in size to the earth, and weighing four times as much." We remember the will of Timothy Forsyte. Of such nonsense is the fabric of money compounded. Its laws have no scientific relation—often no relation at all—to the laws governing the growth of tangible, consumable wealth. It is a gaudy fairy story, told in a parallel dream world of its own, never meeting the lines of matter, energy, and the physical realities upon which the food, clothing, and shelter of *homo sapiens* are necessarily based. And in that dream world, bankers, accountants, stock exchanges, public-utility valuations, mergers, high finance make their solemn way, mirthless and intent. Out of the stuff of dreams they appropriate a great fraction of the tangible wealth—diamonds, country houses, haughty motor cars, Ritz dinners, even beautiful blondes—and that is enough for them. What their dream stuff does to society at large they neither know nor greatly care. They are practical men who know how to make dreams come true.

So far so good. Money has evolved on the basis of a *scarcity* economy; the threat of not enough to go round ever furnishing its dominating drive. The industrial revolution, culminating in the marvels of modern technology, has achieved a *surplus* economy—more than enough to go round if the engineer were granted a free hand. The two systems do not interlock; money puts the engineer on half time. Capacity production of industrial America is twice the normal output of consumable goods. There is no more important problem than that of dragging money out of dreamland and forcing it to correlate with the curve of physical production, as governed by the technical arts.

Mr. Soddy says that the following measures will achieve this end. I copy blindly for the enlightenment of wiser men: The value of money should not depend on the quantity of a single commodity, such as gold. The standard of value should be based on the general average of goods consumed and used in living. Government statistical authority should work out an index number of prices and report its findings periodically to "the national authority charged with the issue of money, so that the issue may be regulated to maintain the standard of value constant, much as the National Physical Laboratory (in the United States the Bureau of Standards) is charged with the standardization of weights and measures. . . . The issue of money should therefore be regulated by its purchasing power, so as to maintain purchasing power constant, more being issued if the purchasing power tends to rise, or the index number to fall, and some withdrawn from circulation if the purchasing power tends to fall and the general price level to rise—very much as the speed of a steam engine under varying load is automatically controlled by steam being admitted by the governor when the speed tends to fall, and shut off when it tends to rise." All this is not so far from Irving Fisher.

Private banks should by law be required to keep national money, dollar for dollar, of deposits. They shall only be permitted to lend money genuinely deposited in their keeping by its owners, *who give up the use of it for the period of the loan*, and receive receipt in legal form therefor. Thus the bank becomes merely a brokerage establishment for placing loans for depositors. And thus, if you please, the whole tradition and practice of private banking is dealt a staggering blow. Bankers may know nothing about the social effects of money, but they can safely be predicted to know enough to call Mr. Frederick Soddy, M. A., F. R. S., seventeen kinds of a blundering fool. He puts them, as it were, in the ash can.

These two basic provisions plus a suggestion for inaugurating the new system comprise the remedy. No reader, however, should criticize them on the strength of this inadequate summary; he should first absorb all the cogent arguments presented in the book itself. And having done so, he can perhaps write a distraught reviewer and tell him if this is indeed the way out of that economic paradox which does so much to make life the half completed thing it is. And if it is the way out, suggestions as to a temporary chloroforming of bankers—in no other manner can they be kept quiet—will be also welcomed.

STUART CHASE

Endless Adolescence

Tar: A Mid-West Childhood. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright. $3.

THE spectacle of a grown-up human being engaged in a continual process of self-examination and expressing his discoveries in terms of a naive bewilderment may well be disconcerting. In this sense it is always a little embarrassing to read a new novel by Sherwood Anderson. It is like being present at a birth. You know that you are witnessing a cataclysmic event in nature. Yet you cannot help feeling that after all you have no business to be watching that event, and, moreover, that the birth itself is hardly as important as the baby. In novel after novel Mr. Anderson continues to render, with a disturbing effectiveness, his mental and emotional birth-pangs, but somehow we never see the baby. Transposed into critical slang, this means that his books invariably furnish us with the spectacle of a genetic process, never with that of a creative process.

It is perhaps justifiable to ask whether an author who is also known as an artist has a right to manufacture a dozen books all of which are concerned with a sincere attempt to understand himself and a few simple ideas. The question becomes all the more puzzling when it is considered that Mr. Anderson is just as bewildered in his latest novel as he was in his first. Perhaps the criticism is obtuse; I have been told that this is what is called sincerity. Now, sincerity and simplicity are splendid things in themselves; but how far do they go toward the creation of an integrated work of art? In his foreword to "Tar," for example, Mr. Anderson explains that an author lives in a world of fancy, that he can never tell the truth about himself or any other real person, and that therefore the autobiography that is to follow is not really accurate but just sort of made up. Now, this is a fine, sincere thought—for a little boy. Unfortunately it is not part of the autobiography, which is told from the viewpoint of a little boy, but it is the sum and substance of the Foreword, which is presumably written by an adult. And even to arrive at this complicated idea (which has been worrying Mr. Anderson since "Windy McPherson's Son") he must write eighteen pages. Agreed, one is very sympathetic; but one can hardly be said to be vitally interested or aroused or moved.

"How are you going to understand women when you cannot understand yourself? How are you going to understand any one or anything?" Little Tar asked himself the question at the age of twelve, but Mr. Anderson asked it all through that quaint anecdote "Dark Laughter." Such questionings were the essential basis of his happily named "Out of No-

where into Nothing." They may be legitimate, even profound —who can tell? But not all the interrogation marks in the linotype machine, no matter how charmingly arranged, can ever make a novel. It is pretty confusing to have an author create a character and then turn around and ask himself forlornly what that character means—in fact (more usually), what it all means. There is such a thing as detachment. It is the thing that comes last of all to the pioneer mentality.

To express his self-discoveries and perplexities Mr. Anderson employs a prose style which is like a glass tumbler in that it is utterly transparent. It is unlike it in that it will not hold water. The plain fact is that his style gets so simple as to become bald and monotonous; and eventually it fails to transfer the emotion. Despite the worshipers of naivete, no particular magic resides in words of one syllable. It will be objected that Mr. Anderson is trying to reproduce American speech rhythms. But if these rhythms are dull and sleepy, what is the sense in reproducing them? A novel does not have to be a stimulant, but it certainly need not be a narcotic. When Mr. Lardner reproduces the lingo of the baseball player or the hard patter of the manicurist, we are fascinated because these linguistic patterns have a hyperbolical poetry, a surprisingness peculiar to themselves. But the flat monosyllabic middlewestiness that Mr. Anderson transcribes (undoubtedly with admirable accuracy) is merely dull. It is not poetic, it is not flexible, it is simply a poor medium for expression. At times it sounds like a first reader, at times like the first profundities of a thoughtful fourteen-year-old.

In Mr. Anderson's latest book of wondering reminiscence these crudities are probably more in order. "Tar" purports to be a transcript of life as seen through the eyes of a young boy. What puzzles the reviewer, however, is the astonishing similarity of this book to the others Mr. Anderson has given us. We have heard these bewilderments before. We have even seen that race-track before, in the story I'm a Fool. We have met Tar's father several times, in Windy McPherson, in "A Story Teller's Story." "Tar" is a tale of youth; but Mr. Anderson seems to have put a spirit of youth in everything. Adolescence is admittedly a fascinating phenomenon. Perhaps it is most fascinating to the adolescent.

"Tar" is another reminder of the fact that Mr. Anderson has written and can write superb short-stories.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Voltaire in Formation

The Young Voltaire. By Cleveland B. Chase. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

THIS welcome addition to Voltaireana is a sympathetic attempt to tell "the dramatic and unusual story" of Voltaire's exile to England and "to trace the important part played by this episode and by other influences in the shaping of Voltaire's subsequent life and writing." It is distinctly a book for the general reader who knows rather vaguely that Voltaire got a good deal from his sojourn across the Channel but who cannot recall exactly what it was all about.

Mr. Chase's Voltaire is a vivid personality. Heir of a bourgeois tradition which our age values more highly than it does the social circles to which he aspired, the young notary's son determined to "make good." If we are to believe the author, this vulgar ambition, more than any other single factor, urged him on to the noble goal of admittance into the best social and literary groups at the capital. The *cartes d'entrée* were his plays and his brilliant, polished verse. That ambition also made him ridiculous in exalted regions, for he once lost his temper over a beating at the hands of one of the Chevalier de Rohan's lackeys and crassly sought retaliation. His efforts brought social disgrace upon him and he betook himself to England, where his temper could less readily be exercised and where the accident of his middle-class birth would be undiscussed.

He arrived in 1726, unknown, ignorant of the English language, and almost penniless, and in less than three years was an accepted social institution in England. Mr. Chase gives a faithful and vivacious account of his prodigious activity and his amazing success. Apparently all that Voltaire needed to do to win friends and admirers was to present himself and begin talking. But he did much more important things than talk. He observed everything carefully and pondered and made comparisons and broached half a dozen literary projects simultaneously. When these appeared in the years following his return to France, they served the double purpose of presenting England and a new Voltaire to his old followers. For, in Mr. Chase's own words, "when Voltaire arrived in England he was a deft and superficial poet; when he left he was a 'philosophe.'" Thanks to the philosophical influence of the English deists and the impressions which free English institutions had made upon him, he returned to France a reformer and a mature critic of society.

At this point Mr. Chase's enthusiasm leads him astray into broad and dogmatic generalizations on the influence of Voltaire's writing. "His ceaseless tirades were one of the most important causes of the French Revolution and of the fall of the old regime," he writes in one place, and in another: "It is not too much to suppose that had Voltaire realized that his preaching against the old regime was to bring on the cruel slaughter of the French Revolution he would have restrained his tirades." Apart from the question of Voltaire's prophetic soul, there is the weightier problem of determining the causes of the French Revolution. It is safe to say that neither Mr. Chase nor any other literary historian will solve it adequately. In common with Lytton Strachey and the early Morley, Mr. Chase lays entirely too much stress upon the influence of writers and books in the eighteenth century and entirely too little upon social and economic factors. Indeed, where he does touch upon them he does so violently, almost hysterically, which suggests that his acquaintance with the period has not yet ripened into intimacy. Moreover, it stands in unpleasant contrast to the rest of the book, which is distinguished by a gracious and polished urbanity.

LEO GERSHOY

This Unbelieving World

Power. By Lion Feuchtwanger. The Viking Press. $2.50.

CASTLES and titles and jewels and women—these are the coveted realities for which people chaffer and cheat and pawn their souls in the glittering world created by Feuchtwanger. Scruples are for weaklings; trickery and violence are more becoming to gentlemen. And so the tangible goods of a state and the feeble rights of its citizens are piled up in the rich profusion of an Oriental bazaar—a bargain counter to be exploited by prince and priest, by Catholic and Jew alike.

It is a racy and kaleidoscopic picture which the novelist draws—a veritable panorama of civilization in a turbulent South German state in the declining years of the Holy Roman Empire. Swabia is a vortex in which the influences of Vienna and Rome and Versailles are set spinning—a political whirlpool so vividly presented to the imagination that the book takes high rank among historical romances.

Dominating the story is the character of Josef Süss, the Jew whose march to power has the glamor and the assurance of a tale out of the Arabian Nights. Even in his ultimate surrender to the forces which he has built up only to have them destroy him, the note of splendor remains. The moneyed despots of his race offered to buy his life for five hundred thousand double ducats, full and unclipped. And it was to be a cash transaction, for "out poured a stream of gold, minted gold of all currencies, red gold, Spanish, African, Turkish, from every quarter of the world. It piled up, towered high, and never stopped; it grew man-high and as broad as a full-grown oak, a mountain of gold." But Josef Süss goes to his

execution in spite of all, a diamond solitaire blazing on his hand.

Feuchtwanger is a poet; his intricate story moves in a rhythmic pattern and woven into it are passages of stately music:

> Where the Orient and the Occident meet, there lies the land of Canaan, infinitely small. . . . From the Occident there beats a wild continuous wave upon the land of Canaan: a thirst for life and personality, a will for action, for happiness, for power. . . . But in the south under the pointed pyramids there lie dead kings embalmed in gold and spices, refusing majestically to give their bodies to destruction; their images set in colossal alleys in the desert smile at death. And a wild continuous wave beats from the south upon the land of Canaan; a passionate cleaving to Being, a burning desire not to lose form and shape, not to lose the body, not to disintegrate. But from the east comes a message of gentle wisdom: Sleep is better than waking, to be dead is better than to be alive. . . . And the mild continuous wave ebbs softly from the Orient toward Canaan. Eternally these three waves flow over the tiny land and mingle one with another. . . . The tiny land of Canaan lies still and attentive and lets the waves flow over it and into each other.

All the clamor and trickery and riotous action of the novel are muffled down at last to this note, vibrating to the harmony of the poet. That the outlines of this harmony have not been blurred in translation is due to the expert rendering of it into English by Willa and Edwin Muir. LISLE BELL

Portrait of an Educated Man

The Meaning of a Liberal Education. By Everett Dean Martin. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

IT is true, as Mr. Martin says, that "there is an important change in the attitude of the public toward education." Especially is this observable in the fields of education which lie beyond the walls of the academy. When Professor Dewey wrote "Democracy and Education" he did not envisage the very problems in human training which democracy inevitably had to face —an adult, extra-curricular demand for education and discussion. Adult education, Mr. Martin points out, is not new. The schools of Athens and the medieval universities were engaged in it; but they were established in a social milieu that gave them an intellectual aristocracy and conferred upon them the privileges of a leisure class. The crucial difference today is that intellectual life must be created and lived in an industrial democracy which neither grants leisure nor values reason above all things.

In this sense it is Professor Dewey's problem which Mr. Martin undertakes. But Mr. Martin's solution is sounder. Managing to see around the edges of his predicament, he realizes that social and economic forces cannot alter the ideals of the educational process when its aim is defined in terms of the attitudes it cultivates rather than the dogmas or doctrines it may inculcate. The description and historic exemplification of these attitudes, which is the chief preoccupation of the book, ultimately brings Mr. Martin to the position, more often implicit than stated, that if a liberal education means an intelligent pursuit of life, only a few in any multitude can achieve it. This may not solve the problem of democracy and education. If not, it does something better. It gives democracy up as irrelevant to education.

When one considers the traits which this book enumerates as belonging to the educated man, one rejoices in Mr. Martin's intimate appreciation of what intelligence really amounts to, apart from and above its expression in I. Q.'s; but at the same time one is appalled that he should not have been bothered, as Plato was in the "Protagoras," by the question whether such virtue could be taught. The educated man is "a mellow amateur, competent and well informed, but withal natural and human, wholly at ease with his knowledge and master of his technique; one whose thinking is play and whose mind does not squeak as it runs along." Mr. Martin turns to Plato, Aristotle, Abelard, Montaigne, Erasmus, Voltaire, and Anatole France to illustrate this definition. "In their words there is laughter and there is light." To be free of prejudice and propaganda, to be "debunked" as it were, to be an arduous skeptic without becoming an easy scoffer, to be an amateur inconsiderate of disutility, and to be forever in possession of a playful sense of humor, in short, to be intelligent—this is what being educated means. Who could deny the wisdom of this conception? But are there not some who would ask whether any educator who fully understood it would dare propose a program for its accomplishment? Mr. Martin is prudent as well as wise; he offers no positive measures, but contents himself with criticism of such obstacles to liberal education as utilitarianism, propagandism, the emphasis on mere rote learning instead of insight, Rousseauan romanticism, the conventional morality, and the intrusion of economic "class ideals."

In his exposition of the types of educated man in the great historical epochs Mr. Martin reveals his sympathies. These are with the humanists Erasmus and Montaigne, and his discussion of such men makes one of the most exceptional chapters in this excellent book. But here at the same time is Mr. Martin's weakness. He is just a little too this-worldly properly to evaluate rationalism, either in Plato, in scholasticism, or in contemporary science. Being deeply a humanist gives Mr. Martin unquestionable sanity in his understanding of the role of education in life, and genuine liberality in his conception of it, but it somehow prevents him from ever appreciating that which really makes education, knowledge, and insight a vital experience, the "amor intellectualis dei." MORTIMER J. ADLER

A Fresh View of the Child

The Language and Thought of the Child. By Jean Piaget. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

PROFESSOR CLAPARÈDE in his preface to this volume attributes its value to the fact that the author is young enough to have escaped the domination of older concepts from which the veteran psychologists of today had to free themselves, and so has been able to combine the dynamic and pragmatic view of the mental world as an organism that works under urges in a real world, the rich approach of Freud with his emphasis on emotional motives and mechanisms, the tremendous play of the social forces, the genetic clue as pursued by Hall, Gross, and Binet, and all the experimental and analytic methods from which these approaches were derived and which, in turn, they stimulated. There can be no doubt that one of the most amazing discoveries of modern science is the mind of the child, a thing as obvious as the evidence of the geological record and as readily overlooked until the proper viewpoint appeared. Yet nature does not cease to be landscape when it is recognized as the story of geology; and the sympathetic and aesthetic flair remains indispensable in the study of childhood, which would remain mute and inglorious if limited to the mechanisms of a narrow behaviorism. M. Piaget presents a novel approach to the rationalistic phases of the infantile psyche; and his opportunity comes through the provisions and spirit of the Institut J. J. Rousseau of Geneva, which in its nursery school provides for the most favorable development of its charges. It is the freedom and spontaneity of that pedagogical atmosphere that accounts for the naturalness and validity of the author's data. Now that it is all done (and a second volume is promised which will present the conclusions as a general interpretation), one wonders that no one did it before; the technique is so simple. It consists in nothing more than taking down the total conversation of two children of six years of age during a period of a few months. And the skill is all in the analysis of the material.

Confining attention to the major conclusions alone, we discover that the child begins to talk as an *ego-centric* exercise. First there is an imitative prattle, then a monologue, in which he neither tells nor expects a listener, then a collective monologue, in which the other person is a stimulus and yet in which there is no dialogue because each goes his own way. The second order is *socialized* speech, in which there is true interchange, the talk of one depending upon that of the other, as in most children's games. In the statistical analysis the ego-centric quality appears and even yields a formula; for about half of the elements in early language deal with expressions of the actions and intentions of the speaker. In the beginning was the act, and the word followed it. The older child thinks socially, though talking to oneself may be a relic of an earlier technique but invested with the complexities of a later argumentative logic; accordingly the socialization clue must be well considered and directed in the child's development. By the same analysis we learn that the child's thinking is undirected, or rather directed from within; and consequently imaginative, fantastic, wish-fulfilling, not fully shaped by reality or directed to a realistic goal.

Under this generic formula there appear types and stages. Some children grow rapidly, precociously, others slowly; some are given to one, others to another of the common components of the language and thought activity. Quarreling is presumably the commonest variety of social and linguistic and, if primitive enough, fistic interchange, and in verbal encounter may vary from Billingsgate to Westminster parliamentary rejoinder; and argument, the most common name for the exercise, may be statement, gesture, demonstration, justification, and finally true reasoning, first with a dominantly concrete and then with an abstract application. What we obtain from this shrewd venture in the infantile jungle is at once a genetic picture decidedly more in focus than any which appears in previous contributions, and as well a confirmation of the analogy between the thought and speech of the child and those of the primitive mind. Piaget confirms Lévy-Bruhl.

M. Piaget varies his technique interestingly and profitably. In order to gauge and record the child's status in comprehension and narration, he tells a story to one child and then has this child tell it to another, who in turn repeats it back to the psychological observer. Since one must measure what each understood and was able to convey, the "functions" are complex; but they can be managed, though it appears plainly that children understand one another no better than they understand adults. The child is at first too ego-centric to be aware of these deficiencies; it understands itself as far as the pragmatic situation goes, and in addition, being interested in verbalism, its language exceeds its thought. In opposition to our analytic world the child's world is a *verbal syncretism*, which is not so unlike the fused patterns which the *Gestalt* psychologists emphasize; but its own patterns are so different from adult forms that we may account for the confusions of children—and their originalities also, both always interesting—in this more definite diagnosis. Children also feel the need of justification, which in the Freudian terminology becomes rationalization, and combined with the artistic trend is responsible for much fantastic delusion.

M. Piaget's book cannot be a popular one. It is addressed to serious students of child nature whose interest runs deep enough to follow a technique. With the appearance of the second volume it will be possible to extract the cream of it all for purposes of child-study, and by the same token to reduce to simpler statement the intrinsically significant interpretations. For the child jungle, like the primitive jungle of mentality, is to our sophisticated view, in which generations of simplifiers have been at work, arbitrary, confused, intricate, blind. But it is not clueless, if we have the wit to cast aside the rigidities of our enforced logicality and enter again into the world from which we have laboriously emerged. It is all part of the story of civilization, of how differently—individual and race alike—we begin and end; it illustrates that when the past is the forgotten and the outlived, the obvious is the hardest thing to discover. M. Piaget's treatise is an admirable example of the profitable journeys still possible in the familiarities that fail to become intimate because we have become foreign to them in their own provenance, or because they are so commonplace in ours that they seem insignificant. If only a child could psychoanalyze itself, psychologists would have a simpler occupation.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Books in Brief

Religion in the Philosophy of William James. By Julius Seelye Bixler. The Amherst Books. Marshall Jones Company. $3.

Any attempt to derive a narrow systematic doctrine from the philosophical writings of William James must fail to be considerate of the diversity of his insights and the ubiquity of his thought, veering in so many directions and inclusive of so bewildering a heterogeneity of opinion. Least of all is there a determinate creed in his philosophy which might be called the religion of William James. The structure of Professor Bixler's book suggests a more rigid system of ideas than it actually contains. He is given, as is anyone writing about James, to ample quotation, and that alone would make impossible any thoroughly doctrinaire presentation. There is no doubt that James was tremendously interested in all sorts of religious phenomena and the relevant intellectual problems that any individual had to face. This part of his total philosophical thinking Professor Bixler has rather vividly indicated by collecting, reviewing, and organizing scattered passages in his major works, and more personal documents, including some delightful letters, for the first time published here. But James's interest in religion generates only a part of his philosophizing, and that part must be cooked and stewed in the sauce of the whole. Sometimes Professor Bixler forgets this, and then one feels that William James would have handled this book, as he once wrote of another dissertation that tried to systematize his ideas, "with mingled admiration and abhorrence."

Children of Ancient Egypt. By L. Lamprey. Illustrated by Margaret Freeman. Little, Brown and Company. $1.50.

Miss Lamprey has a nice instinct for what will interest children, and fortunately she bases it on such careful research that her writing is as dependable as it is entertaining. She manages here in a graceful story of a boy and girl of old Egypt to bring in a hippopotamus and a crocodile fight, to discuss hieroglyphics and the pyramids, and even to describe how they went shopping in the days of the Pharaohs. While writing primarily for young readers, Miss Lamprey drops in some observation here and there that gives her volume substance for older persons also. "It is hard to see," she says, "by what mental convulsion any one could conclude that because the ancient Egyptians decorated and dignified the tomb and spoke freely of the life beyond the grave, they were a gloomy and unspiritual people. Those who took this view seem to have inferred that the men who were the first to believe in immortality must have regarded their tombs with the same sensations of terror that ignorant and superstitious persons now have when passing a graveyard."

The Sublime Boy. By Walter de Casseres. With an Introduction by Benjamin de Casseres. Seven Arts. $2.50.

When Walter de Casseres drowned himself in the Delaware one night in 1900 he left behind him in the world a number of exceptionally lyrical and finished poems. Eight years seems little time for reenriching with any new experience the tried themes of life, love, and death. Yet Walter de Casseres sang these with so much freshness of feeling, and simplicity and grace of form and sound, so much definitiveness, that we come

to realize we are in the presence of an experience beyond our own, another kind of experience—"that agony," perhaps, "drawn by sure measurement of the soul's fallibility," the coming universal desire not to live, as Hardy thought. Benjamin de Casseres waited twenty-six years to publish this book, and that implies its sort of tragedy. Passages of his introduction, where sincerity escapes the trick of words, become the substance of a profounder poetry than Walter's own.

The Book and the People. Essays on the Old Testament. Edited by Arthur S. Peake. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Between the man on the street and the specialists in the universities the gulf often seems hopelessly wide. Any effort to bridge this is always welcome. Here is a book which aims to summarize accepted results in the field of Old Testament study. The authors are men who speak with authority, at any rate for Englishmen. While they have primarily in mind an audience of scholars, a novice ambitious to know what has been doing in recent years among the professional craftsmen of Old Testament research will find the volume of interest and instructive.

Rural Sociology. By Carl C. Taylor. Harper and Brothers. $3.

This book testifies to the common view that education consists of information. It contains a mass of facts, quotations, and statistics, not always accurate or up-to-date, on a great number of rural problems. The author's philosophy is suggested by a regretful observation that among rural people "the sentimental is almost universally decried."

The Free-Lance Writer's Handbook. Edited by William Dorsey Kennedy. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Writer Publishing Company. $5.

Helpful suggestions to writers and would-be writers are like sermons over the radio—mildly inspiring and remotely effective. This collection is considerably better than the average, but its chief value lies in its reference list markets.

Drama

Ballyhoo

WHOEVER has happened at any time to read the Carnivals and Tent Shows section of that most comprehensive of theatrical journals *The Billboard* must have longed to be a playwright capable of doing justice to the life which those pages reveal, for whatever railroads and business methods may have done to the circus, the "Midway" is still Bohemian and its denizens are the last uncorrupted descendants of those wandering medieval thespians whom the unkind but doubtless accurate legal code of England classified as "rogues and vagabonds." They have—and the pages of the above-mentioned journal are still my evidence—their own language, their own code, and their own ideals. Through the medium of their chosen organ the man who "writes in" from a village in Kansas keeps in touch with his brother who is playing the remoter centers in Maine, and though I note that business is seldom better than "fair" and though village chambers of commerce seem almost universally unreasonable, these members of "the profession" are at least resigned to their lot. So far as I know, no one else respects them, but they obviously respect themselves. There are Hula dancers—Koochie was of course the name before the Hawaiian craze struck even the rural regions and made them change their Oriental pantaloons for a grass skirt—as well known in their world and as proud of their names as any actress who ever demanded twenty-four-inch letters on Broadway; there are ballyhoo artists as vain of their voices as an Italian tenor; and even the humble member who sells potato-peelers from a suit-case on a tripod has both his professional secrets and his shop talk. Few outside the profession know that there are New York firms which for five dollars will supply "pit-shows" with an assortment consisting of one tarantula, five horned toads, and three pounds of assorted snakes; most are ignorant even of the fact that common "eating snakes" of the sort supplied to the various imitators of the famous Bosco are had at a special rate. Yet these market quotations are a matter of intimate concern to a very considerable body of human beings. When his paint is off and his wig put away Bosco has his private life, his professional pride, and the secrets of his craft. He occasionally drops the boys a line just to let them know that business this season in the Middle West is lousy; he would be surprised to learn that anybody did not know that the adjective "flashy," when applied to anything from the "front" of a tent show to one of the premiums offered at the Japanese rolling game, implies the highest possible compliment; and if there seems to be no demand at the moment for an artist in his particular line he, being a versatile man, is quite capable of responding to an advertisement which reads something like this: "Wanted—Blackface who can double in brass. Join on wire. No boozehounds need apply. Tickets? Yes." A great life, he will tell you, if you don't weaken.

It is a slice from this rich life which Kenyon Nicholson has undertaken to portray in "The Barker" (Biltmore Theater), and in certain respects the job is well done. He has created a convincing atmosphere in outward things, he has, in many spots, mastered a vigorous dialogue, and he has created one or two characters—notably that of "Sailor West" the tattoo artist—who have a vivid life. But however original these various trimmings, he has, unfortunately, borrowed all of his situations from the common stock of melodrama, and the effect is of something terribly stale which has been artificially freshened up. In spite of a superficial air of newness it is always the expected that happens, and one may enumerate, one after the other, the inevitable stages of the action. (1) When the barker's son runs away from school to join the show the barker, of course, casts off his mistress for his son's sake. (2) This mistress, of course, plans a revenge by hiring the vamp of the troupe to seduce the son. (3) The vamp, of course, finds herself really in love with the boy and is much troubled because she is "not worthy" of his innocent devotion. (4) When the barker bestows upon her the biblical word for prostitute, the son, of course, exclaims: "You lie; even if you are my father you can't talk to her that way." And so it goes. Of course the heart of the barker is broken and of course he plans to leave the business, but of course the lure of the canvas is too much for him and even—need it be said—there is every reason to suppose that the vamp is about to reform her ways and make a very good wife after all.

Now I claim no first-hand knowledge of carnival life. It may be that those who live it really behave as other people do nowhere else except upon the stage of melodrama. Outside, the head of the usual flapper of the tents may be arranged in a very fetching marcelle and inside it she may be capable of the general emotional reactions of the ingenue in a *Ladies' Home Journal* romance; but I confess, nevertheless, that I have my doubts. I suspect that the real comedy, the real drama, and the real tragedy of the midway existence are something more deeply colored by the knowledge, the habits, and the ethos of that life, that they are more individual and less familiar than anything here presented. I suspect, that is, that the author of "The Barker" has not gone very far below the surface in the study of his characters and that he has made up for his deficiencies by a very considerable familiarity with the traditions of the popular drama. But to say this is not, of course, to deny that in all probability the present work will please a good many more people than the one I vaguely feel could be written. By the standards of Broadway it is a good show and it stands an excellent chance of great success.

"Bye Bye Bonnie" (Ritz Theater) is that very rare thing, a musical comedy with a genuinely amusing book—a book which happens in this case to deal with the plight of a reform candidate who was made by a cruel fate to figure in the courts and the jail as a bootlegger.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

International Relations Section

The New Danish Government

By JULIUS MORITZEN

IF it were not that Denmark is a very small country, the recent political changes, which retired the Social Democratic regime and brought the Liberal Party into power, would have aroused more attention from the rest of the world than was the case. It is perhaps the peaceful methods that characterize a Danish election and campaign for political supremacy that keep the news largely within the country, but at the same time enough importance attaches to the event which brought another party into power to warrant a résumé of what took place.

In Denmark today four parties are bidding for the popular vote. These are the Right, or the Conservative Party; the Left, or Liberals; the Radicals; and the Social Democratic Party. In the recent election the Social Democrats did not have the cooperation of the Radicals, due to differences about the economic crisis that caused the resignation of the Stauning cabinet and to the calling of a new election to the Folketing of the Danish Parliament.

As each of the four parties went into the election singlehanded the Liberals, represented to a great extent by the landed proprietor class, saw their great chance and with considerable generalship succeeded in proving to a large portion of the farmers that all the economic troubles of the nation could be laid at the door of the Social Democrats, supported largely by the workers of the city. This, of course, was begging the question. It is true that the trade unions of Denmark are basically Social Democratic in tendency and that between them and the agriculturalists ties of cooperation were being gradually loosened. But this condition is similar to that in the United States, for instance, where the farmers of the Northwest feel aggrieved because of their belief that the industrialists of the East are getting the major benefits of existing legislation.

The Liberals, assisted indirectly by the Conservatives, gained the day at the polls in that they won two more seats to the Folketing. The Conservative Party likewise obtained two more seats, while the losses sustained by the Radicals and Social Democrats were four and two seats respectively. The result, then, was that the Conservatives and the Liberals control seventy-seven members in the Folketing against a combined Radical and Social Democratic membership of sixty-nine.

The leader of the Liberal Party, Madsen-Mygdal, being charged by King Christian to form a cabinet, then chose the following, retaining for himself the portfolio of Minister of Agriculture, besides the premiership: Foreign Minister, Dr. Moltesen; Minister of Finance, M. Neergaard; Minister of Justice, M. Rytter; Minister of Commerce, M. Slebsager; Minister of the Interior, M. Kragh; Minister of Defense, M. Brorsen; Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, Pastor Brunn Rasmussen; Minister of Education, Dr. Byskov; Minister of Traffic, Director Stensballe; Minister of the Department of Sanitation, Dr. Rubow.

In analyzing the result of the election in Denmark the recovered province of South Jutland assumes a political importance perhaps not so noticeable on the surface. But the fact has been established that however much the South Jutlanders formerly under German rule desired to return to the mother country, Denmark, their desire, and its fulfilment at the hands of the Allied victors in the war, did not prove a wholly unmixed blessing. It is true that the loyalty of the South Jutlanders toward their Danish brethren north of the border never wavered during all the years since Germany, after winning the war in the sixties, possessed herself of the province. But patriotism is one thing, and economic well-being another. And as the situation became more acute in South Jutland there were many who wondered what had become of the promised benefit.

Naturally, the Social Democratic regime in power was made to feel the brunt of the criticism, and the Conservative and Liberal leaders did not fail to derive whatever benefit they could from the South Jutland dissatisfaction. All the political crimes in the calendar were charged against the Government, and when one Cornelius Petersen succeeded in combining a considerable number of South Jutland farmers into what was known as the "Self-Rule" organization which openly threatened to take matters in its own hands, the Stauning cabinet found itself obliged to put a stop to an agitation that was really the result of circumstances over which the Government had no control. Whether the Madsen-Mygdal regime will succeed in doing more for the South Jutlanders than the Stauning cabinet could do is a question for the future.

It was on April 11, 1924, that the general election to the Folketing brought victory to the Social Democratic Party. The Liberals had been in power nearly four years, M. Neergaard, the Minister of Finance in the Madsen-Mygdal cabinet of the present, holding the premiership. The four years of Liberal rule preceding the Social Democratic advent could not have been wholly satisfying to the Danish voter, but whatever may have been the cause the return to power of the Liberal element will be awaited with considerable interest by Europe in general if only for one reason: their attitude toward disarmament.

If no other legislation of importance had been introduced by the Social Democratic organization than the attempted reduction of the Danish military establishment to a minimum this alone should entitle it to respectful consideration. It is true that the Landsting, or upper house of Parliament, was opposed to this measure which had the support of the Folketing, but the Stauning cabinet succeeded in keeping the question alive. In spite of organized opposition a large portion of the population realized the futility of a military establishment which could prove of little value in war. Probably little will be heard about disarmament in the Danish Parliament unless the Social Democrats continue their campaign as the largest opposition party. The Conservatives have consistently stood out for the status quo in this matter and even pointed to the general European situation as an argument against any reduction in military and naval strength.

It is to be hoped that the rapprochement with Germany, which was a feature of the Stauning administration, will be continued by the new Government. The German minority in the now Danish province of South Jutland has a representation of its own in the Danish Rigsdag. It played no particular role in the recent election, but, like all minorities in any land, needs special attention. But there need be no fear for the parliamentarism of Denmark. It is well grounded in principle. Monarchical in name, the rule is essentially democratic.

by

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DURING the past year the Soviet Union has been negotiating treaties of neutrality and non-aggression with its Baltic neighbors in order to insure permanent peaceful relations with these countries. The Soviet-Lithuanian guaranty pact was the first treaty of this kind actually concluded. The treaty was signed in Moscow on September 28, 1926, a few months before the late coup d'etat in Lithuania. According to a recent statement by the new Lithuanian Government, the treaty will not be revoked as a result of the coup. The text as published in the Soviet press follows:

The Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, on the one hand, and the President of the Lithuanian Republic, on the other, convinced that the interests of the peoples of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and of Lithuania can be advanced by constant cooperation based on confidence, and also desirous to secure the establishment of universal peace, have agreed to conclude a treaty with the aim of furthering the friendly relations existing between the two countries, and for this purpose they have appointed as their plenipotentiaries:

For the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—George Chicherin, member of the C.E.C. of the USSR, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and Sergei Alexandrovsky, plenipotentiary representative of the USSR in Lithuania, and

For the President of the Lithuanian Republic—Mikolas Sliazevicius, Prime Minister, Minister of Justice, and Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Lithuanian Republic, and Jurgis Baltrushaitis, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Lithuanian Republic,

Who have met in Moscow and, after having presented their credentials which were found to be in good form and corresponding to the legal requirements have decreed as follows:

ARTICLE 1. The peace treaty between Russia and Lithuania concluded in Moscow on July 12, 1920, all the stipulations of which have preserved their force and inviolability, remains as the basis for the relations between the USSR and the Lithuanian Republic.

ART. 2. The USSR and the Lithuanian Republic mutually bind themselves under all circumstances to respect the sovereignty and the territorial integrity and inviolability of each other.

ART. 3. Each of the contracting parties takes upon itself the obligation to refrain from any aggressive acts against the other party.

In case one of the contracting parties, notwithstanding its peaceful conduct, is subjected to an attack on the part of a third Power, the other contracting party binds itself not to lend any assistance to the third Power in its campaign against the contracting party which had been subjected to the attack.

ART. 4. In case a political agreement is entered into by other Powers directed against one of the contracting parties, or in case of a conflict like that mentioned in Article 3, Paragraph 2, or if, when neither of the contracting parties is involved in an armed conflict, a coalition should be established of other Powers aiming to subject one of the contracting parties to an economic or financial boycott, the other contracting party will not be a party to such agreement or coalition.

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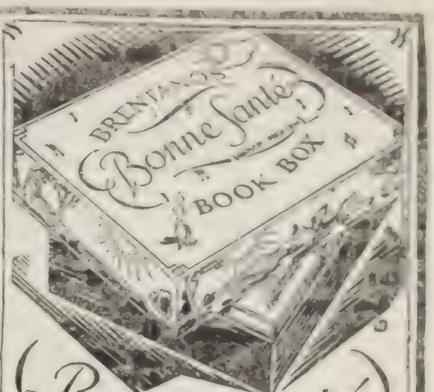
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Kovno. The treaty is drawn up in the Russian and Lithuanian languages. In the interpretation of the treaty both texts shall be considered as authentic.

ART. 7. The present treaty is to be in force from the moment of the exchange of ratifications for a period of five years, except Articles 1 and 2, the term of which is not limited.

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[Signed] G. V. CHICHERIN
SERGEI ALEXANDROVSKY
MIKOLAS SLAZEVICIUS
JURGIS BALTRUSHAITIS

At the conclusion of the treaty there was an exchange of notes between Chicherin and the Lithuanian Prime Minister. Chicherin's note follows:

The Soviet Government has repeatedly in its declarations declared itself to be guided by the desire to see the Lithuanian people, as well as any other people, an independent nation, and also in accordance with the note of the Soviet Government of April 5, 1923, addressed to the Polish Government, and moved by the sympathy which the fate of the Lithuanian people is arousing among the toiling people of the USSR, the Soviet Government declares that the actual violation of Lithuanian territory which took place against the will of the Lithuanian people has not changed its attitude toward territorial sovereignty as defined in Article 2 and in the notes of that article of the peace treaty between Russia and Lithuania of July 12, 1920.

The above note refers to the capture of the Vilna district by the Polish militarist Zheligovsky which was subsequently upheld by the Council of Ambassadors. The Soviet Government had protested at the time against the Council of Ambassadors which decided the fate of Vilna without consulting Lithuania. In the Riga treaty with Poland the Soviet Government agreed to recognize any agreement between Poland and Lithuania concerning the territories west of the new Polish frontier, i.e., including the Vilna district.

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM HARD will speak on Calvin Coolidge at the fifth *Nation* dinner, April 12.

ERNEST H. GRUENING, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, has for some time been studying Mexican affairs.

HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD recently resigned as editor of the English *New Leader*.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, writes regularly from Washington to *The Nation*.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG wrote three articles on the World Court, published in *The Nation* and now reprinted in pamphlet form.

GEORGE W. HAYS is a former Governor of Arkansas.

STUART CHASE wrote "The Tragedy of Waste."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN wrote The Process of John Erskine in *The Nation* for January 12.

LEO GERSHOY has been engaged in historical research at Cornell University.

LISLE BELL is a New York journalist and reviewer.

MORTIMER J. ADLER reviewed "The Story of Philosophy" in *The Nation* for September 29.

JOSEPH JASTROW, author of a number of works in psychology, is a frequent reviewer for *The Nation*.

The author of The Evolution of Disenchantment is a member of the faculty of an Eastern university.



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WHERE DO WE STAND WITH MEXICO? No one seems to know. The Senate has adopted, unanimously, an arbitration resolution which is variously interpreted as a slap at the President and as standing by the President. It commends the principle of arbitration, but insists that pending arbitration American property rights must be maintained unchanged. That is asking Mexico to suspend the sovereign application of her laws until an arbitral decision can be reached. Meanwhile neither President Coolidge nor the State Department has taken any step toward arbitration. One American oil company has obtained an injunction against application of the new laws; another has been denied an injunction. But the most important developments are the clearing up of the situation in George Barr Baker's dispatches from Mexico City to the New York *Evening Post*. He tells us what is at stake. There are, it appears, 28,500,000 acres of oil lands in Mexico rights to which were acquired prior to May 1, 1917. The dispute hinges about these. But while titles to these lands are held by 387 foreign oil companies, all but 22 of them have accepted the new Mexican laws and applied for confirmatory concessions under the new regulations. The whole dispute concerns the remaining 1,600,000 acres, 6 per cent of the total—and *almost half of these belong to the Pan American Oil Co.—Mr. Doheny's old company* of fragrant memory! As the New York *World* says in one of a splendid series of editorials, "the heart of the opposition is the same group of men who engineered Teapot Dome and Elk Hills"! More than that, it appears that the Mellon interests also are involved in this little fraction of oil drillers.

A WISE FOREIGN POLICY is of increasing importance to the United States as it becomes more and more of an exporting nation—an exporter of both merchandise and capital. Yet an uninformed, indifferent public opinion allows our policy to be shaped by the President and his Secretary of State, largely secretly until some action is taken, so that neither Congress nor the people has any but a negative voice in it—that often too late. Thus, although public opinion has rebuked Mr. Coolidge's Mexican-Nicaraguan policy, the mischief—in respect to Nicaragua anyhow—has already been done, and Senator Wheeler predicts that after the adjournment of Congress on March 4 the Administration will have its way in Mexico too. In so far as the United States has had a definite foreign policy since the Spanish-American War, it has been one of unconscious imperialism. We say unconscious because the average American does not realize the tendency and resents the assertion that it exists. The latter is a hopeful sign, for if the public can become sufficiently interested to express itself formidably against the imperialist drift, then the policy can be changed before it has wrecked our trade and our reputation in the way that it now promises to do. As a first step Senator Wheeler has introduced a resolution calling for an inquiry into American investments in foreign countries, and many mass meetings are indorsing the plan.

TO US TWO PRINCIPLES seem simple and obvious: First, that there can be no dispute about property rights which should not be arbitrated. Will Rogers well summed up President Coolidge's position when he said: "He feels so sure we are right that there is no one he would trust to decide it in our favor." Second, that Americans investing money in foreign countries should be entitled to no privileges not available equally to the inhabitants of those countries. When, before the war, Lloyd George was taxing the nobility out of their estates in England, the program was denounced as confiscatory. It was confiscatory; but it was part of a national program which foreigners holding land in England had perforce to accept. If France should adopt a capital levy, foreigners holding property in France would have to accept it. When the United States adopted prohibition, it wiped out some foreign investments in the liquor industry in the United States; the foreigners had to accept it. The contrary principle is applied only to small or weak countries. The whole trouble about foreign property in China and in Mexico today is due to the arrogant assumption of the big investing Powers that their nationals have rights superior to those of natives.

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS no one doubted that little Panama would sign on the dotted line the treaty proposed to her by the United States; and it seemed likely that the Kellogg compromise proposals for settlement of the

Tacna-Arica dispute would be accepted by the interested parties. On Christmas eve United States marines were landed in force at Puerto Cabezas, Nicaragua. The next chapters are familiar. Results thus far: Faced by a violent campaign against the treaty, the Panama Government has withdrawn the Panama-United States pact "for modification"; Peru and Chile have enthusiastically agreed to reject the Kellogg proposals. There are likely to be other results if Mr. Kellogg is not replaced soon by a Secretary of State with some discrimination and sense of realities.

"WHAT ABOUT THE CATHOLICS?" we asked two weeks ago. Several Catholic readers indignantly refer us to the pacific pastoral letter of the American bishops, part of which is printed in our correspondence columns this week. The editor of the *Catholic Bulletin* of St. Paul, whose emphatic editorials entitled No War with Mexico deserve the warmest praise, insists that even "the church in Mexico does not want war with the United States" —"in spite of the inevitable few hot and empty heads here and there." Other readers call our attention to semi-official denials from Mexico that the Archbishop of Guadalajara is in fact leading an armed revolt. We hope the report will prove false, and that the Archbishop, if found by government forces, will have an open trial. We have no more sympathy with the reported position of the Mexican Government, that it will deport foreigners who openly or secretly criticize Mexico adversely, than with American Catholics—or non-Catholics—who want war. Joseph Scott, speaking at a Knights of Columbus mass meeting in Washington on January 27, declared that "no sane, patriotic American will countenance intervention." He wanted to "bring to bear on President Calles the powerful force of outraged public opinion." So far, so good. But when he "registered" his "indignation at the contempt the Calles Government has shown for the support and protection with which the American Government has most bountifully supplied them," calling on an overwhelmingly powerful government to act, as a government, against a weak neighbor, he was on dangerous ground.

IN NEW JERSEY the lawlessness of the police has suffered a just and heartening rebuke; the hearing before a coroner's jury on the attack made by New Jersey State Police on a farmer's family, in which a woman was killed and her brother lamed for life, has resulted in a charge of murder against twelve policemen, and, without waiting for court action, the superintendent of the Constabulary has conducted an investigation which has led to charges against three of the troopers of "wanton, brutal" assault, "without justification," failing to render first aid, false report, and misappropriation of property. But in South Carolina, where three Negroes were lynched because of the refusal of the Sheriff and his deputies to protect their prisoners, the Aiken County grand jury reported, after listening to thirteen witnesses: "We do not find that sufficient evidence has come before us to warrant us to ask for indictments." That is, as predicted, nobody who took part in the lynching expected to suffer for his lawless and abominable act. Nobody even thought it worth while to conceal the fact that a lynching was to take place. The action of the grand jury in failing to bring indictments reflects deeply on the State and on itself. The new Governor of South Carolina, too, has uttered brave words: "There can be no justification of lynch law, I care not what the offense. . . . I promise the people of South Carolina that if it lies in my power the Aiken lynchers shall be brought to justice." It remains to be seen, therefore, whether it is within the power of South Carolina to bring the lynchers to justice.

IF THIS ADMINISTRATION were a sensitive organism it would feel extremely uncomfortable these days, but not even the Senate's rejection of Cyrus E. Woods by the overwhelming vote of 49 to 28 will, we prophesy, make a dent upon the President's thinking. He has not been affected by the similar rejections of Charles B. Warren and Henry H. Glassie, who were rejected by the Senate when nominated for the Attorney Generalship and the Tariff Commission, respectively. Neither of these rebukes to the President was as severe a blow as the defeat of Mr. Woods, because that gentleman was declined not by Democrats and the Progressive Senators alone, but by a number of regular Republicans who ordinarily vote as they are told. Twenty-six Republicans refused to follow the Presidential lead and went on record as being unqualifiedly opposed to the appointment of a lawyer for a Pennsylvania coal company and a stockholder in coal companies and railroads to the Interstate Commerce Commission, where he would have to sit both as a judge of the railroads and of the coal companies. No President with a fine sense of honor would have made such an appointment, but it is the kind of thing that seemed right to Mr. Coolidge during his long affiliation with the Republican machine in Massachusetts, and he cannot understand what the fuss is about today.

CAPTAIN WALDO EVANS, U. S. N.—where have we heard the name before? He has just been appointed Governor of the Virgin Islands to succeed Martin E. Trench, who died on January 6 while on a visit to this country. Oh, yes, Captain Evans was sent to Samoa in 1920 to preside over the court of inquiry into our naval administration there, against which serious charges of financial irregularities and wrongs done to the natives had been made. Rather than face the charges, the commandant committed suicide. He was unnecessarily hasty; the inquiry was such that naval rule received a clean bill of health, and Captain Evans got the job of commandant. He was no more sympathetic than his predecessor to the pleas of the natives for a restoration of their rights, and when Samuel S. Ripley, an American citizen of Samoan birth, sought to land at Pago Pago in 1921 in the interest of the people's grievances he was deported by order of Captain Evans—probably an illegal and certainly an unjustifiable act. [The story was told by Mr. Ripley in *The Nation* of March 15, 1922.] We must be excused, therefore, for not finding much cheer in the appointment of Captain Evans as governor of a people already highly restive under our rule—in need of an administrator unusually equipped with sympathy, intelligence, and tact.

STRAWS SHOW THE DIRECTION of the wind. These items are gleaned from recent newspapers arriving from China:

> Despite wars, strikes, and boycotts China's trade in 1926 was the largest in her history. Shanghai's custom receipts were $5,000,000 greater than in 1925, Canton's $1,200,000.
>
> China exported a quarter of a million dollars' worth of tobacco to Egypt in 1926.
>
> Great Britain's share in China's cotton-goods trade fell

from 50 per cent in 1915 to 40 per cent in 1924 and 26.5 per cent in 1925. Japan's share rose to 65.8 per cent in 1925. Figures for 1926 are not yet available.

Tang Yen-tat, chief of the Political Section of Military Headquarters, and General Chang Fat-hui flew by airplane from Hankow to Canton—half-way across China—on November 24; twelve new automobile streets were opened in Canton in the same week.

The British-American Tobacco Company cleared a net profit in China of £6,195,000, in the year ending September 30, 1926.

All the B. A. T. workmen in Hankow struck in December—except the company teachers in the schools for workers' children.

The (British) Hongkong-Macao-Canton Steamship Company has agreed to take back its workers who struck in June, 1925, and accordingly will be permitted to receive cargoes in Canton.

The Canton Provincial Council on December 13 prohibited strikes in native industries involving military supplies, finance, communication, or public service.

A Chinese Fashion Show was held in Shanghai in December for the benefit of the Chinese babies' clinic.

Just before Christmas Bishop Roots and other missionaries in Hankow gave a dinner at the Terminus Hotel in honor of Madam Sun Yat-sen and various ministers of the "Bolshevik" Government.

THE CENSOR NOW GOES ON THE AIR. In the new radio legislation which has already passed the House and which seems likely to pass the Senate, there are various little jokers which make existing proposals for censorship of literature or plays seem childish. The radio bill gives lip service to free speech; it provides that if one candidate for public office is permitted to make a speech over the radio equal opportunity must be given by the same broadcasting company to all other candidates for that office. We predict, however, that equal opportunity will not in fact be given to Republicans and to Socialists or Communists. Another section of the bill provides that no alien may be an officer or director of a broadcasting company, nor may he own more than one-fifth of the capital stock of any company. The bill provides that the President may by proclamation take over any or all stations in the event of "war or threat of war, or a state of public peril or disaster, or other national emergency, or even in order to preserve neutrality." What is a state of public peril? Might it be a coal strike? What is a national emergency? Might it be a threatened invasion of Mexico or Nicaragua? In short, what sort of control is this toward which we are moving? No government official is honest enough or unbiased enough to be given power so absolute to stifle opposition to government policy.

WE ARE NOT SURE that Elihu Root has done a wise thing in endowing *Foreign Affairs*, the quarterly review, with the $25,000 which he received as the Woodrow Wilson Foundation award "in recognition of his services to humanity and the cause of peace through justice in helping to create the Permanent Court of International Justice." That it was generous and out of the best of motives goes without saying. But the more we hear of endowed journals, or semi-endowed journals, the less we believe that the way to make a publication successful. Inevitably a certain dead hand comes to rest upon the endowed publication. The administration slackens; there is not the imperative incentive to make a success of the undertaking and achieve self-support. The final acid test of creating or filling a genuine public want cannot be applied, and in the long run that test must be met. Of course, large as Mr. Root's gift is, the income from it will, we presume, hardly meet the annual deficit of *Foreign Affairs*, and it is quite possible that its receipt will be the excuse for many who ought to support it to dodge their duty. As a representative of conservative American thought on foreign affairs, it has a place to fill.

THE VICTORY OF THE TAMPA CIGARMAKERS in reestablishing their factory readers brings to public attention again one of the most interesting customs in American industry. For many years the unionized cigarmakers who roll their cigars by hand while sitting at long tables have hired out of their own pay a man who sits on an elevated platform in the middle of the room and reads aloud to them in Spanish while they work. He is usually a man of commanding presence and leather lungs, who sits, hat on, slouched down in his chair, shouting his sentences like a campaign orator, while the white and colored cigarmakers quietly roll their tobacco-leaves and frown upon whispered interruptions. In the morning he reads newspapers for an hour; in the afternoon he turns for three hours to novels and works on social progress. Everything that he reads must be approved by a committee of cigarmakers. Before the last great strike in Tampa the readers frequently read I. W. W. literature and they were fond of the novels of Zola.

DO THESE PUBLIC READERS of the cigar factories hold the key to the workers' education of the future? Is it possible to give men education and entertainment while they work at the machine? Today there are few factories in America where quietness prevails; in the cigar factories it is only in the hand-made-cigar rooms that reading is possible. The radio with its ear-phones may some day provide a refuge from the machine roar. Is it too fantastic a dream to picture the factory of the future equipped so that the Ford automata who now give a screw a quarter-turn while the moving tray passes by will listen through their own ear-pieces to jazz or classical culture? We offer the dream without charge to the radio manufacturers, sure that it is not as crazy as many dreams which modern science has already realized.

WITH THE PASSING OF "Jehoash" (Solomon Blumgarten) the young-old Yiddish literature loses another of its still numerous living classics. Unlike many of his contemporaries, who are survivors of the galaxy that gathered around Peretz at Warsaw, Jehoash was a purely American product. In poetry Yiddish did not put its best foot forward, but Jehoash, though no longer a dominant poetic force at the time of his death, served as a vital link between the older rhetorical school and the more authentic accent that it assumed in the younger men under the invigorating influence of the new American poetry. His translation of "Hiawatha" and his poems of the American scene helped to naturalize the Yiddish muse in its American locale, but his greatest work may prove to be the Yiddish translation of the Bible, at which he worked twenty years. If the Yiddish language survives, this magnificent translation may come to mean to it what the Lutheran and King James versions are to their respective languages: "A well of purest Yiddish undefiled."

While the Bands Play "Tipperary"

"GREAT BRITAIN proposes to hand back Weihaiwei to the country within whose frontier it lies. . . . Chinese sovereignty will now be restored," Arthur Balfour, speaking for the British Government, announced at the Washington Conference on February 1, 1922. The Union Jack, however, still flies at Weihaiwei; and the Chinese may be pardoned if they regard the pleasant statements of Austen Chamberlain, made just five years after Arthur Balfour's unkept promise, with reserve. Experience has taught them that Western promises mean nothing; that the Great Powers give nothing that they are not forced to give, and avail themselves of any verbal loophole to escape the plain implications of their pledges.

When bands are playing "Tipperary" for soldiers marching through London streets to China-bound transports; when soldiers are mobilizing for China service in England, Malta, India, and Hongkong; when one of the greatest international navies ever assembled in the history of the world is gathering at Shanghai; when barbed-wire fortifications are thrown up about the foreign city there and daily parades are being held of foreign volunteers and of England's bearded mercenaries from the Punjab, China is justified in wondering what is the significance of the fine speeches which the white statesmen are making.

If it were not for these martial demonstrations we should hail Austen Chamberlain's Birmingham speech as a tremendous advance in British China policy. He went further than any British statesman had ever dreamed of going before. Like Secretary Kellogg, he seems to say more than he does say, but he says more than Mr. Kellogg. Both are prepared to abandon extraterritoriality where there are modern Chinese courts, but not everywhere; both grant China's right to fix her own tax and tariff schedules, but both refuse to accept new tariffs until all the other Powers do likewise—a less generous position than that adopted by Russia. Mr. Kellogg denounces the concession system, but forgets that an American is chairman of the Shanghai Municipal Council and that the council is responsible to the Consular Body in which the American representative plays a leading role. Sir Austen is more specific, but not specific enough. He says:

> As regards the concession areas we are prepared to enter into local arrangements according to particular circumstances at each port, either for the amalgamation of the administration with those of the adjacent areas under Chinese control or for some other method of handing over the administration to the Chinese while assuring to the British community some voice in municipal matters.

That sounds well, but is it well? He is "prepared to enter into local arrangements." When? At once, while the iron is hot? Or will he wait until the 20,000 men and the rest of the cruisers arrive in China; and what will he mean then by "some voice in municipal matters"? Will he begin by keeping Balfour's promise without delay? The Chinese know that the only British concessions which have ever come back to them are in Hankow and Kiukiang, and that those were won by Chinese mobs which overran them. The way to teach the Chinese a better way is to prove that something can be attained by peaceful methods. The Chinese have negotiated and negotiated for two decades, and listened to promises galore; and they have no faith left in them.

It is too late to talk in terms of ultimate treaty revision; fortunately for China and the world the famed "unity of the Powers" is beginning to break up, with the result that England, America, and Japan are bidding against one another for China's favor. The old custom of waiting for joint agreement among the Powers meant that no one ever did anything. The Powers have begun their competitive bidding hesitantly enough, but they are likely to go far. Once their deadening unity is lost, there is no safe place to stop until all the treaties are revised, all the old shackles removed, and sovereign China reestablished.

Thus far, in all the recent chaos and civil war, with riots in a score of cities, missions requisitioned, concessions overrun, not a single foreigner has lost his life. The warnings to women and children to leave China apparently have been issued by flighty consuls in the safest treaty ports. Perhaps it is just as well; if the consuls had foreknowledge of the plans for the vast international armada they did well to order their nationals out of China. From the attempt to use force can come but one result: the unification of China in opposition to the foreigners. "Anti-foreignism" is a word lightly used and easily exaggerated. But it should not be forgotten that even the Nationalists want foreign capital to remain in China and negotiated for the reopening of the British banks in Hankow; and even the Northern militarists want the foreigners to abandon their special privileges. The first repercussion of the seizure of Hankow by the Southerners was a demand by the Northerners for return of the Tientsin concessions in their territory; the first effect of the announcement of the British expeditionary force was a declaration by Chang Hsueh-liang, son of Chang Tso-lin, generalissimo of the North, that if the British landed troops in China the North would join the South to drive them out—and the next step was to appeal to the League of Nations against the British invaders.

There is dynamite in this situation. Shanghai, geographically, is easily defended. But the cities under foreign administration which have grown up at Shanghai are largely populated by Chinese. The so-called French and International Settlements between them have a population of nearly two millions, of which only 50,000 are whites. Eighty per cent of the land, even, is owned by Chinese. It is possible to land as many troops as there are foreigners in Shanghai, and to hold the city; but is it worth it? What is the use of the foreigners existing there if they cannot do business with the hinterland, if their troops arouse against them a resentment which makes trade impossible? Let the Powers take thought before it is too late. There was a time when they might have pacified the Shanghai Chinese by opening the forbidden parks to them, giving them schools, allowing them joint representation on the municipal council. It is too late now; the foreigners are reaping the harvest of their own mistakes; Shanghai thinks in national terms. The West has taught China national pride and accentuated her race consciousness; it has sold her modern guns and artillery and instructed her in their use; it has forced upon her a trade which is more important to it than to her; and it must accept the consequences. More than promises and fine speeches are needed today; and to send warships is to add fuel to the flames.

American Wives

THE Immigration Act of 1924 denied admission to the United States to wives of American citizens if these wives are of a race ineligible to citizenship. Hindus, Chinese, and Japanese are ineligible. Hence the curious and cruel fact that while an Oriental merchant with his wife may enter America, the wedded wife of an American-born citizen is held at the coast for deportation. Our legislation, which admits the children of citizens, of whatever color, has on occasion even led immigration officials to admit a nursing baby while barring its mother! Simple humanity would seem to dictate a change in this law. Surely we need have no such panic at the thought of intermarriage as to bar the wives of the handful of Americans who marry Oriental women.

Indeed, the present situation works in some ways to promote interracial marriage. In Hawaii and on the mainland there are 13,318 native-born male Chinese, present or prospective American citizens. What are they to do? Return to a land they have never seen, of whose language many of them know not a word? Remain unmarried? (The number of Chinese women in this country is inadequate to provide them with wives.) Or intermarry? The natural course would seem to be to permit any American citizen who marries abroad to return with wife—or husband—whatever the race, color, or creed. For a country of 120,000,000 to gag at such a minor measure of humanity is utterly to lack a sense of proportion. The Supreme Court, in the case of Chung Fook *vs.* White, indeed, virtually suggested Congressional action:

> The words of the statute being clear [the Court said], if it unjustly discriminates against the native-born citizen, or is cruel and inhuman in its results, as forcefully contended, the remedy lies with Congress and not with the courts. Their duty is simply to enforce the law as it is written, unless clearly unconstitutional.

There are other anomalies in the law which ought to be remedied—and can be remedied without affecting the principles of selection upon which the present network of legislation is based. (With those principles, as our readers are aware, we are not in sympathy; but we do not raise such questions today.) American wives who married foreign citizens prior to the passage of the Cable Act became *ipso facto* foreigners and can return to America today only under the foreign quota. Frances Parkinson Keyes calls our attention to the fact that the only member of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Jerusalem is barred from this country except under a six-months' permit as a visitor—because she had committed the indiscretion of marrying a German!

We have already noted in these columns the petty cruelty imposed upon a score of American women who married Hindus before the Supreme Court decided that Hindus were ineligible to citizenship. They thought they had married American citizens and were still citizens themselves; overnight a court decision cast doubt upon their position, and the State Department proceeded to attempt to cancel their citizenship, impugning, in some States, their right even to hold property. In these cases the lower courts have thus far refused to accept the State Department's interpretation of the law; but the proper course would be for Congress to remedy the situation by appropriate legislation. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania has introduced such a bill; we have not often agreed with him in the past but this time we heartily congratulate him upon his effort to right a wrong, and hope that his measure will pass.

A "Hun" of the Civil War

"HARDLY a man is now alive who remembers that famous day and year" when a thrill of horror went through the North as the news came that a Confederate cavalry general, one John McCausland, had led his troops into Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on the thirtieth of July, 1864, and burned the greater part of that town to the ground. In an hour this inconspicuous brigadier-general who, with "Stonewall" Jackson, had been a professor at the Virginia Military Institute prior to the war, became one of the most execrated of men. He was declared an outlaw, a brigand, a violator of all the decencies of war and the laws thereof; a beast who warred on women and children. Had the word "Hun" been in use then it would instantly have been applied to this destroyer of private property. It was openly declared that no quarter would be granted him if he were caught—and he was so nearly caught by General W. W. Averell just a week later that he lost his artillery, three flags, nearly all his wagons, 420 prisoners, including thirty-eight officers, besides about a hundred killed and wounded. No matter what might happen to General Robert E. Lee or to "Jeff" Davis, General McCausland was slated, in the united opinion of the North, for a drumhead court martial when the Confederacy fell.

On January 23, 1927, he died in his sleep at the age of ninety in the West Virginia town that bears his name—the survivor of almost all those who once thirsted for his blood and, with one exception, the last of the Confederate generals. More than that, General McCausland was of the Old Guard who die but never surrender. Lee might give up his sword and Early and Johnston and Pickett and all the rest, but not the destroyer of Chambersburg. There was no Appomattox for him. With numerous others he went into Mexico and began that hegira through Europe which for some of these irreconcilables led to Egypt, service in the Egyptian army, and almost two decades of wanderings. McCausland's exile was cut to two years because Ulysses S. Grant came to his rescue, declaring that Chambersburg belonged in the category of things to be forgotten and forgiven, which resulted in the quashing of indictments—for arson—brought against McCausland and General Bradley T. Johnson in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. General McCausland came back, but never yielded to the "Yanks." To his dying day he boasted that he had never surrendered, nor taken the oath of allegiance. If ever a man deserved to have the "Stars and Bars" on his coffin it was surely the "Hun" of Chambersburg.

What influenced General Grant? Primarily, doubtless, the fact that McCausland acted under the orders of his superior officer, General Jubal A. Early, who had instructed him to demand from the citizens of Chambersburg "$100,000 in gold, or, in lieu thereof, $500,000 in greenbacks and national currency." Why? It was, General Early declared, "in retaliation of the depredations committed by General Hunter . . . during the recent raid." So the Germans in Belgium had good American precedent for any fining—or firing—of Belgian towns. The citizens of Chambersburg, who the year before had watched the march up to Gettys-

burg of the Confederate legions, could not produce the necessary funds. They could only stand by and see the best part of their town and their personal property, too, go up in flames and smoke. Something of this may have been in General Sherman's mind when he apparently said that it would not hurt him deeply if Columbia, South Carolina, should burn down. It did. The war in the Shenandoah was full of bitterness about this time. General Sheridan, it will be remembered, undertook to lay the valley waste so that if a crow were to fly over it "he would have to carry his rations on his back." Sheridan's men executed some Confederate officers there out of hand—without trial—in retaliation for what was said to be the murder of some of his officers and men by Mosby—Hunnish work on both sides! A monument to some of these victims stands by the side of the Shenandoah turnpike today. Such is the nature of war even when conducted by American heroes. The little quarter given at Fort Wagner, the massacre at Fort Pillow—they have their counterparts in every war and so does Chambersburg, which proves anew that the minute one side resorts to what the opponents consider villainous practices, the "purer" and "nobler" side immediately descends to the same practices, cheerfully making them its own. So it was with poison gas, which we are now so proud of and find so humane, and so it will be without end until war is forever abolished and the profession of soldiering is no more.

James Ford Rhodes

JAMES FORD RHODES was that rare phenomenon in American life—a business man who, having made a great deal of money, gives his life to letters. He was born to wealth and he carried on a successful business career until he was nearly forty years of age. A brother-in-law of Mark Hanna, allied by friendship and relationship to the most powerful men of politics and business in Ohio, he cut loose from all business ties and determined to devote himself to the writing of a history of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. He had never stayed in any college long enough, although he had attended two, to obtain a degree. He had also studied abroad, but he had had no training in writing or research when he determined to give the rest of his life to the history of his country. The chances were a hundred to one against success, yet he wrote one of the fairest, most dispassionate, readable, and authoritative histories of his country, which is still unsurpassed in its treatment of the decade from 1850 to 1860. Honors were showered upon him. Nine American universities and Oxford gave him honorary degrees, and the National Institute of Arts and Letters conferred its gold medal upon him. In 1918 he won the Pulitzer Prize; the Loubat Prize of the Berlin Academy of Science was awarded to him in 1901. He was one of the most successful presidents of the American Historical Association.

Now the interesting fact is that these honors were earned virtually by one work, comprising eight volumes, the "History of the United States." Beyond this in various forms there were only three published volumes to Mr. Rhodes's credit, one of historical essays and two dealing with the American Civil War. This places him in that limited group of authors who have achieved preeminence by one great work. He moreover worked slowly and deliberately; his final volume, "The McKinley and Roosevelt Administrations," appeared exactly thirty-three years after his first volume. His means enabled him to command a skilled force of assistants. With them he searched the field he had chosen to cover with great conscientiousness, giving especial consideration to the newspapers of the period with which he was dealing. For the Abolition struggle he had a special interest because of his father's devoted friendship with his kinsman, Stephen A. Douglas. It will always be a cause for regret that the boy who knew Stephen Douglas so well and drew such a striking picture of him in his history did not essay a biography of him; but that form of historical writing never appealed to Mr. Rhodes.

It was the good fortune of *The Nation,* when Mr. Rhodes's first volumes appeared, to prophesy that "if he shall live to complete his task, we shall have a noteworthy and valuable addition to our solid literature." His second publication seemed to us of such value as to make it improbable "that we shall see a more complete or better balanced history of our great Civil War than that which Mr. Rhodes is giving us." Time has confirmed this estimate. His style was direct and strong, his treatment of every question candid, and his desire to be unbiased was apparent upon every page. The result is that his history has stood the test of time. New material has, of course, been developed. Individual studies of various phases have thrown new light here and there, but the main outlines are unchanged. Its length, unfortunately, bars it from ordinary school use, where its candidness, its honesty, and its clear understanding of the finest things in our American tradition would make it infinitely superior to the biased and narrow works which too often are adopted by boards of education, especially when the authors are willing to cut out objectionable parts and write in accordance with the prejudices of the hour.

It is an unfortunate fact, however, that in his later volumes Mr. Rhodes did not conform to the high standards of his earlier work. There was a greater reliance upon the work of his assistants and his personal ties surely affected some of his judgments. We do not doubt that he was right in saying that if Mark Hanna had been President in 1898 war with Spain would never have been declared; at the same time, he could not see Mr. Hanna's relations to President McKinley in the same light in which that gentleman was viewed by the bulk of the American people. Similarly, Mr. Rhodes was often unable to recognize the influence of economic causes and questions upon the trend of events. He had a clear grasp of the relationship of the slavery question to the constitutional history of the country, but he was not as clear on the compelling force upon the South of the economic character of slavery, and the withering blight of that institution upon the economic life of the South—its exaltation of one crop, its consequent exhaustion of the soil, and the barriers to industrial development which King Cotton set up. None the less, Mr. Rhodes had a dignity of writing, a vision, and a comprehension of the times of which he treated which entitled him to every one of the honors bestowed upon him. He was good enough to say that he found no source more valuable in his writing on the periods from 1865 to 1897 than the New York *Nation* of that day. The present *Nation* differs in many respects from that which he praised, but it is at one with *The Nation* of Godkin in paying tribute to the business man who became one of the great American historians.



"The Ship of State seems to be in terrible difficulties."
"Yes! They need a new Skipper and First Mate."

British Political Parties

By J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

AT the crossing of the threshold of a new year we naturally attempt to answer for ourselves the cry: "Watchman! What of the dawn?" Our country has been going through something akin to a civil war during which the still small voice of reason has been drowned by strident slogans and shut out by deaf ears. What has been the effect on our politics?

I pass the Government first of all under review. It has lost ground as every by-election and the remarkable series of municipal elections in November show. In the contested elections its vote is reduced by about 20 per cent, while Labor's vote has risen by 7 per cent. Within the party itself there is widespread dissatisfaction and a serious loss of confidence which result in abstentions from the ballot box even when they do not mean a transfer of votes. It has suffered from bad trade for which it indeed bears much of the responsibility, and it has given a general appearance of flabbiness and lack of ability. Its friends feel it to be no credit to them, and its enemies despise it when their feelings are not akin to hatred. The great British Tory Government has been a failure.

But it must never be forgotten that the Tory Party in England is less a political than a social party—a party of status either attained or sought; a party of visiting lists. It is, therefore, a party of great coherence, and when its only rival is Labor there are no outlets from the compound of society except those that lead into the blank wilderness. Liberalism till the very end kept a few rich hostesses who gave "At Homes" attended by some "good people." The dinners and the dances of a Liberal hostess still figure occasionally in the *Times*. But this sort of thing is a virtual monopoly of the Tory Party, and so long as it is valued—and it is valued today pretty much as ever it was—it will be the wall of a political compound extraordinarily difficult to breach.

Failure and dissent within the Tory camp is, therefore, of much less political importance than within any other political camp, and one easily puts too much electoral importance upon it. Were this not so, the Government would not have a ghost of a chance of surviving the year.

In the House of Commons, the Government has fared badly except in the Division Lobbies, and in the debate on the final vote of censure it perhaps fared worst of all. It cannot extricate itself from what is universally recognized as its deplorable mess of the coal dispute. It is blessed, however, by the backing of a press overwhelming in its numbers and united in its support when there is any question at issue between the Government and the Opposition. Therefore, to the public the following morning a Government that had been whipped all over the ring the night before is presented as triumphant. But even such refereeing cannot for long hide the facts from the electors, and the by-elections are a dependable indication of what changes are taking place.

The Liberal Party makes no headway. My reports from two localities indicate that Mr. Lloyd George's land campaign is stirring nobody, that there is not enough political volume behind it to drive it. The disgrace of its candidate at Smethwick, which closed the political events of the year, was really a very serious blow to it. No old party can survive a series of elections in which it does so badly as to forfeit its deposit. Moreover, there is no unity in its ranks. When Mr. Lloyd George stays away from the House of Commons, the Liberals are individuals; when he is there, they are hostile groups. Lord Grey's recent speech at the Phillips's luncheon at the National Liberal Club has been resented by the party on account of its effect on party unity, but most Liberals I have met have admitted its truth and secretly enjoyed it. Lord Asquith seems to have gone completely. Had he been the virtual as well as the titular leader of the Liberal Party in 1923-1924, I do not believe he would have made the fatal speech at the National Liberal Club at the end of the former year, when he announced that, while about to put a Labor Government in office he was to see that they did as he told them. That speech standing alone made an approach from Labor impossible at the time, and I believe he was much too old a hand not to see what he was doing. Later, it was really Mr. George's policy that ended the Labor Government and drove the Liberal Party headlong upon the rocks. There it has been a wreck ever since, and only a wasting company of enlisted and hardened Liberals (barely 2,000,000 if the country were now polled) support its candidates. It is turning out some good political studies at its summer schools and otherwise, for it has some men of great intellectual power still associated with it, and in this it is in contrast with the Tory Party whose efforts to produce anything of an educational character—including the Stott College for educating Tory propagandists—are a complete failure. Since the general election, the Liberal Party has not gained a single seat but has lost one; and there is less prospect than ever that men like Mr. Runciman and Mr. Wedgwood Benn will accept the present leadership.

The Labor Party steps into 1927 with the airs of a victorious party, and its trophies justify its airs. It is now plain that it holds well over 50 per cent of the votes of the industrial areas and that in the great majority of these constituencies it does not matter much whether Liberals or Tories combine against it or make a triangular fight of it. That is not so in rural constituencies. In these the Labor Party is still regarded as a queer phenomenon—an evidence of the errant town mind. At worst, in the teeth of Liberal and Tory opposition, at best without assistance from them, the Labor Government passed the Wages' Board Act for agricultural laborers and the immediate result was an improvement in these wages. That destroyed much prejudice, but the English countryside is slow to move and lies under the shadow of a most effective tyranny of landlord and farmer. To this day, it does not feel convinced of the secrecy of the ballot, and the Tory influences see to it that the suspicion lives long. But education spreads in the villages. Trade unionism, though not at all strong, has no mean influence in some districts; wireless is having an invigorating effect; and now after much consultation, diplomacy, and patient drafting and redrafting, the party has launched a comprehensive scheme for dealing with agri-

cultural problems and has inaugurated a campaign that has aroused considerable interest in the villages. The prosecution of this campaign will be the chief special work of the party this year.

The real danger ahead of the party is that its success is not all of its own making. The other parties are throwing success at its feet. Will it be ready for office when the time comes? Has it a clear conception of what it will do when in power? It is being threatened and hampered by slogans raised by its propaganda sections, like "Socialism in our time," which not only raise impossible expectations, but distract attention from immediate concerns. Nevertheless, the core of the movement is both practical and solid, and much thought is being given by it to this matter. The most baffling problem that confronts it is unemployment, and as regards that, the party knows that it must stimulate trade. It is of some significance that the live leaders of industry have shed their fears of a Labor Government, and recognize that such a government would be more successful than the present one in making the wheels of industry go round. The coal dispute has left it a prickly inheritance, but on that a Labor Government will certainly take its own line in reorganizing a trade that for a generation has been nothing but a breeding ground of industrial strife. In the meantime, the trade-union movement will have recovered from the staggering blow dealt it by the mining dispute and the events that accompanied it, and with a bolder handling of the Communist anti-parliamentary intrigues within its ranks, a closer cooperation with the Parliamentary Party will be secured. Therefore, it is my conviction that with a steadily augmenting support in the country, 1927 will see the Labor Party consolidating itself and preparing to resume the government of the country.

Bootlegging Religion

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

ON January 5 the courts of New York, through the Appellate Division, Third Department, sustained the validity of a school regulation which is applied in 130 cities and villages in New York State, pursuant to which children are excused from school for one-half hour on Wednesday afternoons to attend religious instruction. Cards are sent through the teachers to the parents, who, on these cards, signify their willingness to have their children absent themselves from school for this purpose. The teacher must no doubt be satisfied that the child attends at the place of instruction for the remaining half hour of the school session. Those who are not sent to church remain in school, and in the case of the city of White Plains the time is made a study period. Through this method the child, as recompense for going to church, avoids one-half hour of school.

No doubt even the church people realize the triviality of one-half hour a week to offset the often-alleged criminal tendencies of modern children. Their admitted desire is not so much to provide religious instruction as to connect the church in some way with the schools. It may be argued that if a regulation providing for a half hour a week is legal, then a regulation for two hours a week or two hours a day would likewise be legal. But the court has held that "reasonableness in the method adopted is the test of . . . legality." So, from the court's point of view, the question is one more of time than of principle. The thought of connecting religion with the schools under the plan adopted is not disapproved.

The attack on the law is made by Joseph Lewis, as president of the Freethinkers' Society, who in the words of the brief charges that

> This is an endeavor to bootleg a forbidden product (religion) into the public schools. It may be a good product; it may be a bad one. It may be an article of tolerance, mercy, and love, and undiluted. It may have nothing in it of bigotry, hate, and ignorance.

The question of law involved in the case might be decided either way, which means that the decision depends upon the attitude of the judges toward such regulation. Mr. Justice Seeger in a case in Mount Vernon held the regulation to be illegal. In this, the White Plains case, Mr. Justice Staley held the regulation to be legal and his decision has been affirmed by the Appellate Court. The only difference between the two cases was that in the Mount Vernon case the cards were printed by school pupils on school printing machines. Thus there was a use of school property to some extent in connection with carrying out the regulation. But the teachers are likewise paid by the community and their school time is community property. A teacher must concern himself with distributing the cards and with checking up the child's absence. In principle there is little distinction between the two cases.

Under the education law a child is obliged to attend during the entire time in which the school is in session. The only exception relates to occasional absences not amounting to irregular attendance. Thus, taking the education law to mean what it says, the question of law would seem to be whether a regular program, pursuant to which all children who desire are excused at a regular time for a recognized purpose, leads to occasional absences not amounting to irregular attendance. These would seem more like regular absences amounting to regular inattendance. But the Appellate Court said that there were various policies in the schools which could not be adopted if there were "a blind and stubborn adherence to the strict letter of the statute."

Thus we come to the question of the intent of the law or of public policy concerning the separation of church and state. Matters of this kind usually have small beginnings. The position of the State Department of Education was supported by the Greater New York Federation of Churches and the New York Sunday School Association, as well as by the General Committee of Week-Day Religious Instructions in the City of White Plains, and an attorney representing a group of Washington, D. C., "Christian people." Behind the movement is the purpose of associating religious with secular instruction; the church and state should be separate but there should be a connecting bridge. The opposition answers that a school is composed of children representing all elements in the community. At 2:30 the Catholic children may be herded

or may herd themselves together from whatever class in school they come, the Protestant children likewise, the Jewish children likewise; the Hindus, the Mohammedans, the Chinese, and the infidels remain in the classroom. Children are not always tolerant and considerate of one another. The Catholics become the "Micks," the Jews become "Kikes," the Protestants become "Ku Kluxers," and the rest become infidels. And the lines of division through the school, not formed by harmonious relationship from class association, become perpendicular, dividing children according to sect or religion. Records of attendance at church are kept by teachers. Each week the Catholic children feel a sympathetic closeness to a Catholic teacher and the others likewise, with a pressure, however slight, toward a particular church.

In the Appellate Division the court said:

> It is natural that parents should wish their children to have religious instruction at any favored opportunity. It is not thought wise that it should be given directly in the school but when children are assembled they may be sent elsewhere.

This is a dangerous beginning.

In a case dependent upon the attitude of the judiciary, which is inclined to be conservative, it is regrettable that the president of the Society of Freethinkers should alone be bringing an action which may have such momentous consequence. A majority sect always endeavors to exercise tyranny over the minority and the only protection for the religious minority is absolute equality without discrimination arising directly or indirectly from civil government. Any particular sect is in the minority. Every sect should itself be anxious to avoid religious meddling with the schools. All men should know that toleration was not found sufficient for the framers of our Constitution, but that equality was their goal—that there was to be such an absolute separation of church and state that civil establishments should be free from any connection whatever with religious institutions. If we provide for religious instruction half an hour of school time, some other sect, when it becomes dominant, will excuse children one hour a day and, with this as a precedent, another sect, perhaps anxious to avoid the necessity of establishing its own denominational schools, will provide for two hours a day; and still another will provide that the hours of release should occur during the biology or the geography or the astronomy hour, so that a youngster may learn only Bible biology and Bible geography and Bible astronomy.

But the courts will not carry the matter to its logical conclusion for they have founded their decision not on the letter of the statute, not on the meaning of the Constitution providing that there be no public aid for religious institutions, but on the question of reasonableness, which depends upon the attitude of very human judges. The judges in Tennessee are likewise human.

Humiliation

By KWEI CHEN

IT is already dark when I reach my home village. All the houses are lit. I see the lights from the window of my own home, and note particularly the friendly glow from my father's study. From afar I hear the barking of my dogs. My heart leaps—but this time with fear and sorrow more than joy. Usually I run as I descend the hillside path. Now I cannot run.

"Is this Ching-yü?"

It is a familiar voice and I look about me, over the rice-fields in the starlight. I stop and at once recognize the passerby. In his left hand as always he carries a large bamboo wine-bottle; in his right hand a basketful of bean-cakes. He is a good middle-aged farmer of our village.

"Yes, Elder-Brother Shen-wu."

In my village people still preserve the traditional courtesy, the younger people addressing their seniors as "Elder-Brother" or "Elder-Uncle," regardless of social position.

"You have grown since you went away to school," says the friendly farmer. "I can see it in the dark. Perhaps you are a match for your Second Elder-Brother or for your Elder-Cousin Hsu at least. But I forget! they will be growing up also, big boys by now! But where are they? They should have accompanied you?"

"They will return—later." I speak with hesitation.

"I hope," the farmer adds curiously, for he has noticed that I falter—"I hope that nothing has gone wrong? Your mother expected your arrival yesterday, according to your letter from the provincial capital. Well, don't let me detain you. You must be as eager to see your mother as she is to see you." Thus the good Shen-wu leaves me.

When I approach the fish pond in front of the house all my dogs dash forth to welcome me home. They run a few steps ahead of me to lead the way and then come back, bounding about my feet. When I enter the house they all follow, waving their tails.

I come into the dining-room. The family are there eating their supper. My mother is the first to see me, and she is the one whom I first see.

"Ah!" exclaims she, putting down her chopsticks and rising to meet me. "My expected one!"

"We were just talking about you, Third Elder-Brother," remarks my Younger-Sister, smiling. "Fifth Aunt worried so much, when she did not see you arrive yesterday. She had a nightmare last night. I told her that Father was sure all of you would come home safe today."

"Where is your Second Elder-Brother?" my father asks me, anxiously.

"He will be home after a day or two," I reply in a low voice.

"Has your Elder-Cousin Hsu come with you?" asks my mother quickly.

"No," I answer her. No longer can I keep the mournful secret. My tears fall like rain; my head burns violently.

"No, Mother," I continue, "Elder-Cousin Hsu has not come home, and never will. . . . He is dead. . . ."

"What!" my father cries out, bursting into tears. The lamps seem to burn less brightly.

"Poor Fifth Aunt!" It is my mother, weeping. She hides her face in her hands. "This will kill her. . . ."

"Listen!" declares my father, drying his eyes. "Not a word of Hsu's death should be spoken outside this room.

How is it," he asks, looking at me, "it happened so suddenly? Tell the whole story."

I strive to collect myself.

"Three days ago, in the provincial capital," I begin, "early in the morning Second Elder-Brother, Elder-Cousin Hsu, and I reached the railway station. There was a big crowd as usual. Elder-Cousin Hsu joined the line to buy our tickets. Suddenly there came a drunken foreigner—a tall man with red hair and a hawk's nose. Disregarding the waiting line, he tried to crowd in first at the ticket window. He forced out Elder-Cousin Hsu, who was second in line. Elder-Cousin Hsu protested: 'Do you not see the line?' The foreigner did not reply, but struck Elder-Cousin on the cheek! Elder-Cousin kicked back. The foreigner again struck Elder-Cousin, and he fell to the ground! 'Do you fear me now?' cried the foreigner, threatening him with his fist. Elder-Cousin jumped up, sprang at the foreigner. Although the foreigner was big as a bull, Elder-Cousin Hsu fought like a panther! But a watchman seized hold, and stopped him.

"'Did you not see what the foreigner did to me?' said Elder-Cousin to the watchman. 'You ask the others about it!'

"One of the young students stepped out and told what had happened, and all of us—for there were many students returning from school—shouted: 'Arrest the foreigner! Arrest the foreigner!' But the watchman would not move!

"'There is no use to arrest him,' said he.

"'How can you say that!' one of the students cried out angrily. 'Can you fold your hands in your sleeves when you see a foreigner strike your own people? What do you do here? You, a watchman!'

"The watchman began to explain: 'What use to arrest him? We Chinese cannot punish a foreigner in accordance with our law! He will be handed over to the consul of his country—freed without punishment.'

"Elder-Cousin Hsu had become faint and was leaning heavily against my shoulder; his mouth was bleeding. Second Elder-Brother and I wept. So did the other young students. As for the foreigner, he had his ticket and was gone, laughing contemptuously.

"A few minutes later," I continue, "Elder-Cousin recovered a little. He still spat blood. His face was very pale. He was murmuring to himself, sobbing: 'Humiliation . . . Humiliation . . .' His words cut into my heart. I wished to console him, but I could do nothing but weep. My eyes were two fountains, flowing incessantly. Second Elder-Brother, however, remained more calm. 'Dear Cousin,' he said, 'the humiliation is as much mine as it is yours. It is our nation's humiliation! Take care of yourself. He who always does wrong will slay himself, so our sages say. Some day these foreigners will learn to obey our laws!'

"Now the train gave a whistle, preparatory to leaving. Second Elder-Brother had gone to buy us the tickets at the last minute. Elder-Cousin Hsu remained with me, still in tears: 'I who was born of an honorable family to be thus humiliated by a foreigner! No, I am humiliated by my own people—the cowards! They all hate the foreigners, but crouch before them, like pigs for the slaughter! . . . Why do I live? To be humiliated, like a slave, like a dog! With what face can I meet other people, my mother? Oh! how dare I see my mother! No, no . . .' Meanwhile he was spitting more blood."

"Poor child . . ." my mother interrupts, "he ought to have known that his mother would not choose to live without him, her only child. Woe is Fate that takes from the widowed mother the most cherished hope of her life! Seventeen years ago, Ching-yü my son, about three months before your Elder-Cousin Hsu was born, your Fifth Uncle died. He was an honorable man, loved by all who knew him. Your Fifth Aunt was then but twenty-one years old. At your Fifth Uncle's sick-bed she said: 'Our love is of the unusual kind. I will not live alone, if you are to leave me. But in about three months, I shall bear you a child, which will be the continuation of our love. I will, then, live with our child, or die without it.' Ah, what a disciplined woman! What a faithful wife and a wise mother! In these past seventeen years she has devoted all her time and attention to bringing up and educating her son, who had become so hopeful, and so worthy of his family name."

"When Second Elder-Brother returned with our tickets," I resume, "Elder-Cousin stood up, intending to walk to the train by himself. But Second Elder-Brother and I insisted on supporting him. 'We shall see,' said Second Elder-Brother to Elder-Cousin Hsu. 'If you are too ill to ride on the train, we can get off at the first stop.' 'Don't worry,' Elder-Cousin Hsu replied, smiling. 'I shall be all right. I feel better.'

"On the train he slept most of the time, and said nothing except to tell me about how many of his books I could have, since he had finished high school and would need them no longer. He appeared quite composed.

"Late in the afternoon, while the train was approaching our destination, he rose, saying that he wanted to go to the wash-room. Ten minutes elapsed, but he did not come back. Suddenly the train stopped on the middle of the bridge over the Green River. Two railway watchmen appeared in the doorway, calling out:

"'A young man has committed suicide! He threw himself out of the window of a wash-room and jumped into the river. Has he any relatives or friends on the train, or does any one know of him?'

"Oh, frightful! frightful! I trembled and wept. All over my body there was cold sweat.

"Second Elder-Brother ran toward the watchmen, stammering: 'I . . . I have a cousin . . . He went to the wash-room, and has not come back!' He disappeared immediately with the watchmen, and left me alone weeping.

"Soon Second Elder-Brother returned, with a piece of paper in his hand. 'Read, Younger-Brother,' said he. 'This is the last word left by our cousin.' I read:

"'Cousins:

"'I am gone! I am gone forever!

"'I can not live any longer in this world.

"'The land of humiliation is not mine.

"'Hsu.'

"The watchmen came: 'One of you must stop off. The train must go on.' Second Elder-Brother turned to me: 'Younger-Brother, you go home first. I get off here to search for our cousin's body. Take care, don't let Fifth Aunt see you mourning.' So second Elder-Brother left me. I came home as soon as possible. Now I have told it."

* * * * *

My Fifth Aunt and her son were buried together. Today in my village the people sing:

"Heaven makes sudden changes;
Men have unexpected calamities!
The Chen family had a son;
He refused to live in humiliation!"

A New Slavery in South Africa

By LORD OLIVIER

THE South African Union Government, which is a coalition of the Nationalist (predominantly Dutch) Party and the (White) Labor Party, alarmed at the forecast made in the Report on the Census of 1921 of the rate of increase of the Native population as compared with the European, is taking in hand a comprehensive program of legislation* with a view to arresting social developments which are regarded by the Government's supporters as a menace to white supremacy. There is strong division of local opinion and feeling: important parts of the policy being opposed by those, especially in the Cape Province, who adhere to the traditional British principles of equal treatment of colored and white races.

It is proposed to withdraw the political franchise from members of the Native races, who now enjoy it in the Cape Province, and to withhold it in the other provinces, where they have not yet been allowed it; to restrict the right of owning real property by Natives to particular areas and by what is known as the Color-Bar Law, recently passed; to prohibit the employment of Natives in any work in which machinery is used and in any other industry which the Government may hereafter proclaim. No Native, unless he owns land in a permitted area, is to be allowed to live outside the Native reserves except as a bonded servant to a white man, liable to punishment under the Masters and Servants Law.

The whole morale of South African society and industry has been vitiated by the fact that the original Cape Settlement was established upon imported slave labor, and that the white people have never since got rid of the mentality of a slave-based society. From slavery time onwards, all manual labor has been and still is regarded as work unfit for a white man, and only fit for a black. Further, the result of this tradition, combined with land monopoly, has produced a class of "poor whites," who have never learned to work and for whom it would be a disloyalty to the traditions of white society to be willing to work except in the position of bosses. On the basis of this tradition, such capitalized industry as has been set up in South Africa in supplement to the original patriarchal farming and pastoral industry (in which these relations of white and black were comparatively innocuous) has been established on the theory that all the manual labor must be done by Kaffirs at Kaffir wages. When the sugar industry was started in Natal white labor was therefore not available and the industry could not, as it was later in Queensland, be developed on a basis of white man's wages. Natives neither would nor could undertake plantation labor. Indian indentured coolies were therefore imported. This laid the foundations of the Natal Asiatic trouble and reinforced the theory that all labor must be done by non-Europeans at wages insufficient for white men.

The mining industry (diamonds and gold) was founded upon the same theory, and it is clearly brought out in the report rendered last spring by the Union Government's Economic and Wages Commission that the South African mines are now capitalized and can only be worked on a system whereby one white man is employed in combination with, on an average, twelve or thirteen black men. These Natives do not in fact do only manual labor; they do skilled and semi-skilled work with machines under white direction. But a white contractor, working with Natives, alone gets the skilled man's pay; the Natives get Kaffir unskilled pay. White men are paid on the average about ten times as much as the black, whose wages are kept down by the white land monopoly. Wages are further kept down by the importation of laborers from Portuguese East Africa, who are forced out of their own country by the exactions of the Portuguese Government, as testified in the recent report of Professor Ross, of Wisconsin University. Kaffir farm wages average about 12 cents a day, with rations. Kaffir mining wages have a maximum of 54 cents a day.

The real wages of white miners on the Witwatersrand are higher than anywhere else in the world except in a few cities of the United States. "These high wages," the Economic Commission declare, are paid and can only be paid "largely at the expense of the Native workers." "White wages are high because Native wages are low."

The mines are over-capitalized on a scale at which they can only be kept running on a basis of underpaid Native labor. The Native's wage is not sufficient for the full maintenance of himself and his family, to whom, after serving his contract, he returns, as the Irish harvest-laborer used to return from England. Far less is such a wage sufficient for white men. If the mines had to pay living wages all round they would have to reduce output and discharge many white men.

Hence the association of the South African Labor Party with the Afrikander Native repression policy.

The Economic Commission are explicit in their verdict that the Color-Bar Law will not mend matters in South Africa. They say that the only way to deal with South African trouble is to get rid of the superstition that white men cannot do manual labor, to provide a sufficiency of land for the natives, to break up the great monopoly holdings of land syndicates and settle the "poor whites" as working farmers on them, to stop the importation of laborers from Portuguese territory, and to increase generally the wages of unskilled laborers so that the standard of living of the Natives may be raised and they become better customers for the services of the skilled white man.

Some apologists argue that as the white man is racially superior to the black, he is justified in seeking to maintain his position by preventing the Native from attaining equality with him. That sort of self-deceiving pseudo-Darwinian claptrap is indicative of the kind of argument used in defense of the South African white Labor policy. It is claptrap because, in the first place, not all white men, on any scale of human valuations, are superior to all black, and a great many white men are inferior to a good many black. There are a great many educated black South Africans who show much more intelligence in regard to the essentials of this question than whites who thus argue. They admit that the white man must not allow himself to be pulled down by the competition in the capitalist labor market of workers with a lower standard of

* The proposed laws are discussed in detail by Professor R. F. Alfred Hoernle in this week's International Relations Section.—EDITOR.

living: but they point out that the way to prevent that is the way recommended by the Economic Commission, and that it can be done by the use of the Wages Regulation Laws already set up in South Africa. Whatever white South Africans may think, the Native and his spokesmen simply do not admit their theory that they, being a superior race, are entitled to hold the Native down as an unskilled laborer and forbid him equal opportunities of learning to exercise his capacities and of earning equal pay for equal work. Thousands of South African Europeans, the councils of all religious denominations (save the Dutch Reformed Church), and, it must uncompromisingly be said, all the more intelligent leaders of the community hold the same view. The program of General Hertzog's policy for binding down the Native as a laborer on the land, and of the Labor Party's policy of keeping him on unskilled wages as a manual laborer, owes its political support to the worst-educated and most obstinately reactionary class in the community, the Afrikander farmers, with whom the South African Labor Party have temporarily allied themselves.

It is futile to imagine that this policy of keeping the Native in his place is going to establish the supremacy of white civilization. It is diametrically opposed to everything that has made white civilization. The British Labor Party's declared policy in regard to dealings with Native races explicitly and categorically condemns it. It is largely this theory, as I have said, that has produced the South African problem of the "poor white" class. It is also, in fact, an impossible policy. There are already two and one-half millions of detribalized natives intimately associated with and intermixed in the white man's society, doing every kind of manual work and domestic service, as against two million still in tribal organizations, and the only way to arrest the progress of common degradation is to raise the standards of Native life by allowing them facilities for education and the privileges long established in the Cape Colony policy of equal rights for all men of equal civilization.

If the attempt to maintain the repressionist and color-bar policy should be persisted in, it is not the Natives that, in the long run, will be defeated. It is not they, but the white race, that have shown the first symptoms of degeneration—a degeneration entirely due to their own perverse social theory. The Native is at present desirous and disposed to adapt himself to the life of European civilization: and if white men worthy of that civilization continue to assist him to do so, South African society will develop on stable lines.

Shall Women Be Protected?

By VALESKA BARI

ALL the laws passed by the various States to shorten the working hours of women, to protect them from starvation wages and from the strains of night work are again threatened by the renewed campaign for the Blanket Amendment. The right of the normal woman to her freedom is argued against the theory that the state should restrict the liberty of all women in order to protect the helpless. On either side the theories are convincing; discussion of them brings us flatly to the question, What does protective legislation mean in our national life?

We class these laws as labor laws but they have been held constitutional only on the grounds that they are health measures, designed to protect women as potential mothers. On this biological basis we restrict women from the freedom of contract which the Constitution guarantees to citizens in general. Logically, we might expect that the administration of such measures would be given to the health authorities so that enforcement could be directed with a rounded awareness of all working conditions which might be harmful to women in their biological functions, but nowhere are the laws enforced as health measures. The muddle of protective legislation is due mainly to this basic subterfuge.

Other countries have enacted legislation controlling the conditions of employment for women compared to which our laws are mere gestures, and those laws have been accepted by industry because they rest upon definite and responsible foundations. Imperial Germany, with an eye on world domination, developed a complete system of protecting all the workers—men, women, and children—on the theory that the citizens existed for the benefit of the state, and the state was protecting its property. Britain has enacted legislation which to us appears highly socialistic but which is understandable on the basis of fixed classes: the recognition of a ruling class carrying with it the responsibility of that class for those beneath it, and the fixed position of the laboring class. Australia's labor legislation is a recognition of union principles, the controlling class placing the stamp of official approval on its own regulations.

Our protective legislation, in contrast, is chiefly an outgrowth of charity. Our charities grew from a personal and volunteer to a professional and organized basis, then widened into social agencies which discovered that many of the persons they were called upon to assist were the human wreckage of industry. In seeking to get at the roots welfare workers lent their strength to the movement which labor was making to obtain politically what it was too weak to obtain by industrial organization.

The attitude of labor toward protective legislation is a confused mixture of aggression and defense. Organized labor has had no clear policy concerning political action. Few women have been organized into unions. Some of the leaders who hoped to organize the mass of women have opposed the passage of laws which would wipe out the incentives to organization, and others, losing faith in the possibility of getting women to join unions, have accepted the viewpoint that the struggle for organization was a man's fight and that the women should be taken off the industrial firing line and placed behind a barricade of protective laws. Most of the women of organized labor have worked valiantly for ameliorative laws, partly hoping for the prestige of victory and the chance to use the administration of the laws to the general advantage of organized labor, but largely from a genuinely altruistic desire to improve the conditions of all working women. They have

been responsible for introducing many of the bills to shorten the working hours of women and to curtail night work, even though they knew that such laws would lessen the incentives to unionization. To minimum-wage legislation they have given little support—and at times active opposition—but minimum wage has been from the start a reformers' and not a union program, and labor has been suspicious of surrendering the control of wages to boards on which it would have only a minority vote.

The officials to whom the enforcement of these laws has been given have been drawn partly from organized labor, partly from the social-welfare group, and partly from groups chosen for political reasons. More have been appointed from the ranks of labor than their political effectiveness warranted, but often these appointees have been the "old war horses" of the labor movement rather than the more aggressive younger blood, and they have taken their positions rather as rewards for past services than as opportunities for constructive use of the power given to them. It is a matter of interest, at times of discouragement, to observe how little is often accomplished by labor representatives when given the enforcement of labor laws. They are, of course, seldom given a free hand from above as few governors would stand back of a policy which would irritate business interests. They are hampered in taking cases to court as usually they have to employ the legal services of public prosecutors both ignorant and suspicious of social-welfare legislation.

The position of a labor representative enforcing a labor law is far from easy. He can hardly be expected to prosecute a union establishment as readily as a non-union shop; for this there is considerable justification in spirit if not in the letter of the law. The union recognizes the principle of overtime work and overtime pay, and this overtime pay serves not only as a deterrent to extra work but also it pays for some "extra" which either actually or psychologically tends to offset the strain of additional work. A non-union shop usually does not pay for overtime, particularly if in violation of the law—partly for the reason that the extra wage would constitute evidence of the violation. The recognition of the union by an employer gives the workers a greater degree of protection, and a more tangible protection, than is given by protective laws. If all the workers belonged to unions protective laws as we now have them would be unnecessary; consequently it is only natural that labor representatives should consider protective legislation as a political substitute for organization, to be enforced only against non-union establishments. This point of view, while almost unavoidable, is of course quite without the law. It makes protective legislation, as administered by labor representatives, a weapon in the struggle between workers and employers and reduces the scientific bases, such as those of strain and fatigue, to mere subterfuges.

A further weakness of enforcement by labor people is that they know too much of the conditions they are called upon to improve. They know all the practical, workroom difficulties of the present system and by familiarity are tolerant where an outsider, less aware of the difficulties, by the very attitude of being unreasonable would force industry to direct more of its brains and imagination toward improving conditions.

Where the enforcement of protective legislation is given to members of the social-welfare group they have usually found themselves stranded like orphans in an alien world. The background of the social worker consists of a half knowledge of economics, sociology, public health, and kindred subjects. In seeking the passage of such laws the group argues not merely in general humanitarian terms that the long working day, low wages, and night work are harmful to the individual woman and her family but also that they are directly and indirectly inefficient, and harmful to industry itself. On this basis the enactment of such measures becomes a matter of giving the advocates a chance to use the force of law to demonstrate their point. Herein lies the essential difference between protective legislation gained by the efforts of reformers and laws gained by the strength of labor. The police club of enforcement is needed to compel attention, but the effort of the law should be directed toward changing the viewpoint of industry. For instance, the object of enforcing an eight-hour law should be to demonstrate that long hours are bad business practice. So, too, with low wages and night work; once get industry to realize that they mean inefficiency and higher costs and business will exert itself to solve the problem.

There are two approaches whereby officials enforcing protective legislation can carry their point. One is by knowing more than business knows and by telling business exactly what to do to correct its shortcomings. The other method is by using the force of law to irritate business into solving the problems in self-defense. Either method would be effective but the social-welfare group has neither the knowledge necessary for first-class scientific administration on the one hand nor the courage and dramatic insight requisite for first-class propaganda on the other; consequently, its enforcement of protective laws has been a muddled mixture of the two.

Most enforcement officials have utterly failed to realize that protective legislation occupies much the same relation to industry as does a guard placed around a dangerous machine, which serves to prevent the operator from being hurt but which is usually hampering to the worker who desires to turn out a creditable amount of product. The guard is clumsy because it was not designed as part of the process; such a guard should be considered merely a temporary expedient. The next step is to build a new machine whose operation will embody the principle of safety to the operator.

The foundations of protective legislation are muddled and its administration has been muddled, but to abolish the whole structure would not necessarily clarify the situation. To remove the special legislation which has been enacted because of the biological functions of woman would not change the physical handicaps of those functions or their importance to society but would only grant the doubtful benefit of an eighteenth-century liberty to engage in twentieth-century industry. But in bringing to public consideration the whole question of protective legislation, in questioning its value and pointing out its weaknesses and inconsistencies, the agitation for an amendment which would wipe all such laws from the statute-books is rendering signal service. It has reduced protective legislation from its niche of sacredness and permanence to its proper position as a temporary expedient, and it has stimulated thought as to the possible solution by industrial means of the problems which protective legislation is striving to meet by legal and political means.

The Cleveland Reservoir

By ELBERT PEETS

OUR drinking water, in Cleveland, is stored in a covered reservoir. The reservoir keeps the water clear and cool, and to do that as effectively and economically as possible is its only reason for existing. Quite incidentally, it is an architectural masterpiece.

It is called the Baldwin Reservoir. (Actually there are two, but I shall use the singular number because they are exactly alike.) It is a subterranean room about five hundred feet square, surrounded by concrete walls, paved with concrete and covered with a roof of intersecting flattened barrel-vaults of concrete carried on round concrete piers. The crown of the vaults is forty feet above the floor. The piers, which are thirty inches thick, are about twenty feet apart both ways. The only openings are a few small manholes in the ceiling.

The beauty of the Great Hall of Cleveland is first of all in its vast extent—its six hundred columns, its fifty aisles. But it has delicacy, too. The aisles are pleasantly proportioned in cross section. The columns are spread conically at the floor, an unpleasant shape but at a distance softening into a simplified diagram of an architectural column base. At the top there is a rather bungling transition from round to square to meet the square springing of the vaults, but here again, with almost pathetic lack of affectation, the aesthetic function of a capital is expressed.

There is nothing quite like it anywhere. Each aisle has about the proportions of the side aisles of a moderately high Gothic church, Winchester Cathedral for example, though the flattened vaults remind one of later Gothic buildings such as St. George's Chapel, Windsor. But for the great area, the forest of equispaced columns, the precedents are ancient. That is a hot-climate, Mediterranean idea. The great hall in the temple of Ammon at Karnak was 160 by 320 feet and contained 134 columns. The Hall of a Hundred Columns at Persepolis had just a quarter the area of the Cleveland hall, but its ceiling was twenty feet higher.

For the "public inspection" in 1925, before the reservoir was flooded, a few aisles along the west wall were lit by hanging an electric bulb close to the ceiling in every fourth or fifth bay. The rest of the hall was dark save for a few "Jove's eyes" where manholes had been left open. The warm yellowish electric light spread out from each of the lit bays and laid a net of radiating column shadows on the floor. The curved shapes of the springing vaults, caught by the shadows of the vaults nearer the lights, produced a fantastic mosaic of interwoven spots and lines varying from bright gold through every shade of warm gray to deep soft black. The columns were halved and quartered by the shadows of other columns or were picked out of the darkness by narrow tangent strips of light.

In search of new aspects I wandered out from the lit bays into the dark forest of columns. A dozen bays deep in it, when I looked back along an aisle I saw a bluntly bullet-shaped area of warm gray concrete wall, streaked with vertical shadows and framed by the lighter lines of the more directly lit columns near it. Nearer me the columns became less and less light. There was a similar gradation of light in the ceiling, not uniform but flecked with light and dark as rays or shadows caught the surfaces of the groined vault. Across the bottom of this deep stage-setting moved a line of little people silhouetted against the bright wall, so far away that I could not hear their voices or tell whether they were looking out into the darkness toward me.

Another fine view was from north to south along a dark aisle in which there was an open manhole in the top of the last bay. Everything around me was jet black. In the distance again the bullet shape, this time not of warm light but cool silver, the white light streaming down through the manhole and along the gray columns, spreading out on the floor to form a white line from one base to the other.

The view which had most of "art" in it was a concrete stand-pipe, seen from about two hundred feet away, along the aisle in which it stood. The front of the enormous pipe was lit by an open manhole just above it. The white light flooded down along the gray cylinder, broken only by the black drooping shadow under a flange-offset ten feet from the top. Each side of the cylinder darkened into shadow, but just at the turning was a pale line of ruddy light from the electric bulbs. On the floor some ponderous valve-affair served as altar and a dark crowd of pigmy worshipers stood with heads uplifted as the high-priest chanted "Ten million cubic feet, two million dollars." . . . Everywhere I was surrounded by a star of diagonal vistas, narrower, more sharply crowned, more Gothic than the full views down the aisles.

No architect ever lived who would not stand in silent wonder in this Hall of Six Hundred Columns. It is an abstraction, a song in some nameless mother-language that everyone understands. It is the work of a law, of a formula ruling over space and mass—rather, perhaps, a law brought into the range of our feelings by being stated in the most fundamental, most simple terms of human need for formal perfection. It is the product of man's desire for order, freed from the old conventions of architecture by the new conventions of engineering.

The great beauty of the reservoir is its simplicity and purity. Nothing is petty, nothing is irrelevant, nothing is boastful, nothing tells a story, nothing mumbles the names of gods, men, or races—nothing is human. There are no windows, no doors, almost no light, no sign of human use, not even a stone cut small so men could lift it. And yet it is superbly human. Beside it the formless jumble of nature becomes a congeries of wilful antics. It is so human that in an hour it became very dear to me. Its floor's level firmness gives my body the safest and most assuring relation to the earth; the solid ceiling, curving from pier to pier, does not weigh upon me and yet protects me from all the unknown things of the air. The strong round columns seem human, make me feel taller and stronger. My eye follows them as they march away into the shadow and I actually touch and measure and embrace the space that surrounds me. I live at last in a cosmos.

And we built it to cool our drinking water.



In the Driftway

WHAT are the ten most beautiful things in New York City? The New York State Federation of Women's Clubs has set the Drifter thinking on the subject by offering prizes for the best answers.

* * * * *

THOSE in charge of the contest made some suggestions, in announcing it, in regard to subjects: a statue or painting, a stained-glass window, the span of a bridge, the tower of a skyscraper, a secluded corner or bit of landscape gardening in a park, a view from a given point. The Drifter is inclined to rule out statues or paintings in galleries. There are plenty of beautiful ones; so many that a choice of one or two would be unsatisfactory. But such works belong only accidentally to New York. Few were created there, and any might be transferred tomorrow to St. Louis or San Francisco, where they would be as beautiful. Outdoor statuary, when designed to stand in a particular place, may be as integral a part of the city as its architecture. The abounding and intrinsic beauty of New York, the Drifter thinks, is in its outdoor vistas and panoramas, the glorious glimpses of or from streets, buildings, bridges, and parks.

* * * * *

THE Woolworth Tower will be included by nine out of ten contestants, and the Brooklyn Bridge will be a choice of many. It would be mere snobbishness on the Drifter's part to pass them over for this reason. He thinks they deserve a place, no matter how many others agree with him. They shall go at the top of the Drifter's list —or would if he weren't sure to forget to send one in. Another thing. The Drifter sees no reason for confining his list of New York City's beauties to iron and stone, to trees and grass and water and sky. Is not the most beautiful thing in New York the humanity within it? Has the city anything more worth looking at than the faces of some of the aged Jews of its East Side; the sheer loveliness of the Italian children of Mulberry, Mott, or Elizabeth Street; the morning parade of the babies—yes, and their nurses—in Central Park; the flow of eager, confident youth on Broadway or Fifth Avenue?

* * * * *

ENOUGH of palaver. Here is the Drifter's practice list:

1. The tower of the Woolworth Building from anywhere at any time.

2. The far-flung span of the Brooklyn Bridge from almost underneath it on South Street.

3. The noonday parade of New York's young-women office workers on lower Broadway.

4. The equestrian statue of General Sherman at the southeast corner of Central Park.

5. Washington Square after a snowfall, looking from a third- or fourth-story window on the south side across the park to the mellow row of old houses on the north.

6. The beach at Rockaway Park on a bright Sunday afternoon in summer when the sand is swarming with gay umbrellas, bathing suits of still brighter plumage—and humanity.

7. The view of lower Manhattan, the East River, and Brooklyn Bridge from the terrace at the foot of Montague Street about 5:30 on a December afternoon, when, though it is dark outside, the downtown buildings are still illuminated.

8. The dogwood grove in the northwest corner of Van Cortlandt Park when abloom in the spring.

9. The pushcart market on Grand Street on Saturday night.

10. High Bridge by moonlight from the banks of the Harlem River.

11. The view east from the Serpentine Road, Staten Island, with the valley below, New York Bay, and a panorama of Brooklyn.

12. The view southeast from the small lake in Central Park during a misty twilight, taking in the top of the Plaza Hotel.

* * * * *

BUT here are twelve, while only ten were called for. No matter. Anybody who has ever lived in New York knows that its ten most beautiful things number at least forty or fifty.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Catholic Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You must have never read the Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate of the United States on the Religious Situation in Mexico. Do you really want to know where the Catholics of the United States stand in regard to the present situation in Mexico? Open that pastoral letter and you will be told as plainly as possible that

> The second human remedy [the sword] is equally hopeless, for Christian principles forbid the church founded by the Prince of Peace to take up the sword or to rely upon such carnal weapons as the inflamed passions of men would select. If the church has learned many things in her life of two thousand years the principal lesson came from the patience of her Divine Founder. . . . She has learned how to suffer. . . . The weapons of men are not for her. But, if these human weapons the church will not use, she has one that well fits her hand, armored as it is in justice and in truth. She has prayer. . . . The hatred of men may spurn it. The malice of men may curse it. The unbelief of men may mock it. But its hope is in a Promise and its power is in a Faith.

The answer to your question, What about the Catholics? has been given by all the Catholic bishops of this country. All of the New York dailies commented on it and carried excerpts and the Knights of Columbus sent a copy of it to every member of the order. Where, in the name of common sense, were you?

Columbus, Ohio, January 23 F. DREES

Kellogg Needs Memory Training

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I call your attention to a treaty signed between the United States and the governments of Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica in February, 1923, and proclaimed (and thus brought into force) in June, 1925.

This treaty contains the following article:

> When two or more of the Contracting Parties shall have failed to adjust satisfactorily through diplomatic channels a controversy originating in some divergence or difference of opinion regarding questions of fact, relative to failure to comply with the provisions of any of the treaties or conventions existing between them and which affect neither the sovereign and independent existence of any of the signatory Republics, nor their honor or vital interests, the parties bind themselves to institute a Commission of Inquiry with the object of facilitating the set-

tlement of the dispute by means of an impartial inquiry into the facts.

This obligation ceases if the parties in dispute should agree by common accord to submit the question to arbitration or to the decision of another tribunal.

A Commission of Inquiry shall not be formed except at the request of one of the parties directly interested in the investigation of the facts which it is sought to elucidate.

Aren't we grand at making treaties—and forgetting them?

Seattle, Washington, January 25 ADDISON SIMS

The Rape of Syria

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The leading French paper in Syria cheers because at last there has been a victory over the Syrians; a young French officer has been able to lead a band of hired Circassians, the most cruel of brigands, against a people living in their own country! The French officer is an alien; the Circassians are aliens; they are hired by money which, in the last analysis, is American, to smash a mild people, protesting as best they can against an iniquity.

Some thirty thousand of the finest young Syrian men have been killed; some of the oldest historical houses in Damascus have been destroyed, and their families—old Moslem families—made refugees. There are thousands of homeless people in Damascus and over the frontier, all because they were trying to live up to what American missionaries had taught them and what Syrians had learned in America of American ideals. Is it really worth while, all of this devotion on the part of American well-wishers and American teachers, running through two generations, if, when they accept our friendly advances and try to act up to our teachings, we give them no help?

When the French came into Syria in 1920, the people of Palestine and Syria, following perfectly clear promises made to them during the war and afterward, had set about establishing a government. They had chosen a Constituent Assembly that would be an honor to any of our own States, and elected a king upon whom both Moslems and Christians united. This promising little government was immediately smashed with machine-guns. The French took over all of the metal money, some £12,000,000, and forced a paper currency upon the people. They tried to disarm the whole population and largely succeeded, and imposed a cruel, incompetent, and expensive government.

With the meagerest resources, however, the best of the Syrians took up the fight under the direction of the foremost physician of Damascus. They have received no outside help and have won most of their fighting material in victories over the French. The French hired Circassians and Senegambians to do their worst work with the understanding that they could commit any kind of abominations. Many villages containing only women and children have been bombed.

After thoroughly ruining the country, the French are now demanding that the Syrians pay their share of the old Turkish debt. The French don't talk about cancelation of debts out here! One wonders what Lafayette would have thought about this whole enterprise!

Damascus, Syria, January 2 AMERICANUS

The Maid Militant Too

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article, The Making of a Militant, may be a fine autobiography of the militant middle-class woman. She conveys the idea that maids should be employed to do housework, to which the woman with some knowledge of algebra, advanced geometry, Greek, Latin, or old Norse should not stoop. It would be interesting to know the attitude of the maid. Why should there not be greater compensation for drudgery than for parlor and office work even if we do write and picture world problems in the interest of those who can best afford to pay. This militant's ideas parallel those of medieval times, when knighthood was in flower and the large majority were worse than slaves. Most people in this land of plenty would be only too glad to cook elaborate Sunday dinners, but they are denied that privilege by a well-guided public opinion engineered by well-paid writers.

Erskine, Minnesota, December 5 CARL BERG

"By and Large"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I point out that this phrase is recognized in the New English Dictionary not only under "by," as stated in this week's *Nation*, but also under "large," where an example dated 1704 is given of its figurative sense "in one direction and another, all ways"? And Thornton, in his American Glossary, cites examples ranging from 1833 to 1906. Thus the phrase, though often in recent years animadverted upon both in England (where it appears to be regarded as an Americanism) and in this country, has been established for over two centuries. Unless my memory is treacherous, it was once the subject of one of those learned letters that the late Dr. Fitzedward Hall used to contribute to *The Nation* in the eighteen eighties.

Boston, January 14 ELBERT MATTHEWS

Germans Also Gave

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Louis Fischer, in his otherwise excellent article, Communism . . . A Religion?, is at fault when he asserts that "German workers . . . could not be roused to . . . even give alms" toward the cause of the British miners. German workers, despite their own ills, contributed considerable sums.

Brooklyn, N. Y., December 26 THEODORE SINGER

Cruisers and Gun Caliber

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The agitation in Congress over additional cruisers for our navy (in view of the discovery that the cruiser ratio is 5 to 2.35 to 1.88, the first figure representing Great Britain, the second Japan, the third the United States) may justify this belated correction of an error I made in *The Nation* of July 21, last, under the title, Evading the Washington Treaty. The article dealt with the utilization of metals lighter than steel in cruisers, and with a new technique of construction as to motive power. In it I said that the caliber of guns on light cruisers was not limited by the treaty; as a fact the number of cruisers was not limited, but the caliber of guns was limited to eight inches. Objection has been raised also to my statement that, by the use of light metals, "the goal is to get warcraft which, weighing but two-thirds as much as if built throughout of steel, can be proportionately larger and more powerful." Doubt has been expressed, and occasionally is still being expressed, as to whether our Navy Department had set such a goal. It had. The fact was as stated.

New York, January 12 SILAS BENT

What Made These Women "Modern"?

The eighth article in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. If you have missed the first seven, mail this announcement and seventy-five cents. John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, will point out in The Nation *the significance of the anonymous articles.*

Books, Music, Plays

Turbines

By MACKNIGHT BLACK

Look, these are all
We have for symbols;
And these are bare
Of thought and pain and hope,
Yet heavy with another bloom
Like trees of paradise;
For they lay hold
On soil of time and space
Unwatered by our dream;
And they are near
To motion that fore-ran
Our flesh; and they are solitary, strong;
And from the steel how splendidly
They lift their buds
Of doom transcended and complete.

First Glance

THE history of American literature may be written in as many ways as there are persons to write it. It may be written as a series of aesthetic judgments upon authors selected by the historian on the basis of what seems to him their abstract excellence; and this, in spite of all that has been said against critics who did the thing feebly, is not a bad method. Or it may be written, as fashion now dictates, in the light of philosophical and sociological generalizations. American literature, that is to say, may be studied in relation to American life; and one's attitude toward such studies will be determined by one's notion of the importance either of literature to life or of life to literature.

Historically considered, the American people are probably most interesting when viewed as pioneers—as people who over a period of three centuries devoted practically all of their energies to the task of rushing in and filling the vacuum of the American scene. Here was a continent with two seaboards, two neighboring mountain ranges, and a vast level space between. There, chiefly in Europe, were people to occupy this land; and occupy it they did, bringing with them as much of their culture as they could carry, dropping, once they were here, as much of it as they thought they did not need, and developing new ideas, new morals, as the pressure from their new environment increased. The story of the physical movement of peoples westward over the Alleghenies, across the prairies and the plains, and over the Rockies to the sea is of course interesting. The story of what happened to their minds as they moved may be more interesting still. At any rate this is the story that students of American literature are telling today.

Two such students simultaneously publish treatises dealing with the frontier as it has affected the written word. Dorothy Anne Dondore in "The Prairie and the Making of Middle America: Four Centuries of Description" (Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press: $4.50) attempts to digest all of the pages poured out by man, European or American, describing the great central plain between the Alleghenies and the Rockies and between the Great Lakes and the Gulf. She begins with a vision of this plain which leads a reader to suppose that she will do something rather handsome by it—that she will at least keep its outlines clear while men move over it and report their impressions. She ends by being far from clear; her material, of which she has oceans, swamps her because she has never quite decided what description is. Is it landscape painting merely? It might be, and on that basis Miss Dondore could have written a delightful book. Or is it social criticism too? Miss Dondore seems to think it is, as indeed it may be; but, lacking a certain philosophical equipment, she fails in the task of generalization and so fails to write a significant book. It is to be sure a useful one, particularly in the quotations and the bibliographies, which are the result of long labor.

Lucy Lockwood Hazard's "The Frontier in American Literature" (Crowell: $2.75) is better all around, though it is far from satisfactory. Miss Hazard has a very definite notion of what pioneers are and of what frontiers mean to the mind. She traces with no little acuteness the extension of intolerant optimism from New England and the earliest South to all of the successive borders as civilization stepped westward. She knows, now the physical frontier is gone, that we have turned in upon ourselves, and that we have not the least idea what to do with the unformed spiritual forces we find there. One of her best sections is that in which she makes Mark Twain, "son and satirist of the Gilded Age," the middle man between, say, Emerson and Dreiser. All this is good. But there is little meaning in her insistence, shrilled against a straw man who seems to be a composite of Waldo Frank, Van Wyck Brooks, and Lewis Mumford, that an era of "spiritual pioneering" now awaits us. Her straw man seems to say that we have done—thank God—with frontiers. She, while quite as glad as he of the change that has come over us, wants to call the new line of thought simply another frontier. But to do so destroys the value of the word frontier, which means something geographical or means nothing at all. Thought, to be sure, faces the dark unknown; but it always did, and it does so now in other places than America. What should have been the most stimulating portion of Miss Hazard's book becomes merely a *tour de force* of definition.

MARK VAN DOREN

"Copey"

The Copeland Reader: An Anthology of English Poetry and Prose. Chosen and Edited by Charles Townsend Copeland. Charles Scribner's Sons. $10.

EVERY anthology is a personal affair. "The Golden Treasury" is Palgrave. The Oxford "Books" are Quiller-Couch. Of course, a book must be made by one man, no matter how many assistants he has or what authoritative title he lurks behind. I remember no anthology so avowedly personal as Copeland's book and I know of nobody so well qualified to make so personal an anthology.

Copeland puts together the things that he has read aloud to students and general audiences. The selections range from the Bible to Ring Lardner. As a collection of literary masterpieces, a string of pearls, a garland of flowers, it is a good anthology, a two-inch book-shelf. Anybody could make such a book out of the classics of the world which are within arm's length of any reader who has a fairly good library. But no

other man's selection would be like Copeland's. Not only because men differ and we choose according to our tastes. There is a special difference. Copeland's selections are all vocal, all orally readable. If you say that all good poetry and prose is "vocalizable," try some of the unquestionably great passages from Carlyle, Ruskin, Henry James—and then send for a throat specialist.

This is Copeland's secret as reader in public, as teacher of composition, as appreciater and imparter to others of appreciation of literature: the sense of words as primarily spoken and secondarily written. He felt phonetics while the professional phoneticians had their eyes on printed pages. Since his anthology is so declaratively individual, he invites us to make any personal comment that we who know him choose to make. And any comment must be so favorable that even his best friends, of whom there are about ten thousand, will not object to anything one says about him.

He is not an actor, not a leather-lunged "elocutionist," not a singer, not a poet, not a scholar in the profoundly erudite sense. But he learned, so far as I know all by myself, to develop in a not very robust body a voice that an actor might envy. He hated histrionics, never made a gesture, but sitting perfectly still would with his voice dramatize any drama. He did not sing. But I have often sat on the side-lines watching or painfully hearing teachers of singing try to make pupils understand what a song was about and what the voice is for, and I have silently said, being neither singer nor speaker but only listener: "I wish to God they would get Copey to show them how to project the voice and what the values are of vowels and rhythms . . . and Oh, I don't know, whatever it is that these singers haven't got and he has."

Copeland would read John Anderson, My Jo, and make you cry. And if the churches really want to make people believe in the Bible, they had better elect him a sort of lay bishop. But of course that would choke and kill him. It is odd enough to read that he is now Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. He despises both rhetoric and oratory. I will agree to set him an examination on questions out of his predecessor, Adams Hill, and flunk him. And if he ever orates I will have him mobbed and sent to Congress. As a scholar he is out of luck. Kittredge can lick him hands down. Copeland is not in the least interested in the final "e's" of Chaucer. He has been too busy learning the voluptuous sequences of all the vowels in Keats. He is not a poet. If he ever tried to write verse, there is no printed evidence of it. He is an interpreter of poetry. And of prose.

Here perhaps is our one quarrel with him. Why did he not write more? I once offended him by asking him that. I even accused him of writing too little and talking too much. It was simply a disciple's enthusiasm gone tactlessly wrong. Copeland writes well when he writes at all. The bits of criticism in his introduction to the present volume are excellent but tantalizingly brief and few. Like his occasional *Atlantic Monthly* papers and his biographical and appreciative notes on the men of letters whom he has edited, these critical flashes reveal a fine literary spirit which has too seldom expressed itself in written words. Copeland has preferred to speak. And he has spoken for thirty years to all of us graduates of Harvard—a great university, but there are those who love it—all of us who tried to be writers and many more who simply tried to be readers and moderately literate.

For Copeland is a teacher. He had the knack, when he was only a young instructor, of getting boys interested in interesting books. He did not preach but enacted the idea that literature is amusing and delightful. He cajoled you into liking things by reading them aloud and proving to you how good they were. He had what I think is the right dope about teaching composition. Read a theme aloud and hear how it sounds. The pupil will know, if he will ever know anything, whether he has made a fool of himself or has turned a good phrase. And Copeland had this great essential art of the teacher: he was never aloof but always one of the boys, dignified and exclusive when he had work to do and did not wish to be bothered, but always good at boyish give and take. We of the *Lampoon*, thirty years ago, used to rag the life out of him. And he ragged back, enjoying it hugely.

He was an instinctive artist, and his creative work lies largely, generously in the work of younger men whom he taught. I apologize for speaking of him in the past, but my mind runs back to cub undergraduate days when I was struggling with sentences and he was giving me sharp, sometimes caustic tips about how not to make a sentence or a grunt of approval when a sentence seemed to slide easily. I learned more from him about writing and reading than from any other professional teacher of English. The reason, I think, is simply this—the selective principle of his book—that words are not written signs but spoken vitalities with a human voice behind them.

JOHN MACY

Significant Ugliness

The Case of Mr. Crump. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Paris: Edward Titus. $10.

MR. LEWISOHN'S hideously powerful novel is a story of the unequal conflict between a creative artist and the vulgar entanglements of his disordered life. Herbert Crump, a promising young composer, comes from his quiet home in a little Southern city to the sordid loneliness of a New York boarding house and there, in the bleakness of his spirits and without realizing the extent to which he is committing himself, drifts into an alliance with a vulgar woman standing upon the brink of middle age. Almost before he knows what has happened she is making vast and terrible assumptions. She will divorce her worthless husband and Crump—has he not showed that "he loves her"?—will, of course, be glad to assume the responsibility for her sprawling children and her grotesque old mother. Stunned, he flees to his home to consider his predicament, and in a short time she is upon him—smiling, affectionate, but inexorable. To his parents, much as they instinctively dislike her, her version of the story is correct. Herbert has "broken up her home"; for him she has abandoned her husband; and his duty is clear. He, realizing that the world would judge him, at best, no more favorably than his father and mother, yields to his fate; and the rest of his life up to the time of the catastrophe which closes his story is the struggle, every year more intolerable, with a woman who meets his every effort to extricate himself with a tighter grip and franker, more desperate determination to hold what is her own.

It is upon the portrait, physical and spiritual, of Mrs. Crump that the novelist centers his effort, and it is indeed her book. Beginning with a description in a tone of half-detached irony of her and her antecedents, it gradually increases in power and ferocity as it describes the increasing sluttishness of her personal habits and the increasing meanness of her soul. No disgusting detail of her physical decline is omitted and no aspect of the tortuous process of her mind is left unanalyzed, until she at last stands forth a figure at once monstrous yet credible. In spite of the increasingly preposterous disparity between their ages and the violent incompatibility of their temperament she clings to him for various reasons—because she needs his meager earnings for the support of herself and her family, because she needs his growing fame for her position in life, and because she needs his body for the satisfaction of the last desperate flicker of her passions. Yet these reasons are not the only or the worst ones. There is, in addition, a dumb, relentless possessiveness, a stubborn unreachable inexorability, a determination to revenge herself upon her husband for the unhappiness of her life, which is terrifying in its intensity. To him her malignity, so impersonal and incalculable, becomes almost a symbol of that mysterious evil of the universe which nothing can reach or placate, and through

him she becomes, for the reader also, sinister in her inhumanity. Without that touch of almost insane malignity she would be, for all her meanness, grotesquely pitiful, but because of it pity is drowned in fear.

By reason of its bitterness, its frankness, and its almost brutal directness, Mr. Lewisohn's book challenges comparison with various other ultra-modern novels, but it is set apart from them all by two faiths—the one artistic, the other moral—that its author has managed to retain. Unlike so many of his fellows he still believes in the power of standard English, composed with complete, syntactically clear sentences and arranged in orderly paragraphs, to express the full force of whatever thoughts or feelings the most chaotic situation can call forth, and unlike so many more others he still retains a perhaps romantic faith in the ultimate importance of certain fixed values in the world of ethics. Because of the first his novel has a beauty of form which only throws into sharper relief the hideousness of its material, and because of the second it gives the effect not of complete futility but of something won in a battle of good against evil.

When Crump, goaded at last to madness, struck his wife down and saw that she was dead a certain calmness came over him:

> Quietly he went to the window and opened it and looked up at the stars. If the universe was a mere mechanism and we but accidental crawlers on this planet's crust, neither deeds done nor undone mattered and love and hate and cruelty and mercy and rancor and justice were indisguishably one. But if this were not so, if—were it only by a slow process of becoming—the universe strove, like man himself, for values beyond the dust, then he had helped to reestablish the shaken moral equilibrium of the world, to save cosmos from chaos, to make justice prevail.

A little earlier he had wondered at this tendency of his "to ally his small troubles to the eternal nature of things and to drag the universe into his tiny conflicts." He had amusedly considered how difficult it was for a man, riding in the smoker of a Pullman car and dressed in a Kuppenheimer suit, to conceive himself as the protagonist in the universal drama. Yet it is just this power to project himself upon the universe, to see his struggle as the struggle of evil against good, which sets the spiritual tone of the book. Perhaps it is merely a romantic delusion, but, delusion or not, it is still capable of an effectiveness in art, for it gives to the hero his dignity and lends to his story something of the elevation of tragedy. Perhaps Mr. Lewisohn is the only man alive capable of writing such a book and capable at the same time of maintaining that the world which it describes is something more than sound and fury.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Reintroducing Tom Thumb

Thiers and the French Monarchy (1797-1848). By John M. Allison. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, journalist, historian, twice Premier under Louis Philippe, and first President of the Third French Republic (1870-73), had, beyond dispute, *one* good quality: an immense, never-wearied diligence. Apart from that respectable quality, he was physically, mentally, and morally a veritable Tom Thumb of statesmanship—one of the smallest successful men that ever lived. The greatest critical genius of the nineteenth century, in a pamphlet justly admired and praised by G. B. Shaw, calls him, after the incident of the Commune, "the realization of Voltaire's idea of an ape turned tiger—that bootblack of the first Napoleon—that pitiful manikin, incapable of making a respectable figure outside of the artificial atmosphere of parliamentary chicanery—that past master of petty parliamentary knaveries and wire-pullings." His own countryman, a Parisian capitalist of philanthropic tendencies, told him publicly in 1871: "It has always been the chiefest aim of your life to set capital and labor by the ears." So it would seem that the only charity bestowable upon the memory of such a man would be the mercy of silence. These stigmata, however, were inflicted upon Monsieur Thiers in his extreme old age. Professor Allison fancies that he can make him impressive by an account of his youth and middle age.

He has made nothing of the French Tom Thumb, but he has succeeded in throwing many curious sidelights upon the history of the Restoration and the period of the Citizen-King. What, indeed, could he have made of a statesman with no abilities beyond a gift of wire-pulling and forensic chicanery? A statesman so incredibly inept as to inveigh in his young manhood, before assembled Parliament, against the railroads, newly introduced in England and on the Continent, as pernicious, useless, dangerous; a Liberal defending the worst abuses of the Catholic hierarchy on the plea "that the church teaches obedience to the constituted authorities and the salutariness of suffering"; an enemy of King Bomba, who in his own old age bombarded Paris; a mellifluous, Bryan-like Man of Peace, whose armies slaughtered 20,000 insurrected Frenchmen—such a man cannot be lifted, fifty years after his death, upon a pedestal of glory by any effort of Boswellian loyalty, however well intended. For all that, Professor Allison's biography is a noteworthy item of academic research—both the work itself and the bibliographic appendices afford ample evidence of his circumspect scholarship.

JAMES FUCHS

Teaching Adults to Read

Libraries and Adult Education. By J. T. Jennings and Others. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The University Afield. By Alfred L. Hall-Quest. The Macmillan Company. $3.

Correspondence Schools, Lyceums, Chautauquas. By John S. Noffsinger. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

New Schools for Older Students. By Nathaniel Peffer. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Meaning of Adult Education. By Eduard C. Lindeman. New Republic. $1.

Education for Adults and Other Essays. By Frederick Paul Keppel. Columbia University Press.

INDICATIONS are that adult education will be quite the thing this year for pedagogical chatter. Within a few months some eight or nine volumes bearing on the theme have issued from the press. Each in a different way attempts to make the subject more inclusive, so that this cumulation of inclusiveness compels the inference that adult education is regarded as comprising everything in life from puberty to senility, with liberal extensions across the borders at either extreme. The exact scope of adult education was not clear before these books appeared; now it has been dropped into a London fog.

Something over two years ago the American Library Association decided to study the possibilities of the library as an agency for adult education. Had the association been permitted to proceed in its natural state of stimulating poverty, something of worth might have resulted. Unfortunately, the project caught the fancy of the Carnegie Foundation and a few money bags were opened so as to make the investigation indecently elaborate. At touch of Carnegie's magic wand, five substantial tomes have appeared in the twinkling of an eye and an association has been created to do more producing.

Four of the volumes are here considered. "Libraries and Adult Education" reports what libraries are doing to get books to the reader. It is a study in library science. "The University Afield" relates the wonders accomplished by extension and correspondence courses. It is primarily a treatise on the removal of deficiencies from those who went into professional work with inadequate preparation—a thing which, let it be hoped, the coming generation will not repeat. "Correspondence Schools, Lyceums, Chautauquas" exposes the quackery by which

mail-order houses distribute doctorates in philosophy and chiropractic; it also performs a lively autopsy upon two once-famous institutions of near-learning. "New Schools for Older Students" is devoted to non-utilitarian education for adults. "The Meaning of Adult Education"—not of the Carnegie group—protests the failure of American colleges to impart real education and, at the same time, breathes "a hope that some day education might be brought out of college halls into the lives of the people who do the work of the world." Mr. Keppel's volume of essays touches the subject chiefly in its title.

Here is a great mass of writing on adult education which, collectively, is of uncertain worth to those who are really interested in the subject. Most of the authors see only transient and relatively unimportant phases. Teaching an old man to read is, in a sense, the education of an adult; but in a much more vital sense it is merely elementary education deferred. Removing illiteracy, Americanizing foreigners, conducting open forums, carrying the university in diluted form to those who should have attended the university, and damning American colleges *en masse*—these are types of sport that should not be put upon one program unless the purpose be to stage a battle-royal and have them destroy one another.

Mr. Peffer, it would seem, comes closest to the bull's-eye. There is a feeling in this country, especially among those who live in the suburbs of intellectual America, that all citizens should be required to partake of the intellectual life. Mr. Peffer points out the danger of making this endeavor a form of uplift, and then himself tumbles into the very pit against which he has warned others. He grows hot for rescuing "the great sodden middle class—college graduates, owners of $3,000 cars, members of country clubs," all of whom, he doubtless wishes to imply, have no brains at all. But before any concerted effort is made to rescue these people, a few pertinent questions should be answered. Apparently none of the writers here considered possesses the courage or vision essential to this preliminary task.

Allow that a large part of the people show no inclination to lead intellectual lives, and it may be found that the fault, in its entirety, can be traced to inadequate schooling. If so, the problem becomes one of elementary, not adult, education. Again —and this is more important—what evidence has so far been adduced to prove that a large part of the people cannot be happier as individuals and more useful as citizens if permitted to own $3,000 cars, belong to country clubs, and talk golf than if they should be transformed into collectors of first editions and members of Browning societies who will take to talking adult education?

H. E. Buchholz

Books in Brief

The Days of My Life. By Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green and Company. Two Volumes. $7.50.

Who has ever forgotten his first reading of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She" and "Allan Quatermain"? Who has any respect for the present fashionable scorn of Rider Haggard? He may not be Dumas; but neither (praise be) is he Stevenson or even Sabatini. He has no brains and he has no style; but unlike Stevenson and Sabatini and Stanley Weyman he caught the very spirit of the romance of adolescence. In actual fact he was a hard-working investigator of agricultural England. His reminiscences proceed in a dull pedestrian account of his life and his meeting with various literary bigwigs. His style once occasioned one of George Moore's most amusing ribaldries. Yet his novels hold the very dream of adolescence: the war of white adventurers with yowling savages; the love for white adventurers given by dazzling queens who reign in secret hinterland cities; all the nostalgia for a lost Atlantis which is the portion of very young youth. His imitators (like Pierre Benoit) are distressing hacks. His superiors (like Edward Lucas White) have written just one good book such as "Andivius Hedulio." Unlike Stevenson he is not beloved by professors. His gigantic dreams remain.

The Two Sisters. By H. E. Bates. The Viking Press. $2.

This first novel is a work of power, although the power is unevenly applied. It has moments of beauty and insight, and the contrasted temperaments which give the story momentum are analyzed discerningly. In style, however, it lacks the assured crescendo which its material demands—a rhythm which escapes definition and which the author no doubt will acquire with greater experience.

Music

A True Professional and Some True Amateurs

IT is difficult to compress within a brief paragraph Mr. Harold Samuel's revelations of Bach in particular and of piano playing in general. Still more so is it to analyze in detail six programs—one a day—containing no repeats and covering some thirty-eight works of Bach, excluding encores. It was a stupendous feat of artistry even more than of memory and endurance; for to leave one refreshed after even a single program devoted to but one composer is a *tour de force*. To do so after six such programs, as Mr. Samuel did, is a miracle. He did it, perhaps, by letting Bach speak for himself. Through the medium of a tone equally singing and alive in both hands, an extraordinary rhythmic vitality, and that independence of finger which only Bach can give, Mr. Samuel has brought piano playing back from a mannered and exaggerated utterance to a simple, natural, and beautifully articulated speech. Hearing Bach in this way one has the actual and constant impression of hearing Bach's music as Bach, too, heard it. That such a sane and pure musical expression has become once more a spiritual force among laymen as well as among musicians we owe indeed largely to the sane and pure art of Harold Samuel himself.

The MacDowell Foundation has fostered some of the best American art of late years. It has done this by maintaining a studio colony in the woods of New Hampshire—Peterborough, to be exact—where the artist of proved creative ability can work undisturbed for a nominal sum, and where he can escape alike the terror of the noisy summer boarder and the burden of the householder. To keep up this practical idealism—more necessary than ever now with our New England farm houses asking de luxe prices—the foundation must have money. And it was for this purpose that Messrs. Downes, Erskine, and Urchs courageously offered their respective talents for two concerts of which the program was the same. Their offer was accepted joyously, even at five dollars a ticket; and Steinway Hall must have chuckled to itself to see musical celebrities jostling important music patrons in their eagerness to hear the music critic of the New York *Times*, the author of "Helen of Troy" and "Galahad," and a member of the House of Steinway make their first public debut as pianists. Even such important dailies as the *Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, and the *World* turned over their music departments for the occasion to such amateur critics as Josef Hofmann, Ernest Hutcheson, and George Gershwin, respectively. It was the professional's turn to take his holiday, and a grin of anticipation greeted Messrs. Downes and Erskine, the first to be sacrificed. Only the professional critics looked unhappy. But then they had more at stake! Mr. Erskine immediately furnished "dramatic foreshadowing" by a witty and sincere plea for the "true amateur" and his place in the world; but the audience heeded not. It did not heed even when author and critic, plunged, with an almost professional authority, into the Brahms-Haydn Variations for two pianos; the grin still persisted. As the two pro-

gressed, however, it began to fade. By the time Mr. Erskine had finished the next number—Mozart's "Coronation" concerto—it was barely perceptible. Mr. Erskine had given a most exquisite performance to a most sympathetic accompaniment by his sister. And it was a sober-faced audience indeed, livened only by some happy looking critics, that greeted Ernest Urchs when he joined his colleagues for Bach's triple piano concerto. As one auditor expressed it, "I thought they would play so badly that it would be funny. But they played so well I couldn't even laugh."

The joke was indeed on the audience, and the MacDowell Foundation was the richer therefor by $2,500. As Ernest Hutcheson summed it up in his criticism for the *Herald Tribune:* "The significance of the afternoon lay perhaps in the demonstration that even the busiest men find time in the hurry and worry of modern life to foster their artistic instincts and turn them to excellent use." But for this much credit should be given to Ernest Hutcheson himself. Himself one of the "busiest of men," he nevertheless found time to coach the trio and to do it so thoroughly and intelligently that, with only one month of practice and rehearsals, three men, of whom two had not practiced for years up to date, could make the world safe—in one corner, at least—for amateurs.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Intelligence vs. Intensity

DURING the past few seasons our theater has not concerned itself much with the drawing-room. Somehow or other it seems to have lost interest in the sedulous elegance which Pinero and Jones made popular, and whatever it may have become it is no longer "polite." One may, for example, search the dramatis personae of the five American plays which Mr. Burns Mantle chose as the best of the last dramatic year without finding a lady or a gentleman among them, and Mr. Mantle's list is typical. Our chosen scenes are the battlefield, the boiler room, and the dive; our chosen characters the roustabout, the bootlegger, and the roughneck. Sometimes we rise to the social height of Babbitt and lay our scene in the suburban villa or the farmhouse kitchen, and sometimes we study the ways of our grandmothers in the night clubs, but we have given up "society" as a bad job. Robust is our favorite adjective, and strength, not refinement, the quality which we most admire; for the serious as well as the popular dramatist seeks a large action, picturesque scenes, and violent contrasts. Under the spell of a new and masculine romanticism he disdains the members of a more or less fixed order upon whose tragedies, even, a certain decorum is imposed; he prefers the milieu in which anything from explosive profanity to wholesale carnage may occur.

With this tradition I have no particular quarrel. At its best the drama produced under its influence keeps us aware of the infinite variety of life and it is symptomatic of the growing and healthy tendency to seek the meaning of contemporary existence not upon its surface only but in its swarming depths. Yet the appearance of a "polite" play as nearly first-rate as "Lady Alone" (Forrest Theater) serves to remind one how effective another and neglected genre can be. Here is a drama confined within a definite framework and concerned with a society in which certain things are not done. The choices open to its characters and hence the possibilities of its action are definitely limited by the traditions of "good society"; the primitive impulses of humanity cannot here express themselves directly; and one is perfectly sure that no character could conceivably cut the knot. Certain artificial restraints have become more powerful than natural impulse, and what one gets as a result is not merely the charm of which an orderly society is capable but a particular kind of drama as well. For the excitement of the pitched battle is substituted the interest of a game played according to rules.

The end of such a game may be tragic, but in one important respect its premises are always the premises of comedy. One does not, that is to say, expect of its protagonists heroic actions or spectacular virtues. One does not even expect them to go to the bottom of things, and one realizes that their problem is the problem of compromise—of how to adjust their lives not to Truth or Virtue but to the conventions which they have accepted as fundamental. And so it is in the present play. The heroine, born poor and yet socially elect, is faced with the problem of livelihood. Since she is cast in neither the heroic nor the romantic mold she must solve her problem in a manner consonant with the traditions of her class, and she chooses a convenient marriage. She believes that she has attained the state of mind which makes such a solution possible, that she has risen by means of a clear humorous intellect above the delusions of passion, and that she can play out her life upon the level of comedy—not "selling herself" but merely playing fair with a man who happens to love her and whom she genuinely likes. But the considerations which she had definitely ruled out intrude themselves, a romantic love springs up between her and another man, and upon that love her life is wrecked. Here are no tumultuous passions or great actions but a story which, as worked out with great delicacy and verisimilitude, affords an absorbing study of the conflict between natural impulse and the fixed traditions of a society.

By the standard of our moralist plays the young lady concerned should doubtless have learned stenography as soon as she was old enough to realize her predicament, but it is just the function of drawing-room drama to concern itself with those characters of whom nothing fundamental is to be expected. And judged by the standards of such drama the tragic guilt of the heroine lay not so much in her failure to find means of supporting herself as in her inability to maintain the role which she had assumed. We watch the disintegration not of moral character but of self-control. High comedy demands the continual subordination of emotion; our heroine went down in defeat because she allowed drama—emotion—to enter her life. Incapable of the reorganization of her life which poverty would have suggested to the more robust spirits, she was incapable also of that steadfastness which alone can make mere discretion successful. To master the passions is to achieve one kind of success, to obey them is to achieve another; but they will not be dallied with.

Doubtless much of the charm as well as much of the force in the present drama depends upon the skilful playing of Miss Alice Brady, whose increasing expertness has been made manifest in a whole series of recent plays. She has neither the conventional beauty nor any of the irritating artificialities which mark the usual popular star, but there is a delicate assurance in her playing equaled by no other contemporary actress. She is no mere "personality" displaying herself in this role or that, and yet in each of her interpretations there is a certain constant element of engaging and ingratiating charm. No one could have conveyed better than she the mingled intelligence and intensity which is the soul of her part in the present play.

In "Praying Curve" (Eltinge Theater) Martin Brown, remembered faintly for "The Great Music" of two seasons ago, makes another effort at melodrama thinly disguised as "significance." This time it is about a dope fiend who was regenerated by life in the great open spaces, and it is pretty bad. "Damn the Tears" (Garrick Theater) is an expressionistic play strikingly set by Norman Bel Geddes and marked by some vivid individual scenes; but its general intention remained, to me at least, obscure. The comic genius of Sam Bernard succeeds in making amusing the musical comedy "I Told You So" (Royal Theater), which has little more than good dancing to recommend it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

International Relations Section

The South African Color Problem

By R. F. ALFRED HOERNLE

THE South African color problem cannot be understood without a glance at its background.

There is, first, the population factor. The results of the 1926 census are not yet available, but the following figures may be taken as approximately accurate:

Europeans	1,700,000
Natives	5,210,000
Asiatics	170,000
"Colored"	560,000

By "Asiatics" are meant natives of India, originally introduced as indentured laborers for the sugar plantations in Natal, where they now outnumber the white population (145,000). That the treatment of these Asiatics is a grave source of friction between India and South Africa is well-known, but it does not enter into our present problem.

The term "Colored," or, more precisely, "Cape Colored," covers a mixed group, consisting partly of Malays (who came to the Cape in the old days from the Dutch East Indies), but chiefly of descendants of the early white settlers and the Hottentots. The Hottentots are a light-colored people, remnants of which still exist in South West Africa. They were the inhabitants of the Cape when the Dutch established themselves there. They are not to be confused with the "Natives." To this "Colored" group belong also a few mulattoes, i.e., the offspring of whites and Natives. The "colored" population is in all respects at least as civilized as the lowest strata of the white population.

The term "Natives" covers all the tribes generally called "Kaffirs," or, better, "Bantu" peoples. They are warlike tribes who appear to have come from the North, pushing down the East Coast into the Eastern Cape Colony, and across the continent, through Rhodesia, into South West Africa (Ovambos). They outnumber the white population in the proportion of 3 to 1. They are South Africa's "Native problem."

The problem does not consist in any danger of their swamping the whites by sheer natural increase of numbers. This is a bogy all too frequently used by an ignorant press to strike terror into an ignorant public. If the birth-rate of the Bantus is high, so also is their death-rate, and especially the infantile death-rate. And census statistics show unanswerably that the rate of increase of the Bantu population is slightly below that of the white population.

The second factor in the problem is the extreme diversity in conditions of life and civilization within the Bantu population. The bulk of that population still lives in reservations under tribal conditions, mostly with communal land tenure; another section lives as squatters, tenants, or servants on farms owned by whites; a third group, almost completely detribalized, lives in or near white towns and works for wages; a small group of educated Natives —chiefly teachers, ministers of religion, clerks, independent farmers—has completely outgrown tribal conditions and lives according to white standards so far as limited means permit.

It is obvious that any uniform Native policy will bear very unequally on these different classes of Natives, and that a policy which is good for the "raw" Native in his tribe, may be very unjust in its application to his detribalized, and still more to his civilized, brother.

The third factor is land. Between 86 and 87 per cent of the land is owned by the 1,700,000 whites; only 13 to 14 per cent by the 5,210,000 Natives. Yet the Natives' economy rests on cattle and maize, and access to the land is their crying need. The reservations are overcrowded with humans and overstocked with cattle, and cannot in general support the population within them. Hence at any one time as much as half the able-bodied male population in certain districts is likely to be away, working for wages in the white man's towns, mines, and factories. From domestic service down, Natives do almost all the manual work, unskilled and semi-skilled, in the Union, wages ranging from £3 to £5 per month.

The last and most important factor in the background is a profound division on policy among the whites. More than thirty years ago Cecil Rhodes laid down the policy: "Equal rights for every civilized man south of the Zambesi." No doubt it was an easy principle to lay down in days when the "civilized" man who was not white was a rare exception. But it established a noble tradition, in accordance with which the Cape Colony admitted to equal franchise with the whites not only colored men, but also Natives provided they could meet the fairly low educational and property qualifications which were held to define the minimum of civilization. The three Northern provinces —Transvaal, Orange Free State, Natal—set their faces in the opposite direction, excluding both Colored and Native in principle from any access to equal rights. When the Union was established, these two policies fought a drawn battle. The existing rights of Natives were explicitly safeguarded in the Cape, but it was no less explicitly laid down that they were not to be extended to the North.

It is against this background that the Native policy of General Hertzog's South African Government has to be judged. The policy has been formulated in four bills which were published in June, 1926, in order to give a year's time for discussion and the education of public opinion before the debates in Parliament. The general aim of all four bills is to introduce a uniform Native policy for the whole of the Union.

It is a policy of segregation, keeping the white race and the black race as far as possible apart. Its professed aims are to reduce to a minimum the existing causes of racial friction and conflict and to secure to each race, black no less than white, the opportunity for development in accordance with its own genius and traditions. The black man is not to be made over into an inferior edition of the white man, but is to be allowed and encouraged to develop along his own lines, assimilating, as he does so, what he can and what he needs of the white man's civilization. The white man, on the other hand, is to be protected in his standard of life against the economic competition of the black man in the labor market, and in his politics against the menace of a huge preponderance of black voters.

In some such colors as these the aims of the new policy are painted by some of the enthusiastic young idealists who have been trying to prepare the soil of popular opinion for the reception of the new policy. But no eloquence can hide the fact that in principle the policy of segregation amounts to a victory of the North (Trans-

vaal) over the South (Cape). For segregation, whatever opportunities and rights it may establish for the Native, does in fact spell exclusion from that organic incorporation in the white man's society to which Rhodes's principle had taught him to aspire.

Segregation has four aspects.

There is social, or, more precisely, sexual segregation, i.e., the prevention of sexual intercourse between members of the two races, whether by lawful matrimony or otherwise. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Tielman Roos, is understood to be drafting a bill to make all sexual intercourse between black and white a criminal offense.

Next, there is economic segregation. This means that the law is to exclude Natives from certain skilled trades which are thereby automatically reserved for Whites. Early in 1926 the notorious "Color Bar" bill was passed to give effect to this principle. So far it has been used only to legalize a color bar which had been in practice in the gold mines for many years. But the sting of the law lies in that it gives the Minister of Labor power by mere proclamation to apply the color bar, i.e., to exclude Natives from any trade in which, in the Minister's opinion, the interests of the white workers require such a step. Potentially, therefore, the bill is a weapon for stopping economic competition and intrenching white labor in an aristocracy of skilled trades. Incidentally, in proportion as it is applied, it keeps the Native down to the wages of unskilled or semi-skilled labor, and thus perpetuates his poverty, which is the chief obstacle to the rise of vigorous industries in South Africa. At present the bill has done no specific harm beyond filling the Natives with suspicion and alarm. But it clearly opens the door to tyrannical and irresponsible abuse of power. It is supposed to be the price which Hertzog had to pay in advance to the Labor Party, on whose support his Government rests.

Thirdly, there is political segregation, i.e., a separate franchise for Natives and separate provision for the expression of their will. And, lastly, there is territorial segregation, i.e., a division of land, checkerboard-fashion, between white and black ownership. It is with these last two aspects of segregation that General Hertzog's four bills deal. They are the crucial aspects.

Three of the four bills are devoted to provisions for representation and franchise. The first of these confirms the Colored population at the Cape in its possession of the European franchise, and extends the same privilege to the Colored residents in the three Northern provinces who, at present, are there excluded from the vote even though they may have exercised it at the Cape. In other words, the bill proposes that the colored man who can meet the same electoral qualifications which the white man must meet shall be included in the same voters' list, and vote for the same candidates as the white voters.

Of the remaining two bills, both of which apply only to Natives, one sets up a Native Council for the Union, and the other establishes a separate Native franchise and separate representation in Parliament. These bills are the substitute which General Hertzog offers for the taking away of the Native franchise at present existing in the Cape Colony.

The Native Council is to meet once a year, and to consist of fifty members, under the chairmanship of a white official who is given somewhat autocratic control over its proceedings. In other ways, too, government control of the Council is intrenched. Fifteen members are to be directly nominated by the Government, thirty-five are to be elected by Natives, nominated by government. Thus indirectly even the elected members will be government nominees. The functions of the Council are purely deliberative and advisory. There is, indeed, a clause giving the Council power to pass ordinances binding only on Natives. But such ordinances can deal only with matters, if any, delegated to the Council by future acts of Parliament; the Council cannot initiate them—they must be proposed by the Minister for Native Affairs, and they require to be approved by the Governor General after they have been passed. In practice, a power so hedged about is not likely ever to be exercised. The Council may be of minor use in ventilating Native opinion, but even this restricted function would be discharged better if its members were freely elected.

After providing for the abolition of the present Native franchise at the Cape, the Native Franchise bill proposes that the country be divided into seven areas, the Native inhabitants of each of which are to be represented by one White member in Parliament. The electors are to be the same government nominees who form also the electorate for the Native Council, and are expected to consist of chiefs and headmen of tribes, members of local native councils, and prominent individual natives. The number of these electors, their qualifications, the manner of their nomination, etc., are left undefined in the bill. Clearly, the Government has every power to "rig" the electorate to suit itself. It is to be remembered, further, that some of the electoral areas will be huge (e.g., the 276,966 square miles of the Cape Colony will be divided into only two areas), and it is difficult to see how electors scattered over such an area can choose intelligently among the candidates nominated for election. The seven representatives of the Natives in Parliament cannot sit, speak, or vote on any motion proposing any alteration in the provisions of this Franchise bill, and they cannot vote on any motion of "No Confidence," unless such motion should deal with matters touching Native interests, as detailed in a schedule to the bill. On such terms, it is clear that seven representatives for over 5,000,000 human beings can do little to prevent legislation adverse to Native welfare or to obtain fair treatment for the Natives in such matters as taxation (especially indirect taxation through the customs) or education. They will require to be men of exceptional personality to gain the ear of the House or carry any weight. The chances seem to be rather that the Government incidentally to its control of the electoral body will push upon the Natives candidates who will dance to its piping.

Why does General Hertzog, who is generally believed to be a fair-minded man and has shown himself more anxious to meet the Natives than ever did General Smuts, put forward such proposals? In his speeches he reiterates two arguments. First, that the Northern provinces are firmly opposed to an extension of the full Cape franchise to the Natives within their borders. This is true, but would, in itself, be a reason rather for a continuation of the present compromise. Second, that the Native vote even now is powerful in most of the fifty-one Cape constituencies; that in the "next forty years" it will grow to such proportions as to compel the Cape representatives to vote for the extension of the Cape Native franchise to the North, thus splitting the Union; and that this growth "would necessarily mean the ruin of the white population and of white civilization in the Union." What are the facts? The number of Native voters

in 1926 was 14,182, i.e., about 3 per cent of the total in the Union and less than 10 per cent of the European electorate in the Cape. This total of 14,182 Native voters is an increase of 113 per cent on the total of Native voters in 1910; and, clearly, General Hertzog's fears are based on anticipations of the Native vote doubling itself every fifteen years or so. But there is no good reason to expect this rate of increase to be maintained; and in any case experience has shown that the representatives of districts with a large Native vote are as able and honorable as their colleagues from more purely White districts. It is true, however, that Natives have tended to vote for the South African Party candidates, thinking their interests safer in the hands of that party than in those of General Hertzog's party. Whether this fact has anything to do with General Hertzog's proposals, no man can tell.

If the present Cape Native franchise is continued Native interests, not only at the Cape but throughout the Union, are likely to receive increasing attention and consideration with the growing strength of the Native vote. If General Hertzog's bill becomes law, there is an end, once and for all, to these hopes of Natives exercising an increasingly effective influence on the Government under which they live. For the alternative scheme of representation offered to them is one which in practice is likely to prove potent only for the mild voicing of complaints and desires, but impotent for securing any effective redress or satisfaction. As regards "ruin to white civilization," it has yet to be shown that the civilized Native is a danger rather than an asset. If he is a danger, it is not because he is civilized, but because, being civilized, he finds himself shut out from the opportunities and rights of other civilized men.

Last of all comes the question of territorial segregation, that is, land. Prior to 1913, the Natives were protected in the possession of their reservations and in addition they were free to buy land outside them in the open market. The Native Land Act of 1913 was a first attempt at territorial segregation. It sought to divide the land between the blacks and whites by granting additional areas for exclusive Native ownership but prohibiting Natives from acquiring land, except by very special permission, in white areas. Successive commissions and committees have since then been wrestling with the problem of demarcating additional Native areas, but their recommendations have met with so much opposition that no government has cared to enforce them by law. General Hertzog's bill now proposes to continue the existing reservations and to allow Natives to purchase additional land in adjoining areas, which are to be "released" for this purpose. But the wording of the bill appears to imply that these purchases are not to exceed the total area of land which the commissions under the Act of 1913 had proposed to demarcate for exclusive Native ownership. Thus in two ways the new bill worsens the position of the Natives. The former act contained no absolute limitation on the amount of land to be set aside for Natives, and it proposed to make that land accessible to them by legislative grant, whereas the new act offers only permission to purchase in the open market, in competition with white buyers. The South African Native, in general, is desperately poor, and even with the provisions in the bill for a fund to be created in order to assist Native land purchase, it does not look as if the real and urgent need of the Natives for more land could thus be adequately satisfied. Furthermore, if the bill really fixes

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The question remains, What is to be the status of the numerous Natives at present residing as squatters or labor-tenants or servants in areas reserved for white ownership? It is here that the most serious features of the new land bill come into view. Areas owned by whites, but containing also Native inhabitants, are to be "proclaimed," in order that the Natives in these areas may be dealt with as follows: Such Natives may be either (a) full-time servants of the white farmer, receiving their keep and perhaps a small money-wage; or (b) labor-tenants, bound to render annually 180 days of work (not necessarily continuous) in return for permission to reside and cultivate a strip of land; or (c) squatters, who cultivate a plot in return for a half-share of their produce. The effect of the bill will be to destroy the squatter class, for it imposes on the white farmer a license fee for each squatter so "ferocious" (as General Smuts rightly terms it) that it will not pay him to keep squatters. The squatter, then, must become either a labor-tenant or a servant. For each tenant, too, the farmer will, under the bill, have to pay a license fee, whereas there is no fee for servants. Moreover, the bill gives the right to any farmer who is short of labor to claim that his neighbor has too many tenants. Local boards are to decide on these claims, and if they uphold a claim, the surplus tenants must be shifted to the claimant's farm. Thus the Native labor-tenant has no security of tenure and may be moved about from farm to farm. Obviously the only effective alternative for the Native, and certainly the cheapest for the farmer, is for the former to become a full-time servant, earning for himself little beyond his keep.

This is presumably the price which General Hertzog found himself compelled to pay to his farmer followers, just as the Color Bar Bill was his price to his Labor followers. The Native in a "proclaimed" area will not be wanted as a squatter; he has no security of tenure, even if wanted as a labor-tenant; and if he does not want to become a permanent servant, he is compelled either to move into a Native Reservation ("scheduled" area) already overcrowded, or to purchase land in a "released" area at competitive prices. In fact he will become a servant—for in this grim choice this is his easiest alternative. The effect of the bill can be only to create a large reservoir of Native servants who will be at the white farmers' disposal in return for bare subsistence.

While servants in name, these Natives will be worse off than slaves in fact. They will enjoy all the disadvantages of slavery without any of its advantages. They will not be owned by their masters; the farmer will feel toward them none of the interests and obligations of ownership. Yet he will have them in his power and they will be forced to labor for him. Any Native not working for a farmer will be homeless, and to be homeless in a "proclaimed" area is forbidden.

Clearly, if this bill is passed into law in its present form, it will usher in a period of misfortune for the Native peoples unparalleled in the history of South Africa under white rule. General Hertzog and his advisers would do well to recall, before it is too late, the principles which General Boka laid down when speaking on the Land Act of 1913: "The Native has got as much right in the country as the white man. The white man must do nothing to oppress the Native. In the Union there is no room for oppression; there is room only for justice and good honest legislation."

Contributors to This Issue

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THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

by Coburn Allen

With an Introduction by John Haynes Holmes

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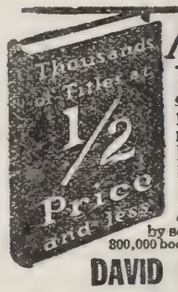
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WHITE MEN'S ARROGANCE was never better displayed than in Secretary Kellogg's demand that the foreign settlement of Shanghai be made a neutral zone. There are, he said, 30,000 foreigners, including 4,000 Americans, in Shanghai, and they should be spared the rigors of civil war. It happens that Shanghai is a part of China, and that there are some two million Chinese in Shanghai who, whatever happens, will undoubtedly suffer more than any of the foreigners. The white men in the East persist in thinking that they are entitled to exemption from the perils and difficulties which yellow men have to suffer.

SOMEONE IN SHANGHAI has reminded the British that Shanghai is not a British city. There is in it, to be sure, an "international settlement" administered by a council of foreign taxpayers, but even that is technically Chinese soil. The British, however, serenely content with the old doctrine that possession is nine-tenths of the law, started to build barracks in Jessfield Park, outside the boundaries of the International Settlement, planning to house in them a part of their Chinese expeditionary force. The Chinese authorities protested—even the friendly local militarist protested; and the British had to change their plans. Then "someone" on the Municipal Council protested against quartering the troops anywhere within the "international" city. The cable dispatches did not tell us who protested; but when one recalls the fact that the council is composed, with three exceptions, of Englishmen, that its two American members are as British in their views as any Britisher, and that the other member is Japanese, one can guess. The Japanese are beginning to recall that they are Asiatics, that the British-Japanese alliance was broken by the British to please America, and that British colonies and the United States exclude them as undesirables; and their policy in China is cutting square across the British program of force. The British, therefore, announce that while they will defend Shanghai at any cost the expeditionary force will be diverted to Hongkong, which they took from China after the First Opium War, and Weihaiwei, which they grabbed in 1898 promised in 1921 to return, and still hold. Naturally the Cantonese have broken off negotiations, declaring that they will not parley under duress.

"WANTED: MARINES, for service in China," the recruiting boards read all over the United States. The marines have been withdrawn from the mail-trucks, mobilized at the ports, and, like the British regiments, are being transshipped for the Orient. We have no concessions in China, it is true; our officials make as pretty speeches as the British; but we have sixty warships in Eastern waters, and will soon have 15,000 troops available. Does anyone in Washington expect the Chinese to take our words seriously when our actions speak the language of war?

WE CONTINUE TO INTERVENE in Nicaragua. The New York *Herald Tribune* for February 7 contains two dispatches which it is amusing to set side by side. Linton Wells, the *Tribune's* own special correspondent in Nicaragua, cables that when the Diaz forces learned that the Liberals were about to attack Chinandega "Major L. J. Clay, American officer attached to the Nicaragua National Guard, hastened from Managua [the capital] with 100 men. At noon the *Herald Tribune* correspondent flew to the war zone from Managua in a Nicaraguan air-service plane, piloted by Major Lee Mason [United States reserve officer]. . . . Major Mason and Major Brooks dropped bombs for the moral effect but did not engage in the conflict." Mr. Wells notes that "No American or other foreign lives or property were endangered there," but "in the event that the Liberals remain in control at Chinandega it is virtually certain that the American naval men will land there, establish a neutral zone, and reestablish communications." That is what Americans have done elsewhere in Nicaragua thus far—help Diaz, drop bombs, establish neutral zones wherever the Liberals win, disarm Liberals, dump their ammunition into the rivers, and then—well, let Admiral Latimer talk. "The American naval forces are not engaging in any operations against either side in Nicaragua and

The Right to Confiscate

MEXICO, says Mr. Coolidge, is going to confiscate American property without paying for it, and that is a deadly sin. The issue therefore cannot be arbitrated. Now, in the first place, this is humbug, because the Mexicans are at most diminishing American property rights, since they propose to substitute fifty-year oil concessions for eternal ones. Even if it were confiscation the President would be enunciating a dangerous doctrine and making a dangerous stand, for the United States Government has repeatedly destroyed rights in private property, confiscated *without compensation* the property of citizens of foreign countries residing here, and has refused to heed their protests.

When Mr. Hughes was Secretary of State and would not recognize the Mexican Government and the Soviet Government because they did not guarantee the sacredness of private property, we pointed out some of these cases. When the United States abolished slavery it abolished private property owned by Mexicans, Spaniards, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and we know not how many other foreign citizens. It is idle to point out that the Emancipation Proclamation was a war-time measure; that in no wise relieved the Government of the United States from responsibility. There was no war, moreover, when we passed the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act. Many hundreds of foreigners held shares in distilleries and breweries, or owned them outright. In the exercise of its police power the United States destroyed these properties out of hand; if they could not be transformed into some other line of business, or were not operated illegally, these foreigners lost by virtue of confiscation the money which they had invested in good faith in enterprises which were legal at the time of the investment. Did anybody rise in the House or Senate or White House and demand that these foreigners be reimbursed? Did any country, such as France or Great Britain, threaten to break off relations with us? Not one.

If the Mexican case were as black as Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg paint it, it would still be lily-white compared to what the United States has recently done in the wholesale stealing of the private property of foreigners. Reverting to the practices of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, our Alien Property Custodian stole some 4,500 German, Austrian, and Hungarian patents worth about a half billion dollars. The Supreme Court, in the Chemical Foundation case, admitted that this was confiscation, but declared that the confiscation of private enemy property was not in conflict with the Constitution, because the procedure did not violate the criminal law or commit fraud. It being outside of its scope, the Supreme Court omitted to tell one truth, namely, that the transaction was grossly contrary to the accepted tradition of international law. For the United States, with such a record as this, to criticize Mexico is to exhibit Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy in its most revolting form.

Surely there must be lawyers in the State Department who know that it is a hoary rule of the English common law that an alien may hold land only by sufferance of the Crown. There are whole volumes of judicial decisions expounding this principle, which the colonists brought to America along with their theories of religious and personal liberties—at a time when the Bolsheviks were as unknown as the dodo today. Is there no one among Mr. Coolidge's advisers who has ever read that decision of the United States Supreme Court which says:

> It is obvious that one who is not a citizen and cannot become one lacks an interest in, and the power to effectually work for the welfare of, the state, and, so lacking, the state may rightfully deny him the right to own and lease real estate within its boundaries. If one incapable of citizenship may lease or own real estate, it is within the realm of possibility that every foot of land within the state might pass to the ownership or possession of non-citizens. (Terrace *vs.* Thompson, 263 U. S. 197, 220, 221.)

Several American States have adopted laws discriminating against aliens, and some of these have been in effect retroactive. California and Washington, it is well known, refuse to permit aliens ineligible to citizenship—Washington includes other aliens who have not declared their intention to become citizens—to own or lease land; and the Supreme Court has affirmed the validity of these statutes, which have a retroactive effect. Pennsylvania does not permit aliens to own firearms and its statute compelled aliens to dispose of firearms purchased previous to the enactment of the law. Our immigration laws are regularly applied retroactively.

The pundits in Washington who happen to have charge of the honor of this country cannot be so incredibly ignorant as not to know of these things, as not to know that no nation ever contracts with anybody, whether foreigners or citizens, that its laws will not be changed. What did not the United States Government do to the Indians who were its wards? Has it not stolen their lands, dispossessed them of their private property, often merely to legalize the seizure of those lands by marauding settlers?

There is no issue between us and Mexico which cannot be submitted to judicial determination. Confiscation? Retroactivity? These are not such horrendous bogies. We have indulged in them ourselves; probably we shall indulge in them again. The case in Mexico is not so desperate. The English companies in Mexico accepted the offer of the Mexican Government to let them extract oil for fifty years. We have seen no denial of the press report that even the American oil companies agreed about Christmas day to accept the Mexican oil laws, and a day later were persuaded to change their minds at the suggestion of the State Department, which took the ground that if the Government of the United States yielded to Mexico in this matter there would be no safety for American investors anywhere south of the Rio Grande.

No, the confiscation bogy is a swindle. Big business does not want a liberal government in Mexico; Mr. Kellogg considers the Calles Government too radical; Washington officialdom has imperiously decided that it will not have to the south of us any government that it does not like, that refuses to do our bidding, or that dares to compete with us for the leadership of the American republics. The private-property issue is camouflage. Perhaps the explanation of Mr. Coolidge's refusal to arbitrate is that he knows that if we came into a court of arbitration on this issue we should not come in with anything approaching clean hands.

Nullification in Tennessee

THERE are men opposed to prohibition who say that the way to get rid of a bad law is to ignore it. There are others who proclaim the doctrine that the law is the law "for a' that." The legalistic fellows rarely apply the theory to the Sunday laws, the traffic laws, or the tax laws, but, for the benefit of the public, they expound the theory in general terms.

Rare it is to find a court that nullifies enforcement in the same breath that it finds a statute to be a "good" law. Yet this is exactly what was done by the Supreme Court of Tennessee in the Scopes case. In spite of three opinions, interpreting the anti-evolution law in three different ways, the court held that the statute was so clear and definite as not to violate the federal Constitution, which lays down as a fundamental that no law is sound under which a citizen may "guess" himself into jail. Having done this, the court prevented an appeal to the United States Supreme Court by reversing the judgment on a ground on which no exception was taken in the lower court, which was not raised on appeal —to wit, that the court, not the jury, fixed the fine. This was in the face of State precedents, among them State *vs.* Greene, 129 Tenn. 619, a liquor case (where perhaps the Constitution is not so important) holding that where the minimum fine is fixed by the judge there is no prejudicial error. But the Supreme Court went further and suggested —virtually ordered—the Attorney General to nolle prosse the case. Why? The law is sound—the court had just said so. Scopes admittedly violated it. No one could violate it more than he did. But, the court said, the "peace and dignity of the State" are "better conserved" by dropping the case. The State had already spent thousands of dollars to enforce the law. Certainly the court could not mean that the law should be used on some more defenseless individual while this impertinent violator should be free. No sinner could be more defiant in his sin than Mr. Scopes in his determination to continue teaching the truths of evolution as he saw them; and surely no court would argue that the impenitent should be selected for pity and pardon.

"Those in charge of the educational affairs of the State," the court added, "are men and women of discernment and culture"; biology "may be entirely omitted from the curriculum of our schools." So may biologists. Prospective teachers may be carefully selected and sanitated so as to assure that no honest evolutionist will be made a teacher—or perhaps, no materialist, for only the materialistic conception of evolution is contrary to the law, according to Judge Chambliss. Another way to avoid enforcement may be found in quibbling over the meaning of the word "teach." Judge Chambliss says that "the term is here employed in the sense of seeking to convince"; the prevailing opinion says that the "statutory scriptural reading" of the Bible is not teaching; presumably, then, reading the theory of evolution, or stating it, need not be considered teaching and a teacher need not fear to expound it if he is careful not to seek to convince.

Governor Peay, in his message approving the bill, suggested that it was the kind of a law which would probably never be enforced; others have suspected it; the court confirms it. Does the Supreme Court of Tennessee support those cynics who say that the way to get rid of a bad law is to ignore it?

The Sick Indian

In 1921 the Indian death-rate per 1,000 of Indian population in the registration area was 17.5. In 1922 it was 19.2 per 1,000. In 1923 it was 22.5 per 1,000. In 1924 it was 25.9 per 1,000, or approximately twice the white death-rate. The excess of births over deaths in 1924 was only 3 per 1,000. The white death-rate is about 12 per 1,000 per year.

The above statistics are startling enough. But the tables show that the Indian death-rate per 1,000 in 1924 was 34.5 in Montana, one of the States with large Indian population, and whose Indians nearly all live on reservations under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. In North Dakota the rate was 33 per 1,000. In Washington it was 34.5 per 1,000. And in Wyoming, whose Indians are under Indian Bureau jurisdiction, the 1924 death-rate was 86.1 per 1,000. These figures presage the extermination of whole great tribes, proceeding swiftly or slowly.

THE figures in this statement by Dr. Haven Emerson, president of the American Indian Defense Association, were obtained from no other source than the Bureau of Indian Affairs. And it is at the bureau that he and his association just now are directing their attack. The federal census, the ultimate source of the statistics, shows infant mortality among the Indians to be two and five-sevenths times greater than among the population of the United States at large, and the proportion of deaths from tuberculosis three times as high as among the white population. Twenty-one per cent of the Indians in the Southwest area are afflicted with trachoma, which leads to blindness and death.

Only two conclusions are possible. "Either the expenditure on Indian medical service is excessively insufficient," says Dr. Emerson, "or the administration of the Indian Health Service is excessively incompetent. As a matter of fact, a disinterested investigation would prove that both these conclusions are substantially correct." Meanwhile the Indian Bureau, says Dr. Emerson, continues to proclaim a falling Indian death-rate and a corresponding increase in the total Indian population. Its figure for 1924 was 312,702; for 1925, 333,674; for 1926, 335,070—in another report 349,876. How are the two sets of data to be reconciled? Dr. Emerson's implication is that the bureau either has neglected to compare them at all or has decided to hide the discrepancy in order to escape the accusation of inefficiency. It is only the federal government to which appeal can be made in the case, since the Indians, being federal charges, do not come under the jurisdiction of the several boards of health which otherwise would care for them. And Dr. Emerson is demanding an investigation by Congress.

It is hardly necessary to speak of the loss which America, whether she knew it or not, would suffer through the swift or slow extermination of one or more Indian tribes. One tribe would be loss enough; it looks as if many were threatened. The future of the first Americans is at best problematical. The continued existence of the race whose continent we took may or may not be important to the present members of that race. It may be totally unimportant to us. Absorption by marriage would give us a few drops of their blood but none of their culture, which we have destroyed anyhow. Our generation should not wish to establish that there is no Indian future whatever.

The Indecency of Censorship*

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

ART—including dramatic art—is not, as it is sometimes supposed to be, a trivial thing. It is just as important as any of the other means by which men express their criticism of life, and its freedom is just as essential for the healthy functioning of society as any other freedom. There is no argument for the freedom of thought and of the press which does not apply with equal force to dramatic art.

If you attempt to answer me by saying that certain farces and certain revues are not Art I will reply that it is equally obvious that certain editorials appearing in newspapers are not Thought. We have, however, agreed that when we say that we believe in the freedom of the press we mean just that; we recognize that there is no means of discriminating between this editor or this newspaper, and another, which is not subject to intolerable abuse; and exactly the same thing is true of the stage. If occasional misuse of that freedom is inevitable, we have exactly the same recourse—the laws which make obscenity and libel punishable after due conviction obtained at a trial by jury—in one case as the other. At the present moment the stage enjoys no more liberty than the press. Why should it have less?

Surely no mere impropriety upon the stage is more poisonous than the subtle appeals to the lowest and most destructive human passions contained in the worst of the metropolitan newspapers. Yet we tolerate and must tolerate them if we would avoid worse evils. Set up a censorship of the press and before long *The Nation* would be barred from the mails because the provisions of every censorship law always have been and always will be twisted so as to be made to apply to whatever happens to be distasteful to the authorities in power, and exactly the same thing would happen in the case of an American censorship of the stage. Ibsen's "Ghosts" and Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" were both banned in England and the latter was banned here. William Winter, the most distinguished dramatic critic of his generation in New York, treated Ibsen's plays as filth, and Anthony Comstock called Shaw "that Irish smut-hound." Whatever may be said of the alleged possibility of distinguishing between what has claims to be considered as Art and what has not, the fact remains that no censorship has ever yet maintained that distinction. Baudelaire's poems and Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" were both condemned in France. In America there was a strong movement against the best native play written in the last five years ("What Price Glory?") and Will Hays, Czar of the Movies, kept its closest rival ("They Knew What They Wanted") off the screen.

II

It is impossible to set any legal standard of decency, for the simple reason that decency is purely a matter of changing convention. The knee-length skirt worn by the most daring soubrette of the Age of Innocence was just as shocking to the public before which she appeared as the most nearly complete nudity yet achieved by Mr. Carroll or the Messrs. Shubert; and the most modest bathing-suit now worn by the most scrupulous member of the Purity League would have shocked a rake's grandmother a few generations ago. When skirts were conventionally worn about the feet, ankles were as disturbing as knees are today and a "D—n" in a book was as surprising as any vocable which appears in "Ulysses." That dress is "indecent" which reveals a little more than is customary at the moment, whatever the prevailing fashion may be; and that book is indecent which is a little franker than other current books, whatever the reigning literary mode of the moment. The *mores* of any society set the standard of decency, and that is decent which the *mores* permit. The attitude of the audience, not the attitude of censors, represents the *mores* of our particular society, and hence it is the audience alone which can truly set a standard. What it finds inoffensive enough to attend is by the prevailing standard decent, and it is this audience alone which is concerned.

In so far as anything recognizable as indecent per se exists, that thing is an emotional reaction on the part of a spectator, which, being purely subjective, is not subject to regulation. Given the desire to experience this emotion—and the desire to experience it occasionally is certainly normal in many, perhaps all, people—and the occasion will always be found in the most nearly appropriate thing. Little boys look up obscene words in the dictionary, and I have the authority of Mr. Sinclair Lewis for the statement that before the days of the "art magazines" rustics used to gloat over the underwear advertisements in the Sears-Roebuck catalogues. The desire will always make the occasion, and no possible censorship could legislate the nation into a universal purity of heart. It might ruin the stage by setting up a standard of outward propriety inconsistent with the *mores* of society, but it could do nothing more.

Moreover, I suspect that the danger of indecency is vastly overestimated. There are few people who have not in the course of their lives seen pictures and read books which at the time they regarded as indecent. Yet never in the course of a persistent inquiry have I found anyone who thought that he had been injured by such an experience. I have found many who were sure that others would have been injured, but never one who had himself suffered—from which I conclude that if any exist they must constitute an infinitesimal minority of the population. There seems to be a current assumption that while the moral nature of youth is extremely fragile its intellect is incorruptible. A single impropriety witnessed upon the stage is regarded as sufficient to start a boy or girl upon the downward path, but (if I may judge by the "clean lists" sent out by various organizations) these same young people may be trusted to sit through a whole season of superficiality, falsehood, and misrepresentation and come away with their minds unimpaired. I suspect that the reverse is true; that piffle is more dangerous than obscenity and that more youths are corrupted by the inadequate platitudes of the conventional drama than by the indelicacies

* A speech delivered at *The Nation's* dinner on Censorship of the Stage on January 11, 1927.

of that which is called risque, and I am certain that the inanities blessed by Mr. Hays are more genuinely corrupting than any pornography. I know many admirable people who are occasionally more scabrous than any play I have ever seen; I know no tolerable person who is ever as superficial as most "clean plays."

"Clean" is, indeed, a negative virtue. It is seldom applied to any work of art unless there is nothing else to be said in its favor. Certainly I myself do not like what are called "clean plays," whether by that description is meant either those which remain only upon the surface of life or those whose humor is completely antiseptic. In drama those plays are most important which concern themselves with the fundamentals of life and character and which almost inevitably have some concern with the darker or at least the more commonly concealed aspects of human nature. In comedy those are usually most entertaining which at least toy with the proprieties.

Wit has been defined as "The kiss given to common sense behind the back of propriety." One of its chief functions is that of relief. Through it we enjoy a vicarious freedom greater than we usually permit ourselves in everyday life, and because of the release which it affords to the imagination we submit more rather than less gladly to the conventions which control our conduct. Certainly Aristophanes, Rabelais, Montaigne, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Voltaire, and Congreve were not always "clean," nor was their indelicacy always merely incidental to their wit. Expurgate them and you would destroy no little part of their greatness; and I see no reason why moderns should be hampered by restrictions which we would not think of applying to the masters. The best comedy is often gross and often irreverent. Playing with fire is a part of its business though not, unfortunately, a part which a censor is very likely to understand.

III

But the final and to me conclusive argument is the character of the censor himself, since there was never one who was not ultimately ridiculous. To say that the only problem involved is the problem of finding the perfect censor is like saying that the only problem involved in government is the problem of finding the perfect despot, and the answer is the same in both cases—no such creature exists. Not only is there something inevitably corrupting about arbitrary power but there is something in the nature of every decent person which makes him loath to assume it. There is something essentially absurd and essentially petty about drawing lines and pointing out details, and something essentially presumptuous about setting oneself up to judge what another shall see. To analyze jokes, to discover how indecent they are; to decide which statues, like certain ones in Italy, shall be fitted with galvanized iron trousers; to patrol bathing-beaches with a tape-measure to determine the length of the ladies' skirts—no man can do any of these things without being degraded and made ridiculous, and no man fit for any office requiring delicacy of feeling will consent to do them for long. Censoring is a job which appeals to the meddler, the prig, and the sneak. The Pharisee loves it, and it offers gratification to many mean little vices; it appeals to those who rejoice in the display of trivial but arbitrary power as well as to those twisted souls who take a libidinous delight in smelling out obscenity to protect their neighbor and delight in gloating over the deeds to which it might lead their neighbor. Censors may be drawn from many classes—from the stupid, the humorless, the fanatical, and the prurient—but the one class from which they cannot be drawn is the class of decent and intelligent men.

Upon this fact any scheme of censorship is inevitably wrecked. In the case of a crisis like that which led to the formation of the Play Jury certain decent people may consent for a time to serve, either from a sense of duty or in order to prevent something worse, but they will not serve for long. There is something about being a censor which is repugnant in just the way that being an informer is repugnant. Even those who themselves believe in censorship would shrink from performing the function of the censor, in exactly the same way that the majority of those who believe in prohibition still shrink from imitating General Butler, who had his host arrested, or from calling the police to arrest a neighbor who happens to be making beer in the cellar. And the reason is simply that spying out indecency and setting up oneself as the judge of another's pleasure is just as repugnant to decent feelings as the carrying of tales. The office must of necessity gradually gravitate to the class of those to whom its repulsive functions are agreeable.

I myself long sought the perfect censor. Anthony Comstock was not he, because at times there was a certain sly plausibility about Comstock; I believe that I have found him at last, however, where the bluebird is said to be found, on my own doorstep, or, to speak more plainly, in my native town—Knoxville, Tennessee. He happens to be feminine and, when discovered, was presiding over the local chapter of the D. A. R. The lady had just been stirred to activity by a threatened visit of "Rain" to a local theater, and though when she was interviewed by the reporter of the Knoxville *News* she admitted that she had neither seen nor read the play, she confessed that it was, indeed, somewhat confused in her mind with the film version of "Three Weeks"; but she gave out the following statement:

> We do not fear the effect which such a play would have on us. We of the D. A. R. and the United Daughters of the Confederacy have had the advantages of education and travel and have been prepared for such things. Such a play would not injure us; it would only disgust us.
>
> But there are other women who have not had these advantages, and there are the young people who are inexperienced in the problems of life. It is for their benefit and protection that we seek to prevent the showing of such plays in Knoxville.
>
> Such a play would not injure me, but I have seen the world. Nobody knows the world better than I. No woman has had greater educational advantages, has been more in social life, or has traveled more than I. I am able to judge of the temptations that come to the young and the inexperienced. It is the duty of us to protect those who have not had our advantages.
>
> We have a great commiseration for the artists who must appear in such plays for their living, but we hope by raising the moral tone of a community to enable them to work in something higher.

Is the picture here evoked a caricature? I do not think so. The lady in question is naive; she does not know how to hide behind persuasive phrases; she exposes herself and she lets the cat out of the bag. But the motives—pharisaical virtue and self-importance—which are upon the surface here are at the bottom of every person who has the impulse to be a censor. Scratch the most urbane and you will find, just below the cuticle, the aboriginal protector of Tennessee morals.

Why "Al" Smith Is Great

By NORMAN HAPGOOD

AROUND the country can be felt an increasing wish to know what is the power of "Al" Smith. West and South, and in Republican circles everywhere, exists also an eagerness to find and specify his weaknesses.

If one would see Smith in perspective, the volume of his popularity should not be honored with first place. It is large, of course, but it would never have lifted him to his present position in a class by himself among living Democrats. He won by fewer votes last fall than the preceding time he ran in an off year. Another Irishman, Walsh of Massachusetts, carried Coolidge's own State, a more Republican State than New York, and did it at a moment when the governorship was going heavily Republican. Ohio has become Republican normally by about 200,000, but it was carried in November for the third time by a third Irishman, Governor "Vic" Donahey.

New York, to be sure, is the most important State in a Presidential election, and that fact helps the man who has been four times elected governor. But it is not the message that is spreading most rapidly through the country and even in the South changing opinion in the class that sends delegates.

Only part of the increase in Smith's strength is to be sought in the changing Wet issue. Local government, as exemplified in the demand to soften the Volstead Act, is likely to be the point at which there is most hard fighting in 1928. The solid South will go Democratic whoever the candidate may be. Elsewhere the party strength is in the big cities, mostly Wet. The convention will fight about it, but in the end it will adopt a formula asking for a law by Congress that leaves to each State the opportunity of interpreting the word "intoxicating" and taking its chances with the Supreme Court.

Nobody can tell ahead how the nine men who speak the last word (or five of them) will decide. From what I hear there is a probability that they will defend the right of Congress to limit its functions. If Congress shall, for instance, after modifying the law, or without modifying it, demand that the Executive at Washington limit its part in the concurrent job to what the States cannot do, I do not believe the court will object. Jurisdiction is concurrent, and so is enforcement. The federal law is binding on the States, but no law is entirely enforced. There are laws against prostitution, for example, but they are enforced, if at all, only in cases of organized traffic or nuisance.

If Congress shall some time decide to grant money for liquor enforcement only in a distinctly federal field it will be leaving the national government all it can do, and more. The federal task should be to protect the country from liquor smuggled in, to protect any State that desires protection against shipments from a wetter State; and to keep track of concerns manufacturing alcohol for business purposes. It would, I believe, be wholly constitutional for the federal government to concentrate on these matters, at one-half of 1 per cent, if it chooses, or at a higher point, and leave all other aspects of the amendment to the States.

That position, or something equivalent, must prevail before Smith can be nominated. If he is nominated his handling of the Wet issue will be dignified. He will not talk like an excited Wet at a dinner party. He will show sympathy with the march of temperance; with check on the stronger drinks; even with further restrictions in communities that unmistakably desire them. But he will graphically portray the evil effects of moral legislation in communities that are to any large extent divided. After a bitter struggle this view will carry the convention. Hence the delegates cannot put a refusal to nominate Smith on the ground that he seeks liquor revision. His opponents will be in the position of stopping him because he is a Catholic. That outcome will be much clearer than in 1924, when he by no means held a position of unquestionable preeminence. They will be stopping him because of his religion. His appointments are regardless of religion, and hundreds know the severity with which he treats emissaries who tell him what the church desires.

The third argument to be used against him brings us to the quality that makes his greatness. His opponents, worried about too openly displaying religious bigotry, and also somewhat timid about the issue of whether drink should be a local question, are now trying to concentrate on Tammany. Smith grew up in Tammany, their plea runs; he is still a member of that body; to make him President would be to bring Tammany to Washington.

He did grow up in Tammany Hall. He is close to the sidewalks of New York. He was born in a tenement, under the Brooklyn Bridge, in a region where political interest is Tammany or nothing. He went to the Assembly. He became leader of his party there. Sometimes when reformers would go to see him about a bill he would say: "I have read your bill. It is right. I wish we could pass it. But orders have come from Fourteenth Street."

In spite of that handicap a large percentage of those independent citizens interested in civic causes became adherents of Smith while he was in the Assembly. Then, as now, he studied every paragraph of every appropriation bill. He studied to the bottom one difficult question after another. He never forgot. His sympathies were with the public. He cared when a neighbor's child was sick. But the Lord had equipped him with a precise, energetic, imaginative brain. As he studied questions he saw them in terms of welfare. He saw also that this welfare was not obtained unless the machinery was appropriate, the human instruments superior. After brilliant service as party leader he took a motor one day and went down to Good Ground, where he told Charley Murphy the party owed him the nomination for governor. Murphy did not want him, but he recognized the claim.

Entering his first term Smith was partly free and partly under obligation. He no longer represented Tammany Hall. His heart swelled that the voters of the largest State had raised a poor waif from South Street, the sordid river front, to so high a post. He meant to deserve the tribute. He showed what a friend of mine calls the *noblesse oblige* of poverty. He would prove that a boy from the river front could be a strong governor. He did repay Murphy with some appointments, though not with any voice in legislation. That term wiped out the debt. When the

second term began Al Smith, ablest product of Tammany, had grown far beyond the Hall. The second and the third terms have passed. The fourth is with us. The Governor's measures have cut the machine to pieces. As he said once to me, the Republicans have kept him in office by blocking his program. He has gone back to finish it. He is in Albany to take the water-power of the State away from politicians and lobbyists, to put it where the public will realize on their property. He is in Albany to complete a reorganization of State machinery that will complete his slaughter of useless offices. On those two remaining measures both the Republican politicians and the Democratic politicians are against him. One other reform is in the foreground. About this change it happens that the Republican politicians rather than those of the Hall are doing the wincing. Smith is fighting for an improvement favored by every independent, when he demands that we elect the governor in a year when there is no election for President. As far as I know he has made a mistake of political judgment but once. I suppose it was a mistake to appear before the Democratic national convention of 1924. He had no business before the convention. He made a bad impression. It is his only time.

Today the measures which he has sponsored, including those for which he is still fighting, are the most difficult and enlightened set of measures ever led by any governor of whom I know. His appointments, in his last three terms, I take to be the soundest and most independent made by any living executive. There is now in a lofty judicial position a man who before he went on the bench was as constructive a reformer as the country had. A few weeks ago, dining with this dignitary, I said: "When I was in college we were accustomed to look upon Billy Russell of Massachusetts as the model governor. How did he compare with Smith?"

"There is no similarity," said my friend. "Russell's problems were child's play in comparison. The remarkable thing about Smith is that the hardest modern problems come before him, and every one is thought out and solved."

The man who thus spoke is a nation-famous expert on public utilities. He was excited over an address by Smith on water-power. To this expert from another State the speech showed a creative grasp of one of the most baffling of questions. A few weeks earlier, in the city of Washington, another friend of mine was talking to a club of women, all interested in civic progress. He is not a New Yorker, but in order to analyze the November election, he needed to look up Smith's record. As a result he read before the club a list of his achievements. They covered every field in which any one of those socially minded citizens had labored.

We often think of Smith's popularity as being found especially in the masses. Of course it is his popularity with the masses that gives him votes, but it is something other that gives him prestige. Suppose we think not of actual numbers but of percentages: where then is his strength? Ask devoted, independent citizens who have been giving their lives to civic problems: to reform of the constitution, efficiency, women's labor, factories, children, housing, living wage, health, care for the injured, prisons, transportation, congestion, finance, freedom of opinion. Make up your own list of a hundred to suit yourself, regardless of party; go to see them; I shall be amazed if over 90 per cent of them are not for Smith.

What has caused the social workers to form solidly behind Smith is an experience of twenty-three years. Those facts, becoming known, are winning the country for him. He is a strong man: he is also a good man. Not a theorist, but a person who meets each new need with a solving plan, executive talent, intimate knowledge, audacity in leadership. Not for him the easiest way. Other popular leaders seize that course. "Al" decides first whether a step is desirable; then the best method of taking it; finally how to convert the public. His clearness of statement is possible only because of his clearness of vision. The organization of the State's business is as clear to him as a baseball game is to me. To him transportation, water-power, port facilities, income and expense are not abstractions. They are life.

These Modern Women

One Way to Freedom

ANONYMOUS

A LITTLE girl of six or seven, clinging to a rickety picket fence and listening, still and intent as if she listened with her whole body instead of with ears alone. Coming? Yes, of course, he was coming. Mama was too anxious. There—a little hint of sound again. The murmur of wagon wheels maybe on the hill beyond the second slough. Hope shot through her young heart. The wagon would rumble loudly and certainly when it came to the corduroy at the foot of the hill. Breathless she waited as if all life depended on her hearing. Her young mother came silently from the kitchen door and joined her.

"Yes, I thought I heard something, mama. Listen. Maybe now he will pass over the bridge at the slough." But even hope could hear nothing more definite than the wind in the fir trees at the edge of the little prairie. So they listened, mother and daughter both, in the spring, summer, autumn, winter twilight. Listened every time he went to town, and heartsick knew they hoped in vain.

It was always the same story. Oats to be ground into chop, hogs to be marketed, grain to be hauled to the warehouse, winter supplies to be bought, taxes to be paid, interest to be met—each time there was the sickening uncertainty as to whether he would come home cheery and happy when he ought to come or whether mother would have to do the farm chores, four little children left in the house alone with the fires, trailing her skirts as she milked cows, fed horses, cleaned stables; and he, the father, would come a week later, hang-dog and ashamed because he had succumbed to another periodical spree, and had spent not only himself but all the family income as well derived from hogs, grain, hay, and dedicated to winter groceries, taxes, or interest.

Always there were children, four then, and more as the years went by until mother had given birth to eight.

To the despair that grew in her in consequence of the repeated sprees was added the deadly certainty of another child inevitably near. When the fourth child was born, father disappeared the day after to be gone a week or ten days, and I can remember yet mother's explanation to hired girl and midwife—it was always both in one for us—that Mr. —— had been called away on business. Would he be home for dinner today? Day after day she could not say, she did not know. When we had moved for the third time, far away this time from anybody who had ever known us before, her hour for a sixth deliverance close at hand, and he, the father, gone again to exercise his individual liberty, I saw her one night get out the family revolver, oil it, load it, and place it under her pillow. When, white and sick from foreboding, I ventured to ask, "Why that?" she answered, "If it comes upon me when he is gone and nobody here to take care of me, I am through, that's all." Child of thirteen that I was then, I argued the silliness of that, and urged my own capacity to do as much as he could do.

We print herewith the eighth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of women with a modern point of view. The next article, by a woman who grew up in an atmosphere of freedom and intellectual daring, will appear in The Nation *for March 2.*

Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, and John B. Watson, behaviorist, will analyze through these articles the underlying causes of the modern woman's rebellion.

This was the man I then knew best. Good natured, easy-going, loving my mother and his children in his own way, but selfish and irresponsible, *wicked* it seemed to me then, in his capacity for inflicting suffering and humiliation. Now after thirty years, and he ten years gone forever, I cannot find much easier words. As the oldest of the children and the nearest to my mother, I experienced her anxieties as if they had been my own, and because I loved her I hated the poverty, shame, and endless child-bearing forced upon her. I cannot remember a time when I did not look upon my father with reproach and often with feelings not to be described by so mild a term.

My mother's dominant passion for me, through these years, and for the five other daughters who came in the course of time, was a desire for our education, that we might fit ourselves for work and for salaries that would make us independent of marriage, or if we did elect it, able to leave it if it were unsatisfactory. She herself had been tied and fettered once for all because she had married at seventeen. An old-fashioned father had refused her the privilege of either going to school or learning a trade, and in marriage which had seemed to offer a way out she had found herself more helpless than ever on account of the never-ending succession of babies. I realize now that mother in her insistence on our schooling was preaching the economic independence of woman, though of that as such I am sure she had never heard. She preached it day after day with a singleness of aim and an earnestness that brought to pass what she desired even though the handicaps were well-nigh insurmountable. Education of her daughters every day in the school term, every school term through the years was not to be achieved without domestic battles won only by intensity of purpose and a desire to protect her own. Mother was proud that I never missed school on wash-days, cleaning days, or even when another new baby incapacitated her for a week or two. School for her children was a religion to this mother, and to one end—that we might be free.

She had, of course, educational ideals for her sons, but these were early frustrated by my father's insistence that no mere woman could ever know as much about the desirable education of a male child as a man, with the result that the boys left school in the eighth grade to learn the trade of their father. The younger had a flair for drawing, painting, mathematics, and might have turned into a creditable architect, but he learned to handle the hock and trowel instead. As I look back I realize that a part of father's reluctance to have the boys remain at school was fear lest they be educated into disapproval of himself and his ideal of a man's life.

A great part of the subjection of woman in our family resulted from mother's complete separation from purse-strings. When we lived on the farm, she would earn eight or ten dollars in the course of a year through meals and beds furnished to farmers from the upper country who made our house their stopping-place as they came and went getting in their winter supplies. Yet even getting this much depended on two contingencies. If father was in town engaged in the usual preoccupation, she got the money; or if, he being on the farm, the lodger paid the reckoning into her own hand. Otherwise she lost it entirely. Mother never asked for money for herself, probably because she felt too much humiliated in the asking, but as her girls grew up and needed cash upon occasion, she did it for them. When I had reached high-school and later normal-school age and I needed a dollar a month to pay for my toll ticket across the interstate bridge, she and I alike dreaded the monthly ordeal of getting that dollar. As the time drew near we watched closely for the auspicious occasion that would make reproach least likely. The best time of all was on Saturday night just after supper, when father would be handing out ten dollar bills to the boys "to have a good time."

"Give Cora a dollar, too, daddy. She needs it for toll."

"What? Again?" and the smile of Jove benevolent faded into narrow-eyed suspicion.

As soon as I could attain to the educational distinction of a two years' certificate from the normal school, mother's dream for her eldest was realized, the toll battles were forgotten—one woman at last was free. Eighteen and free. Free to do as I wished with my own.

There were differences between my father and me as to what constituted my own. Through a good many years he suffered from my inability to see that I ought to turn my monthly pay checks over to him; and my silly way of hoarding money for more education gave him acute distress. I remember that when I left for the university, $750 cash in hand—the result of three years' teaching—he sulked in the barn-yard and refused to say goodby. He was indignant to see me throwing away my money. But three years later when I returned I was astonished to know that he was proud that I had graduated and indeed was giving himself some credit for this higher education in the family.

Once the two-year certificate had freed me, not even love's young dream could rob me of wariness. The most

desirable youth in the world, in a boy and girl affair, pleaded the blessedness that would ensue if we would but take the reins in our hands and the bits in our teeth (two separate arguments), but realist that I had to be I argued the necessity for his finishing college and getting himself established before we took any fatal steps. And the worst pitfall of all was safely avoided. The most desirable youth in the world was a no-account college student and a philanderer as well, and that was the end of him as an argument. Years afterward I met him again. He had become a second-rate bookkeeper, his wife had had seven children in as many years, of whom only two survived, and every pay-day he handed his salary over to a broker to be gambled on the stock exchange or he lost it in backroom crap games. The home was mortgaged and the wife was sticking it out until the children should be up from under her feet. He was still philandering.

Other men have come my way. One planned a house for me and insisted on a nice big kitchen. That was the end of him. Another dear kind soul with whom I thought I could live rapturously could not build a fire on a camping trip and fancied always when he was lost that the Pacific Ocean must be in the east. The psychoanalyst will say—but who cares what the psychoanalyst will say? I know myself that if I had done otherwise in any one of these three marriage opportunities I would have been a fool.

Having learned my lesson complete and being a creature with a sense of responsibility to womanhood, I have passed on the lesson as best I could. A good many years of my life have gone into helping mother pass it on to my father's other daughters, and being engaged in rearing his family I have felt less the lack of one of my own. All of my sisters have achieved something more than the usual education; some are teachers, some are business women, and any of the three who being married may find in marriage too many fetters has power and ability to strike the irons away. They have, in other words, freedom in their souls.

To confirm the fear of the good souls who tremble for the human race and see it tottering to total extinction as female educationists ply their guile upon the artless young, I might as well now confess that the thirties found me with a doctor's degree, and the forties with a full professorship, in which I enjoy unlimited scope for preaching to men and women alike the need for economic independence of women as an honorable and self-respecting basis for love and marriage. One can hardly hope that any lesson is ever learned complete. Perhaps the tranquil, peaceful, rich life I live is more of an argument than any words I shall ever say.

In Weakness There Is Strength

By FRANK R. KENT

IT has been penetratingly said that a woman's strength often lies in her weakness—particularly if she is a beautiful woman—but that does not hold good with politicians. It has never been true as to Presidents. Yet an analysis of Mr. Coolidge's career not only as President but before rather bears out the idea that his feebleness and futility have helped rather than hurt him politically. And he isn't beautiful either.

It would not be the case at all if he were now, or if he ever had been, the titular leader of the minority party. Under such circumstances strength, courage, color, virility are required to play the game successfully and keep one's grip from slipping. The Coolidge record shows that none of these things is required of a politically minded Executive of the dominant party. In the absence of a national crisis and in a time of prosperity his lack of strength is an asset rather than a liability, provided he has sufficiently powerful press support and the approval of the great business interests—and no President of our time has had both to the same extent. The best illustration of the truth of this idea about Mr. Coolidge is presented by the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill, which—barring accidents—by the time this article appears, or soon thereafter, will have been passed by Congress and put up to the President. To a stronger man the position in which this places him might easily prove fatal to his political prospects. To a man of more robust fiber and a fighting spirit it would at least prove enormously embarrassing. To the austere and acidulous Calvin, disappointing as that will be to some who would like to see him in a jam, it will do neither.

This does not mean it will be a pleasant experience, or that whether he signs or whether he vetoes the bill he will not sustain a certain loss. But it does mean that his political injury and embarrassment will be small compared to what it would be were he the sort of man who fights for his beliefs and who is not beaten without the other side knowing there has been a fight. Consider the facts about him and this bill. From the start he has been opposed to it because his Morgan advisers and the two Cabinet members upon whom he principally leans and to whom he looks for guidance both pointed out that it was a socialistic proposal, economically unsound, unworkable in practice, worthless as a remedy, and terribly dangerous as a precedent. That was and that still is, if Republican journalistic supporters can be relied upon, his idea of the bill. At the last session it was killed by Administration influence, although Mr. Coolidge himself, as is his habit, cautiously refrained from overt hostility. This time the enraged Corn Belt farmers, enhanced in strength and determination, formed an alliance with certain cotton Senators, put in their bill again, swept aside the Administration compromises, and are pressing forward to victory.

A few weeks ago a writer who usually reflects the White House attitude with remarkable accuracy heralded the Crisp-Curtis bill, which contains everything the Haugen bill does except the equalization fee and is in effect a general surrender, as the Administration solution, predicted its passage, and proclaimed that this would mean the end of the Lowden movement and the farm-relief issue. Such was the general idea, but it did not work out. The forces back of the other bill were too strong and Mr. Coolidge was too weak. The movement that sidetracked the Administration measure and brought the McNary-Haugen bill to a point where today it seems sure Mr. Coolidge will have to sign or veto it was engineered by Mr. Dawes and Senator Brookhart with Mr. Lowden in the background. Everybody knows that. If the bill finally goes through the only reason it will not be a knock-down defeat for Mr.

Coolidge is that he did not stand up for a real fight. Perhaps something will happen to kill the bill again. The President hopes so, and you can never tell in Congress until the last lap is run. The claim is made that if it is passed this session and Mr. Coolidge vetoes it he will give tremendous impetus to the Lowden movement, infuriate the farmers of the West, and insure a revolt against himself. On the other hand, if he signs the bill the contention is that his solid business support in the East and some of his newspaper support, too, are bound to be shocked at his failure to stand firm against an economic heresy, and will leave him. But it is not likely to happen to Mr. Coolidge, no matter what he does. If he signs the bill his Eastern business backing will not like it but they will pour out their wrath not on Mr. Coolidge but on Congress. And if he vetoes the bill the Corn Belt boys will tear their hair, rip, rave, and roar—but the blame will be placed on Herbert Hoover, not on Calvin Coolidge.

In spite of the feeling of some astute political prophets around Washington the chances are that the net result of his farm-relief fight, whatever happens to the bill, will not greatly alter the situation so far as the Republican nomination is concerned. Whichever way the cat jumps it will do Mr. Coolidge no vital damage. Already some of his staunchest press supporters are beginning to say that the changes in the bill are such as to make it possible for the President to approve it without doing violence to his previous convictions, that its objectionable features have been eliminated, that the farm-relief people have met him half way, that he has "veered around" to the view that the price-fixing features in their present form are not so bad—all of which is rot. What he will do if the bill comes to him he himself in all probability does not know. It will depend upon what seems to be the best politics. He will give that deep thought.

Averting Calamity

By STUART CHASE

ON a winter day early in the year 1925 a gentleman dealing in millinery was found hanging with a rope about his neck in his showrooms. He was quite dead. Style had killed him.

Nineteen twenty-five was a bad winter and spring for milliners. Women had gone on the loose in an unaccountable fashion. Instead of wearing the hats they had been instructed to wear by the normal channels of trade pressure, they had taken style into their own hands and were buying felt hats simply trimmed; or, what was worse, not trimmed at all. And this unprecedented independence threatened to annihilate the bulk of the millinery business. "The makers of ribbons, flowers, braids, and straws," said *Editor and Publisher*, "are compelled to gaze upon the whole feminine world wearing something on their bobbed heads that wasn't made by millinery manufacturers at all! For the first time in anybody's remembrance a whole industry has been deserted almost without warning."

The milliners stood trembling on the brink of the abyss, but they did not take the plunge. The highest kind of the higher salesmanship saved them in the nick of time. The machinery which accomplished this miracle is worthy of attention. It shows what can be done nowadays to a buying public that exhibits symptoms of a wrong-headed and unprofitable independence. Mr. Edward L. Bernays, Counsel on Public Relations, tells the story, and well may he be proud of it, for it reflects great honor upon his profession.

> Obviously strong medicine was needed, and at once. The methods of display advertising were scarcely possible in such an emergency, which had already reached to the stage of an established style. There was only one emergency tool which could do the job—the indirect tool of publicity, validly based on news-creation. If society women and artists could initiate a counter-current of style, then all might not be lost. Style is like a great tidal wave; dikes can't hold it, but the powerful pull of the gravitational force which induces it to flow west can also make it flow east.

The simile is apt. East-bound gravitation started with the semi-annual style show in New York in February, 1925. "The basic idea applied as a remedy was to interest key leaders of art and society and trade in higher millinery standards of beauty." Two groups were created: the first composed of artists "who definitely gave the millinery displayed artistic standing"; the second made up of society women, "who sponsored the 'artistic movement' back toward standard millinery materials."

Heyworth Campbell, art director of the Condé Nast publications, headed the committee of artists which had to select the beautiful live models who wore the hats (adequately trimmed hats) "on the basis of carriage, pose, grace, and entire form as well as facial beauty." The artists had also to judge one of each class of hat represented, in respect to "the beauty of the model, her hat, and her entire ensemble costume." Thus the hat was happily linked, in news value, to the charms of the manikin as well as to her frock and the rest of her costume, if any.

After the winning model in each class was selected by the assembled artists her photograph was taken by a leading New York photographer. Hundreds of them appeared in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday newspapers throughout the country. The pictures were also used in traveling exhibits to retail establishments. Gravitation began to pull. The authority of its sponsors could not be ignored by retailers. "They began to shape their millinery purchases, window displays, and publicity along the new lines." Meanwhile publicity experts were at work upon news reports of the style show. Articles, interviews, special illustrated stories, began to pour in upon editors, in a volume sufficient to create authentic news value. Carefully instructed salesmen of millinery houses descended upon merchandise managers and millinery stores armed with "authentic news" and with the glad tidings that the new styles were ready to be shipped in quantity lots.

> In thirty days' time the millinery trades were humming again with activity. A casualty had been averted by the skilful use of sound public relations. . . . It was a subtly built plan, and it worked.

It was and did. Not only God but Counsels on Public Relations are masters of the mystic pulls of gravitation. Mr. Bernays holds, furthermore—and we cannot but agree with him—that the principle is applicable to *all* types of merchandise. "Ideas that desire to get public attention must avail themselves of this kind of mechanics." And so, happily, the consumer may forever cease from buying what he freely wants; and the Kingdom of Heaven of the Salesman will come upon earth.

High on the awful steps, above the Angel Gabriel himself, in morning dress, their honest faces transfigured with pleasure in a work well done, will sit Mr. Bruce Barton and Mr. Ivy Lee.

In the Driftway

WHY does nobody love an automobile? Our affections go out to a ship or boat; we prove it by calling almost any kind of vessel "she." The Drifter, too, was brought up to regard a locomotive engine as of feminine gender. The men who drive these great machines often come to care for them as they do for members of their family, and the Drifter rarely descends from a train after a long journey without pausing for a moment of tribute beside the locomotive as it stands grunting and panting after its race. For many persons nowadays the automobile has displaced both railway trains and boats. In many ways it is the most wonderful means of transportation ever invented. It contains more capacity for speed in less space and simpler form, usable at less cost and effort, than any other vehicle man has devised. In only twenty-five years of evolution it has become almost as dependable as the rising sun. It has the staying powers of a bore, and will stand more abuse without going on strike than any other delicate piece of machinery of which the Drifter knows unless possibly a $2 watch.

* * * * *

AND yet who has any affection for an automobile? Most men brag of their cars, a good many admire them, but do any become devoted to them as they do to other means of transportation, say boats or locomotive engines? (The Drifter never had a pet locomotive as a boy, but he assumes his readers were more fortunate.) What owner of a steam, motor, or sailing boat would take a day's trip without talking to his vessel on the way, without calling her "old girl," without urging, caressing, and bullying her? Nor would he think of making his boat fast at the dock and rushing away without a final glance of affection, a nod of friendship, in the direction of the vessel. Yet a man will drive a car 200 miles in a day, uphill and down, through sand and mud, in pelting rain and burning sun, without ever a kind word to the faithful engine. If the engine falters and pleads at the top of a steep hill the driver's only response is to shift to low and say "Hell!" And at the end of the trip out jumps the driver and runs into the house without a further thought unless that it is going to be the dickens of a job cleaning the mud off next Sunday morning.

* * * * *

BUT the final test of a man's affection comes in his willingness to sell. Nobody ever sold a boat, however dilapidated, without a pang. Age cannot wrench our affections from those things for which we care. Rather does it add dignity and worth. A man gets to be fond even of an old coat. But an old automobile? One can't get rid of it too soon. Many persons insist upon a new car every year; probably all would if they could afford it. An outworn or even outmoded automobile goes to the scrap-heap without a mourner.

* * * * *

NO, nobody loves an automobile. Everybody extols it, everybody must have it, but nobody cares for it. The Drifter can't guess the reason. Probably it has something to do with the age we live in—something to do with a lot of things the Drifter can't explain. Fortunately he doesn't have to. This column is not an information bureau. It is more often a confused and gaping interrogation point.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Lost: Cal's Economy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice in the report of the Bureau of the Budget that Calvin managed to use up in the fiscal year 1926 exactly $23,364.45 of the $25,000 allowed to the President of the United States by congressional legislation for traveling expenses. Hence it would appear that economy in Presidential traveling expenses has not been too emphatic under Calvin.

Washington, D. C., January 21 B. H.

The Great Oil Myth

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Were we not so accustomed to the superstition current in radical circles that the politics of the Powers exude from a petrol tank it would be disappointing to find in Anton Mohr and Louis Fischer two more victims of the great delusion. Save that the Standard Oil interests had a history formerly as spicy as their present methods are the reverse and that the Rothschilds brought the mythology of their name to mingle with the other materials available for the writing of romance, probably, this preoccupation with a single mineral would not so have taken hold of the journalistic fraternity.

The idea that there is a great and irreconcilable conflict between the Standard Oil interests and the Anglo-Persian and Royal Dutch "Shell" alliance is at variance with the fairly obvious facts of the present situation. The Soviet Government, whose allies were subsidizing trouble in the coal-fields while their trading agencies were pouring petrol into the fuel markets of Great Britain and the United States, is the only really formidable independent oil vendor in the world today. In the face of this rivalry, the British and American concerns have adjusted their differences and are cooperating all over the world. The "Shell" has recently erected one of the proudest office blocks in the Middle West in the city of St. Louis, where its headquarters is, if anything, more majestic than its offices in London. Its distributing system laces across the Mississippi Valley, and the "Shell" and the Standard companies are helping to finance the new coal-oil process, or at any rate the sale of the product devised by the German, Bergius. In Northern Persia the Anglo-Persian has welcomed the Standard Oil interests as an ally against the operating owners of the Caucasian wells. In Canada and elsewhere on the American continent, the Standard and the British interests are patently collaborating.

With the entire machinery of the Communists—trade corporations, diplomatic service, trade unions, and political agitation—in an elaborate if elusive chain, fomenting trouble in the British and American coal-fields, in the oil-fields of Persia and from Canton and from certain innocent-looking quarters in Holland, in the Dutch East Indies, no wonder that the British and American petroleum companies have closed their ranks. The Communists have asked for it and they are going to get it—War!

Washington, January 24 J. T. WALTON NEWBOLD

On Religion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Machiavelli remarks "Non requiri in principe veram pietatem, sed sufficere illius quandam umbram, et simultationem externam." Napoleon, with a number of other old reprobates, divided Poland into three parts in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The Emperor William made his bandit-raids into China and Belgium with "Gott mit uns" on the uniform-belts of his soldiers. One of the slave-ships that Queen Elizabeth sent to the coast of Africa to make slaves

was named the Jesus. Our public men are all ostentatiously pious, and go to church regularly, and say "God have mercy on us miserable sinners." Then they steal oil and boost the tariff. The most popular and appealing of all pictures of our President is taken when he is entering or leaving the sanctuary in Washington. That means many votes.

CHARLES EDWARD STOWE

Santa Barbara, California, January 15

Protection, Not Prohibition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your review of two books on Maupassant suggests the equipment of books with a device for the protection of readers. Let the works of all admittedly abnormal, tainted, diseased authors be stamped as such. Inapplicable to the doubtful and the living, this would nevertheless tend to circumscribe a source of infection from the fetid past. It would secure protection without prohibition. The books would be there for such as find, or like to pose as finding, *fleurs du mal* piquant or soothing.

Perhaps my device is not really so original. Is it in a way foreshadowed by the magazines that give their contributors a kind of certificate of character, often with photograph attached?

Whitman, Mass., December 21 MARGARET GAFFNEY

"Safe" "Thinking"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A course was given recently at the University of Washington called "The Romantic Movement in American Literature," chiefly to teachers and advanced students.

Emerson and Thoreau came up for discussion. Most of those present considered the two authors too dangerous to be studied. One experienced teacher said it would take a genius to present their writings in a way that would be safe for young students in high school. Emerson was clearly an intellectual anarchist, and Thoreau such an outstanding individualist that he set himself up as a critic against his own government.

These things my daughter, a member of the class, told me. My interest in our intellectual atmosphere being quickened, I picked up her note-book—the one she used in garnering wisdom from "Introduction to Logic: Philosophy 5"—and happened upon this intriguing passage: "To get the partial contrapositive convert the obvert of the original proposition: to get the full contrapositive obvert the convert of the obvert."

That seemed safe, anyway.

Seattle, Washington, January 6 JANE GARROTT

Yehudi Menuhin and *The Nation*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest you to know that Yehudi Menuhin loves his weekly *Nation* next best to his violin. It is upon his request that I am now asking you to see to it that we do not miss any copies. *The Nation* is of a great help to us to give Yehudi a liberal education. We prefer to teach him privately at home. The first doses of *The Nation* were small, picked editorials or articles. That was around his ninth birthday. You would be surprised to see what a big part of a *Nation* Yehudi consumes ravenously each week. Yehudi has not reached his tenth birthday.

A few days ago, while on a hike with his best friend through the Golden Gate Park, prior to his appearance with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra as soloist in the Tchaikovsky Concerto, I overheard their heated debate about Debs. His friend told him that the high-school teacher had called Debs "a downright law-breaker"; to which Yehudi answered that on the contrary Debs was "not only a lover of humanity but also a lover of human individuals" . . .

I have not missed one copy of *The Nation* for the last fourteen years. I feel doubly happy that my son has been deeply infected with and inspired by that redeeming feature of the new America which is in the making—the New York *Nation*.

San Francisco, December 18 MOSHE MENUHIN

Afraid of Socialism?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I bear you a grudge. I have recently returned from England, where labor leaders and most of the "intelligentsia" proclaim their full-blooded socialism, where not even liberals shy at the word, where political parties stand for definite economic programs, where the trade-union movement is politically conscious.

I returned to America, where fundamentalism versus evolution is still one of the absorbing issues, where most radicals are skittish of any association with the term "socialist" and cherish respectability as the most cardinal of virtues, and where the most daring of journals has for its economic program the entirely admirable but somewhat obvious proposal of free trade.

True, *The Nation* valiantly espouses the cause of political prisoners and occasional strikers, and staunchly advocates race and religious toleration and the free progress of science. These have surely won for it its reputation as the foremost American journal of its kind. But it handles anything smacking of comprehensive economic reorganization or of socialism gingerly or not at all. Trade unionism and progressive republicanism (an evanescent political program at best) it finds worthy enough—even socialism, so long as it remains in England, where American liberals can coquet with it on the theory that there it is of a more aristocratic and innocuous species.

Doutbless I shall still look to *The Nation* as the somewhat "respectable" expression, but withal the finest American expression, of a movement which will one day be sturdier and more virile, no matter what its name.

Milwaukee, Wis., January 10 DORIS BERGER WELLES

George Converse Fiske

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For a long generation your wise pages have chronicled from time to time, as among the important events of American life, the passing of one or another quiet American scholar. And today (January 8) you will need to chronicle the passing of Professor George Converse Fiske, a sturdy New Englander of old stock (Harvard A.B. '94, Ph.D. 1900), who for twenty-six years worked for classical culture at the University of Wisconsin, here in the new and recalcitrant Middle West, where many of the best secondary-school teachers have been his pupils. He worked hard and victoriously, equally in the undergraduate classroom with Livy and Latin composition, in the seminary with Tacitus's "Germania" or the Sixth Book of the "Aeneid" or the "Epistola ad Pisones," and at his desk in significant discoveries, particularly in Roman religion and in Greek rhetorical theory as a major influence on Roman satire. His great study on Lucilius and Horace is one of the outstanding contributions in Latinity of our generation in the United States, or indeed in Europe. And besides completing the double and all but impossible American task of college teacher and university professor, he completed the good life of courage, humor, loyalty, kindliness, and simplicity. We said completed, but at fifty-four Professor Fiske's work, however complete, was far from completed—either as teacher, scholar, or friend. At the time of his sudden and unexpected death—it was from heart-failure a week after an operation for appendicitis—he was preparing for publication a volume, "Rhetoric and Literary Criticism," for the well-known series Our Debt to Greece and Rome.

Madison, Wis., January 8 WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD
GRANT SHOWERMAN

International Relations Section

Cooperatives in South Tyrol

By M. SERING

THE farmers of South Tyrol have at all times enjoyed independent self-administration of their communities, from the time their forefathers settled there more than a thousand years ago. When modern commerce necessitated the building of free economic unions as substitutes for public organizations, out of the ancient spirit of a neighborly community was developed a strong cooperative movement. The annexation of South Tyrol by the Italians, however, has put an end to the self-government of the communities: in the whole of Italy the administration of each community has been put under a *podesta*, usually an Italian public school teacher, often a former petty officer. The members of both town and rural communities lack any representation of their interests. But although the cooperative communities had to suffer severely under the new conditions, they remained at first untouched. Only during the last two years have the Fascisti, at the command of the local boards of administration, begun to attack the agricultural cooperative societies. The foreign press has only reported the struggle against the German language, the banning of every German word from the law courts and the public schools, the prohibition of private instruction in the mother tongue—a prohibition which cannot be found in any other civilized country throughout the world. But only a few newspapers reported the internecine war against the cooperative societies. Wandering about the Tyrol, talking with the small farmers as well as with the business men of the towns, I have learned the facts.

The alteration of the frontiers was naturally followed by many economic difficulties for the farmers. Their chief products suffered by low prices. Their beautiful farms are scattered along the wooded mountains nearly up to the snow line. A little lower down the open country allows the development of villages. Here live stock, together with agriculture, furnish the chief market products. In the river valleys and on the slopes the culture of wine grapes and fruit predominates. Except for a temporary boom in wood prices are hardly profitable. The former valuable market for cattle in Austria and Bavaria is lost. The foot-and-mouth disease has spread to a hitherto unknown extent and has destroyed the live-stock markets. The cultivation of wine grapes suffers from the increased import duties of Austria, Southern Germany, and Switzerland. The more extensive cultivation and the more favorable climate of Italy cheapen the Italian wines and thus lower the prices both at home and abroad. The changed money value shook credit and caused grave losses of fortune, as did the repudiation of the Austrian war loan by Hungary.

After this the cooperatives came particularly to the front. The farmers turned from meat to the production of milk and butter, and founded for this purpose a number of cooperative dairies. They do a good business. The very important wine cooperatives are endeavoring to conquer the German wine market. By dint of great industry the fruit farmers and their unions, with the help of a great export firm, succeeded in regaining the old markets and in winning new ones. Their valuable products command good prices in Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia. The buying departments are just as busy as the selling departments. The Agricultural Cooperative Union (Landwirtschaftliche Verband) protects the prices of the farmers' requisites and keeps an eye on the quality of these articles. The exchange amounted to 10,000,000 lire in 1925.

The foundation of the whole system is the Raiffeisen banks. Eighty per cent of all the farmers are shareholders or savers in them. After the war they separated from the former headquarters in Innsbruck and founded a special revisionary council and central bank of their own. This concern began its activity in September, 1921, and in a short time attracted most of the cooperative business. This central bank also succeeded in liquidating the Bozen department of the Farmers' Savings Bank in Innsbruck, which had suffered grave losses caused by the conversion of Austrian currency into Italian. With the help of the headquarters in Innsbruck the liquidation was carried out so as to save many farmers from further loss. Up to this time the Raiffeisen Central Bank has made its way through the whole crisis and has fulfilled its obligations without difficulty. The savings it has administered amounted to 24,700,000 lire at the end of 1925. The number of its members is increasing.

The credit cooperatives connected with the Central Bank are less favorably situated. They dispose, indeed, of money deposited to the amount of nearly 80,000,000 lire. If the state had not, shortly after the annexation, given a twenty-five years' respite to all credit institutions for public welfare—by the so-called guaranty law—a great part of them would have suffered heavily because of the conversion losses and because they possessed a great deal of worthless war loans. The state guaranteed the banks, in case of liquidation, against losses caused by the conversion; it promised to advance cash against such losses and, in fact, has paid out 20 per cent on account. The Raiffeisen organizations still have 20,000,000 lire in losses caused by the conversion which are secured by the state's guaranty, which, however, has not yet been made good. Furthermore, the credits given by the Raiffeisen institutions are not at all available. So the result is that the farmers' assets are frozen and unavailable, a great disadvantage for the entire agricultural population.

The Fascist attack upon the cooperatives of Tyrol is based on the contention that the cooperatives act in an anti-Italian manner. The fact is, however, that they have consciously abstained from every political activity. The central organization in Bozen very soon recognized the necessity of seeking support from similar unions in Italy. The agricultural union joined with the Federation of Agricultural Cooperatives at Piacenza, the wine cooperatives with the Federation of Wine Cooperatives at Modena. The Raiffeisen Central Bank and the local societies became members of the Federation of the Italian Cooperative Societies of Credit in Rome. Following the example of the Tyrol, central cooperative banks were founded in some ancient Italian provinces, and on the platform and in the press the central organization in Bozen agitated for the foundation and completion of the Italian Raiffeisen organization by the foundation of a central institute in Rome.

The Fascisti in Trent wish not to neutralize the cooperatives politically, but instead to destroy them. The free self-sustaining organizations are to be destroyed and in their place societies dependent upon the state and the

Fascist Party alone may exist. A press campaign has been directed against the Central Bank, accusing it of financing the German Union and of causing the boycott of Italian wares and of influencing German travelers against Italy. To meet these charges the Central Bank named as a second director an Italian of the old provinces and with the consent of the governor voluntarily laid open all its accounts, down to the smallest item. The investigation was completed without any official objection. The Central Bank also acceded to the wish of the board of administration to discharge some members of its committee who were politically "objectionable." Nevertheless, the struggle of the Trent financial institute against the central institute went on. A "blond renegade" by the name of Steger permitted himself to be the tool in the struggle. He was made general secretary of the German Union by order of the Government, and now edits two Fascist papers, the *Bauernbote* and the *Alpenzeitung,* published in German but subsidized from Rome.

For October 3, 1926, the Central Bank and its revisionary council had called general meetings to elect a committee and to decide whether to join the compulsory syndicate of the Italian Raiffeisen institutions. The directory of the German Union had shortly before called a general meeting in the same hall, on the same day, but both meetings were violently broken up by intruders, among whom were hired Black-shirts from Trent (the local Bozen Fascio was unwilling to do such dirty work), and the representative of the Government, when appealed to for protection, refused to stop the clubbing.

The following day the Governor of Trent published a decree which dissolved the committee of the revisionary council because of the opposition shown in the chief meeting. In its place a commissioner of the Government was appointed; at the same time he was made overseer of the Central Bank. This commissioner is none other than the appointed (not elected) Mayor of Bozen, who had been put in the place of the dissolved common council and is at the same time a functionary of the Istituto Federale. He immediately appointed an Italian secretary and made Italian the language of administration and intercourse in the institution, although only a few members understand it. Finally the first director, who had served many years in the Central Bank, was banned from the boundary provinces. Under pressure of the Government, the directors were forced to resign. Their place has been taken by Fascisti Italians.

No one knows whether it would have been worth while appealing to Rome to regain for the Raiffeisen banks the right to administer their own money. The question is whether there will in the future be any free cooperative movement in South Tyrol. The situation seems not to be quite hopeless, however. The attempt made by the Istituto Federale to create a special compulsory syndicate under its control, a syndicate that was to comprise the Tyrolian Raiffeisen Banks and make them dependent, has failed. The central federation of the Raiffeisen Institutes in Rome, to which the Tyrolian societies belong, has recently been declared a legally compulsory syndicate. In Rome there seems to be some recognition of the fact that the local governing boards of South Tyrol have seriously injured the economic interests of the districts confided to them. Their actions violate the spirit of communal unity that lives in the cooperatives and must penetrate the relations between nations and nationalities if Europe is not to suffer from still greater hatreds, struggles, and poverty.

Contributors to This Issue

NORMAN HAPGOOD has been editor of *Collier's Weekly, Harper's Weekly,* and *Hearst's International.*

FRANK KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun,* is sending *The Nation* biweekly Washington letters.

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL of Denver, Colorado, won the latest Yale Press competition for younger poets with a volume called "High Passage."

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT will publish her volume of American portraits, "Fire Under the Andes," in March.

HAVELOCK ELLIS is the author of "The Soul of Spain" and other famous books.

HENRY W. NEVINSON, British journalist and author of "More Changes and Chances," reviewed Edith Durham's "The Serajevo Crime" in *The Nation* for March 24, 1926.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD is the author of many volumes dealing with Western American history.

LLEWELYN POWYS'S latest book is "The Verdict of Bridlegoose."

H. S. JENNINGS is professor of zoology at Johns Hopkins University.

J. A. HOBSON, British economist, is a contributing editor of *The Nation.*

ALLEN TATE is a poet and critic of New York.

IRWIN EDMAN'S latest book is "The Education of Richard Kane."

KEITH HUTCHISON is a British journalist.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON is professor of music at Columbia University.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is author of "A New Constitution for a New America."

ERNESTINE EVANS is a frequent contributor to magazines.

M. SERING is a professor in the University of Berlin.

The author of One Way to Freedom is a professor in a Southern university.

Men—What of 'em?

Third Nation Dinner

February 15

Speakers

LORINE PRUETTE, who, as a sociologist, pities mere man in an age when women dominate;

RUTH HALE, who disposes of the weaker sex with brilliant and poisonous words;

JOHN MACY (Bruce Bliven, by speeding South has escaped the combat), who is writing a book on woman and has a virile respect for man. (Did you read his blast in the November *Harper's?*)

FREDA KIRCHWEY, who will be as near an impartial chairman as a frail woman can be.

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7 P. M.

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Telephone for reservations—
Whitehall 7730

The Nation

Vol. CXXIV, No. 3215 WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1927

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Joseph Wood Krutch, *Carl Van Doren*, and *Mark Van Doren*, listing independently for THE NATION under "Interesting Books of 1926," included *Thomas Beer's* The Mauve Decade and *H. L. Mencken's* Prejudices: Fifth Series. Other choices were Alcohol and Longevity by *Raymond Pearl*, The Orphan Angel by *Elinor Wylie*, and The Decline of the West by *Oswald Spengler.*

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Midwinter Book Section

The Nation's Prize Poem for 1927

This Foreman

By THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

"What did you see when the girders rose?"
"A house of steel, a net."
"What else?"
"Men in their working clothes,
Men with their foreheads wet;
I saw them sway on the high steel beams,
But I knew their heads were wet."

"Did you see a workman slip and fall dead?"
"I saw one leave the steel;
I heard what some of the others said,
And I saw the swallows wheel
Round the foreman with the twisted head,
Whose foot was half a heel."

"When the man fell, what did this foreman do?"
"He sang, he sang like a swan
Of how two naked lovers loved
In a cage of steel till dawn;
He sang—and his mouth was a slit of dark—
Of a sword that could be drawn."

"You say you heard this foreman *sing?*"
"I heard him sing like a swan."
"You say this foreman stopped to *sing*
When a man had fallen down?
(He says he heard this foreman sing
Like a swan when a man fell down.)"

"You heard this foreman testify?"
"I heard each word he said."
"Now briefly what did the witness say?"
"He said when the man fell dead,
He slid like a flash to the dead man's side
And gave the dead first aid."

"All right, now what did this foreman do?"
"I heard him sing like a swan
About two naked lovers trapped
In a web of steel till dawn."
"You swear to God you heard him *sing?*"
"By God, that man's the one."

"Court please, I'll ask the witness more,
Court please, I wish to show,
Court please, the witness on the stand,
Court please, is trying to
Make light of what he saw and mock
The State, Court please, and you."

"Do you affirm that this foreman *sang?*"
"I affirm that he's the one."

Now the bailiff hammers a terrible din,
But nobody shouts: Tin, tin, come in!
Because they all stare at the foreman instead.
Who licks the slit in his crooked head.

"You stayed there after twilight came?"
"The twilight did not come;
The steel net shone like a russet flame
At the touch of the watchman's thumb;
The men went home and the watchman walked
His rounds slowly and dumb."

"All right, the twilight did not come;
You stayed, what happened then?"
"I saw the foreman stealing back,
He climbed to the top again,
He moved in the misty girder net
And he sang like many men."

"Court please, I'll ask the witness more:
What did this foreman sing?"
"He sang the strength of steel and steel
In days past measuring;
He tapped the beams with a monkey wrench;
I could feel the high crane ring."

"You're sure it was a monkey wrench?"
"He sang of a snare for love;
He called to the silver hounds of love
In the wooded moon above,
And I heard him cry 'The hounds are dead.
What am I dreaming of?'"

"Go on, you heard this foreman sing?"
"I heard him sing like a ghost,
How a man gone down was a man to lead
The van of a falling host:
'Let my green steel stiffen in the frost
To snare what men love most!'"

"What men love most? He sang of that?"
"I did not understand,
For he sang of the living lives of men
As if the steel had spanned
Their lives with something true and cold
That nobody had planned."

"Did your family know that you were there?"
"Your honor, I object!"
"Sustained!"
"That's all."
"Go down the hall to the last door and collect
Your fee . . . the last door on the right."
"Poor chap, his mind is wrecked."
Two figures loitered down the hall,
And each signed for its fee.
"I could not understand your song,
Explain the hounds to me."
"Not here, fool! Climb the steel tonight,
The moon goes down at three!"

From the poems submitted in The Nation's *annual poetry contest the editors have chosen "This Foreman" to receive the first prize of $100. The second prize of $50 is awarded to "Puye," by Mary Austin, and the third prize of $25 to "I Was a Maiden," by Clinch Calkins. Honorable Mention is given to Hal Saunders White, Pierre Loving, Allen Tate, and Charles Wagner. "Puye" will be published in the next issue of* The Nation.

H. L. Mencken

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

COMING toward me, very swiftly, as I walked in the direction of Fifth Avenue on Forty-fourth Street, I saw a rather short, stocky figure of a man whose blue eyes shone ahead of him like a sort of searchlight. He leaned a little forward, stooping his shoulders, as if to hasten his pace, and he was strongly careened to the right: a boat under full sail. But what bore him down and forward was not a spanking breeze; it was an obviously weighty traveling bag, suspended from a long and almost simian arm. This pedestrian seemed more alertly intent on his way and his business than any other man within range; those china-blue eyes were not preoccupied with Forty-fourth Street at all, but with some inner objective toward which they were heading. It struck me with a shade of surprise that a prosperous bourgeois American should be carrying his own handbag instead of voyaging in a taxi. So, as he passed, I took rather special notice of a short, square, pleasant, determined face. The man was in his prime, yet there was something boyish about him. He belonged to the business world, yet there was something of the thinker in his mien. He was very much at home in New York—indeed, I thought I had seen him before myself—yet he had the air of a visitor. A provincial professor, of some very living subject, on his way to a congress? I fear I have spoken an insult. For the man I had noted was H. L. Mencken, on his way from Hollins Street, Baltimore, via the caves of the Heckscher Building, to the Hotel Algonquin.

I tracked him down at last, you see, in Alfred Knopf's waiting-room. I sat somnolently on a deep couch; in the shaded light Mencken was dismissing, very kindly, a young aspirant who would have liked to be told exactly how to write his article for the *American Mercury*. Mencken knows his influence with the youth of the age, and it has reached his ears that the writers in his magazine are prone to imitate him. He explained that he had now made it a rule to know nothing about any article until it reached his desk in finished form. So dismissing, he collided with a tall glass vase of red flowers. The vase fell over; young ladies with bobbed hair came running at the crash. Mencken was for a moment aghast. He made sounds and gestures of compunction and dismay. Then he came to himself. "Anyhow it was an ugly vase," he said, with that blue-eyed laugh which has something remote and mirthless about it, vanishing in the direction of his private lair while the secretaries picked up the pieces.

But he does not wish to be thought of as a "slayer," so he told me, very earnestly, on another occasion, in his rooms at the Algonquin, after an absinthe cocktail had been dispensed, and a perfect bottle of Moselle placed handy, and a well-chosen jellied bird—this befell on a hot summer day—set on the board. He need not have said it, for even in these impersonal hotel rooms he moves in an atmosphere of amenity. Only a gentle host, in the old-fashioned sense, a host who is also an artist—and surely artists are seldom slayers at bottom—could take so much trouble about gastronomy and vintages. I had expected to meet an artist and an epicure, but I was hardly prepared for the sentimentalist — the solid, Germanic sentimentalist — who emerged when he talked of Baltimore, its stable and familiar scenes: the red brick house with white trimmings, where he had lived for forty-odd years; the quiet domestic life that has gone on there; the classical orchestral music that is produced by the Saturday Night Club, where, with a group of tried old friends, doctors and professors, Mencken plays the second piano part. Even when Mencken is "slaying," it is, I think, to the great roll of the Eroica. In his daily friendly intercourse one hears another, less fateful, more fitful strain of music. From the moment of this first real talk I have associated with our most terrible and earth-shaking critic a word which he often uses in his writing, though few remember it when they, in turn, come to criticism of him. It is "charm." Like a lost flower, charm is carried away on the flood of his invectives.

When these invectives began, I felt confronted not by the sword of the slayer but by a mighty tide—a literal flood-tide of speech, rolling in, wave after wave, rising to a crest, subsiding, rising again, from the inexhaustible Great Lake of Mencken's absorbed and all-inclusive knowledge of what some might call (not he) the "folkways" of his country. The American scene, the American lot, the common American life, the faulty and fictitious American democracy. I speak of a Great Lake rather than of an ocean, for the waves were America-bound—except, perhaps, when he commended the fine tyrannical government of Frederick the Great—and they had, to my disaffected Puritan eye, used to the rocky northern seaboards, something a little featureless and uniform in their variety. Votes, senators, common decency, Bryan, Doctor Coolidge, boobs and yokels, button manufacturers, comstocks, wowsers, snouting and preposterous Puritans, "made for satirists as catnip was made for cats." H. L. Mencken rolled them all on the beach—on his tongue—like so much wreckage, for my fascinated eyes.

But suddenly a word was spoken that had another echo. It was LIBERTY. When that simple word resounds about Mencken's head, the waves of fluent speech recede. You see him, in the midst of a silence, posing with rapt blue eyes for the picture of a revolutionist of '48, or of an adolescent who has just won a contest with an autocratic father. To use another image, it is as if the traffic signals had changed, and a new light of faith had come out in a doubter's face. This abstract good, this Liberty, is what my Algonquin host was in need of. A fig for wine, women, and song! As Diogenes searched for an honest man, so does the editor of the *Mercury* search for a free Americano. In drawing the portrait of William Jennings Bryan at the Scopes trial he also drew the self-portrait of a lonely observer:

> When I first encountered him [Bryan] on the sidewalk in front of the office of the rustic lawyers who were his associates . . . the trial was yet to begin, and he was still expansive and amiable. The old boy professed to be delighted with the argument, and gave the gaping bystanders to understand that I was a publicist of parts. Not to be outdone, I admired the preposterous country shirt that he wore—sleeveless and with the neck cut very low. We parted in the manner of two ambassadors. . . . The next day the battle joined. . . . By the end of the week he was simply a walking fever. . . . What the Christian Scientists call malicious animal magnetism seemed to radiate from him like heat from a stove. *From my place in the courtroom, standing upon a table, I looked directly down upon him, sweating horribly and pumping his palm-leaf fan. His eyes fascinated me; I watched them all day long. They were blazing points of hatred. They glittered like occult and sinister gems. Now and then they wandered to me, and I got my share, for my reports of the trial had come back to Dayton, and he had read them. It was like coming under fire.*

It would have been worth a long journey to see the apostle of Liberty, standing on his table and staring down with curious, sea-blue eyes into the sinister orbs of the apostle of Fundamentalism. I believe that Mencken would sacrifice much for liberty, has indeed, with his strong courage, sacrificed much. Yet do not imagine that a trip to Dayton was a sacrifice. "Here am I, a bachelor of easy means, forty-two years old, unhampered by debts or issues, able to go wherever I please, and to stay as long as I please—here am I contentedly and even snugly basking beneath the Stars and Stripes." Staring at Bryan is one of Mencken's ways of "basking." He would not exchange it for ten trips to Rome. "This eternal struggle is sordid, but . . . it is also extremely amusing. It brings out, as the moralists say, the worst that is in human nature, *which is also the most charming.*" The italics are mine, but mine is not the Catechism that I quote from the end of the Fifth Series of Prejudices:

> *Q.* If you find so much that is unworthy of reverence in the United States, then why do you live here?
>
> *A.* Why do men go to zoos?

A journalist cited to me, apropos of the two Menckens—the comedian of youth, whose tone is not so different, except that it is mature, from that of the Harvard *Lampoon* or any similar college paper, and the sardonic and solemn critic and pamphleteer of our life and letters who has made himself a great national force—the story of the man who went into a restaurant and first consumed a meal of sausage and sauerkraut: that was for his tape worm. Then he ordered the meal of an epicure: that was for himself. This solid and sentimental family man of Baltimore, argues my friend, the Mencken who believes in monogamy and proclaims that women should nurse their babies, and is sure that marriage is not a licensed week-end; this puritanical skeptic, with his bookish and even scholarly tastes and his need of a familiar solitude in which to formulate in highly wrought phrases his scheme of fatalistic valuations—he is doubled by a discursive and immensely curious journalist, a man of broader ways and humors, who must keep in touch with the worst that is known and thought in his country in order to ply the trade he entered upon as soon as he could escape from the family cigar factory: the trade of destructive and ironic critic of his day and hour.

New York, even from Mencken's standpoint, is less pernicious than the hinterland of the rustic. But it is a place where the gifts that he esteems least—his gifts as a business man and a high-class journalist—can draw their provender. Stimulated and repletely amused, the comedian makes a jump for the Pennsylvania Station, and by the time he has reached Hollins Street and entered into that solitary tomb of the serious writer which he has described so feelingly—the place where even Mencken has to fight with words and phrases to make them salient and responsive to his thought—he is again the civilized iconoclast, the almost tragic critic.

> There was something [he said of Beethoven] Olympian in his rages, and there was a touch of hell-fire in his mirth. . . . He concerns himself, not with the puerile agonies of love, but with the eternal tragedy of man. He is a great tragic poet, and, like all great tragic poets, he is obsessed by a sense of the inscrutable meaninglessness of life. . . . In his gorgeous music there went all of the high skepticism of the eighteenth century, but into it there also went the new enthusiasm, the new determination to challenge and beat the gods that dawned with the nineteenth century.

Mencken is not appraising himself when he thus appraises Beethoven. He is not appraising himself when he quotes Conrad as saying that his mission is "not to edify, to console, to improve, or encourage but simply to get down on paper some shadow of his own eager sense of the wonder and prodigality of life as men lead it in this world, and of its unfathomable romance and mystery." But men shall be known by their admirations as well as by their hates, and Mencken's outspoken praise, his deep intuitive sympathies for these great fatalistic artists is a kind of self-revelation. As from his championing of the Dreisers and the Willa Cathers and the Hergesheimers and the Cabells among native novelists one can draw a vision of the kind of American he is.

A non-Anglo-Saxon American—that is, a non-Puritan, a man of European rather than of British lineage. There is, as he says, undeniably

> a difference in their primary instincts, in their reactions to common stimuli, in their ways of looking at the world, and that difference has, of late years, come to the estate of conflict, with the "Anglo-Saxon" striving to keep what he has—his point of view, his cultural leadership, his political hegemony—and the non-"Anglo-Saxon" trying to take it away from him. . . . To admit the conflict is to admit his clear right, nay, his bounden duty to battle for his side, passionately, desperately, and with any weapon at hand.

When I spend two or three hours with Mencken I become subtly aware that he is the descendant of gregarious, agnostic, scholarly, musical, extraverted Germans, saturated for centuries in the common life of the cafe and the market-

place and the popular classical concert, while I descend from lonely New England farmers and doctors and divines who meditated on eternity and morality and the state of their souls as they pursued their introverted and difficult lives. Mencken, though so much of a romantic Nietzschean individualist, hates and loathes his solitude as a writer, rages against it as he rages about his amenities, and worries not at all about his soul. Theoretically he loves to stand alone, a superior individual whose mission it is to resist and survive. Practically and actually he is a very gregarious human who enjoys a drummer or a Babbitt much better than a cultured man, studies his customs and his ideas and even his speech—remember that remarkable work "The American Language"—with close attention, though he cannot endure being governed by his opinions.

Henry Louis Mencken was born in the year 1880 in Baltimore. His life may already be found in extenso—such is our biographical age—in the compendious volume of Isaac Goldberg, Ph.D. If Mencken ever laughed at himself (I am not sure) it must have been when he saw those despised professorial stigmata on the cover. He himself, being an exceedingly personal writer—"What is in the head infallibly oozes out through the nub of the pen"—has told us practically everything we want to know about the mature Mencken, even to possibly undesired details of manicuring and pajamas. That he does so, rather consciously and objectively, and, when the comedian's manner is upon him, brazenly, I gather from sentences like this:

> An author, like any other so-called artist, is a man in whom the normal vanity of all men is so vastly exaggerated that he finds it a sheer impossibility to hold it in. His overpowering impulse is to gyrate before his fellow-men, flapping his wings and emitting defiant yells. This being forbidden by the polizei of all civilized countries, he takes it out by putting his yells on paper. Such is the thing called self-expression.

So Mencken does laugh at himself, sardonically enough. I wonder whether the editors of the *Yale Review*, the *New Republic*, the *Saturday Review of Literature*, or even the *New Yorker* would relish themselves, as this Mercurial editor does, in the guise of strutting fowls.

It is from Goldberg, rather than from Mencken, however, that I have learned his family history. His grandfather Mencken came to Baltimore in 1848 (not, we are assured, as a revolutionary patriot), entered a tobacco factory—for the German Menckens, earlier of the professional classes, had become men of commerce—bought a general store, then founded a tobacco factory of his own, a solid business which was continued by Mencken's father. The grandfather, in the childhood of young Henry, was a domineering old patriarch in a long-tailed black coat and "archaic" collars, who dosed his twenty grandchildren and drove them out in his swarming buggy. The father, another hard-headed, autocratic business man, destined his eldest son, Henry, for the tobacco business. Mencken often tells us that he inherited his agnostic habit of mind, as well as his liking for practical jokes, from his male ancestors. He would not, perhaps, allow as easily that inversely he may have drawn from this same dominant source his strong dislike for business as a profession and his male view—clear in the general and particular tone of his works—that women are very secondary to the constructive lives of men.

Henry had intentions of his own about his career. Having read "Huckleberry Finn" when he was six, beginning "seriously" to write by his twelfth year—he has characteristically preserved his first very creditable work, on A New Platinum Toning Bath for Silver Prints—having been, *mirabile dictu*, confirmed at the age of fifteen in the Lutheran church, having turned to poetic and musical composition, while at the Baltimore Polytechnic having adopted Huxley as his god, he determined to become a journalist. His time in the factory was brief. His father died, he took over the headship of the family, and once and for all settled down to live with his mother, and got an assignment on the Baltimore *Morning Herald*.

By 1903 he was city editor. By 1905, at the age of twenty-five, he was editor-in-chief. The next year he moved to the more famous *Sun*, where he stayed until 1917. His most notable work there was done for his free-lance column—the origin of the "Maryland Free State," of which he is so justly proud. He became literary critic of the *Smart Set* in 1908, to Nathan's dramatic critic; and thus began his long and affectionate association with the new literature and the new authors, like Dreiser, whom he helped so materially to show their heads above the walls of Puritan prejudice. Editor of the magazine in 1912, then owner, with Nathan, and finally editor of the *American Mercury;* this is the outline.

Add to this bare chronicle a vast number of allied activities in the field of critical letters, including the publication of many books, and you have a career multifariously active, aggressively successful, robust and exuberant; undoubtedly one of the most significant careers of contemporary America. Here is a vigorous trained mind, with sensitive literary and artistic perceptions and strong scientific interest, propelled by a temperament at once ruthless, fearless, and militant. Mencken disclaims idealism, scholarship, evangelism, yet he is really a sort of sadistic evangelist, a Puritan with a scalpel instead of a Bible, who is all the people he condemns. "It is difficult," he admits, "for an American to contemplate an American without something comparable to moral indignation."

Mencken's indignation and his isolation grow with the years. When he had gathered about himself a fairly numerous group of creative literary spirits—about his earlier self, the critic as artist, who smashed the old idols of wholesomeness and respectability—he turned away from them. They no longer needed him. Their cause was won. The parlous state of the democratic state called him to new and more bitter social action. The *American Mercury* takes less interest in the arts than the *Smart Set* of old, and more in social phenomena. The partnership with Nathan, which belonged to the aesthetic years, was here dissolved, and one finds the social critics, the historians, the doctors, and scientists taking the floor. Mencken admits that he can scarcely now read a current novel. "He will be Mayor of Baltimore in five years," remarked Nathan sagely.

Just then Mencken stuck his head, with its goblin ears, through the door to summon his delicate friend to lunch. "I hear you are to be Mayor of Baltimore?" "No, I refused the office. But I may run for Senator."

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> that the world is a vast field of greased poles flying gaudy and seductive flags. Up each a human soul goes shinning, painfully and with many a slip. Some climb eventually to high levels; a few scale the dizziest heights. But the great majority never get very far from the ground. There they struggle for a while and then give it up. The effort is too much for them: it doesn't seem to be worth its agonies. Golf is easier; so is joining the Rotary; so is fundamentalism; so is osteopathy, so is Americanism.

Democracy is the government of the envious, of those who cannot allow their superiors—the ideally educated modern men, who have put away the immemorial fears of the race and are sure of themselves in this world—a chance to rule them. Democratic man hates the fellow who is having a better time than he, as the Puritan and the Prohibitionist do.

Is Mencken going by his invectives to swell the company of the governing aristocrats, as he undoubtedly swelled the company of the free writers? Is he, by his words of scorn, bringing out of their holes men of "common decency" who do not buy votes or office, or compromise with ideas for jobs? He seems to doubt it.

> The free man is one who has won a small and precarious territory from the great mob of his inferiors, and is prepared and ready to defend it and make it support him. All around him are enemies, and where he stands there is no friend. He can hope for little help from other men of his own kind, for they have battles of their own to fight. He has made himself a sort of god in his little world, and he must face the responsibilities of a god, and the dreadful loneliness.

The passage, as much as any in Swift's satires, seems to spring from a tragic source.

Mencken, it is well known, is a dominating contemporary influence in our universities. Yet he is not, in any daily human sense, close to the young. He still stands on a table of isolation, above these young collegians who stretch out their hands to him. Life, says Horace Walpole, is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

It is easy to see whence the legend of Mencken the slayer arose. Straight from the books. Looking toward the human being I see a man with bright blue eyes and a gentle mouth, listening to a strain of music and surrounded by old and even elderly friends—mostly doctors and musicians and journalists, the happiest boon companions Baltimore has to offer. Mencken's friends know him as a man of originality, "hence of genuine charm." A man with a wine cellar. A man extraordinarily free. A man who has had a rare time in that silent study which is his tomb and his solace, charging innocent words with his own powerful brand of dynamite and arranging them in his own dangerous pattern. They know him as a man who likes to do a good turn to the very underdogs he affects to despise, and who would ill endure himself the iron rule of a Kaiser or a Mussolini. They know him as a romantic adventurer in the field of sex who feels love to be the business of the cool of the evening. They know him as one who has furnished more ideas to other men than any other living American critic. Perhaps he has failed to live up to the traditions of his substantial, patriarchal tribe, good citizens of the Free State, by remaining a bachelor. But the descendants of an original and generous artist are not always children of flesh and blood. They are sometimes, like Mr. Babbitt—Mr. Boob—the children of other men's brains.

Unchanging Spain

By HAVELOCK ELLIS

IT is common to regard Spain as one of the most unchanging and conservative of European countries. The common belief is here not altogether wrong. But Spanish stability allows of considerable flexibility, even of a decided taste for novelty. Spain was eager, rather than backward, to adopt electricity, the gramophone, the cinema. There is no need to read Gautier's narrative of his tour through Spain to realize how much Spain has changed its aspects in less than a century. Any one who, like the present writer, has been many times to Spain during a space of thirty or forty years can realize the rapidity with which the external Spain changes. Thus when first I stayed at the ancient shrine on the mountain height of Monserrat, twenty years ago, ascending indeed by the little mountain railway, I yet seemed to have escaped from the modern world. The days of calm exhilaration I spent there count among the finest moments of life, and the record of them appears in my book "The Soul of Spain." A few years later I went again, not expecting to repeat the experience, for I have always known that one can never bathe twice in the same stream, but desiring to investigate several points left over in my first visit. I found the atmosphere of Monserrat even more changed than I could have believed possible in so short an interval. The advertisements I had been so glad to miss were now duly emblazoned on the rock-walls. The hideous hoot of the automobile made impossible any realization of the nearness of the sky. And all day long workmen were noisily hammering at the task of erecting a tawdry pavilion on the little plateau in front of the monastery for the reception of the members of the International Cotton Congress. Sadly I came away, with no desire to ascend Monserrat again, and there is no record of that visit.

Yet, however much the temporal Spain changes—and some may give good reasons why the change should be still more rapid—there will always remain an eternal Spain. For the spirit of Spain represents one of the fundamental notes in the harmony which underlies the merely superficial conflicts of Europe. It is a note which has not only been struck deep in the spiritual history of man, but has had an incomparable physical resonance. The empire "on which the sun never set" has left a mark on the world which cannot be effaced, and it is a significant fact that of the four books before us now three are in one way or another associated with America.*

The exception is the first. Mr. Trend writes as an Englishman, and he has on more than one occasion emphasized the sympathy and affinity which in some respects bring the Englishman near to the Spaniard. It is indeed notable that from an early period the English, usually so slowly receptive, welcomed Spanish literature and Spanish art, being pioneers in the international appreciation of Cervantes and of Velasquez, while the most intimate and penetrating attempts to understand Spanish genius and Spanish life have often been English. Mr. Trend is today probably

* "Alfonso the Sage and Other Spanish Essays." By J. B. Trend. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

"Contributions to the Restoration of the Poema del Cid." By H. R. Lang. *Revue Hispanique*, Vol. 66.

"Spanish Folk Songs of New Mexico." Collected by Mary R. Van Stone. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

"El Vigia: Ensayos." By Jose A. Balseiro. Madrid: Mundo Latino.

the most conspicuous though by no means the only representative of this English spirit. In his numerous and varied little essays on Spanish subjects, of which this new volume contains a typical selection, we must not expect to find balanced, comprehensive, or judicial estimates. He is engagingly swayed by his feelings, he has his prejudices and his special tastes. He possesses an intimate knowledge of Spanish music but seems to have little interest in Spanish painting. In his mind, as in his manner of writing, there seems to be a certain inequality and caprice; he perhaps writes best where he can write most easily, of people, like the poet Campoamor, whom he neither loves nor hates, but who chance to possess a fragrance he can flutter around and inhale and happily capture for us also to inhale. His admiration for Pio Baroja, interesting as that novelist's work sometimes is, seems rather excessive, while his condemnation of Blasco Ibáñez is equally excessive. On that point, indeed, I can sympathize with Mr. Trend, who evidently feels that in gaining a popular international fame Blasco Ibáñez has lost his soul; but while the work of that writer has long ceased to possess any literary interest, it is wrong to dismiss his powerful early novels of the Valencia he knows so well as "crude stories of violence," and to fail to see that their author even today is a genuine and impressive representative of the Spanish spirit. When this has been said, however, we may take what Mr. Trend has to give us and be thankful. He gives us much; there can be few lovers of Spain who will not find something new in his pages, or fail to gain a fresh enjoyment of things they already know.

With Professor Lang of Yale we enter another world. He is not concerned with the Spain of today; he is not writing for the general reader; he is a scholar addressing scholars. Here he is concerned with one of the eternal monuments of Spanish art, the poem of the Cid, and the whole argument of his minutely elaborate work is that that poem was really written as a finished piece of art and not in the often irregular and crude versification in which it has come down to us. He seems to make out an excellent case for this argument—"that the task of rescuing a considerable portion of the verse from its present state of disorder is not so desperate as is often supposed." On such a matter scholars alone are entitled to pronounce a decided judgment. But there can be no doubt that he has achieved a fine and impressive piece of work.

With "Spanish Folk Songs of New Mexico" we are brought to what for most readers will be a remote and novel field of Spanish verse, made all the more interesting because the music as well as the words of these songs has here been transcribed, with an introduction by Alice Corbin, to whose sympathetic encouragement the book owes its origin. In Old Spain the art of folk song has always been a popular possession, and songs are still made or remolded among the people, "the Spanish people"—as Balseiro has remarked in quoting a Spanish folk song—"one of the greatest poets that ever lived." They have been diligently brought together by enthusiastic collectors and are well known. Now it is interesting to find that the same art was carried over to America by Spaniards, and is still today exercised, often with reference to recent events, even to bootlegging. But many of them are ancient, and some are virtually identical with real Spanish *cantares populares*, while in others we constantly find old Spanish echoes. Let us hope that there will be still further gleanings in this field, which cannot fail to concern not only those of more or

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WRITE FOR OUR NEW SPRING CATALOGUE

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less Spanish descent but all who are interested in the foundations of American civilization.

With "El Vigía" we are in the most modern Spain. José Balseiro, now settled in Madrid and one of the most brilliant of the younger poets, novelists, and essayists of Spain, had his origins in America, in Porto Rico, and it was indeed at the University of Porto Rico that some of the essays included in this volume were delivered as lectures. Balseiro is thus enabled to gain a standpoint which is at once genuinely national and widely international. He has all the Spanish fervor and eloquence weighted with the reflection and knowledge of a singularly comprehensive, cultured, and vigorous mind. He not only is at home with Unamuno or Hernandez-Cata, but can discuss the latest books of Mencken and Nathan, and is familiar with English writers, ancient and modern. He can accept as a motto the saying of D'Annunzio that "Art is the precious food that makes of man a god," and at the same time emphasize the harmony between art and science. Like Mr. Trend, he is intimately attracted to music but with a wider outlook; he finds Russia and France to be the interesting musical countries of today, and he must surely be almost alone among critics outside France in his ability to speak with knowledge and critical insight of the music of Dukas, who to most people is known only by a single piece. For Balseiro life is an adventure, a voyage across a great sea with perpetual revelations for him who stands at the lookout post. We realize as we read this eloquent and stimulating book that the spirit of old Spain still lives, even though it may no longer retain the old energy on the material plane.

Books

First Glance

"THE Work of Stephen Crane" (12 vols., Knopf: $90), all of which now is published, stands a lovely monument to one of the most startling of modern writers. To say that he still startles is perhaps to pay him sufficient compliment, since in ordinary cases such a knack wears out with the first change of literary fashion. Even though the fashion since Crane's brief day has been somewhat with him, even though he was ahead of his time and helped to make our own, almost thirty years have passed since he died, and this is enough to have laid his ghost if it was to be laid. That it was not, and is not, can be explained by saying that the peculiar intensity with which he wrote had nothing to do either with his time or with ours, or indeed with any. The perfect compliment that will eventually be paid him will take the form of an analysis of his need to live—at least as an artist—in the midst of all but unbearable excitement.

Thomas Beer, introducing "The O'Ruddy" in the present edition, says of the later Crane: "He was plainly drifting from the intense studies of excitement which made the force of his early period; the social critic was beginning to appear in 'The Monster' and in passages of the Whilomville tales." The analysis I speak of will have, then, to confine itself to the early Crane—which means, of course, nearly all of the Crane we have. It will take only the first and terrible part of "The Monster," the best part; in general it will deal with the most interesting Crane, leaving the man he might have become—and I for one grow a little sad at the thought of his having ever tended to be a conscious social critic—to specialists in comparatively unexciting fields.

The outstanding fact about Crane as a communicator of terror is that he does the thing coldly. When he himself grows scared, or when he remembers his reputation as the poet laureate of fear, he introduces a kind of warmth—the wrong kind for him—and fails. "The Red Badge of Courage" takes effect purely in the mind, and so do all of the good stories which followed it. There is no goose-flesh in Crane. One is distinctly a spectator; the scene is far off, cut off, isolated; one has plenty of time to note the beauty of the day in which the thing happens. And there is always the cool hand of humor managing details. Midway in Three Miraculous Soldiers, the best I think of all the shorter pieces, and certainly the most exciting, we get this detail concerning the Southern barn in which three hunted Confederates are about to be hidden by a thoroughly scared girl:

> Santo, in his stall, was tranquilly chewing and chewing. Sometimes he looked benevolently over at them. He was an old horse, and there was something about his eyes and his forelock which created the impression that he wore spectacles.

A moment later, having stuffed her heroes into a feed-box, Mary starts for the house before which some Northern cavalrymen have halted.

> She made two attempts to walk dauntlessly from the barn, but each time she faltered and failed just before she reached the point where she could have been seen by the blue-coated troopers. At last, however, she made a sort of rush forward and went out into the bright sunshine.
>
> The group of men in double-breasted coats wheeled in her direction at the instant. The gray-bearded officer forgot to lower his arm, which had been stretched forth in giving an order.
>
> She felt that her feet were touching the ground in a most unnatural manner. Her bearing, she believed, was suddenly grown awkward and ungainly. Upon her face she thought that this sentence was plainly written: "There are three men hidden in the feed-box."

Courage, like fear, was to Crane both awful and grotesque. Purpose in general, in a world which for him was chiefly dark, was strangely bright; it fascinated him, he wanted to study it. To that extent he was a social critic from the beginning. Without perhaps knowing it he was also a philosopher; a barn could be the universe, an orchard the unknown.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Serbian Crime

Serajevo: A Study in the Origins of the Great War. By R. W. Seton-Watson. London: Hutchinson and Company. 18s.

THE Balkan question—the turbulent leavings of Turkish conquest and misrule—has disturbed Europe for a century past, and to a Balkan question was due the disaster that has befallen civilized mankind. No one who cares for humanity can avoid the Balkans, and I think it unfortunate that whoever studies the Balkans and knows them well is almost sure to adopt one or other of the Balkan races as a kind of favorite or pet. Thus James Bourchier adopted Bulgaria, and may almost be called its father. Noel Buxton has also adopted Bulgaria, though not quite with such paternal affection. So has Charles Roden Buxton, and in Bulgaria one has only to pronounce the word "Booxtoon" to be received with special favor. Miss Edith Durham adopted Albania, of which she became the acknowledged "Kralitza" or Queen. And well it would have been for the Powers if they had made her Mpret instead of the incapable

Wied; for in Albania the name of "Dourharm" will win you protection wherever you go. Harold Spender adopted Greece and Montenegro. I have not heard of anyone adopting Rumania, unless it be Lord Thomson, but I know at least two men who still adopt the Turks. For myself, I incline to the Albanians for their picturesque manners and unusual honesty, but to the Bulgars for their silence, their dogged persistence, and their passion for knowledge.

People may dispute about one or another of these adoptive leanings, but no one will dispute about Dr. Seton-Watson. He has long taken the Serbs and the other Jugoslavs for his own. He might be called the father of Jugoslavia. For years before the war he had lived among its various peoples, had studied their languages and their histories, was intimately acquainted with their leading men, and had promoted the Jugoslav interests at a time when the very name of Jugoslavia was almost unknown in this country. If ever there was a man capable of writing the complicated history of the variegated peoples now nominally united under the wide extension of the Serbian kingdom, it is he. And that, he tells us in the preface to this book, is the task upon which he is now engaged—a stupendous task, which I do not envy.

The present volume is but one chapter in that immense and difficult history, but its subject is so obscure, and yet so vital for the history of all Europe, that he has wisely determined to separate it from the rest, in order that proportion in the main work may be kept. So he has devoted the whole of this volume to a minute and documented examination of the atrocious crime that was the occasion, though far from being the inner cause, of the war which sent about a score of millions of the finest young men in the world to premature death. The questions that he sets himself to solve are: What were the international conditions that led up to the crime? What were the motives of the assassins? Was the Serbian Government involved in the crime? Did they instigate it, or connive at it? Did they "compound a felony"? And were they guilty in bringing about the war at this particular moment by refusing one or two points in the Austrian ultimatum of July 24, 1914? Or was that ultimatum framed in provocative terms for the express purpose of making war inevitable?

Those are the main questions that Dr. Seton-Watson sets himself to answer, and he has attempted to decide them in a judicial spirit, though, owing to that peculiarity in Balkan affairs above mentioned, I find it hard to forget his resolute position as champion of the Serbs and Jugoslavs. It seems to me possible that he would not have entered into these questions in such detail—outside the scope and proportion of his main work—but for the recent appearance of what he rightly calls the "amazing article" by M. Ljuba Jovanovich which appeared to involve the Belgrade Government in connivance at the murder of the Archduke and his wife, if not actually in its instigation. That amazing article was published on the tenth anniversary of the war in a Belgrade magazine called *Blood of Slavdom*, and was first brought to notice in England by Miss Edith Durham, who is always fiercely attacked by Dr. Seton-Watson for her anti-Serb opinions, but who was certainly justified in her quotations from that document, and in her demands for explanations which the Serbian Government has never given.

M. Ljuba (call him so to distinguish him from the numerous Jovanoviches) wrote with authority. At the time of the murders he was in the Pachich cabinet as Minister of Education, and he was president of the Skupschtina when he wrote the article. In it he stated that "at the end of May or the beginning of June," 1914, Pachich told the Cabinet that certain persons were preparing to go to Serajevo and murder the Archduke Francis Ferdinand when he visited the city on St. Vitus's Day (the celebration of Kosovo). Pachich added that orders had been given to the authorities (presumably the police) to prevent the young men from crossing the Drina, but the authorities had told Belgrade the men were already across and it was too late.

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After Miss Durham had drawn public attention to the "amazing article," the feeling of England, America, and especially of Germany was naturally aroused. Explanations were demanded from Serbia, and the Belgrade Government promised a Blue Book, which Dr. Seton-Watson complains never appeared. It is useless for him to describe Miss Durham as "a credulous writer, with whom hostility to everything Serb has become a positive obsession." Miss Durham holds the trump card, and that is Ljuba's amazing article. Dr. Seton-Watson tries at times to overtrump in various ways. He says that Ljuba may have been merely boasting; that Pachich always showed an astonishing indifference to public opinion, or for political reasons failed to produce the proofs of his Government's innocence and ignorance. But in the end one doubts whether Dr. Seton-Watson himself can put faith in such pleas in favor of his clients. By a long series of documents and arguments he shows, probably quite truly, that, owing to the fears or ambitions of monarchs, politicians, and diplomats, the war must have come very soon, murders or no murders, and he attributes the ultimate guilt chiefly to Count Berchtold, who then, unhappily, controlled Austrian foreign policy. But on the immediate question of Serbian guilt the Serbian Government stands condemned, no matter what their champion has brought forward. The murders of Serajevo were not the far-reaching causes of the war, but they were the terrible occasion, and one cannot as yet acquit the Serbian Ministers of allowing that occasion to arise.

HENRY W. NEVINSON

A Greater Than Daniel Boone

George Croghan and the Western Movement. By Albert T. Volwider. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Company. $6.

THE study of history in America has developed much strength in the last few decades, particularly along two lines. Not only are the rich sources in archives more carefully searched—a procedure in our universities unknown two decades ago—but also private papers of all kinds from personal correspondence to accounts of merchants are collected, and their evidence weighed. The second development is a widening of the area of research, which is best illustrated by the extension of the field of study to the West, until recently regarded as too young to possess a past. The book under consideration is an excellent example of both departures from the traditions of the fathers. The subject is the opening of the transmontane territory by the British as illustrated by the career of George Croghan. The author has been obliged to seek his material largely in unprinted sources, though he has used three or four well-known collections of documents. The results of his labors are amply justified, and a Western publisher has given to them a fitting setting.

The name of George Croghan is scarcely known to Americans, even to those who pride themselves on their knowledge of the history of their country. Yet as an instrument in opening up the West to exploitation first by the fur traders and then by the settlers he was so far superior to Daniel Boone that there can be no comparison. His services to the British West overshadowed those of the youthful Washington. The latter's name is always mentioned in the story of General Braddock's expedition and defeat, but the no less conspicuous support of Croghan has been forgotten. The explanation is simple. The stream of patriotic fervor, the inspiration of all good historians, has flowed toward the American Revolution and away from the scenes of Croghan's labors, wherein popular ignorance and caprice were granted full liberty to apotheosize the relatively unimportant Boone. At last the stream of research has turned westward, and many new names are being added to American hagiology. Among them must stand the name of this racy, uncultivated, unscrupulous pioneer of Big Business, George Croghan.

This new candidate for canonization was an Irishman, but his name will not be exalted by my good friends of the Catholic Historical Society, for he was raised and died within the fold of the Church of England. He came to America in 1741 and took up land near Harris Ferry, one of the Pennsylvania gateways to the West. Immediately he became prominent in the fur trade, and he led the way further and further into the wilderness beyond the mountains, the no-man's-land between the French and English possessions. Croghan's skill as a negotiator with the Indians of the Ohio Valley shook the foundations of the French empire. This is not an exaggeration. During the closing years of King George's War the commandants of Kaskaskia and Detroit trembled from fear of his intrigues. It was Croghan's trading enterprises rather than the projects of the Ohio Land Company of Virginia that compelled the French to make their last great effort to save their empire by building the line of forts from Lake Erie to the forks of the Ohio. Mr. Volwider suggests that Croghan instead of Washington would have been sent to protest against the French encroachments upon disputed territory had not local politics in Pennsylvania—even so early fertile ground—prevented his appointment. Thus Virginia land speculators took the lead.

During the period that he was pursuing primarily the trade in furs, Pennsylvania frequently employed Croghan in negotiating with the Indians. After the defeat of General Braddock he served again and again as agent. It was he who prepared the way for the successful capture of Fort Duquesne by Forbes. In 1760 Sir William Johnson appointed him to the permanent position of deputy Indian agent. His territory was the most important in the Northern superintendency, the Old Northwest. Within this region it was his duty to keep the Indians quiet. Unfortunately private business called him to England in the year of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, but he returned in time to bring the war to an end. These services of his are not altogether unknown even to the most Eastern historians. After all military attempts to reach the Illinois country had failed, Croghan made a spectacular expedition down the Ohio, met Pontiac at Vincennes, and negotiated a peace which opened the Ohio Valley to the army and consequently to fur traders and land speculators. The history of the West in the year 1765 was melodramatic; and George Croghan was its headliner.

Exigencies of imperial finance—the Stamp Act was repealed—required economies; and the Indian Department, which from 1760 to 1768 passed through a period of expansion, was reduced almost to extinction. Croghan's ambition had at the same time led him into new enterprises requiring his personal attention. He now resigned his imperial job to become one of the greatest land speculators of the old West. Probably Mr. Volwider's exposition of Croghan as the protagonist of Big Business will be found the most interesting part of his book. Certainly he has exhibited unlimited industry in following the devious and obscure path of this dealer in futures. His maps of Croghan's holdings are illuminating and present a vivid picture of many adventures in high finance at the close of the colonial period. Croghan's influence extended into all the colonies where get-rich-quick schemes were being hatched; and even in England his advice and assistance were solicited. He held shares in the great speculative companies known as the Illinois, the Vandalia, and the Indiana. Two of these attempted to found new colonies. Besides these larger schemes he bought land in New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, at one time holding clear title, save for mortgages, to 250,000 acres. He secured on his own account Indian titles to over seven million acres. In these far-reaching plans he came into direct competition with George Washington, who was reaching out in the same direction. Between the methods of the two there was a significant contrast. Washington looked for support to colonial Williamsburg, Croghan to imperial Westminster. The revolt of the colonies decided the issue.

Financial conditions were chaotic during the revolution. Croghan was ruined. His capital was too small to carry him through the crisis. Then, too, he was not popular with the patriots. His son-in-law was an officer in the British army;

many relatives and intimate friends were tories; he himself was suspected, but not convicted, of giving assistance to the enemy. His land was sold by himself or heirs to pay his debts. He died in poverty in 1782. Forgotten by his fellow-countrymen and ignored by historians though he has been, Mr. Volwider's final judgment of him is sound: "Judged by material standards he was a failure; yet he was one of the most persuasive, persistent, and influential of the great American pioneers of the period and he typified, not the abnormal but the normal development of society."

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

French Commonplace

The Thibaults. By Roger Martin du Gard. Translated by Madeleine Boyd. Boni and Liveright. Two volumes. $5.

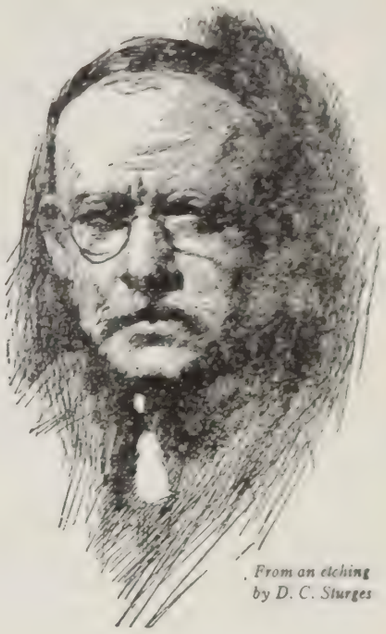
A FEW months ago I had occasion to buy a new hat in a shop near the Sorbonne. Wishing to procure one that would be in every way suitable, I consulted a young student of philosophy who in a gold-braided academic cap happened to be standing near the counter. Having taken advantage of his courtesy I ventured to remark that I had recently been talking to the greatest living philosopher. "And who may that be?" asked my new acquaintance. "Herr Sigmund Freud," I answered. The youthful scholar shrugged his shoulders with a gesture that brought home to me, more than any number of words could have done, the provincial arrogance of this brilliant and sophisticated race who approach life with the vitality and predatory greed of a shoal of gudgeon. "Je ne le connais pas. Il n'est pas Français."

In the same way I have an idea that the Parisian critics esteem "The Thibaults" as highly as they do for no better reason than that it is so essentially French in its treatment. And, indeed, the technique of the book is far more competent than the technique of any novel that Theodore Dreiser or Sherwood Anderson or Sinclair Lewis could have written; and yet for all its adroitness these two volumes remain for me at least essentially commonplace. The wide sweep of Dreiser's strokes are more authentic, the spiritual renascence implicit in Anderson's style more convincing, and the plain realism of Sinclair Lewis more acute. The hereditary advantage of Du Gard renders him incapable of the kind of literary *faux pas* which so often mars the work of the novelists I have named, but at the same time his pages lack evidence of that intellectual intensity, of that spiritual passion, which gives a rugged value to much of the fiction produced today in England and America.

To compare Du Gard with Marcel Proust reveals a grave misconception of the aims and function of great writing. The genius of Proust differs completely from the talent of Du Gard; the former presents Parisian life in all its infinite variety *from without* its "flaming ramparts," the latter accepts the scene on its surface value and constructs his tale with the supreme confidence of any of his own self-conceived bourgeois citizens.

Occasionally, it is true, by a sentence, a word, the book shows itself to be better than the average yellow-back to be bought by the thousand on the Rue St. Michel, but readers will look in vain for the finesse of a Jules Romains or the intellectual acumen of a Paul Valéry. Here is an excellent description of an old reactionary Catholic business man at home, though I suspect that the merit of the passage depends very largely on Mrs. Boyd's brilliant translation. "His apparent inertia was like the waiting spider's: he was waiting for the oscillation of his thought to give him the solid solution to some administrative or social problem. He had always worked in that way passive and petrified, his eyes half shut, only his brain being alive." Writing of that kind is obviously admirable, but even admitting that such passages do occur the book does not, and never can, in my opinion, take its place among really inspired work.

It is far from my purpose, however, to indicate that it is



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dull. Its preoccupation with sex is too constant. Here's a brave topic to prevent the eyelids of somnolent citizens from drooping, and it recurs and recurs and recurs in these pages with the same insistence and power of rejuvenating attention as in life itself. All the men and women, all the boys and girls in its pages bring with them their own "dainty experiences." In truth there is no extravagance of the wild and intractable instinct that is not dragged in—homosexuality, lesbianism, sadism, and the attraction felt by European women for Africans whose smooth silky skins feel to their touch "like the warm body of a bird under its feathers." Small wonder that the dangerous woman of the story is made to declare that "her body has no memories"!

At the present day when our interest in this aspect of life is so lively it is often a hard matter for a conscientious critic to gauge exactly how far the fame that gathers about any particular volume depends upon its artistic quality and how far upon the relief that so many of us feel in having these country matters dealt with honestly and openly. In the case of "The Thibaults" I believe that the wide notice it has been given by the reviewers has little to do with any originality or distinction of style to be found between its covers. It is the work of a clever, accomplished young Frenchman treating of a subject that he finds especially interesting and which has—who would care to deny it?—a very particular appeal for all of us.

LLEWELYN POWYS

Heredity and Variation

The Theory of the Gene. By Thomas Hunt Morgan. Yale University Press. $4.

THE story of the transformation of a venturesome and abstract theory, despised and rejected of a large proportion of men of science, into an established body of concrete scientific knowledge of the highest importance; a story told by the man who has done most to bring about that transformation; an interesting and instructive chapter in the history of science. "The Theory of the Gene" is an account of the basic processes of heredity and variation; of the "particular go" of those phenomena. It summarizes perhaps the most fundamental contribution made to biological science within a century. The matters with which it deals are of the greatest intrinsic interest to every human being; to all the arts and sciences that deal with living things.

In his early chapters Mr. Morgan states the theory in its abstract form, with the grounds which made it a plausible guess. Then in successive chapters are detailed the discoveries which brought about gradually the overwhelming confirmation of the theory, its extension and elaboration. The story is told as clearly and simply as the nature of the material and a regard for accuracy render possible. But at the best this sort of thing does not make easy reading. The book is packed with detailed facts, relating to things not familiar to most readers; facts all tending to support and make concrete the general theory. This has its fascination to vigorous minds; but the overwhelming volume of these confirmatory facts tends to fatigue. The book is distinctly one to be chewed and digested; one to be studied with pencil and tablet in hand.

Concretely, it is an account of the role played in development, inheritance, variation, and perhaps evolution by the chromosomal apparatus—that embodiment in small of the hereditary constitution of the organism. Parts of this account, notably the clear summaries of the great mass of recent investigations on the observed changes in the chromosomes—changes in their number, their distribution, and their constitution, with the effect of these changes—will be helpful even to special students in this field; as all of it will be to the courageous general reader. It cannot be too much emphasized that the material treated in this work is foundational for all understanding of the working out of inheritance and variation in the later characteristics of organisms—matters not dealt with in this book, save for typical instances.

Mr. Morgan deals not only with the settled questions of genetics, but also in large measure with the problems that are still open, that are now under examination. To the serious student these parts of the work are as full of interest as the rest. Here we have, from a competent hand, a statement of the matters now under investigation; here are the riddles whose answers we may watch for as further studies are made.

In placing in the foreground the abstract theory, and presenting the discovered facts as adjuncts to it, Mr. Morgan incurs the danger of carrying over to the facts that attitude of distrust, of skepticism, which bizarre and high-flying theories arouse in many minds—as if the facts might be rejected if one dislikes this type of theory. There are many advantages in simply presenting in their own right the facts, with all their qualifications and limitations; when this is done thoroughly and systematically, a body of knowledge results that is perhaps indistinguishable from the theory, yet consists of confirmed discoveries that cannot be neglected. This appears the better method for general purposes, though less instructive for showing the way science develops. There is now a mass of positive knowledge in genetics, independent of any preconceived theories, that stands as firmly as any part of biological science; it is essentially the basic parts of this knowledge, not a mere theory, that Mr. Morgan's book presents.

On no subject is there a greater printed volume of loose and irresponsible speculation than upon heredity and variation. A certain excuse for this existed in the past; in the absence of positive knowledge, one man's fancies seemed as good as another's. But those days are gone forever. Here we have a body of material that for the future must limit and underlie such speculations; with this material they must begin. Discussions which neglect it—as many still do—have no claim to serious consideration.

H. S. JENNINGS

An Economic Interpretation of Modern History

Thirty Years of Modern History. By William Kay Wallace. The Macmillan Company. $4.

IN his "Passing of Politics" Mr. Wallace expounded the thesis of the decay of the national state owing to the growth of interests and ideas which overshadowed politics. Here, again, in a brilliant interpretation of the events of the last thirty years, he drives home the same lesson. The truism, that economic influences mold modern politics, is illustrated by a rapid but extremely able survey of critical events in the generation prior to the World War, the rising *Weltpolitik* of Germany, the diplomatic scheming of reviving France, the advent of the United States into foreign politics, the rise of Japan, the role of Russia, the new relations of East and West, the armed peace. This formal setting for the war is accompanied by an analysis of causes which discounts the importance of diplomacy and statecraft, making them the servants of the economic forces that were the new expressions of the "will to power" in the several nations. The rapid advances in industrial productivity, with the development of shipping and banking, made the struggle for colonies and foreign markets even more intense. Germany was the first to yoke politics to economics, alike in her internal and external statecraft. Others followed. Economic activities more and more engaged the attention of politicians. But the modern state system was fundamentally unfitted to exercise the role and furnish the social institutions which modern industrial society demands. The war was a dramatic expression of their inadequacy, a declamation of the bankruptcy of the state.

The real rulers of tomorrow (even of today) are the great

banks, cartels, railroad and shipping combines, and the other organized instruments of great industry. The safety and progress of humanity depend upon the provision of economic institutions which shall convert these organs from profit-seeking businesses into modes of social service.

> Under the institutions of the future, the individual will not be called upon to express, through his vote, his views on problems of administration or public policy, as today he is not called upon to express his views regarding technical problems in industry. These will be left to the expert in the one case as in the other. In the new institutions the private interests of the individual will coincide with his public function. This function is to contribute to the productive efficiency of the community, which in turn will afford him an immediate reward for his labor.

Democracy is set aside, the state remaining as "an administrative mechanism for the maintenance of public security," shorn of all the economic functions it has been accumulating during the past century. The post-war revolutions in Europe and elsewhere are interpreted in terms of the passing of politics. This general statement of Mr. Wallace's thesis does no justice to his unusual skill as an interpreter of history. Some will think that he overstresses certain economic factors, and underestimates the survival value of the state. But his work deserves the attention of all students of public affairs.

J. A. Hobson

Toward Objectivity

The Happy Marriage. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.
The Pot of Earth. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.
Streets in the Moon. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

In each of the last three years Mr. MacLeish has issued a volume of poems. While he has not yet exhibited his power in complete perfection and variety, his work at present yields a clue to an important solution of the contemporary problem. His chief character as a poet is his seriousness, which includes, through the fact of this attitude itself, an intellectual grasp of his position in the contemporary situation. He moves toward the formation of a set of objective values upon which his poetry can lean. The importance of these values, once articulated, will depend upon the degree to which their successive contexts (separate poems) are valid as aesthetic experience.

On the technical side, it is noteworthy that Mr. MacLeish's first volume represents, in its relative spiritual complacency, an aesthetic skepticism. That is to say, Mr. MacLeish in "The Happy Marriage" continued the familiar Meredithian situation with the attempt at universalizing it through merely personal terms. These values were internal to Mr. MacLeish; they never emerged in clean outline in the poems; there was a futility in the nice technique because it erected no stable significances in the end. The realization of this defect must have been the starting-point, the skepsis, of a more fundamental attack upon his problem.

"The Pot of Earth," however, brings Mr. MacLeish to its center. The framework of this poem is a vegetation myth out of "The Golden Bough," where the humane properties of the myth are reduced to historical law. The poet's rational intelligence moved in the right direction, in the effort to restore to the myth a *quality* of experience of which the historical method of Frazer had deprived it. He therefore delineated, as a content, as a quality of the myth, definite and *un*abstract, the sexual growth of a young girl. The poem fails because the myth is for some reason buried too deep in the modern consciousness to be revived with a full sense of its implications: the experiential quality which Mr. MacLeish

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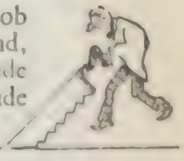
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wished to bestow upon the remote symbol remains external, parallel to the symbol. The poem exhibits once more the dissociated contemporary mind.

Another and more interesting instance of Mr. MacLeish's progress toward objective schematizations is his Einstein, the most ambitious poem in the third volume. He tries to infer, from the abstractions of Relativity, the qualitative experience which Einstein must have had in formulating them. The poem fails, on the same principle as "The Pot of Earth" fails: the poet does not assimilate the abstractions, and his style is a mixture of scientific restatement and image.

But the lyrics in "Streets in the Moon" represent an enormous advance since "The Happy Marriage." This can best be explained, I believe, in terms of the author's pursuit of objective, non-psychological values, in "The Pot of Earth" and in Einstein. The problem involved in these poems shifted his emphasis from the personal emotion conveyed to the pattern of its arrangement, to its framework. Of the fifty-two poems in the book fifteen, in my judgment, are completely successful—an astonishing achievement. We may hope for still greater purity of structure and of diction. For at present the course of Mr. MacLeish's stylistic development lies bare. He is obviously indebted to T. S. Eliot, possibly to Cummings; and undoubtedly to Joyce and Gertrude Stein, who have affected the prose writers of our time and the poets as well.

ALLEN TATE

Cardboard Greatness

The Plutocrat. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

THE American business man, as everyone knows, has been the butt of recent American writing. His backslapping, his complacency, and his belief in money as the root of all good have been fair game for satire. After the punishment he has taken he is entitled to a defense, and in "The Plutocrat" Booth Tarkington appears as the barbarian's knight. With plenty of stabs at the self-conscious aesthetes, he plans to reveal the boisterous, unself-conscious Illinois manufacturer, who has made himself a power in his city, as frankly a barbarian but a great one. He will reveal him, in fact, as more than that: as a modern Roman, who builds cities, gives commands, and is careless of the world's opinion of him. This was a fruitful idea, but it demanded masculinity in its development; and it is fortunate for the plutocrat himself that Mr. Tarkington has preferred to play safely with the easiest aspects of it.

He ingeniously presents his hero, taking a Mediterranean tour with his family, through the contemptuous eyes of Laurence Ogle, a recently successful New York playwright who is desperately anxious to be thought sophisticated. Before the trip across North Africa is over he has been gradually humiliated into realizing his own smallness before the unaffected magnificence of the man he had looked down on as a boor. But the dice are heavily loaded: Ogle is an insignificant snob whom no reader will believe capable of having written an intelligent play, and from his first appearance the reader's sympathy goes to the hearty, poker-playing Rotarian. The latter sweeps across North Africa, buying souvenirs and amazing the natives, while the story unrolls mechanically until the would-be sophisticate marries the plutocrat's daughter and learns to be proud of his father-in-law. The Great Barbarian has been reduced to a movie-proof hero in a scenario where the laughs are properly timed and the characters are stock types. Neither Ogle nor the plutocrat ever becomes a three-dimensional individual. It needed heat to make the plutocrat's greatness convincing, as Miss Cather once made Antonia's greatness unquestionable. Instead of heat Mr. Tarkington has supplied a verbal fire which shines but gives out no warmth.

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There Is a World

The Realm of Mind. By F. J. E. Woodbridge. Columbia University Press. $1.75.

METAPHYSICS, ostensibly an attempt to get at the ultimate principles which all experience involves, is frequently a recourse to notions which would be relevant to no experience whatsoever. The great merit of Mr. Woodbridge's book is its simplicity and its appositeness to the world in which philosophy is one among many other occurrences. Its doctrine is almost absurdly simple and almost suspiciously sound. It will, therefore, beyond a doubt puzzle or astonish philosophers. Its net conclusions are that there is a world, that thinking goes on in and about that world, and that the fact that thinking does go on implies that the world is an intelligible structure.

All this may seem to need no argument, and Mr. Woodbridge's argument is in all conscience short enough. It would need no argument at all if there had not already been so much controversy by philosophers who, without confronting the facts, tried to explain them. Mr. Woodbridge does not explain the world; he points it out. He starts with the fact that thinking goes on, as anyone else might point out the no less reverberant fact that walking goes on. He proceeds to note the implications of the kind of a world in which thinking occurs as one might note the implication of a body to do the walking and a ground to walk on. Thinking involves a logical order as walking implies something solid upon which to tread. Thinking implies a body as an agent to do the thinking, as talking implies a tongue to utter speech. "Implies" is used in no high speculative sense. Mr. Woodbridge is speaking of implications enforced by experience, not corollaries enforced by words.

The heart of the doctrine is the closing paragraph of the first of three short chapters:

> We point to the fact that our thinking is motivated, tested, and controlled by experience, that one fact or event in experience implies other facts or events and is implied by them, that, in short, there is a system of logical connections in experience which we do not invent, but which we discover by long searching. So we use the term mind to denote the fact that while experience is a matter of space and time, of objects, qualities, and relations, it is also a matter of implications and inferences. There is a logical structure in it. The realm of being is a realm of mind.

Mr. Woodbridge then proceeds to follow the fact of thinking in two directions. In one direction he finds—as who does not?—that thinking is a bodily activity, and depends on the body for its vigor and sustaining. Exploration in that direction is an affair of the physiologist and the psychologist. The freest and most comprehensive of thinkers is often enough called rudely home by "aches, indignities, and pains" to convince him of the bodily condition and limitation of thought.

But the metaphysician moves in another direction, too, and finds that "thought, wise, sane, and correct," is "limited not simply by the body, but by the world which that body inhabits. It is limited by the genuine coherence of the things we think about. This coherence is not something we create but something we discover. It is a realm of mind. Thus beginning with thinking we find not two worlds, body and mind, but two modes of being, physical and logical. These are not parallel or interacting; they are two aspects of the universe. One aspect concerns things, and the other propositions about things. The universe is a realm of mind, so to put it, because it is logically talked about, because it can be rendered in logical discourse." Rendered in less austere language, Mr. Woodbridge is saying what was said at the beginning of this review, that there is a world, that it lends itself to logical discourse and is by that token logical. There can be coherence in conversation because there is a coherence in things.

Mr. Woodbridge has one further point: he makes it in a brief chapter, and he is done. Mind is the name for the order

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of coherence in things expressed in the coherences of discourse. But this coherence is discovered by many individual minds which are the localized expressions of many individual bodies. These localized bodies with their special perspectives—"Many men, minds, many bodies"—"translate the universal logic of things into their own private but communicable discourse. The language of each man is his particularization of the order of things. The logic of each man is his provincial dialect of the language of nature. Many minds move in a common world, but there are many ways of rendering its character. No one way of translating the order of things is ultimate; the order of things *is* ultimate, however, and it is that order which gives a canon for measuring the relevance of any provincial human ideology."

Mr. Woodbridge's book might well have been longer. It is packed with metaphysical common sense. It reinstates the metaphysical imagination in the body of which it is the expression and in the world to which it refers. The book, thanks perhaps to Aristotle, is written with undecorated distinction and nobility. It confirms the opinion of any number of Dean Woodbridge's former students that he owes it to philosophy to desert or neglect administration, and write more. IRWIN EDMAN

The Moscow Road

The British General Strike. By Scott Nearing. The Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

Must Britain Travel the Moscow Road? By Norman Angell. London: Noel Douglas. 5s.

WILL British Labor take the Moscow Road toward Socialism? Scott Nearing answers Yes. The General Strike was a sign that the turning had been made. His book is a useful but inadequate and one-sided account of the strike. It does not claim, however, to be a history, but merely "an economic interpretation of its background and its significance." The interpretation being of a Marxian character the background is a picture of the growing decay of British capitalism, with the coal crisis as the outstanding symptom. While capitalism has declined Labor has risen. Organized industrially and politically, it has relied hitherto on political action to give effect to its ideas of social change. The Labor Government proved this reliance futile, for, says naive Nearing, "after nine months of Labor Government British capitalists were still exploiting workers and British workers were still the bondsmen of capitalists." The General Strike drove the lesson home and pointed an alternative method. It "smashed the idea of evolutionary and constitutional development in Great Britain." The strike was direct action—revolutionary in fact if not in intention. Moreover, the actions of the Government showed that the state was merely a strike-breaking capitalist instrument, useless for the achievement of Socialism even if controlled by a majority Labor Government. And so the future will bring forth bigger and better general strikes; society will be paralyzed; and then . . .

But before revolutionary ardor carries British Labor to the barricades perhaps it will consider what Norman Angell has to say. He does not think that revolution is impossible. Should the Tories try to obstruct the constitutional highway, Labor might well attempt the revolutionary short cut. But he mistrusts the sign-posting on that route. Does it really lead directly and rapidly to Socialism or is there a bend somewhere, invisible from the start, which brings it back to join the old road?

Norman Angell's book is an answer to Trotzky's "Whither England?" Trotzky has a profound dislike for the present methods of British Labor. Parliamentarianism, he argues, is hopelessly slow. While the MacDonalds and the Webbs pursue cowardly tactics of compromise, persuasion, conciliation, they merely bolster the outworn fabric of British capitalism. If Labor wants socialism it must push aside these exponents of "gradualism" and prepare for revolution. Where Russia suc-

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By Edgar Wallace Knight
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ceeded Britain can follow. But, asks Norman Angell, has Russia succeeded? "Has civil war, coercion, force, no compromise, no gradualism, proved successful in Russia in destroying capitalism and private property and substituting a workable socialism?" He goes on to suggest that the really fundamental change wrought in Russia by the revolution is the transfer of the land to the peasants. This is a change away from socialism, and hardly one the Bolsheviks were working for. They wanted to bring the village within the orbit of Communism. In the early years they endeavored to bring about a "compulsory organization of production." The refusal of the peasants to cooperate and the breakdown of the attempts to coerce them resulted in the New Economic Policy. The fact that the Bolsheviks have been unable to impose an economic system by force does not condemn them, as Angell is careful to point out, but it does mean that they "have not been successful in their attempt to avoid 'gradualness,' to skip the intervening stages between capitalism and complete socialism."

Would British Bolsheviks be more likely to succeed? The answer to that question depends upon the attitude of the technical and professional workers. These form a very considerable portion of the population and are as essential to the mechanism of an industrial state as the manual workers. For the most part they depend on their salaries and theoretically should side with the workers against a common exploiter. In fact, however, they form part of the bourgeoisie, and although the Labor Party by methods of persuasion has won many recruits from their ranks, the majority would be found in the reactionary camp in the event of a revolution. The seizure of power by the workers might be accomplished without their aid, but for the reorganization of industry their cooperation would be indispensable. After the bitterness of a civil war would they cooperate? And if not could they be coerced? Norman Angell answers both questions in the negative, and if he is right one must agree that the chances of a rapid transformation of British industry by a revolution are exceedingly slim. British Bolsheviks, like Russian Bolsheviks, even if successful in maintaining a dictatorship, would have to fall back on "gradualness," persuasion, conciliation; reinstate capitalism in many directions; build up their new world brick by brick.

Norman Angell's book expresses with admirable logic and clarity the views of the majority of British Socialists. They are not yet convinced that civil war would accelerate their program. The Trotzkys and Nearings must persevere. They can count, at least, on the wholehearted cooperation of Churchill and his friends.

KEITH HUTCHISON

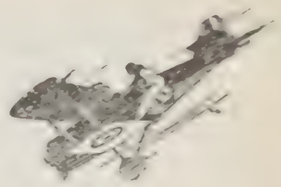
The Creator of Modern Opera

Monteverdi, His Life and Work. By Henry Prunières. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.

M. PRUNIÈRES, well known to musicians as the editor of the *Revue Musicale* of Paris, has written what will doubtless take its place as the standard book on Monteverdi. It does full justice to the many-sided activities of the man who was so great a master of the older polyphonic style that he wrote madrigals of great technical skill as well as passionate expression, and at the same time was so innovating a spirit that he did more than anyone else to develop from the early Florentine operas of Peri, Caccini, and others a vivid and expressive type of music drama. The book is in three parts, one devoted to the early years at Cremona and in the service of the Duke of Mantua, one to an analysis of the earliest dramas, "Orféo" and "Arianna," and one to the later years at Venice. There are also well-documented notes, a catalogue of Monteverdi's works, and a copious selection from his letters, printed in the original Italian, as well as a bibliography and index.

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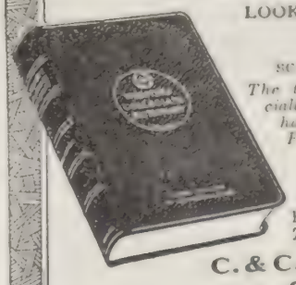
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of so vivid a personality as Monteverdi's. He makes the court life of the time real to us as we read, and gives by artfully composed detail rather than by a special eloquence of presentation a sense of the incongruously mingling brilliance and primitiveness of the period, the strange chaotic Italian scene. Monteverdi, for example, heart-broken at the death of his wife in September, 1608, is nevertheless ordered by his patron, the Duke of Mantua, to prepare an opera for the occasion of the marriage of the Duke to Marguerite of Savoy. He composes his "Arianna," containing the famous Lament of Ariadne (the only part that has been preserved), and after some delays it is finally given in May in the castle, before an audience of from four to six thousand. The Lament "drew tears from the whole assembly" we are told. M. Prunières justly says: "This is incontestably Monteverdi's finest dramatic passage. Grief is expressed with a majesty which recalls the masterpieces of ancient Greece. Heart-rending as it is, this grief is without grimace or convulsion. This is no mere recitative: words have become song, and this passage remained unparalleled in its intensity until the advent of Gluck." The Duchess, however, finds the subject "a little gloomy for performance at a wedding," and commands a denouement in Act V in which Bacchus is to appear as a liberator God and "marry the blushing Cretan." Everybody is pleased (save perhaps Monteverdi) and a contemporary informs us that "Fifteen excellent dancers, dressed as soldiers of Bacchus, executed a dance composed entirely of caprioles." So little does the world of opera change through the ages, even for a genius like Monteverdi.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON

The Better Side of the Senate

The American Senate. By Lindsay Rogers. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WHETHER or not the Senate is in need of the defense which Professor Rogers offers in this able book is a question regarding which readers will probably differ according to their political persuasion. However unlike the role which the framers of the Constitution cast for it the Senate has in practice become, the upper house of our national legislature has contrived to resist successfully the resounding attacks that have been launched against it, chiefly, it would seem, by paying no keen attention to them; while the latest assault, directed by Vice-President Dawes at the custom of unrestricted debate, appears to have fallen pretty flat. On the other hand, the eternal vigilance which is said to be the price of liberty makes it worth while to evaluate again and again even the most sacred institutions, and the skilful fashion in which Professor Rogers performs the task for the Senate, joined to the fact that his illustrations are drawn mainly from recent years, gives his book a freshness which many political treatises sadly lack.

The main theme of the book, of course, is the closure. "Abolish the closure," Professor Rogers declares, "and the Senate will gradually sink to the level of the House of Representatives, where there is less deliberation and debate than in any other legislative assembly." What makes the Senate the most powerful upper house in the world is its procedure, an intricate subject to which little attention has been paid, but while the United States "possesses a Senate which is undemocratic in its composition, and which enjoys enormous powers for the exercise of which it cannot be held responsible," the Senate remains "the single American institution that can enforce some measure of responsibility and mitigate the autocracy and security which may be synonymous with the dogma of the separation of powers."

Unfortunately, the Constitution affords no method of determining that the President and two-thirds of the Senate actually represent public opinion, but the very want of constitutional prescription would seem to be, for the country, a saving grace. Unrestricted debate has undoubtedly wasted a good deal

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of time, fastened upon the nation a certain amount of bad legislation, and prevented the enactment of some laws that might have turned out to be good, but quite as often it has defeated proposals later seen to have been objectionable. The Senate has manhandled treaties, as John Hay found to his irritation, yet it would be hard to point to any treaty which has been rejected that the country gave any marked indication later of having wanted. Had the Senate never done anything except to reject the Treaty of Versailles, it would have justified its existence and been entitled to forgiveness for a multitude of sins.

This is not to say that the Senate, any more than the House, ranks high as a legislative body. "The fact of the matter is," according to Professor Rogers, "that the American Congress performs its three major functions most incompetently," and this notwithstanding that "the ability and honesty of the House and the Senate are far greater than the average of the country." There remains, however, the priceless power of investigation, and although Senatorial investigations, which far outnumber those of the House or of the two bodies jointly, are often meddlesome and seldom complete, they help to keep the Executive in hand. Incidentally, too, the free-talking Senate does something to offset the predatory influence of White House propaganda, of whose operations under the present regime Professor Rogers gives a devastating account.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

Aristotle. *The Nicomachean Ethics.* Translated by H. Rackham. Aristotle. *The "Art" of Rhetoric.* Translated by John Henry Freese. Eusebius. *The Ecclesiastical History. Vol. I.* Translated by Kirsopp Lake. Saint Basil. *The Letters. Vol. I.* Translated by Roy J. Deferrari. Plato. *Laws. Vol. II.* Translated by R. G. Bury. Horace. *Satires, Epistles, and Ars Poetica.* Translated by H. Rushton Fairclough. Cicero. *Philippics.* Translated by Walter C. A. Ker. Livy. *Vol. IV.* Translated by B. O. Foster. The Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons $2.50 each.

It is excellent to see Aristotle in this great collection at last, and to see the early Christian writings extended to take in Eusebius and Saint Basil. Professor Bury's translation of the "Laws," now completed, promises to rank with the most readable in the series. Mr. Fairclough's Horace, like all that have gone before it, is less penetrable than it might have been—though the way of Horace's satires is hard.

Lucian, Satirist and Artist. By Francis G. Allison. *Aeschylus and Sophocles, Their Work and Influence.* By J. T. Sheppard. *Modern Traits in Old Greek Life.* By Charles Burton Gulick. Our Debt to Greece and Rome. Longmans, Green and Company. $1.75 each.

The first of these new volumes in an engaging series, now issued from another than its original house, is the most critical and informing—though the omission of Fielding's name among the English debtors to Lucian amounts to a major crime. Mr. Sheppard struggles valiantly with a divided subject; and Mr. Gulick, though he tells a good deal about old Greek life, does not make good his title.

Edwin Arlington Robinson. By Ben Ray Redman. Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.

Mr. Redman lacks any critical method, and so descends into itemization of the beauties and blemishes in Mr. Robinson's successive volumes. But he is always sound and sensible in these separate judgments, and in general he conveys a clear notion of what his hero—for the book is frankly worshipful—has been doing through the thirty years of his authorship. A much more useful and illuminating essay than Lloyd Morris's, published a few years ago.

A Bill of Rights for Samoa

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Humoresque. By Humbert Wolfe. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

Mr. Wolfe has his moments, but they are few. And we have experienced them before, in the poetry of the nineties generally; in the verse of Ernst Dowson in particular. Mr. Wolfe's dandyism is wholly of the surface—which, perhaps, explains the insensitive rhythms, the machine-turned imagery, the unintelligent invocation of worn-out poetical properties. Whatever else Mr. Wolfe may be, he is not a poet.

The Practical Book of Learning Decoration and Furniture. By Edward Stratton Holloway. J. B. Lippincott Company. $4.50.

A great deal of information for the collector and the furnisher, presented enthusiastically.

Fogs and Clouds. By William J. Humphreys. Baltimore: The Williams and Wilkins Company. $4.

The photographs, hardly anywhere to be matched for beauty and completeness, are more important than the text.

River Thames. By F. V. Morley. Illustrated in Color and with Maps by Laurence Irving. Harper and Brothers. $6.

An agreeable tour of a famous stream. Mr. Morley knows the literature with which the Thames is drenched, and makes excellent use of it, both poetry and prose.

The Black Death. A Chronicle of the Plague. Compiled by Johannes Nohl from Contemporary Sources. Translated by C. H. Clarke. Harper and Brothers.

Light for the layman on the causes, incidents, and social results of the most terrible of Western epidemics.

The Gang. A Study of 1313 Gangs in Chicago. By Frederic M. Thrasher. University of Chicago Press. $3.

Few more specific and useful, not to say fascinating studies of American society have been made.

Spenser. By Emile Legouis. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

An abridgment of the author's larger work in French, this essay pleasantly makes out Spenser to be not the great moral poet some would like to think him, but a painter in verse.

Robinson Jeffers: The Man and the Artist. By George Sterling. Boni and Liveright. $1.

The only distinction of this book is that it is the first in the field. Readers of Mr. Jeffers will learn a few facts about his life and his already fabulous house at Carmel, but the critical part, while generous to a fault, it not of importance.

Poppies and Mandragora. Poems by Edgar Saltus. With twenty-three additional poems by Marie Saltus. Harold Vinal. $2.

Mostly unpublished poems by this romantic pessimist of the nineties.

A Year Among the Persians. Impressions as to the Life, Character, and Thought of the People of Persia. By Edward Granville Browne. With a Memoir by Sir E. Denison Ross. The Macmillan Company.

A welcome reissue of a travel classic which remotely rivals "Arabia Deserta."

The Minor Poems of Dante. Translated into English Verse by Lorna De' Lucchi. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

This first venture upon an important task is conspicuously successful.

The Mind of Rome. Contributions by Cyril Bailey, J. Bell, and Others. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Extracts from Roman literature, arranged under pertinent heads and illustrated by photographs of places and works of art.

Collections and Reprints

A Complete History of the Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen, Footpads, Shoplifts, and Cheats of Both Sexes. By Captain Alexander Smith. Edited by Arthur L. Hayward. Brentano's. $7.

The Outline of History. By H. G. Wells. New Illustrated Edition, revised and rewritten. With maps and plans by J. F. Horrabin. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $15.

Upstream. By Ludwig Lewisohn. With a new Introduction by the author. *The Return of the Native.* By Thomas Hardy. *New Grub Street.* By George Gissing. Introduction by Harry Hansen. *Dubliners.* By James Joyce. Introduction by Padraic Colum. The Modern Library. The Modern Library Publishers. 95 cents each.

Golden Tales of Anatole France. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

An Anthology of Catholic Poets. Compiled by Shane Leslie. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Three Plays. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. $2.

The Letters of George Eliot. Selected with an introduction by R. Brimley Johnson. The Dial Press. $2.50.

Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

The History of the Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great. By Henry Fielding. To which is added *The Life and Actions of Jonathan Wild.* By Daniel Defoe. With an introduction by Wilson Follett. The Borzoi Classics. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

The Best Poems of 1926. Edited by L. A. G. Strong. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

Collected Poems of John G. Neihardt. The Macmillan Company. $4.

Art

A Lively Sculptor

HER name first attracted me to Tennessee Mitchell Anderson, whose humorous and beautiful show of sculpture recently divided honors at the Whitney Studio Club with paintings by Leon Hartl. "You wouldn't dare name a baby for a woman like Tennessee Claflin," a timid neighbor had said to her mother, but her mother, who approved of adventurousness in women, dared do it immediately.

When she was seventeen Tennessee Mitchell, who had been to school a little but studied violin a great deal, found her home made intolerable by a stepmother, so she took her little sister and went to Chicago to earn a living. Her music teacher had told her she had a perfect ear, which suggested to her, not the romance of the concert stage but that she might get work as a piano tuner. The managers of piano stores thought her ambition absurd; the piano-tuners' union was shocked. But she did become a specialist in tuning pianos just before the big concerts, and worked at her trade some time before she adopted the profession of teacher.

She became a sculptor by accident. During a winter near Mobile, Alabama, she began to play with the varicolored muds and clays that paint the gulleys of the country round. With a hairpin she fashioned the lumps into heads, not precisely intending to make portraits; but her companions began to recognize them as such. Photographs of those first types will be vividly

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recalled by all readers of Sherwood Anderson's "The Triumph of the Egg," in which they were included half as illustration and half as decoration.

Some of those first mud pies were not altogether good modeling. I remember an ear that did not quite fit, and they were not exactly beautiful. The people in the "Spoon River Anthology" were most of them lacking in loveliness, but like them and the characters in "Winesburg, Ohio" Tennessee's clay people have always been believable. They bring poignant moments of understanding for folks met long ago, half noticed and forgotten.

The catalogue of the recent show was arranged chronologically. There has been steady growth since the accident of five years ago. "Club Woman," "At the Opera," "Seen at Bertrand Russell's Lecture" are done with heightened irony. "In a Street Car" is as bold as any of George Grosz, an estimate in miniature of contemporary common life. The small plaster figures ("Two Lives") of two women leaning back to back, the large breasts of the one balancing the pregnancy of the other, though literary in appeal, are a departure toward more abstract arrangement. The bas-relief called "Faces" flows like a classic frieze. There is a mask, "Good Living," not to be missed, and "The Flapper," a statuette executed in nickel, is a joke all her own.

I do not know how the stars and garters are given out in sculpture or just what merits the word "important." I once heard a collector call it absurd to make sculpture like this, and a member of the conventional trade union of sculptors say that Mrs. Anderson's portrait of Arthur Aldis was "dreadful." But this is mere repetition of her piano-tuning days. The truth about her show at the Whitney Club is that it had the breath of everyday American life in it. ERNESTINE EVANS

Drama

Contemporaneity

ONE might suppose that no characters would be easier to create than those cast in the mold of the people about one, and that no dialogue would be easier to write than that which employs the idiom of the moment. Such, however, is far from the case. Both motivation and language are more easily imitated from books or from plays than from life, and only those possessed of a very rare gift are capable of producing a representation of the contemporary scene which is completely free from merely literary echoes in the language and the sentiment. Of the plays which deal with modern life in its more familiar aspects, not one in a score escapes an occasional shattering of the illusion by the introduction of some sentiment (usually exalted) or of some turn of phrase (usually formal) which reflects the traditions of the stage rather than the manners of the day, and which thus destroys the effect of all those pieces which have naturalness as their chief aim.

Doubtless contemporaneity as such is not one of the highest artistic virtues. We can never know any time not our own well enough to know just how accurately a work of the past reflects the accent and the mood of the society which it reflects, and hence absolute fidelity in such matters plays no part in assuring that permanence by which art is usually judged. Yet however ultimately trivial it may be, it is not only highly difficult to achieve but absolutely necessary for stamping essentially ephemeral works with that *cachet* which gives them their current importance.

Such complete contemporaneity is the most striking characteristic of Maxwell Anderson's absorbing and moving comedy-drama "Saturday's Children" (Booth Theater). Its theme—the year of adjustment which follows marriage—has been a favorite one, at least since the success of "The First Year," and even the three scenes about which the action is centered—the proposal, the new home, and the rooming-house to which the discontented wife has fled—are familiar, but never has the theme been treated or the scenes represented with a more absolutely convincing fidelity. The language, without being exaggerated after the manner of those plays like "Is Zat So?" which create a speech of their own out of popular elements, never once misses both the form and cadence of contemporary speech; the range of ideas and sentiments attributed to the characters maintains the same verisimilitude; and from the beginning to the end of the piece the perfection of the illusion is never disturbed by any echoes. Again and again the laughter which recognition provokes bursts from the audience but it is always everyday life, not the convention of the stage, which is recognized.

Nor is this contemporaneity something which affects the surface alone, for it is a characteristic not only of the personages themselves but of the point of view from which their creator has regarded them as well. Without ever completely leaving the plane of comedy, he has grappled sincerely with their problem as it appears both to them and to him, and refusing the merely sentimental conclusion of the John Golden school, he leaves it in that state of confusion characteristic of the times. Here is no mere question of a lovers' quarrel to be made up over a crib. The two young people concerned are too sophisticate and too keenly aware of their own situation for that. Love brought them together and it is love that they desire. They wanted each other, they did not want the responsibilities, the discords, and the difficulties which marriage, the conventional sequel of love, entails; and when they get them all they are frank enough to admit where the difficulty lies. Upon the stage of the theater a little exalted preachment furnished by a convenient *deus* and touching upon the social duties of parenthood and citizenship would usually be sufficient to bring down the curtain upon a happy end, but it is not so here and not always so upon the larger stage. In the first place no such *deus* is provided because the father of the girl is not himself sure that his respectable life, which has accomplished nothing except to provide two girls to start the whole thing over again, was worth while and because the young people, naively wise with the naive wisdom of the modern city, would not have heard him had he been there. Without realizing it they are playing their parts in a gigantic struggle—the struggle between Nature which insists that we live our lives for others and Human Nature which yields less and less easily to those demands—and because, though they know no way out, they are, like so many, no longer sure that Nature is right, no longer convinced that there is anything worth giving up the happiness of their own lives for, they end with a mere temporization. Beneath Mr. Anderson's comedy is a mood, not of cynicism, but of something akin to the melancholy of despair. He has envisaged frankly the fact that marriage and children and the humdrum life of the family are not what most young lovers want, and no mere facile sentiment is enough to reconcile him to the fact that the stability of society requires that is what they shall get.

Doubtless this comedy has no enduring value. Twenty-five years from now the minute verisimilitude which makes it so real today will be no longer recognizable and the aspect under which its problem is presented will no longer be at once so familiar in daily experience and so rare upon the stage. At the present moment, however, I know no play which seems to me to reflect so exactly the manners and the souls of that section of "the younger generation" with which it deals. In every respect the accent of Mr. Anderson is absolutely contemporary.

"Yours Truly" (Shubert Theater) is an elaborate spectacle vacillating between the slight continuity required of musical comedy and the utter unconsecutiveness of the revue. It is presented by a former aid of Mr. Ziegfeld in much the Ziegfeld manner. Leon Errol keeps it amusing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S CALL for a new naval disarmament conference is welcome. The League's commission, seeking to solve air-, land-, and sea-armament problems all at once, has been almost hopelessly entangled in a maze of details; as Commander Kenworthy shows elsewhere in this issue, the Washington Conference pointed the way but left cruisers and submarines almost untouched. Mr. Coolidge's passion for economy has in this case led him in a direction which we heartily approve. We hope that he and his advisers will be ready, when the conference opens, with as concrete proposals as those with which Mr. Hughes startled the 1921 conference. England will of course accept his invitation; Japan announces her readiness to confer, although the rumors of an unwillingness to accept for cruisers the 5:5:3 ratio are ominous. France, with her submarine program, is likely to be most recalcitrant. But surely even France, with debts unpaid and thousands unemployed, cannot afford to flout the rising tide of peace sentiment at home and in the world.

THE TRADITIONAL IDEA that warfare in Central America is musical comedy with more face powder than gunpowder is not borne out by the dispatches from Nicaragua. An Associated Press correspondent who visited Chinandega, captured first by the Sacasa forces and then retaken by the troops under Diaz, describes the city as a "horrible picture." Twelve blocks of houses had been battered and burned. Women and children and other civilians were among the victims of the machine-guns and bombs. "Dozens of dead were piled here and there, while buzzards hovered overhead." More than four hundred soldiers were known to have been killed and as many wounded had been removed, but "the death toll of the battle probably never will be exactly known." The city was virtually without food, water, or medicine. All this slaughter—in which American aviators in the Conservative army dropped bombs on soldiers and civilians without discrimination—is the direct result of our intervention to set up Diaz as President. Even with all the impediments we have thrown in the way of the Sacasa forces, they have put up an aggressive fight; it is obvious that without our assistance the Diaz Government would have collapsed long since. At this writing even Diaz seems to question his power to hold out.

> The rebels early occupied the arsenal and telegraph offices. . . . Many civilians fired from house tops and street corners and made the passage of pedestrians dangerous. In fact, it became impossible for any one to leave the houses in the fighting area. . . . The men of the southern railways . . . struck in sympathy with the rebels, hoping to hinder the movement of loyal troops. . . . The American Legation . . . has been struck repeatedly by gunfire . . . and had to be abandoned. . . . Estimates [of casualties] vary largely, but the aggregate is likely to be more than 1,000 killed or wounded. . . .

THIS, BOYS AND GIRLS, is the tale of the wicked Rebels and their Horrid Revolution. It is taken from the New York *Times* and so we know it is true. Can any little boy tell me what the United States will do in this Emergency wherein the Lives and the Property of American Citizens are at Stake? No, Cuthbert, I warned you that it was a catch question. No, the United States will not send marines to Protect the Lives and Property of American Citizens, Restore Order, and Establish a Stable Government, because this revolution happens to have taken place in Portugal, and Portugal, even though it has had twenty-one revolutions in the last seventeen years, is not in Central America, Mexico, or the neighboring islands. Europe has its own watch-dogs and would not like interference from this side of the ocean. We'll leave that job to England, Cuthbert; British investments in Portugal are heavier than ours.

THIS PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION, if the New York *Herald Tribune* is correctly informed, followed the conventional pattern of Central American uprisings; behind the enraged populace were interested foreign banking groups. Let the *Tribune* tell its own story:

> The uprising is believed to have been staged at this moment as a sequel to the success of the war-debt commission sent to London by the Carmona Government, which obtained from England a settlement by which Portugal's debt was cut down from $125,000,000 to about $25,000,000. The settlement was followed by negotiations for a loan to be floated in London.
>
> Linked up with these there were also negotiations for a concession to an English syndicate as security for a loan of a tobacco monopoly. This for the last forty years has

GOR... PUEBLO

been in the hands of a Paris financial group as security for a $50,000,000 loan, but the French concession expired in April of last year. . . .

The French tobacco monopoly is exceedingly unpopular in Portugal, due to the belief that it made immense profits for Paris concessionnaires, but little for Portugal itself. The leaders of the uprising were thus able to mobilize public support with the charge that Carmona was seeking to restore the hated French monopoly instead of coming to terms with Great Britain, whose traditional popularity as Portugal's oldest ally is increased by a favorable debt settlement. The threads of the latest and bloodiest Portuguese upheaval thus lead back to bankers' parlors in Paris and London.

BLACK SHIRTS FOR SCHOOLCHILDREN is the latest Fascist decree. This may have some merits on the ground of economy but will be awkward for those children whose fathers are in prison or who have been the victims of Fascist strong-arm methods and castor-oil persuasion. Parents who object to the ruling are politely reminded of the alternative—they may remove their children from school, and themselves, no doubt, from the face of the earth. The tax on bachelors is another recent regulation. A head tax is imposed on all unmarried male citizens except priests, officers in the army, and war cripples; in addition all men who pay income taxes are subject to a further tax in proportion to the size of their income. Fathers whose sons are dependent on them will be required to pay a tax for each son over twenty-five years of age. Are not these the kind of laws which wreck dictatorships? Regulations, no matter how stringent they may be, which deal with abstract matters—politics, the state, the vote, even local government—are not felt so deeply as is petty control of the individual. This is government in the role of schoolmarm—always an unpopular part. Mussolini so far has contented himself with grand gestures and his success with them has been astounding. It would be ironical but not without precedent if his fall, when it comes, should be brought about because of one of the most insignificant and least onerous of his attempts to make a completely integrated state.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BOULDER DAM? This project for a 700-foot dam, twice as high as any other in the United States, which would generate a million horse-power of energy, provide water for the arid city of Los Angeles, hold in reservoir enough water to cover New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey a foot deep, and save the Imperial Valley from its periodic devastating floods—all at such a profit that in fifty years the immense project would more than pay for itself—is held up in Congress again. Why? There are local reasons in the disputes of the seven States concerned; but the primary reason is the greed of water-power interests. They do not want Uncle Sam to operate an efficient power plant; they want to continue to argue that private interests are entitled to all the profits to be made out of the flow of American rivers. It is difficult to understand the reasoning of Big Business except as sordid hypocrisy; when private interests were unable to make a profit out of the Cape Cod Canal the whole army of business lobbyists demanded that Congress agree to buy out the poor, dear bankers; but when it comes to the profitable task of harnessing the Colorado River they denounce public ownership as a crime.

THE DECOMPOSITION of England's Liberal Party continues. Wedgwood Benn, one of its ablest and most independent parliamentary leaders, has followed Commander Kenworthy into the Labor Party. Meanwhile the squabble among the survivors continues. A distinguished remnant of Asquithian leaders remains in splendid isolation from the hurly-burly of the day; David Lloyd George has the bulk of the party funds (largely the product of his auctioning of honors), the allegiance of the mass of the dwindling party membership, and an uncanny capacity for sensing the public mood and expressing it. His human understanding of the general strike won for him a sympathy which the Victorian aloofness of the Asquithians could never muster; and their attempt to read the fiery Welshman out of the party has resulted instead in their own isolation. Were Lloyd George not smeared with his own war-time record he, too, might find a new opportunity for leadership in the more and more diluted Labor Party, and he could give it an adroitness in parliamentary debate which it sometimes lacks. As it is, the human decency which was the genius of British Liberalism in its prime now finds its natural outlet through the moderate Labor Party.

RESERVATIONS TO OUR RESERVATIONS have ended the immediate possibility of American adherence to the World Court. We wouldn't join unless given a special position; and Europe wouldn't have us except on equal terms. A vast and well-meaning propaganda thus comes to naught. To us it had seemed prenatally doomed to sterility. This World Court at the Hague did not alarm us as it did some isolationists; but it seemed a pitiful ideal for a great peace movement. There was no suggestion of a binding pledge to outlaw war, to accept arbitration of all disputes—only a demand that we share in one alternative form of arbitrating some disputes. Will the women's clubs and peace societies continue to fight for this particular brand of peace-machinery? Or will they come at last to a great demand to arbitrate all disputes of whatever nature, never to engage in war—beginning with wholehearted condemnation of our aggressive policy toward Mexico, Nicaragua, and China?

THE BOGY-MAN is working overtime these days. Secretary Wilbur finds him in the Third International, "this new form of attack which seeks to destroy the foundations of this government, namely, the home and the sense of religious obligations. It would destroy home and government and God." This sounds serious enough, to be sure, and anybody would be justified in diving into bed and pulling the blankets over his head for protection. In Toledo the goblin at present is Sherwood Eddy, who, it is said, goes about the country corrupting our young men by inducing them to sign pledges to become conscientious objectors to military service. The American Legion in that city made such an effective protest against a speech that Mr. Eddy was to have delivered to high-school students that the Board of Education first forbade the speech and then decided it might be given if no religious, political, or controversial subject was discussed. In Los Angeles the army and police are afraid of *The Nation!* Karl Spies Robinson was arrested for selling copies of this magazine next to a recruiting booth, in the logical but evidently mistaken notion that propaganda for peace might be offered at the same time as propaganda for war. Mr. Robinson was actually sentenced to thirty

days in jail for "obstructing traffic" and given a suspended sentence of ninety days for "advertising in the streets," although the recruiting booth was well-advertised by machine-guns, hand-grenades, and rifles with fixed bayonets.

AND THE ARCH-PLOTTER, the super-menace, the biggest and blackest bogy of all is none other than Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver! For more than two years Judge Lindsey has been defending his election to the bench of the Denver Juvenile and Family Court, where he has been since 1901. His enemy is the Ku Klux Klan; his opponent, the Klan candidate, committed suicide in 1925, but his widow has been continuing to contest the election, and by a ruling of the Colorado Supreme Court on January 24 Judge Lindsey was technically ousted from office, although he will serve pending an appeal of the case. In more than a quarter of a century of the most confidential relations with persons in domestic difficulties of one sort or another, Judge Lindsey has learned much which is not generally admitted by officials of the church or the government. As a result of his long and peculiar experience, he believes that something is wrong with domestic relations, and with marriage in particular. He knows that many marriages are not successful; he knows that many parents are not fitted to take care of their children; he knows that extra-marital relations occur among ordinary people as well as among the wicked, degenerate, and lost; he knows that for want of information about birth control thousands of abortions are performed every year. These are matters which are not spoken of in public. Judge Lindsey has dared to speak of them and to discuss as possible remedies for them availability of contraceptive information, easy divorce for childless couples, and a sort of trial marriage dissolvable after a year by mutual consent; and this has brought upon his head a storm of reproach and vituperation—led by the super-moral Ku Klux Klan!

IT IS GOOD NEWS FOR NEW YORK that the Scripps-Howard organization has bought the New York *Telegram*. Despite the announcement of the purchasers that they contemplate "no radical changes" the vigor and enterprise which they have thrown into their twenty-five other newspapers mean that they cannot help change the characterlessness of the old *Telegram*. *The Nation* has often regarded newspaper consolidations with a jaundiced eye; generally they have stunted editorial personality, deadened individuality, reduced newspapers to expressions of Babbittism. The Scripps-Howard papers have dared to lead; when Carl C. Magee's brave independence got him into difficulty with his New Mexico *State Tribune* the Scripps organization went to his aid; its Cleveland *Press* supported La Follette in 1924 and helped carry that city for the Progressive leader; its Washington *Daily News* puts a little color into the journalistic desert of the capital. In New York, as in Denver, it has boldly cast the Associated Press franchise overboard, refusing to agree to its monopolistic news policy; it is satisfied that the United Press and United News are now adequate to supply any metropolitan newspaper.

STEAMSHIP PASSENGERS have so much done for them nowadays that they are inclined to take it all for granted when it is forthcoming and to act like spoiled children when it isn't, blaming the chief steward if the sun doesn't shine and complaining of the captain if the soup is cold. So it is pleasant to learn that the passengers on the President Harding behaved otherwise when that vessel was the victim of an unusual accident in mid-Atlantic on its recent trip from Europe to New York. Buffeted by a tremendous storm, the hull of the President Harding was so wrenched that sea-water seeped into some of the oil carried for fuel, making it unusable. The vessel thus found herself in the dangerous position of having to drive through a sea of terrific ferocity with a shortage of fuel. Both heat and light were cut off to conserve every ounce of oil for making steam for the propellors, and the wooden hatch-coverings were chopped up to make fires for simple cooking. The passengers cooperated finely, and when they were met at Halifax by an agent of the United States Line, who offered to send them on to New York by special train, they declined and stuck by the ship.

READERS OF BOOKS in the United States are at once more numerous and more interesting, we believe, than any publisher has yet had opportunity to realize. Recent sales of superior novels and of serious works in history, philosophy, and science have often been commented on because of their seemingly inexplicable size. New machinery is being set up with the design of distributing to this large book-hungry public as much literature as it can hold. The Literary Guild of America, which announces that it will publish or otherwise distribute twelve new books yearly to as many persons as will subscribe to the undertaking, is doubtless only the first of several such organizations destined to be formed; similar guilds in Germany have enormous memberships. The Book-of-the-Month Club, whose members have been reading volumes selected for them from the current output, differs from the guild chiefly in that while it does not cut prices its books are returnable; ingenuity will discover still other schemes. The significant thing is the size of the public approachable on this basis and its willingness to accept twelve books a year selected for it as the contents of twelve issues of a monthly magazine are selected. The booksellers of the country are said to be worried over the new enterprises, particularly over the low prices which the Literary Guild thinks its mass sales will justify. In the long run we believe that the buying of books will be stimulated, and the interest in them deepened and increased.

FOR FRIENDS OF PERCY STICKNEY GRANT the real tragedy came less with his recent death than with the fate which sent him, broken in health, into quiet retirement more than two years ago. Dr. Grant's colorful controversies, first with Bishop Burch and then with Bishop Manning, on questions of economic, social, and theological orthodoxy, gave him in many quarters a reputation for a far more definite radicalism than he actually held. His deepest belief was a faith in freedom, and his finest characteristic a courageous honesty. In this spirit he established the forum—one of the first to meet under church auspices—which was killed by the restrictions placed upon it by the bishop of the diocese of New York. He supported the Great War with the frank declaration that to do it he had to declare a moratorium on his Christianity; but he was the first clergyman of any established communion in New York City to open his church for a public meeting in behalf of conscientious objectors, and was himself among the most vigorous of the speakers.

China—Vaccinated

CHINA today is riven by a host of civil wars; the cables report the tramp of hostile armies in Honan, Chekiang, and Szechuan. Canton denounces Peking as the tool of foreign imperialism, and Chang Tso-lin from the North declares a holy war against the "Bolshevist" South. But Chu Chao-hsin, the Chinese representative at Geneva, announces that he and his colleagues in the other European capitals have arranged to represent both factions, and begins by preparing to continue his campaign of protest—now made in behalf of both China's governments—against the British troops being sent to Shanghai.

In attitude toward the foreigners China is one. North and South, East and West, no Chinese official today would dare compromise on the abolition of the unequal treaties. Whatever may happen to the Southern armies, their soul goes marching on. Nationalism has won on every front; to gain, or even to hold, adherents Canton's opponents have been obliged to assert their devotion to the Canton program of reestablishing China's sovereignty. When the Cantonese drove the British out of their concessions in Hankow and Kiukiang, the Peking Government countered by formally demanding return of the Tientsin concessions which are within its territory—and began, in true Western style, by ousting the weakest of the foreign Powers, Belgium. While the Cantonese are struggling to win Shanghai, the Chinese within the city are demanding that the British give immediate effect to Austen Chamberlain's declared readiness to revise the terms on which the settlements are held. A committee headed by C. T. Wang, former Foreign Minister, a Yale graduate; David Yui, executive of the Y. M. C. A., a Harvard graduate; and a group of bankers and business men—these, representing the Chinese Ratepayers' Association which pays 80 per cent of the International Settlement's taxes, are demanding that the Chinese be given equal representation with the British on the Shanghai Municipal Council at once as a first step, with more to come. Christian and non-Christian, banker and coolie, foreign graduate and native-trained Chinese stand shoulder to shoulder, all demanding that the foreigner give up, at once, all his special privileges.

If there be any differences it is the foreign-trained men who clamor most against the foreigner. Eugene Chen, the Canton Foreign Minister who has been most bitter against the aliens, is himself of alien birth and training. He is a native of Trinidad and was educated in England; it was the British who taught him his present race consciousness. His predecessors in that office were also foreign trained—Fu Ping-sheung, graduate of the British University of Hongkong, and C. C. Wu, who went from the public high school at Atlantic City, New Jersey, to the University of London. The Peking Minister of Foreign Affairs, who forced Belgium to negotiate new equal treaties, Wellington Koo, is a graduate of our own Columbia University; his predecessors hold their academic degrees from Virginia and Yale. Chu Chao-hsin, who uses the League of Nations as a sounding-board to broadcast his attacks on British policy, holds degrees from New York and Columbia, and most of his colleagues are foreign trained.

This is no accident. The Nationalist movement is strongest where foreign influence has been most intense. Canton is its natural center because it has been the center of intercourse with foreigners for more than a century. From Canton millions of Chinese have emigrated to the Straits Settlements, to the Dutch East Indies, to the West Indies, to the Philippines, to California, and they have returned fired with a political nationalism learned from the West. Sun Yat-sen's long years of revolutionary activity were financed, largely, by emigrant Chinese. Chinese who had made their fortunes under the British flag in Singapore and Rangoon were happy to send substantial contributions—probably more than a million dollars—to maintain the long Canton boycott of Hongkong and Great Britain. Always it is the students, trained by Western methods, and the factory workers, also thrust rudely in contact with Western "civilization," who have been the vanguard of China's Nationalist uprisings.

Chinese Nationalism today is not the blind anti-alienism of Boxer days, strongest in the remote interior. Those who charge the missionaries with responsibility for it have a measure of justice on their side; those who blame the penetration of foreign business are equally right; those who say the tens of thousands of returned students have brought back the revolutionary spark are also justified. Western influence in China has acted like a vaccination; it has first made the patient ill, while at the same time inoculating him with the germs of resistance to the disease. The more troops the British ship to China, the more bitter will be the resistance to the foreigners. They can hold Shanghai today; but what good will Shanghai do them if a nation of 400,000,000 people is roused against them, filled with hate, determined to boycott their products?

This is no time to demand the calm and leisurely processes of negotiation. There were no leisurely processes when the British took Hongkong, enlarged their territory after burning the Summer Palace in 1861, added Weihaiwei and the New Territory in Kowloon in 1898. The Powers have promised much and done nothing. Today the Chinese are acting.

Much hinges on the British course at Shanghai. It is often said that the British in China always act with an eye upon India; it is true. To the British the concessions already made seem great. A year ago they might have seemed great even to the Chinese. But there is such a thing as the psychological moment. The British let that moment slide; today the Chinese regard their successive retreats as evidences of weakness, and they are such. The American "return" of the Boxer indemnity in 1908 was a step in time; it gave America a perhaps unmerited prestige; similar British action in 1925 came too late to have any psychological effect. Compromises and concessions made after mobs and militarists have already seized the points conceded cannot appease the Nationalist fire. Bonny troops—Scotch, British, Irish, and Indian—parading through the streets of Chinese cities may awe for the moment, but they will only deepen the determined hostility in every Chinese who sees them or hears of them. Unless the Powers are ready to act without delay, to make sweeping concessions before the Chinese force them, the effect will indeed be felt, not in China and India alone, but in all the Eastern colonies of all the white empires.

The War on the Theater

THE War on the Theater has been developing with great rapidity. Governor Smith has given evidence once more of the genuineness of his liberalism by reiterating his opposition to the establishment of a censorship, but a few days later, on the evening of February 9, the New York police department raided three current plays—"The Captive," "Sex," and "The Virgin Man." Producers, actors, and managers, forty-one persons in all, were arrested after the conclusion of the evening's performances, conveyed to the station house, and later all released on bail. The police announced their intention of making rearrests as often as the plays should be reopened, but the next day all three managers secured temporary injunctions restraining them from further interference and performances have been resumed. The cast of "The Virgin Man" is to be held for trial, and there, for the moment, the matter rests.

The three plays proceeded against are not all in the same category. Two are frankly sensational, but "The Captive" is, despite its theme, a quiet and decorous piece which has been highly praised by most of the New York dramatic critics. All have been running without previous molestation for periods which range from three weeks in the case of "The Virgin Man" to ten months in the case of "Sex" and both the latter and "The Captive" had been approved by the Citizens Play Jury, by whose decisions District Attorney Banton had previously pledged himself to abide. The raids were the occasion of the usual absurdities. "The Virgin Man" had been expected to close as a failure at the end of the week, but now will doubtless have its life considerably prolonged, and the prosperity of the two others will be still further increased if the injunction secured by the managers is made permanent. According to a newspaper account, Lieutenant Mulligan, who arrested the manager of "The Virgin Man," greeted his victim with the words "Young man, your fortune is made."

The Nation does not pretend to believe that police raids will have any permanent effect upon conditions which are merely a part of the general traditions of present-day society. It approves of a sincere frankness in life and letters, and it believes that in so far as mere sensational obscenity may be popular in public entertainment such popularity is the symptom of the existence of attitudes and appetites which will not be greatly improved by the closing of a few plays. Yet it does believe that the activities of the police department are preferable to those of any official censor, because though the unexpected and erratic character of the raids causes them sometimes to work hardships upon individuals, their general tendency is less dangerous than the secret autocracy of a censor. They are by nature sporadic, they are generally the outcome of some temporary agitation which soon subsides again, and they do not, like the establishment of a censorship, involve the introduction of a new principle foreign to our theory of government and likely to develop dangerously in new directions. The very fact that they do not depend upon the addition of new laws to the already overburdened statute-books is in itself an important consideration in their favor, and the fact that they generally result in a trial by jury is another. Doubtless a censor is quiet and more "efficient"; and so also a star chamber is more quiet and "efficient" than a court organized upon the English or American model, but the trial by jury provides guaranties against bureaucratic autocracy which are not to be sacrificed for any other consideration.

It is legally possible for the arrested actors and managers to be sentenced in a police court for misdemeanor, but in the case of the "God of Vengeance" a jury trial was requested and granted and we hope that the same will be true in the present cases. If the stage is to be regulated by law, let such regulation have the full benefit of the protection against high-handed methods which our law provides and which the importance of the issues involved makes desirable. Are convictions difficult to obtain? Does trial by jury make it hard to decide a case according to the opinions, prejudices, or passions of some particular person or group of persons? Yes; but it was just for these reasons that trial by jury was established. The unanimous opinion of twelve men is necessary to convict another of a crime; why should any less unanimity be required to convict of an offense which is by its very nature indefinite and so dependent upon subjective factors that what seems beautiful to most people may seem obscene to others?

In addition, however, *The Nation* believes that the chief business of the law is less with manners and morals than with crime, and it is inclined to suspect that there is some relationship between the fact that America is at once the most lawless of civilized nations and the one in which the police are most commonly regarded as the guardians of public morality as well as of public safety. For the District Attorney's office to be so much concerned as it is with the state of the theater in a city where crimes of violence are of daily occurrence seems to reveal a certain inclination to strain at gnats while swallowing camels. It must be comforting for a thief, engaged in cracking a safe, to know that the police are busily employed in arresting actresses around the corner.

Drastic Farm Relief

THE McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill is a genuine attempt to assist American agriculture. Whatever else may be said against it, it cannot fairly be described, like most of the other farm bills now or recently before Congress, as a mere political gesture intended to conciliate and hoodwink the agricultural vote. The measure has undergone important changes since it first arrived in Washington half a dozen years ago, but the purpose remains the same, although finally set forth in one of the blindest bills ever devised in that mole-hill of legislation known as the United States Capitol.

Provision is made for a Federal Farm Board consisting of the Secretary of Agriculture and twelve other members, the latter to be appointed by the President from the various federal land-bank districts from nominations made chiefly by farmer organizations. The important powers of the board are in connection with five products—wheat, corn, hogs, rice, and cotton—designated as "basic agricultural commodities." In the traffic in these products the board is empowered to overrule the usual laws of supply and demand. The McNary-Haugen bill doesn't describe it that way; the text calls it "orderly marketing." But that is only one of the many phrases in the bill which conceal as much as they tell.

The heart of the bill is the "equalization fee." When the Federal Farm Board decides that there is so much of a surplus of any one of the five "basic agricultural commodities" as to make it probable that growers will not get a fair return, it may declare an emergency to exist and place an "equalization fee" upon each bushel, pound, or bale of the product that is sold. The "equalization fee" is collected directly from the railroad, miller, or wholesale buyer, but indirectly, of course, it is inevitable that it be passed on to the consumer. The board itself does not buy or sell any product. It works with cooperative farmers' marketing associations, and previous to putting into effect an "equalization fee" it must assure itself that a competent selling organization is in existence. The farmers' organization takes charge of the selling, the Federal Farm Board assisting it financially by loans from a $250,000,000 revolving fund authorized by the bill. Assisted by such loans—which are supposed to be covered by the "equalization fees" when they come in—the marketing association is in a position to obtain what it considers reasonable prices by holding the crop, or any part of it, off the market for such time as seems desirable, and by dumping any surplus abroad for what it will bring in order not to lower prices in the domestic market.

The bill does not compel a farmer to sell through a cooperative, but it offers him a decided incentive to do so, and no matter how the sale is made the "equalization fee" has to be paid. This removes a present difficulty from the operations of farmers' selling organizations. At present the members must bear the expense of operations intended to improve prices, but outsiders share equally in the benefits.

The supporters of the McNary-Haugen bill insist that it does not provide for price-fixing and avoid the use of the word subsidy in describing its contemplated results. Technically and legally they are probably correct. But the primary purpose of the McNary-Haugen measure is to raise prices, and its benefit to the farmer depends upon that result. Nor is there any reality in dodging the word subsidy. In so far as such a measure raises prices, it represents a subsidy from the consumer to the producer. From the standpoint of theoretical economics the measure is a bad one. But from the point of view of a farmer faced with a political situation there is a great deal to justify it. For many years farmers have not been getting a reasonable share of the national wealth; agriculture has been on the decline. The farmers are certainly as much entitled to assistance from the community at large through artificial prices as the manufacturers ever were, and far more so than the latter are today. The manufacturers still enjoy an enormous subsidy from the consumers through the operations of the protective tariff; and a Republican Administration which justifies a tariff is in no position to protest against the assistance to the farmers contemplated by the McNary-Haugen bill.

The Nation is opposed to the artificial regulation of commerce and opposed to class legislation. It is fundamentally opposed to the principles behind the McNary-Haugen measure; but if the protective tariff is to stay on the statute-books the farmer has an equal right to his subsidy. Whatever may be said of the ultimate merits of this bill, the fact remains that there is no other proposal before the people which gives the farmer any hope of a lift. This plan may be worth trying.

Spinoza Today

BENEDICT, born Baruch, Spinoza has been dead two hundred and fifty years. For a philosopher, he retains a singular place in the affections of mankind. His philosophy, reviled during his lifetime, has become an honored possession even among those remotely connected with it and, among those familiar with its liberating doctrine, a positive passion. His name is almost synonymous with philosophical detachment and spiritual serenity. His fundamental doctrine of the unity of all things and the necessity of everything in nature is accompanied in his thought by a patient insistence on taking the vicissitudes of time under the emancipating perspective of eternity.

Though he was excommunicated by his own Jewish community, and suspected by the Protestants, a few philosophers and scientists—Henry Oldenburg of the Royal Society, Leibnitz, the Elector Palatine—sought Spinoza's advice and services. He had an admiring group of disciples in Amsterdam. His plea for religious liberty and political freedom was widely read, but his essential philosophy was so simple in its essence, so difficult in its expression, that it long remained obscure. Its apparent pantheism appealed to the romantic spirits of Novalis and Goethe in Germany and Shelley in England. Increasingly, the freedom and passion of the geometrically stated philosophy have fascinated minds seeking emancipation through reason.

It is possible, said Spinoza, to see all objects and all events in terms of their essential unity in the universe of infinite substance, their essential necessity in the relations of universal law. Body and mind, instead of creating for him the puzzles of the epistemologists, became two parallel attributes of one nature or God. Happiness consists in peace; and peace is attainable through complete knowledge—not knowledge of all details of the universe but awareness of its essential structure and necessity. To become completely aware of the universe, that sea of infinite knowledge in which the waves of life and passion by necessity move, is to become serene, to escape from the passion of the particular to the peace of the eternal.

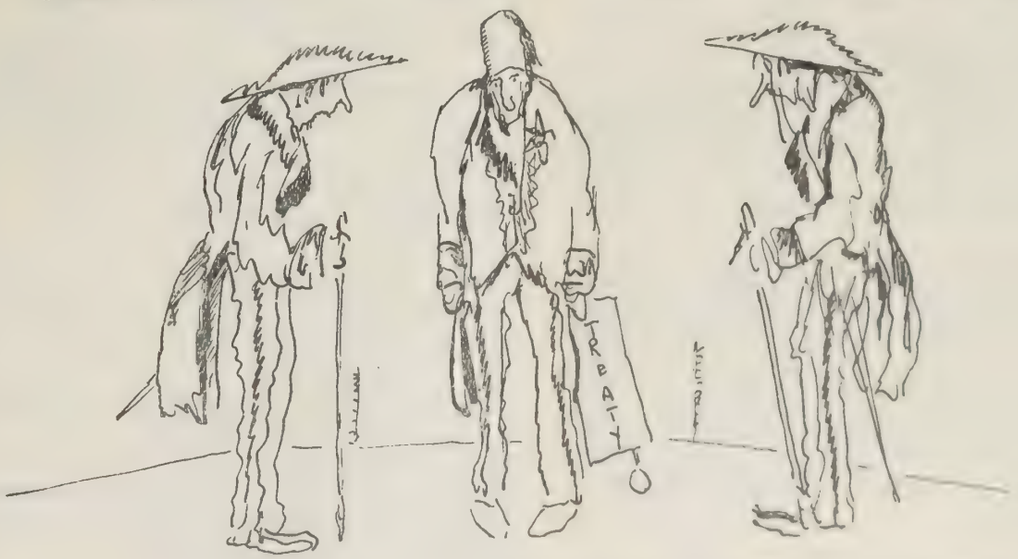
Spinoza stands also for two ideas peculiarly relevant to the modern liberal temper. His doctrine of political and religious freedom makes his famous tract on thought part of the great tradition which includes Milton and John Stuart Mill. His psychological doctrine makes life almost identical with the impulse to persevere in one's own being. What the psychoanalysts call "libido" Spinoza calls "desire," and it is the core of his ethical doctrine that all beings behave as they do out of the necessities of their own nature. He does not counsel the quenching of passion, but suggests that one passion may be replaced by another. He counsels reason in behavior because through reason one may see oneself in the contacts of that infinite nature of which one's own is the limited and partial expression. To become completely aware, completely reasonable, is to become at once clear and definite and tolerant. It is to recognize the necessities of nature, to escape from the bondage of passion by which people act falsely to their own natures and achieve the freedom of reason by which they act according to their readings of eternal necessity. Spinoza is a hard philosopher to read and a hard one to live by, but according to his own statement the best things are as difficult as they are rare.



1913. "Remember, Your Excellencies, these negotiations must be kept a profound secret . . . "



Then we fought a terrible war to bestow upon a much-harassed world the blessings of "open agreements openly arrived at."



And then, in 1926, "Remember, Your Excellencies, these negotiations must be kept a profound secret . . . " And so on *ad infinitum.*

Herbert Miller in Boston Globe 1926

Diplomacy—Before and After

Puye

By MARY AUSTIN

[Awarded Second Prize in *The Nation's* Poetry Contest for 1927]

Here, say our fathers' fathers,
Out of the Womb-world, out of Sipapu, climbing
By the roots of the royal pine,
Came the First People

Mother naked, sandal shod,
Hollowing their homes in the cliff side,
Fencing them with junipers.
In those days they were instructed of the juniper,
Whose boughs springing back taught them the bow play
While the reeds by the waterholes sang to them of arrows,
For whose feathering they gathered
Eagle plumes on Puye.

In those days the rains were plentiful,
The deer also, with their spotted fawns
Feeding on yellow flowers;
And the tall bucks cropping the young growth
At the ends of the blue spruce branches.
Here then, as now, was silence,
And the wide outlook whence the rains came,
With their wing feathers edged with dark cloud,
With the far-flung lightnings over their heads
And green, flowery footprints.
Where are they now, those Ancients?

Where are the wapiti, the round horned elk
They watched moving in the deep arroyas,
Like a bare wood, walking?

II

After these came the Small-House People,
Say the old men.
Very wise this People, People of the Seed,
Having received it from the Six Corn Maidens.
They laid up walls four-square, roofing them with aspens,
Kivas they built, underground, remembering the Womb-world,
Dark Sipapu and the Black Lake of Tears.

Not ours, but kin to us, the Small-House People,
Giving honor to Awányu, the great plumed serpent,
Guardian of the water springs, to whom the rains are friendly.
For them corn sprouted in the open spaces,
The fragrant bean plant and the gaudy squashes.
Wise were they of guile; came the deer to their singing,
While their women made them pots of painted borders,
And bore many children.

III

Here came our fathers,
Say the song priests,
Came the Tewas, came the Queres,
Moving south and ever south, so the clans may prosper,
Say the old men.

Not as the Small-House People came our fathers,
Every man to his own roof and the field between them,
But as a mother-hive, bound by the hearth keeper;
Wall touching wall and all the smokes commingling.
Still at Tyuoñi, cut above the door holes,
Are the clan signs of the Queres.
But our fathers built at Puye.

Happy were our fathers, greatly did they prosper,
Dancing to the *tombes* and the deer hoof rattles
Till they brought the rains over Jemez,
The he-rain and the she-rain on Chirígi;
Till they heard the runnels gurgling
Round the roots of the great corn plant
And the lovely melon flowers.

Friendly, very friendly were the Small-House People;
Learning Tewa wisdom, they drew their homes together;
Round the rock of Puye ranged the Tewa hearth holes;
So the towns were builded.
Very many towns; and we talked across the housetops
By the smoke signs and the *tombes*
Návawi and Shufiné, Óttowi and Tsánkawi,
Calling them to Puye.

Noble was our Pueblo, north house and south house,
Far across Chirígi stretched our *temporales,*
Round the tasseled corn blue butterflies were dancing,
As our fathers danced for rain and gave praises to Awányu.
Long was that time, very long,
Say the old ones,
Hip deep the trails between Óttowi and Tsánkawi,
Deep the trails on Puye.

Where are they now, those light stepping moccasins
Bit the rock walled trails between the happy Pueblos?
Where are the pronghorns that like shadow clouds in summer
Skimmed across Chirígi?

Faithless were our fathers,
Say the snake priests,
Pride was in their hearts and their thoughts left the straight road,
Pride of field and housetop, terraced ever skyward;
And no praises for Awányu.
Left they the dance and the secret Kiva vigils,
Sang they of love, and of war and wounding,
Black were their prayer sticks, raven plume and owl feather,
Black prayers for Puye.

In those days Awányu,
Say the old, old men,
Left the Tewa land where no longer sacred meal roads
Traced the spirit path to the four world quarters,
And men's hearts had left the straight road;

Left off honoring Awányu.
High across the heavens in disdain he flung him,
In the middle heaven white his ghost goes writhing
All across the midnight
Over Puye.

Then the rains walked not, and the water springs failed
And the hot winds danced on Chirígi.
. . . See that mound there that the herd grass scarcely covers
And the lean cactus cannot bloom upon?
That was once the Town of Yellow Flowers . . .
Even so with Puye.

Deeply lessoned, then our fathers
Built their towns anew by the rivers, built acequias
For the watering of the corn and the squashes;
Vainly beat the *tombes*,
Calling on the rain by the magic of their singing,
Calling on Awányu, who from heaven where he flung him
Seldom hears them.
Shrunken are our fields, shrunk the Tewa people,
And our hearts are withered.
While again the lizard darts
And the raven blackly stalks
And the Whiteman comes to stare
On Puye.

The International Naval Race

By J. M. KENWORTHY

THE only practical step toward a reduction of armaments since the end of the World War was taken at Washington in 1921 at the initiative of an American President. The situation is curious.

During the war President Wilson made his famous declaration to the effect that the American navy must be second to none in the world. Even if this declaration had not been made, a great shipbuilding program would surely have been embarked upon by the United States as soon as that country intervened in the World War; and during the whole war period shipbuilding for the British navy was pushed to the utmost.

The war ended satisfactorily for the British in this at least: Germany was put out of action as a naval Power. The peace treaties prohibited the reconstruction of the German navy, sunk by its own crews at Scapa Flow, and forbade for all time the construction by Germany of submarines.

Satisfactory as was this elimination of Germany as a naval Power, the early months of the peace saw a new rival armada in course of construction. In spite of war additions to the British fleet, and the comparatively small loss suffered in capital ships, the naval building program of America was so formidable as to threaten Great Britain's sea supremacy. To the British Admiralty the American challenge seemed serious. The war had weakened Britain financially; and we found ourselves faced on the one hand with a supposed threat by Japan to our Australasian Dominions and on the other with this vast battleship fleet in course of construction on the other side of the Atlantic. Fortunately the British people refused to see in the American shipbuilding program any threat to British security. Wiser than their rulers, they laughed at the Admiralty's propaganda. Nevertheless by making use of the momentum of its own war preparations and the laxity of parliamentary control during the war and just after, the Admiralty was able to push on with a program of battleship construction nearly as large as that of the United States. Japan also began to speed up naval construction. By 1920, in spite of public opinion in Britain and America, a new shipbuilding competition between England, America, and Japan was in progress.

Nor was France behindhand. The weakness of the French financial position had not yet been fully exposed. During the war the French Admiralty had ceased all construction work on large warships in order that the engineering resources of the country might be entirely at the disposal of the French army. Because of this the French admirals were able to make out a strong case after the armistice for a large building program for the French navy.

The super-dreadnoughts designed for the principal navies of the world were of great size, costing $35,000,000 each. These new giants were to mount guns of sixteen-, seventeen-, and even eighteen-inch caliber and to be so powerful as to outclass all their predecessors.

This, then, was the situation when President Harding called the Five Power Conference at Washington in 1921. Only five nations were concerned—the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France, and Italy. Compared with the results of other conferences on armaments, the Washington Agreement was of immense value. The construction of capital ships, i. e., battleships and battle cruisers, was to cease until 1932. It was agreed that in 1932 a new conference should be held with the object of limiting the construction of warships for a further period. The number of aircraft carriers, vessels larger than battleships and actually more costly, was limited by agreement. The ratio of battleships, battle cruisers, and aircraft carriers was fixed for the United States, Japan, and Britain at 5-3-5. Japan accepted a position of inferiority to Britain and America, while Britain accepted American equality.

The taxpaying publics of all the Powers concerned heaved a sigh of relief. The honest diplomatists of all the Powers concerned felt that a great triumph had been achieved. Lovers of peace, then in a great majority in all countries, were satisfied. On paper it seemed as though the conventions agreed to at Washington had made naval rivalry between the three chief Powers impossible for a period of ten years, and it was believed that if these agreements were kept there would be no difficulty in continuing the naval shipbuilding "holiday" for a further period.

Unfortunately there were defects in the Washington Treaty which are only now being fully realized. In the first place, the naval staffs of the Powers were unanimously opposed to the Washington Conference from its inception; and none of the high naval functionaries favored any limitation of armaments by agreement. For the older admirals it was tragic to contemplate the actual scrapping of surplus warships, some of them just off the stocks. Added to this

was the quite honest fear that the agreements would not be kept. (A similar sentiment has prevented America from ratifying the convention against the use of poison gas in warfare.) The attitude of the naval staffs concerned was human and honest. But behind them were powerful interests—the naval-shipbuilding firms, the armor-plate manufacturers, and a whole galaxy of industries which receive contracts every time a battleship is laid down.

On the main question of the building of capital ships the naval staffs and their allies in the armament interests were beaten, but no agreement was reached with regard to cruiser building. It is true that the large protected cruiser and the armored cruiser were limited, but those types had become obsolescent in all the world's navies. Agreement with regard to the so-called light cruisers was prevented principally by the opposition of Great Britain. The refusal of the French to support the British proposal that the submarine be declared illegal was used by the British admirals at Washington as an excuse for placing no limit on the number of light cruisers. The British delegates also argued that the sea-borne trade of Britain is so vital to her national existence and her trade routes are so scattered and lengthy that Britain could not accept equality with other Powers. The discussion on cruisers took place toward the end of a long-drawn-out conference when all the participants were weary; and this vital defect in the treaty—the absence of any limitation on the building of cruisers—was allowed to slip through.

We now see the results.

A limitation of 10,000 tons for each vessel was agreed to. This seemed little enough in comparison with 35,000 tons for a modern battleship or with 50,000 tons for a modern aircraft carrier. But it was actually bigger than any of the cruisers of this type then built or under construction for any of the navies of the world. The general staffs of the Powers concerned at once began work on designs of 10,000-ton vessels; before one keel had been laid down, this type of cruiser, now known as the Washington-type cruiser, became the fashion in the world's navies. The Japanese designs were the first to be published, though appropriations were held up by the Japanese Diet, principally owing to the financial effects of the earthquake. The French admirals then produced their designs and began to project programs.

By the time the British Admiralty was ready the first Labor Government in Britain was in power. Owing to influences which have never been clearly identified, Labor's first Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, was induced to appoint as the first Lord of the Admiralty one of the Conservative elder statesmen, Lord Chelmsford. The First Sea Lord and executive head of the navy was Admiral Lord Beatty, a man of great force of character and immense prestige. Hardly had the Labor Government taken over the seals of office than a raging, tearing propaganda opened in the press and the country, demanding a large shipbuilding program of the new type of cruisers.

Partly because the Conservative Party is by tradition in favor of a strong navy, and partly as a means of embarrassing the Government of the day, the Tory leaders supported the Admiralty's demands to the full. Taken by surprise, inexperienced, without an independent majority in Parliament, the Labor Party acquiesced, and five of these new ships were laid down.

Now, this new 10,000-ton type of cruiser costs as much as a battleship did before the war. The cruisers being built for the American and British navies cost about $15,000,000 each. By a triumph of the shipbuilders' art they are so swift and powerful as to outclass any vessels built before them. While the Washington Agreement "limited" the guns to a caliber of eight inches, this was actually larger than the guns mounted on many of the British cruisers.

This success of the British Admiralty was the signal for an agitation in favor of a similar program by the Navy Department at Washington and the Japanese Admiralty.

The British Admiralty's propaganda was renewed in 1925, after the Labor Party had given way to the present Conservative Government. But although the Conservatives had shouted loudly for a large shipbuilding program when in opposition, it was a different matter when they were in office and had to find the money. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was pledged to economy. His peace-and-economy section of the British Cabinet put up a valiant fight in the councils of the Government and were aided on the floor of the House by the weakened Liberal and Labor oppositions. The Admiralty won again, though they did not obtain all they asked. It was freely stated that the whole Board of Admiralty threatened to resign unless their demands were met.

The answering programs of the other Powers to the naval shipbuilding plans agreed to under the Labor Government were used as a reason for extracting further appropriations from the Conservative Government. By the autumn of 1925 a compromise was reached, under which during the next four years no less than sixteen cruisers of the latest type were to be constructed, in addition to submarines, torpedo destroyers, and one aircraft carrier—costing, in all, some $290,000,000.

There was in 1925 no justification whatever for such a program. Plain hints had been received from America that the United States Government was reluctant to embark on a new race in naval shipbuilding. More than one semi-official suggestion of a new conference had been made by the present President of the United States. At the time when the British Board of Admiralty forced this program upon the British people Great Britain had at its disposition forty-nine modern cruisers, Japan eighteen, Italy twelve, the United States nine, and France seven. Many of the forty-nine British cruisers are small, having been built for work in the North Sea, but none the less Great Britain's cruiser strength was very great.

The effect of England's program on America and Japan was immediate. At Washington the question of America's naval appropriations has been hotly debated and the demand is being reiterated for equality with Britain in cruisers as in other craft. Japan is following suit. France and Italy are building few cruisers but both Powers are concentrating on the submarine; and France at this moment has more submarines under construction than Germany had at any time during the up-building of the German fleet.

The debates in the United States Senate and House will be answered in March in London when the British naval estimates come up for discussion and the Admiralty will demand still further appropriations. These demands and debates will be answered in the summer in the Japanese Diet. There is only one way out. Another conference must be brought together promptly to make good the defects of the last. With the two great English-speaking peoples in harmony again this mad race can be ended.

Coal, Steel, and "Sedition"

By HARBOR ALLEN

IN twelve cities and towns of Pennsylvania police have recently raided the homes of workers, arrested left-wing union speakers, charged members of the Workers' Party with sedition, driven organizers out of town, broken up meetings, locked up halls, and intimidated hall owners. The cause of these pogroms is the growing unrest of workers, the spreading power of the Communists, the increased pressure for unions in non-union plants, and the rise of a militant left wing within the miners' union.

Who has been pulling the wires that make the police of Pennsylvania pounce? The puppet master is not hard to find in the western part of the State where the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation rules a cluster of towns known as the "J and L private kingdom." "The majority of raids of this kind," Governor Pinchot conceded to the protests of the American Civil Liberties Union, "are probably prompted by the self-interest of large corporations." In the mining district of northeastern Pennsylvania the controlling hand is, oddly enough, that of the United Mine Workers' district officials intrenched against the Brophy left-wing opposition and cooperating with the churches, standpat political bosses, and the American Legion.

Trouble in the sovereignty of Jones and Laughlin began last summer when Hamilton Brown, police chief of Aliquippa, raided a Marxian Socialism class in a private home. Four men were marched handcuffed through the streets, held six hours in jail, and discharged without complaint or hearing. Permits even for dances of any radical group in Aliquippa have been regularly denied. One applicant was told bluntly that J and L would fire any borough councilman who granted such permits. Chief of Police Brown is now being sued for $30,000 damages by the American Civil Liberties Union in the name of three workers who charge false arrest. In the trial, which began February 8, a bust of Lenin was introduced as damaging evidence against the plaintiffs. One witness was thoroughly quizzed on her belief in God and in punishment after death. The postmaster of Woodlawn, called as witness for the defense, testified that he was formerly a J and L employee, is now chairman of a special American Legion committee to extirpate communism, and watches the mails for radical literature sent to workers in the town from the Workers' Party headquarters. Some of it he has stopped on his own authority. Continuation of the hearing has been postponed until later in February.

Midnight of Armistice Day found some Communists celebrating the birthday of a sixteen-year-old girl in a Woodlawn home. Into this home burst a troop of State, city, and J and L police. They ransacked the house from top to bottom; they filled grips with "red literature" and buttons. A neighbor, hearing the racket, rushed over to take his daughter home. He was arrested. Before morning two other dwellings had been raided, union records had been carted off, seven men had been locked up for "sedition." They were held in jail in default of $1,000 bail each.

Urged by the Civil Liberties Union, Governor Pinchot and Attorney General George W. Woodruff started an investigation. The Governor wrote that the State police had joined the midnight party only when they were convinced that the warrants for the raid were proper and that they were needed to "avert bloodshed." The Attorney General wrote a two-page, single-spaced eulogy of free speech. The charges were quashed.

> The "red literature" upon which the sedition charges were based [reported a Civil Liberties Union investigator] is sold publicly at Workers' Party headquarters throughout the country, including those at Pittsburgh. The buttons, sold at a celebration of the ninth anniversary of Russia's revolution, were inscribed USSR (United Socialist Soviet Republics). The Associated Press broadcast the concoction of the police that the sinister initials stood for "Unite for a United States Soviet Republic." For the Governor to say that such an array of State, city, and steel police was needed to "avert bloodshed" at a birthday party is highly disingenuous. The warrants were blanket warrants for searching any home at any time if radical activities are suspected. . . . Yes, the Workers' Party meets in private homes. This is because they are terrorized. They are constantly being blacklisted and driven from town. One of the men arrested and released was fired from the plant the next morning and told to pack up and clear out of town before 3 o'clock. Recently the company discharged every local reader of foreign or English communist papers. They must have got the list from the post office.

While the Governor's investigation was in full swing four more homes were raided in December and eight more workers arrested. Practically all the testifying was done by a J and L police lieutenant. Testimony consisted of a picture of Lenin and a grip full of "red" literature, thrown open to the court but not examined. This material was seized in the previous raid. The men are now under bail for violation of the Flynn anti-sedition act.

I have heard it said that conservative labor unions in America are more vindictive in hounding radicals than State officials. Conditions in the anthracite zone around Scranton and Wilkes-Barre bear this out. During the recent election in the United Mine Workers' Union, the Brophy left-wing slate, the first energetic opposition to the Lewis regime, was harassed by a combination of the American Legion, churches, Fascists, police, and district officials of the union. Hall owners were terrorized. Police permits for Brophy, Brennan, Howatt, and Keeney meetings were denied. Speakers were barred on the excuse that they would "advocate violent policies." One speaker was warned that he would never leave the hall alive.

At Sharon police raided a meeting under the auspices of the International Labor Defense, arrested Martin Krasic, secretary of the Slavic Section of the organization, and fined him $100 "for not displaying the American flag on the platform." At Daisytown Powers Hapgood, leader in the anti-Lewis faction, was arrested, taken to the Vesta Coal Company police station, searched, and released. At Brownsville the chairman of a meeting for H. C. Wicks of the Workers' Party was arrested and fined $10 for failure to display the flag. The crowd waited till he returned. Then the meeting went on.

The caretaker of the public schools at Shamokin stated that the president of the miners' local had forbidden meetings for William J. Brennan of Scranton. A meeting, however, was held in the same town the following day. At

Edwardsville two detectives told Julia Poyntz that her "meeting can't be held, lady." In Dunmore and Plymouth permits for meetings, dances, picnics are denied any group that savors of radicalism. In Wilkes-Barre and surrounding towns hall owners were notified: "No halls for John Brophy." A Communist member of the Polish Parliament attempted to speak in Wilkes-Barre to a number of Ukrainian clubs, none of them Communist. His subject was political and economic conditions in Europe. The police scattered the four hundred listeners in the middle of the talk. "No damned Bolshevik meetings allowed in Wilkes-Barre"—they said.

Scranton is even tighter. Sacco-Vanzetti meetings, anti-Fascist meetings, anything short of National Security League standards of virtue and patriotism is met with thumbs down. In this work the Legion, the churches, Fascists, and political bosses act hand in hand with Rinaldo Capellini, district president of the miners. Recently the Legion and the Constitutional League threatened to run all radicals out of town. They kept out Vincente Vacirca, Socialist ex-deputy of the Italian Parliament. As an opening wedge in this air-tight compartment, the American Civil Liberties Union will shortly hold under its auspices a free-speech test and anti-Fascist meeting in Scranton.

Meanwhile, Rinaldo Capellini acts as toastmaster at Vare banquets; and Pennsylvania remains the only State in the republic where political heretics are hunted at night for "sedition."

For Europe—Free Trade or Ruin

By R. R. KUCZYNSKI

MANY persons on both sides of the ocean imagine that before 1914 the economic order in Europe had reached a stage of intelligent collaboration; that each nation, as a rule, produced those goods which it could produce at particularly low cost and exported the surplus, if such existed, while it imported such goods as were produced more cheaply abroad; and that in the economic struggle between the various countries the nation which was more industrious or technically more highly developed went ahead, with beneficial results for the entire world.

In reality, the basis of trade between European countries was not nearly as fair and as reasonable as these people now like to believe. Dumping was a common practice. Wherever an industry was protected by tariffs against foreign competitors, the very industrialists who had requested those tariffs for the benefit of their country sold their goods cheaper abroad than at home. They frequently sold in a foreign country even below their own cost of production in order to ruin the industry of that country, the losses thus incurred to be compensated later by correspondingly higher prices. Thus the German Steel Association before the war sold steel bars at 130 marks per ton in Germany, at 105 marks in Switzerland, England, and Holland, at 75 marks in Italy. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* at that time estimated the losses of the Steel Association from its Italian business at 800,000 lire per year. This price policy, which, of course, was not followed by Germany alone, created economic difficulties at home and bitter feeling abroad. The more economic relations between the various countries became interwoven the more intense became the friction. While division of labor within a country was generally recognized as the basis of economic and technical progress, international division of labor, which for a century had been the goal of the most intelligent economists, was rejected and ridiculed. International cartels which pretended to serve the economic peace had no other aim than to keep up prices at the expense of the consumer.

The political reorganization of Europe following the war has increased the points of friction in two respects. First, the number of sovereign states has materially increased. Three former empires—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia—have now become eleven republics—Germany, Danzig, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, the Soviet Union, Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, Finland. Moreover, parts of those three empires were ceded to Belgium, France, Denmark, Italy, Jugoslavia, Rumania. The result is an almost complete Balkanization of Central and Eastern Europe. The total number of states has doubled, the number of states with fewer than fifty million inhabitants has trebled. The new frontiers in some cases, like that of the Polish Corridor, have been absurdly extended and multiplied regardless of economic needs. This splintering in itself is a serious handicap to international traffic. On a journey between two cities like Strasbourg and Königsberg or Prague and Temesvar, which before the war were not separated, one must pass three frontiers. And today each frontier is a real barrier. One needs a passport and a visa. One is not allowed to enter a country if one has too little money and one is not allowed to quit the country with too much money. Tariffs are unstable and tariff provisions are interpreted arbitrarily. Import prohibitions and restrictions are customary.

These are, of course, only conspicuous symptoms of a disease from which the world has suffered for decades. The difference between post-war and pre-war conditions is merely that the impediments have become more numerous and the governments make less effort to conceal their real object. The pre-war German cattle tariff granted a reduction to "large dappled mountain cattle or brown cattle reared at a spot at least 300 meters above sea level and which have at least one month's grazing each year at a spot at least 800 meters above sea level." The German Government today would certainly not go to so much trouble in order to debar any but Swiss cattle!

All this leads to one conclusion. International economic rivalry was so bitter even before the war that if the Balkanization of Central and Eastern Europe had taken place in 1914 through peaceful methods rather than through a world war, the resulting economic chaos would soon have made necessary a large-scale economic unification. But the situation is, of course, more strained in every respect as the result of the war.

First, the purchasing power of many nations has been seriously reduced; their capacity to absorb foreign goods is much smaller than in pre-war times.

Second, economic nationalism, strengthened by political nationalism, the mania to become wholly independent

of foreign countries even when the necessary conditions for a domestic industry are lacking, leads the newly created states in particular to adopt a commercial policy often in conflict with their own economic interests. Their import restrictions and prohibitions and their exclusion of foreigners in many cases result in high production costs, thus diminishing the purchasing power of their consumers and directly hindering not only the importation of goods which they wish to debar but indirectly the importation of other commodities as well.

Third, the World War weakened the economic position of Europe in favor of other parts of the world. American industry has acquired a predominance almost equal to that which England had a century ago. The industrialization of South America has made that continent largely independent of European industry. The same is true of Canada, India, China, and Japan. European industry not only finds it difficult to sell its products to those nations, but it meets them as competitors on the markets of the rest of the world.

The effects of these three factors may be illustrated by two examples.* The export of British cotton piece goods to India declined by 57 per cent between 1913 and 1923. About three-fifths of this decline may be attributed to diminished consumption, about a quarter to increased local production, and about one-seventh to increased foreign competition. In 1923 British exports of pig iron to France, Italy, and Japan showed decreases, compared with 1913, of 63, 38, and 87 per cent, respectively. In the case of France the predominant cause for the decline was increased local production owing to the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine; in Italy, decline of local consumption; and in Japan, the competition of imports from other sources, i. e., from China and India. And that occurred in spite of the fact that British trade is treated at least as favorably in foreign markets as that of any other exporting country.

From these facts it is clear that even if the former large economic entities in Europe were reestablished, even if the interallied and reparation debts were canceled, even if domestic purchasing power again reached pre-war levels, Europe's chance of competing successfully with America and other rising economic powers would be far smaller than before the war.

Where then is salvation to be found? Everyone who has studied this problem will answer—in the economic unification of Europe. Some understand economic unification to mean the creation of international cartels to rationalize production, limit output, and restrict competition. But those cartels, in the long run, will be only another form of checking international trade, and it is doubtful whether the consumers (who, in the case of the steel cartel, for instance, include all manufacturers using steel) will be better off than under the present system of checking commercial intercourse by excessive tariffs, import restrictions, and similar governmental means. Others understand by economic unification intergovernmental agreements regarding tariff classifications, customs formalities, and the like, but this again would fail to touch the root of the evil. Still others advocate customs unions between small states, like that recently arranged between Latvia and Esthonia. But desirable as such unions may be, they can at best be valued only as a modest start. Even if all the Baltic states formed such a union, and if all the Danube states and all the Balkan states followed their example, the number of independent economic units would still be far too large. In order to realize this, it is only necessary to study the causes of the economic superiority of the United States of America. They lie in the fact that those forty-eight states, which cover almost as large an area as the thirty-three states of Europe, constitute one economic entity. It may be urged that this does not account for the economic success of America, that the principal causes are America's greater natural resources and smaller population. But if the natural resources of Spain, Italy, France, Great Britain, Sweden, Germany, Russia, etc., be combined it will be found that they nearly equal those of the United States—even if the colonies are not taken into account. And is a small population always an advantage? Do the most densely settled countries of Europe —Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Germany—economically lag behind less densely settled countries like Russia or Spain? Is the United States with 115,000,000 inhabitants less prosperous than it was seventy years ago with one-fourth its present population? And will it be worse off in seventy years when at its present rate of increase it should have 400,000,000 inhabitants and be as densely settled as is Europe today? The cultivable area of the United States is certainly more than sufficient to feed adequately 400,000,000 people and with such an extension of the domestic market the increase in the production of manufactures might well exceed the increase of population.

Combining all the states of Europe into one economic entity and introducing universal free trade between them seems thus to be the only possible solution of the existing difficulty. And such a free-trade system should be introduced at one stroke. It would not do to lower the tariff barriers gradually, for many industries in the newly created states can hardly exist even with the excessive tariffs they enjoy at present and would be ruined by any material reduction of rates. Nor would it do to agree at once upon free trade and have it go into operation say in ten years, since the protected industries, with their powerful political influence would be almost certain to succeed in delaying the introduction of the new system. It might, however, be possible to relieve the hardship to certain manufacturers involved in such a change, by forming an international organization which would purchase at higher than world market prices the products of those protected industries, the quantity purchased and the premium paid decreasing every two or three years in order to enable and induce these producers to shift to industries for which their country is better adapted.

Such a scheme of universal free trade throughout Europe would have seemed utopian six months ago. It was considered so when the International League for the Rights of Man proclaimed it at its congress in Brussels last June. But when only four months later a group of leading bankers and industrialists representing sixteen countries made a similar appeal to the nations, protectionists all over Europe became alarmed. Unfortunately as soon as the signers of the manifesto noticed that, they also became alarmed. "The manifesters," says Richard Washburn Child, "retired with unnecessary docility, with timid explanations and on tiptoe, as if they had not voiced an incontrovertible fact and an incontrovertible trend."

The alternatives facing Europe are these: economic division and decline, or economic unification and prosperity.

* Cf. "Committee on Industry and Trade, Survey of Overseas Markets," London, 1925, p. 6.

China's Libraries

By ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

THE conception of a library as an instrument of education for the masses is very recent. Mass-education itself is not old. Until modern times it was unheard of even in Europe; and in China it has had no part in her millennial civilization, which is in some respects superior to our own.

But recently there has been an educational revolution in China whose importance dwarfs the two-penny military movements in which most of us seem to be interested. That country has thrown overboard bodily her classical system of training and has adopted Western education lock, stock, and barrel. With it has come the idea of educating the masses, including women. Probably about 5 per cent of Chinese women can now read, whereas the percentage was recently nearly zero. The percentage of male literacy may be 15 per cent for the whole country. This is a great improvement, but it serves as an indication of what remains to be done. There are enthusiastic Chinese engaged in the "mass-education" movement who anticipate that China will approach complete literacy in the next generation, possibly thirty years from now. "Literacy" means the ability to recognize and write at least 1,000 ideographic characters—the number now regarded as sufficient for ordinary purposes. Plans to write the Chinese language with an alphabet are not favorably regarded by the majority of Chinese educators.

But even with 15 per cent literacy there would be about sixty million persons in China able to read—by no means a negligible number. Collections of books as instruments of popular education are being seriously considered by the Chinese. In 1924 the Chinese Association for the Advancement of Education, a body possessing great political and social as well as cultural influence in China, invited the American Library Association to send a delegate to China to survey the libraries of the country and advise regarding their extension and improvement. The writer was asked to undertake this mission, and spent two months in China in the summer of 1925 with an opportunity to see all the important book collections of the country and incidentally its educational institutions.

Printing was invented in China centuries before it was known in Europe, and manuscript collections were common even before this, so that the library there is a very old institution. But prior to the fall of the Manchu dynasty no library was a public collection in any proper sense. Libraries were owned by private individuals—princes, officials, or wealthy merchants, or by schools, temples, or monasteries. Conditions were thus much as they were in medieval Europe. With the advent of the republic and the adoption of Western education came the formation of the provincial libraries, some of which are now called "public libraries," supported ostensibly, but most inadequately, by the provincial exchequers. Most of these are assemblages of private collections acquired by donation and housed in some building turned over free of charge by the authorities —an old palace, an academy, or an abandoned temple. In one or two cases pretentious buildings have been erected by private donors. None of these structures is fitted for modern library use and all are firetraps, especially since the wide introduction of electric lighting, coupled with lack of regulations for proper wiring. Already disastrous fires have destroyed valuable collections.

All things considered, the best-administered and most satisfactorily housed libraries in China are those of the universities. Many of the librarians here, in the government as well as the foreign institutions, have been trained in American library schools. Contact with these men has had its effect also on the provincial librarians, usually scholars with no modern library training, and some of them are making an effort to supplement their libraries with branches organized and operated on more modern lines.

Certain considerations operate to make the introduction of modern administration difficult. The old Chinese book is an assemblage of what we should call unbound pamphlets, each printed on one side of a continuous strip of paper and folded zigzag. Each of these constitutes a "section" about a quarter of an inch thick, and assemblages of ten or twelve sections are placed in loose cases and piled flat on the shelves of cupboards. One or two librarians are binding their old books in European style, but this plan is not yet in favor. Modern Chinese publishing houses, however, which are turning out thousands of new titles yearly, are printing and binding in European style. A Chinese library therefore consists of two different kinds of books which must be handled and shelved in different ways.

Again there is no traditional order of the Chinese characters, as with our alphabet. Their great number precludes any merely arbitrary arrangement, to be held in the memory like ours. Various attempts at some kind of logical order have been worked out, the success of which can be estimated from the fact that it may take half an hour to an hour to find a word in a Chinese dictionary. Nearly every librarian in China has a system of his own for his catalogue, which does not make for ease of consultation.

If these collections, or any of them, are to be used for the spread of popular education it is also necessary that two features which have proved successful with us should be adopted and used. I refer to free access, by which the reader is allowed to go to the shelves and handle the books as he would in his own library; and home use, by which he is allowed to take books to his own house. These may be called the corner-stones of the library intended for popular use; and they are practically non-existent in China.

The provincial libraries consist largely of valuable old classical works. It would be as inadvisable to turn them into popular libraries as it would to treat the Vatican Library in this way. They have no funds to buy the modern popular books in the vernacular. It has been hoped that part of the returned Boxer indemnity might be used for this purpose. The commission having this in charge has decided on grants that will greatly further the library movement—one to establish a great national library in Peking and one to the Boone Library School in Wuchang, to provide professorships and scholarships. These will be of great value, but neither directly aids the mass-education program.

The present disorders in China, which place the country practically at the mercy of bodies of armed coolies hired at a few cents a day by unscrupulous and ambitious men, should vanish under the influence of just ideas, spread by proper educational means. When funds now improperly expended for the upkeep of useless armies can be devoted to education, libraries will doubtless receive proper attention and the action and reaction of these two factors will hasten the redemption of China.

In the Driftway

HENRY FORD is a great maker of automobiles, but is he as great a maker of history? Not that anybody objects because Mr. Ford equips his history with a self-blowing horn. Nobody does anything without such an accessory nowadays. Nor is there any reason why Mr. Ford should not paint all his history black. No up-to-date historian uses any other color. But it seems that history f.o.b. Detroit, although provided with sufficient horse-power for the comparatively low hills of Massachusetts, cannot make the steeper grades to be found in New Hampshire. At least the Drifter notes that the schoolhouse which Mr. Ford reconstructed in Sudbury in honor of Mary and her little lamb has not been able to climb the heights of Newport in the Granite State. The Drifter has before him a cutting from the Newport *Argus-Champion* which characterizes Mr. Ford's entire product in Sudbury—chassis, body, and tail light—as the "Sterling myth." The extract was sent by Chester S. Ehrman, who referred to the subject briefly in the correspondence columns of a recent issue of *The Nation.*

* * * * *

THE *Argus-Champion* says that the verses about Mary and her snow-fleeced lamb were written by Sarah Josepha Hale, a native of Newport, New Hampshire, for many years editor of *Godey's Lady's Book.* They were published in 1830 in a booklet entitled "Poems for Our Children," issued from the press of Waite and Davis, Boston. No actual Mary and no particular lamb were in Mrs. Hale's mind when she wrote her immortal lines, says the *Argus-Champion.* The Drifter is not disposed to dispute this statement. He thinks that if the writer had been describing an actual lamb its fleece could not possibly have been referred to as "white as snow." The Drifter grew up on a farm. But the *Argus-Champion* has better authority than the Drifter. It says that last year Mrs. Sarah Hale Hunter of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a granddaughter of Sarah Josepha Hale, wrote to Robert E. Gould, president of the Newport Board of Trade, saying:

> I am the granddaughter of Sarah Josepha Buell Hale. She lived with my father and mother for many years in Philadelphia, and I remember asking her, as a child, whether there was a real Mary and real lamb. Her reply was that she had made it up and there was no foundation for the existence of either. She certainly wrote "Mary Had a Little Lamb," however.

* * * * *

THE *Argus-Champion* then turns its attention to what it calls the "Sterling myth," of which it says:

> Now what is the basis of the claim of Sterling, Massachusetts, to Mary and the lamb? It is stated, and probably it is true, that in 1817 (thirteen years before Mrs. Hale's verses appeared) a girl named Mary Sawyer was a pupil in the little schoolhouse at Sterling which Henry Ford has purchased and transferred to Sudbury, Massachusetts. It is also claimed that she had a pet lamb. Doubtless this was true. Many little girls had pet lambs, and it may be readily conceded that Mary Sawyer's lamb followed her to school occasionally. It is also claimed that John Roulstone, a Harvard student, wrote some verses one day about Mary and the lamb and handed them, on a slip of paper, to Mary Sawyer. This doubtless may have happened. It is further claimed that the twelve lines that constituted these verses, were the same as the first twelve lines of the poem published by Mrs. Hale in 1830. But here is the weak link in the Sterling claim. The Roulstone verses, handed to Mary Sawyer, disappeared. Nobody has any record of them. They had apparently been entirely forgotten until Mrs. Hale's book appeared, and then Mary Tyler, of Somerville, Massachusetts, a relative of the Sawyer girl, recalled the incident, and, presumably, assumed that the Sterling Mary and the Sterling lamb were the basis of Mrs. Hale's poem. There is not a thing on record anywhere to substantiate this view.

* * * * *

THE Drifter does not feel qualified to pass upon this controversy. He is neither a historian nor a manufacturer of flivvers. Certainly he has no two billion dollars with which to back his judgment and impress the newspapers. But he concurs in the philosophy with which the *Argus-Champion* summarizes the discussion (it borrows the lines, it says, from an unknown source):

> Sweet Mary long has passed away,
> The poet, too, is dead,
> The children no more laugh and play,
> Afar they all have fled.
> At teacher's cold, unfeeling words
> The lamb no more can quiver,
> But still the gentle creature serves
> To advertise a flivver.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Poison or Protection?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the flood of propaganda about the so-called poison alcohol it has probably escaped your attention that the fact of the matter is that this process of denaturing alcohol, far from being an invention of the Prohibition Bureau, has been in use for fifteen years as a measure of industrial protection. This is only another example of the extraordinary perversion of the truth in the propaganda of our Wet opponents.

New York, February 3 MARGARET NORRIE

Democracy in Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is no charge made that Frank Smith was not legally elected as Senator from Illinois. The facts regarding the Insull contributions to his primary campaign were fully known to every voter and were in fact the main campaign issue. In spite of this the voters elected him by a large majority. Personally I detest everything that Smith and his ilk stand for, but that does not blind me to the principle involved, viz., the rule of the majority.

If Victor Berger can be ousted because of his opinions and Frank Smith for the method used in securing his nomination, it opens the door for unseating future elected officials on the ground of race, religion, and the Lord knows what.

Chicago, February 1 EDW. D. LOEWENTHAL

Moderns—Male and Female

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have two cats. Punch, the male, is larger and stronger, a wee bit more sportive, coal-black. Judy is black and white, more sedate, smaller but as quick. When Punch catches a mouse or gopher he places a powerful possessive paw on it and eats it himself, meanwhile uttering warning

growls in the direction of Judy, who watches enviously from as close as she dares venture. Her envy is not augmented and made poisonous by ancestral voices telling her she must not try to catch a mouse but should find her keenest delight in the enjoyment and triumph that are Punch's; that if Punch leaves a tail or an ear she may help herself to that; and, anyway, why isn't she tending to her toilet, or washing the catdish, or having kittens, which would keep her from thinking of mice or being hungry. No, Judy knows that Punch does not expect her to be a "womanly" cat—he acknowledges and respects her equal Catness.

What makes these women modern? Every woman knows—women are human beings.

On the California Front, January 24 UNKNOWN WIFE

The South and "Al" Smith

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I've been over a large part of the South within the past few years and I'm willing to bet Governor Hays or any one else that if the Democratic Party nominates Governor Smith not only will the "Solid South" be broken but the Democratic Party will meet one of the worst defeats in its history. Smith may carry the Bourbon States of Dixie, but he will lose Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma, and probably also Texas and Florida.

Governor Hays is away off if he thinks that religion will cut no figure in the election with Smith as a candidate. It will, not only in Dixie but in the farmer-labor States of the Northwest. But one man in the Democratic Party can carry these Northwestern States and the "Solid South"—Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana. The farmers of the South are slowly but surely awakening to the fact that the Democratic machine leaders have done no more to aid them than the Republican machine leaders to aid the farmers of the West. McAdoo's strength was not all in the support given him by the Klan; in Texas the farmers and workers were for him because they believed "Wall Street" did not want him.

Mena, Arkansas, January 31 COVINGTON HALL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Democracy in the South, which is, as Mr. Hays writes, "the party of our fathers and our fathers' fathers," is without aim or object, form or fashion, plank or platform, save "Keep the Nigger down." It was made the Solid South by cowardly white men with gun and torch in hand, pursuing fear-stricken Negroes who but the day before, comparatively speaking, had emerged from two hundred years of bondage.

Mr. Hays's premise, that "the Solid South will be for the Democratic nominee for President," is correct—irrespective of any shortcomings of which the nominee may be guilty. The Solid South would as religiously vote for a Sing Sing convict, if nominated for President on the Democratic ticket, as for a second Woodrow Wilson. "Al" Smith need have no fears.

The Southern white man prefers to continue to exist on his deserted as well as depleted acres of antiquated farm lands, on which even the grass refuses to grow, in order that he may continue to hold sacred the institution which brutalized millions of human beings; he refuses to throw open the gates to industrialism and to a system of agriculture in which independent men and women can engage—for that would make the country prosperous but destroy the solidity of the old South.

Seattle, Washington, February 3 H. R. CAYTON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: All intelligent persons, even those who vote the Democratic ticket, very well know that the Democratic Party is as free from ideals as a fundamentalist preacher is from intelligence. They also know that it comes no nearer than its twin brother to representing our (the peasantry's) interests. And the *average* Southerner's instinctive distrust of the Republican Party is not half so dynamic as his hereditary suspicion of the Pope. Actually, he does not distrust the Devil so much as he does the Pope. He traditionally takes refuge in religious bigotry from all disturbing ideas. He is incredibly stupid; witness his concerted attack on the fundamental law of evolution. Of course, he will evolve out of all this, in time, as will his Northern brother. But hardly in time to support "Al" in 1928.

El Dorado, Arkansas, February 6 BRYAN FULKS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The only evidence that George W. Hays gives that the South is for Smith is that as the South is always Democratic, it will continue to vote that way even if Smith is nominated. This is extremely doubtful. Lifelong Democrats are openly saying they will not vote for him. I venture the prediction that no State south of Maryland will favor him in the national convention.

The South knows no reason to adopt him. Mr. Hays pronounces him "the most important statesman of our time," but to most Southerners that will cause a laugh. We know nothing about Governor Smith as a national leader except on one point, and that is the association of his name with the movement to discredit prohibition. The outstanding issue before the American people at this moment relates to the foreign policy of the present Administration, especially with reference to Mexico and Nicaragua. By a series of almost incredible blunders we have been hurried along toward war with Mexico, or its equivalent, and it is high time individuals and associations should lift up their voice in protest; but what have we heard from Governor Smith? How does he stand on the foremost issue before the American people?

Lubbock, Texas, February 1 JOHN C. GRANBERY

That World Court

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Advocates of the World Court as constituted under the League of Nations should note the current of present-day events:

1. *Mexico.* Uncle Sam is defending the rights of oil companies against the government founded as a result of the Mexican Revolution of 1910. In this case, says the President of the United States, there is nothing to arbitrate.

2. *Nicaragua.* "The proprietary rights of the United States in the Nicaragua canal route" are being protected by the presence of fifteen war vessels and a large contingent of troops.

3. *Panama.* "The Republic of Panama will consider herself in a state of war in case of any war in which the United States should be a belligerent." So reads the pending treaty between the United States and Panama.

4. *China.* Great Britain, the United States, Japan, and other Powers are rushing war vessels and army divisions to the defense of their "concessions." Millions of Chinese are demanding equality among the nations. By way of making their demands heard they are taking the law into their own hands and resorting to direct action. Machine-guns provide the answer.

All four of these cases involve the exploitation of weak, undeveloped countries by powerful capitalist empires. Three of the countries are members of the League of Nations. Theoretically, their troubles should be handled by the World Court; practically, they are treated like international criminals in a world policed by predatory empires.

World courts and other world schemes based on world cooperation and a community of interest among the various peoples will play their part sometime in the not-distant future. So long as capitalist empires remain, however, they will settle their difficulties with tanks, machine-guns, and battle cruisers. When the crisis is over they will talk about it to the World

Court. As well expect world courts to function under capitalist imperialism as to expect water to run freely in zero weather.

Ridgewood, New Jersey, January 26 SCOTT NEARING

Roosevelt, Trust-Buster

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on the Merging of 12,000 Miles of Railway moves me to reminisce.

You speak of the proposed merger of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railroads. You will recall that the dissolution of the merger of these two roads and the C. B. & Q. was sought and obtained in the Northern Securities case in 1903, and that Roosevelt wrote of the case in 1904 as a great achievement of his Administration. You call attention to the fact that the Northern Securities case invoked the powers of the Sherman anti-trust law to keep alive competition between two common carriers. Now the Interstate Commerce Commission seems likely to give its formal approval to the merging of these carrier properties.

In those days I was an ardent and alert correspondent in close and friendly touch with the Roosevelt Administration. I was enthusiastic at Roosevelt's championship of the cause of the Northwestern farmer-shippers and happy when Philander Knox, his "crackerjack" Attorney General, won the case. As I remember, it was an injunction proceeding and the court handed down "a decree" prohibiting the Northern Securities Company holding the voting stock of the two roads.

The bands played and the shouting died away.

I was in Chicago later, talking to Charles Gates Dawes, now Vice-President, who damned the applause which Roosevelt had won by the Northern Securities case. He said it was all a blankety fraud; that the decision in that case was not what it appeared to be; that Knox had consented to the writing of a decree which permitted the bondholdings of the two properties to remain in the same hands, and that it was immaterial what the decree said about one corporation holding the stock of another. He likened the bonds to a step-ladder and said the step-ladder was still straddling the two properties, and that the Northern Securities was only a "moot case."

All of which I put away in the back of my head.

Later Roosevelt went out of office and among those ambitious to succeed him was Philander Knox. The then great *Collier's Weekly*, under Mark Sullivan, commissioned me to do a piece about Knox as a possible successor to Roosevelt, and to this end I studied Knox, his life and public doings. I was troubled about the Northern Securities case and resolved to see Knox and talk to him about it. I found him in the evening alone in his study on the top floor of his residence on K Street. I was frank and told him what Dawes had said. He admitted it was a moot case in so far as the two railroads were affected; but contended earnestly that the decision established a precedent that one corporation could not hold the stock of another corporation and so wipe out competition.

The article on Knox was never published. He became worried and had Roosevelt send me a message to be careful in handling the Northern Securities matter. And Knox and Root were soon in the discard as Presidential possibilities in favor of the less frank Mr. Taft.

That was twenty-three years ago. The Sherman Act did not restore competition either in railroad or other business. Always, in my judgment, it was more or less of a fraud. Mr. Kellogg wrote a decree which did no harm to the Standard Oil trust; Mr. J. C. McReynolds wrote one which did nothing to the tobacco trust; Mr. Moody enjoined the beef trust. There is hardly a trust which has not had the benefit of a suit and decree, unless it is the "good" steel trust. It is the old fallacy of putting statute against economic law. It can't be done.

Washington, D. C., January 29 GILSON GARDNER

A Shocking Exhibit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the New Gallery, 600 Madison Avenue, there is, until February 26, an extremely shocking exhibition of American painting by Thomas H. Benton. Shocking to the aesthete and the gallery-hound with eyes cocked toward Paris; shocking to the hundred-percenter who resents an America shown so harshly; shocking to the architect who finds no skilful and pleasing arrangement of historic symbols; shocking to the young communist who regards it as capitalist propaganda; shocking to the painter, "modern" or "academic," because it's neither "modern" nor "academic"; and shocking, most pleasantly so, because so unusual, to the lover of finely balanced, closely coordinated, sharply characterized, lucidly wrought, rhythmically arranged structural design. These pictures represent several years' work upon American themes—historical subjects, trains, people, decorations for spacious places (the smallest of them would destroy the peace of a drawing-room), without sentimentality or "charm." The earlier canvases are least successful, lacking that fine balance between planes and rounded forms which the latest works are beginning to show. But—go and see it.

New York, February 14 BOARDMAN ROBINSON

What Made These Women "Modern"?

The ninth article in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, will analyze these articles for The Nation, *in an attempt to discover the underlying causes of the modern woman's attitude toward men, marriage, children, and jobs.*

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Books and Plays

First Glance

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, whose "Autobiography and Memoirs" is fortunately once more available (Harcourt, Brace, 2 vols.: $7.50), was not the painter he thought himself to be even in his lowest moments. Aldous Huxley, the writer of the introduction to the new edition, may be a little too hard on Haydon's canvases, most of which he admits he has never seen; he is a little too eager to make his point that Haydon had every gift except the "gift of expressing himself in form and color." But Mr. Huxley in general must be right; Haydon undoubtedly was insignificant—though much might be said for his head of Wordsworth in Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

In one sense his book is insignificant. Haydon, who was chronically wrong about himself, considered that at least his memoirs would constitute an important, because typical, record of artist life. "The state of a young mind progressing in the art," he said, "the sanguine nature of its temperament, the hopes, the fears, the anxieties, the agitations which beset a youth on entering life, especially in a refined art, by a path pronounced by all to lead to certain ruin, cannot but be interesting, at least to others making the same steps with equal ardor and more talent, but not more sincerity, than I possessed then, for there I will defy any man, let him be Rafaelle himself, to beat me." But if Haydon was not a good artist, how can his life have been typical? How can one be sure that his anxieties and his ecstasies were not merely ridiculous? Must not one indeed conclude that this is the way genuine painters do not feel? "The true way to preserve my health is to lie on a hard mattress, sleep six or seven hours, jump out at first waking, wash instantly in a cold bath, study for eight hours, drink nothing but weak tea and water, eat the most simple food, no suppers, no hashes, no fricassees. When I do this I feel braced for the day and ready for any exertion, mental or corporeal." Poor Haydon! He was always ready. But what of those happier artists who surprise themselves with masterpieces when they are least expecting them, who do not need their bodies at all, perhaps, in order to work well? It is a sad fact that we know how second-rate art is produced, and in many cases have complete documentation in the matter, but know next to nothing about the progress of good work into the world.

In another sense, of course, the book is of the highest significance. Mr. Huxley insists that Haydon, whatever he was not, was certainly a writer of magnitude; and no one can doubt it who starts reading these many pages. I have found few books more absorbing. Haydon had the power of seeing the world brightly, of describing it richly and with humor, of giving the impression that it is very deep and full. Better still, he knew how to make himself count in the scene. He becomes the center, if the tragic center, of a great and complicated action. The story, merely as story, of his coming up to London to be a great historical painter, of his devoting heroic nights and days to the perfection of a feeble talent, of his relations to friends, landlords, patrons, creditors, and critics, of his debts, his despairs, his momentary elevations, and his final resort to suicide by razor and pistol a few minutes after the last entry in his diary—the story is one of the best I know. And it can be recommended to those who know nothing and care nothing about artists. For Haydon, as Mr. Huxley makes clear, was only a great writer.

MARK VAN DOREN

Boccaccio and Aretino

Amorous Fiammetta. By Giovanni Boccaccio. Revised from the only English Translation with an Introduction by Edward Hutton. Albert and Charles Boni. $6.

The Works of Aretino. Translated into English from the original Italian, with a Critical and Biographical Essay by Samuel Putnam. Illustrations by Marquis de Bayros. Chicago: Pascal Covici. Two volumes. $17.50.

THE historical study of literature and the interpretation of writers in terms of the "spirit of the age" is passing out of fashion. The newest aesthetic jealously maintains the independence of art and artist and generally resents any attempt to consider either as a mere function of the life of a time. Yet in the case of a writer like Boccaccio it seems futile to attempt to comprehend him completely except in relation to that culture which quickly proclaimed him a classic. However banal the statement may be, it is nevertheless true that like Dante and Petrarch he stood for one of the three elements which made up the complex of the early Renaissance, that he spoke for the *moyen homme sensuel* exactly as they spoke, respectively, for the mystic and the scholar and that it is the success with which he spoke which has made him remembered. It is true also that his life as an artist was a continual struggle to find the form and the accent which should express neither more nor less than what he felt, and that the only one of his numerous works which achieved genuine immortality is the one in which he succeeded in doing just that.

Boccaccio was a modest man, quick to admire others and in his innermost self distrustful of his own worth. He worshiped the memory of Dante as he might have worshiped a god, he sat at the feet of Petrarch like a humble scholar in the presence of a great master, and, distrusting the worth of the sunny paganism of his own temper, he wasted many years in trying to keep from being himself. "Amor è quel che mi guida e conduce," he wrote at the beginning of his "Ninfale Fiesolano," but love was an inexact word, then as now, and Boccaccio was afraid to look his love in the face. He was more than half ashamed of the simple, joyous, and uncorrupted sensuality of his nature; he tried to convince himself that the love which burned in his veins was identical with the intellectual idea of Dante and the tepid warmth of Petrarch; and though in his "Life of Dante" he revealed how incapable he was of comprehending his subject he insisted upon trying to be Dantesque. In nearly everything that he wrote there are passages which are bright with a fresh, springlike sensuality, but the harmony of the whole is generally spoiled either by laborious pedantry or by a wholly, ludicrously inappropriate attempt at allegorization like that which transforms the "Ameto" into an unintentional burlesque upon the theme of sacred love. By no means a thinker and little gifted with the power of self-analysis, Boccaccio probably never realized that his greatness consisted in his power to see the world through the eyes of the sensual man. Instinct rather than reason led him to the form of his two most important works.

"Fiammetta," a long prose monologue of a deserted woman, full of genuine feeling and acute psychology, may be read with pleasure today, and it stands second only to the "Decameron." The "Heroides" of Ovid obviously inspired it; in spite of the artificiality of the frequent classical illusions it is completely "worldly," and its author had but one step further to go before producing in the "Decameron" the first great work of modern literature in which the world of the senses is represented as complete and self-justifying. From

the "Decameron" no lines of reference go out either to classical antiquity or to eternity. In it the flesh and the intellect are sufficient to establish all values and judge all actions. Man and nature are complete, God and revelation unnecessary.

And to realize how truly he spoke not for himself alone but for his age one need but remember both the eagerness with which he was hailed and the rapidity with which Italian literature and society plunged downward from the "Decameron" to Aretino. His life, indeed, ending as it did in a repentance, represents *in petto* the Renaissance as a whole. His skepticism, like much of the skepticism of the Renaissance, was instinctive rather than reasoned, the protest of warm blood against ascetic doctrines rather than the result of logical conclusions; the fear of hell which he had dismissed rather than conquered came upon him again in exactly the same way that the Catholic Reaction came upon Italy as a whole. The only difference was that while Boccaccio never plumbed the depths of sensuality but remained till the time of his conversion hardly more than youthfully ardent, Italy completed the cycle which ends in the jaded and brutal ferocity of Aretino.

The Navarre Society edition of "Fiammetta" is thoroughly satisfactory. The translation used as a basis is the Elizabethan one made by Edward Young, whose long, picturesque, and syntactically loose sentences are a fairly satisfactory equivalent for Boccaccio's elaborate humanistic style, and there is a sound if not brilliant introduction by Edward Hutton, a recognized authority. Against the Aretino, though beautifully printed, certain cavils may be made. It is preceded by a swaggering introduction in the style of the enfant terrible of the nineties, in which Aretino is referred to as "the poison flower of the Renaissance," and it is illustrated by a series of delicately indecent pictures which suggest the age of Beardsley much more than they do the coarse brutality of Aretino. Though the selections are comprehensive in scope —from "La Cortigiana" and from the letters as well as from the more famous "Ragionamenti"—there is no indication of the fact that what is presented as "The Dialogues" is really only a series of very brief extracts and the so-called translation of the "Sonnetti Lussuriosi" is no translation at all. These poems, written to interpret a series of indecent paintings by Giulio Romano, are in the plainest and most brutal language, and whoever supposes that he can form any idea of them from the periphrastic innuendoes of the present version is completely mistaken.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

As Mr. Asquith

Fifty Years of British Parliament. By the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Little, Brown and Company. Two volumes. $8.

THE fifty years referred to in the title of this book begin with the general election of 1868 and end with the dissolution of Parliament in 1918. For considerably more than half of this period the distinguished author (as Herbert H. Asquith) sat in the House of Commons, and for a good part of it he was a member of the Cabinet—as Home Secretary in the last Gladstone and Rosebery ministries (1892-1895), Chancellor of the Exchequer under Campbell-Bannerman (1905-1908), and Prime Minister during a time of grave domestic and foreign crisis in his country's history (1908-1916). He has had a longer parliamentary career than any other living British statesman except Lord Balfour, and he was a principal, not to say a storm center, in political transactions of the first magnitude. It cannot be questioned that he has the qualification in personal experience necessary for making what he promises us in his preface, "a contribution to history written to a large extent from first-hand knowledge."

And when Lord Oxford permits himself to become autobiographical, to record his own impressions, to express personal opinions on men and measures, what he has to say is always interesting and sometimes important. But too often he writes on public questions of which he has inside information as any fairly well-informed outsider might be expected to write. The first of his two volumes, which comes to the South African War, adds almost nothing to our knowledge of English parliamentary and political history. The account of affairs during the Gladstone and Rosebery ministries is disappointingly unoriginal. He does tell us that in the debates on the bill of 1895 for the disestablishment of the Welsh church, of which he was in charge, one of the Welsh members, "a natural frondeur," gave him "a certain amount of trouble"; but one would never guess from anything in these volumes that Lloyd George ever caused him more serious trouble than this. In the memorable controversy over Tariff Reform and Imperial Preference precipitated by Chamberlain in 1903 he rose to the height of a great argument and did more than any other Liberal leader to justify free trade to the British electorate, but beyond a casual reference to a pamphlet containing some of the speeches which he delivered at the time Lord Oxford seems to have no recollection of Mr. Asquith's participation in this campaign. For a full generation he was a member of the House of Commons and for nearly nine years he was its leader, yet in the general observations which he makes concerning the House he draws scarcely at all upon his own rich experience. It is interesting to know that speeches are not so long as they were in the days of Gladstone and Disraeli, and that the practice of classical quotation has fallen into disuse, but any student of *Hansard* could have told us this. What Lord Oxford has to say of the office of Prime Minister is based almost entirely on what others have said; and he will not be accused of any indiscretions in disclosing what he knows of the proceedings of the Cabinet.

The most substantial chapters in the book, regarded as history, are those which narrate the conflict between the Lords and the Commons that resulted in the passing of the Parliament Act, and those on Ulster in the days when Carson was leading it along the road of loyalist treason. The World War and its causes are left out of consideration, because this subject has been dealt with by the author in his "Genesis of the War," and by Lord Grey in his "Twenty-five Years." Lord Oxford makes it clear that he has no regret for the course which his Government took with respect to the House of Lords. He believes it to have been constitutionally correct, and he even ventures the hazardous prediction that the Parliament Act, in its essential provisions, is likely to remain law for a long time to come. He writes, however, in a spirit of quite remarkable detachment, and it is evident that he bears no grudge toward those who at the time denounced him as a destroyer of the constitution. The policy of his Administration toward Ulster during the years 1912-1914 has been severely criticized on the ground that it is demoralizing for a government to tolerate preparations for armed resistance to its authority. Lord Oxford does not question that the Ulster leaders could have been prosecuted under the criminal law, but he observes that it is never wise to prosecute if failure to convict is a foregone conclusion, and he is convinced that no Irish jury would have convicted. Moreover, the Irish Nationalist leaders were strongly opposed to resorting to criminal proceedings against the Ulsterites, because "it would inevitably secure for the victims an invaluable and much-coveted place in the annals of Irish martyrology."

The present three-party system in England is regarded by many Englishmen as a transitional stage in party history and as destined to no long duration. Lord Oxford does not share this opinion. He believes that the present situation, despite its drawbacks, has come to stay, because there are real, living issues between the parties. He thinks that a party division into moderates and extremists would be a calamity.

In his characterizations of statesmen who were once his political opponents Lord Oxford exhibits in a conspicuous degree the British spirit of fair play. Balfour once said that Lord Hartington was the most persuasive speaker he had ever

known "because he never attempted to conceal the strength of the case against him." Lord Oxford never commits the vulgar error of underrating men because they differed from him in politics.

R. L. SCHUYLER

Mrs. Deland's Flank Attack

The Kays. By Margaret Deland. Harper and Brothers. $2.

"I," George Kay said satirically, "am modest enough to refrain from deciding what is 'right' or 'wrong' for my country! All *I* do is to offer her my blood."

To which his wife replied that his reason would be a nobler gift.

No wonder everyone in Old Chester disliked her and that this dislike grew to open animosity, that the butcher sold her tainted meat, and that children jeered at her in the streets, and that the windows of the room in which a poor crazy inmate of her house lived should be broken in when President Lincoln's Declaration of War was read and lists of the dead began to be tacked up in every post office. To be sure the town had also disapproved of her when she helped fugitive slaves escape into Canada. But the two disapprovals did not seem inconsistent to it because it did not think of the war as being fought to put an end to slavery. In fact, it thoroughly disapproved of those headstrong Boston Abolitionists who wanted to free the slaves. When you came right down to it Old Chester wasn't any too sure just why the war was being fought; but it was intensely sure that anyone who questioned the wisdom of settling human disputes by mutual murder must be a coward, and it applauded the patriotism of its coarser spirits who sang with relish:

> Come let us chant in perfect tune,
> The South shall be the North's spittoon.

Their songs and their fervor and their animosity and her husband's departure for the war and her son's social disgrace because he refused to depart for it—the novel turns chiefly on this son and what happened to him—all fail to shake Agnes Kay's obstinate belief that war is murder.

With skill and inventiveness and humor Mrs. Deland has given a lively and veracious picture of the irritable animosity induced in human beings by the spectacle of an individual ordering her life by reason when the rest of the world is luxuriating in emotion and belligerence. Her picture of the once beautiful young woman whose native intensity was tremendously increased by a sexual shock that drove her for refuge to a literal and dreadfully unsettling Christianity is given almost wholly through the unsympathetic eyes of the harassed and saddened town, and those of her handsome, sensitive, easy-going, dissipated husband whom everyone liked as much as they disliked Agnes Kay, even though they didn't like losing their money in his lottery, and even though they disapproved of his predilections for wine and women. But although the picture of Agnes Kay is unsympathetically presented, although her cool, reasonable voice falls icily on our ears, in the end, when the tangled threads of the story are drawn together, she wins even her husband to her view.

There is this, among other possible disadvantages, in embodying general ideas in individual characters, that all the idiosyncrasies of the individual come to be associated with the general idea. One might, in the present instance, conclude that pacifists and literal Christians, though divinely right, are necessarily rather unimaginative and exasperating and humorless in their relations with other people. Doubtless some pacifists and literal Christians are, just as some militarists are; but there is nothing in either belief that would necessarily make them so; and the man who was possibly the most conspicuous American exponent during the late war of the twin heresies of pacifism and Christianity is noted for his genial tolerance and humor.

This exception noted, Mrs. Deland's novel is an extremely able dramatization of the emotional irrelevancies and contradictions and cruelties of war psychology. In addition it contains an interesting study, only partially developed, of the relations of a man who thinks through his emotions with a woman who feels through her mind. Carrying gifts to all the pleasant qualities of the average men who make the average mob that fights, Mrs. Deland has nevertheless executed a clever flank attack on man's reluctance to leave his animal state, and on war.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Expressing America

East Side West Side. By Felix Riesenberg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE Great American Novel: How Not to Write It would be a helpful course for many of our contemporary fictionists who are busy giving us animated charts expressing the souls of New York, Chicago, the plains of Dakota, the mesas of Arizona, and America in general. We would thereby be deprived of a great many Americas, New Yorks, Chicagos, and Dakotas; but perhaps we would get a few Americans—that is to say, just some local specimens of that universal genus of forked radishes whose antics, whether on Nevsky Prospekt or on Commonwealth Avenue, despite all pretenses to the contrary, are strangely alike.

But how about all these national, topographical, and municipal souls that are clamoring so for expression? Let them wait. Consider the Russian novelists who collectively and cumulatively seem to have succeeded rather well in expressing the "soul of Russia," yet were none of them bold enough to undertake such a job individually. Dostoevski's novels are largely localized in Petersburg; but what book blurber would be crass enough to say that "Crime and Punishment" expresses the soul of Petersburg? Or, to turn to Anglo-Saxondom, who will accuse Hardy of having expressed the Wessex soul as definitively as our Middle-Western novelists have expressed the twin souls of the Mississippi Valley and the Great Plains? Suspicions are abroad, in fact, that the desire for utterance among our States and municipalities is not nearly so urgent as our novelists would have us believe. Judging by the average straphanger, the soul of Greater New York, for instance (not excluding the Ghetto), is more easily allayed by such an indigenous work as "Beau Geste" than by "Manhattan Transfer." One is inclined to think that expressing America is only a popular alibi among our novelists, who find it much easier to handle synthesized characters like New York, or Chicago, or the Mississippi Valley than to be bothered with the vagaries of troublesome, irresponsible individuals. This, rather than any awakening of national consciousness, may account for the avidity with which they have taken to studying American geography and history and Austrian psychology. Thanks to such labor-saving devices as history, geography, and psychoanalysis it is now possible to *prove* characters by the circumstantial evidence of heredity and environment, instead of inventing them by the fiat of genius—a dogmatic, perilous act, for who is quite sure of his genius?

These are lengthy reflections on a lengthy and terribly flabby novel. But "East Side West Side" is a convenient example. This story of a Fifth Avenue scion who is spawned on the East Side waterfront via the servant girl, and who works his way west again via the Ghetto, the Bowery, and Morningside Heights is supposed to show a very important cross-section of Manhattan. Unfortunately, Mr. Riesenberg's researches into Freud have been too rudimentary for him to make the usual excavations for character-building with the steam-shovel of psychoanalysis. In default of this one needs a gift for rhapsodic expressionism, a gift which Mr. Riesenberg most woefully lacks. His hero, John Breen, alias Fighting

Lipvitch, alias Van Horn, is a premature birth of the author's fancy deposited in an incubator called New York and kept alive through four hundred pages by such artificial respiration as:

> City, lyric city, lovely city of millions and millions of tame tenants. City of folding beds, kitchenettes, bathinettes, gas jets, and mansions. City of leased shelter and freeholds on jeopardy. Great city visited by intellectuals. Metaphysical, mellifluous city. . . . City of removals, of niches without statues, of songs without words, of husbands without wives, families without children. City of one-room apartments. Astonishing city of free microbes and captive elephants.

And intensive reflections on the inevitable rise of Manhattan real estate. More's the pity, for despite the ineffectuality of the novel as a whole there is something in the blank bewildered receptivity of John Breen that reminds one pleasantly of that omnivorous-minded boy of Gorki's autobiographic novels. It is to be regretted that Mr. Riesenberg, who brings to American fiction a personal background as rich in its own way as that of Gorki, should have seen fit to scrawl a map of Manhattan on such a promising slate.

ALTER BRODY

Confusion and Suffering

I Have This to Say. By Violet Hunt. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

MISS HUNT seems to have been a woman of too much education, many friends, and no special place in life when she met the *English Review* and Ford Madox Ford together and found relief and passionate delight in working for both.

She describes the first meeting and tells how Mr. Ford wore a brown velvet coat that had belonged to his uncle Rossetti and was working at a Chippendale bureau on which Christina Rossetti had written her poems. It was all very literary. This is the beginning of the book, in nineteen hundred and something; and in the end Miss Hunt is still hunting *le mot juste.* Her relationship with Mr. Ford grew into what she and he thought was a marriage, but the British courts interpreted a question of international law differently, and both Miss Hunt and Mr. Ford seem to have been victims. There was an ill-natured scandal, which got so bad that Henry James felt it necessary to ask the unhappy woman not to call again at his house. This is not really important, except to consumers of literary gossip of another age. What is important is the importance which Miss Hunt still attaches to this judgment of Henry James.

She really has had four great passions in her life, for Henry James, for Joseph Conrad and Ford as writers, for Ford as a man, and for the World War for reasons she does not understand. Indeed the whole book is the story of a woman who is lost in a world she does not understand. The daughter of a novelist, the wife of a novelist, the friend of many novelists, Miss Hunt got the idea that she also is a writer. Equipped with emotion but free from insight, thought, and style, she has apparently suffered for all her adult years from a maladjustment she does not even suspect.

Miss Hunt seems to be a kindly soul who had the misfortune to think herself complex. As a consequence she adapts the style of Henry James to a rather simple mind. The result is disastrous. The book is almost unreadable. It is modernly vague about dates and places. You are supposed to know . . . you are in the literary swim . . . it would be an insult to tell you rudimentary facts. There are pages which contain as many as four quotations and there is hardly a page without quotation marks. Her gift is for feeling, not thinking. She seems to have no conception of the inner meaning of anything. Like most people who think with their feelings she is capable of shocking atrocities like her treatment of Mrs. D. H. Lawrence when Mrs. Lawrence as a German was not Britishly patriotic at the beginning of the war.

Apparently here is a woman with a gift for emotional intensity and generous affection. She is probably one of the few women in the world who need about eight children on whom to pour out a boundless love and enthusiasm. Eager to worship, to be both maternal and childishly clinging, she had to play a grown-up part in an intellectual world in which she did not belong. It is a tragic waste of a generous nature bringing love to the world and being forced to pay instead in futile intellectual effort.

HELEN WOODWARD

Books in Brief

American Criticism, 1926. Edited by William A. Drake. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The essays in this volume, from the competent academic journalism of Professor Tinker to the acute but disordered diagnosis of the literary situation by Mr. Edmund Wilson, suffer from the same elusive yet quite pervasive disease. The disorder of the material at Mr. Drake's disposal was so obvious that he could not eschew the task of explaining it. This, we feel, he has not succeeded in doing, but he has written the most interesting contribution to his anthology; the most ambitious, it is necessarily one of the most deficient. "By exposing the causes," says Mr. Drake, "why so youthful and so rich a nation as America should have been so tardy in expressing itself artistically, we break the seal of our muteness." This sentimental metaphor, in various forms, constitutes the pseudo-principle of a school of critics ranging from Mr. Van Wyck Brooks down to Mr. V. F. Calverton. The product of disorder itself, the method further conduces to disorder, and it largely explains the confusion of values in this anthology. Says Mr. Drake: " . . . the instinctive selection of . . . taste is more surely to be trusted than any prescribed and anciently proven dicta"—which yields its own commentary.

Eugenics. By A. M. Carr-Saunders. Home University Library. Henry Holt and Company. $1.

An introductory discussion of "the part played by inheritance in human affairs"; a deliberate, and to some extent successful, attempt to treat eugenics objectively by separating the scientific problems, solvable by facts, from applications depending on opinions. Unhampered by many data, yet too critical and unimpassioned for general popularity. But the narrow nationalistic point of view flares out at the end. In a passage referring to England's opportunity to expand in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, until these countries are full of Englishmen, the cat escapes from the bag in the remark: "If this comes about, as is earnestly to be hoped, men of our race (English *race!*) as a whole will come to form a much larger proportion of the total inhabitants of the world than they do." Parenthesis ours.

The Political Ideas of the English Romanticists. By Crane Brinton. Oxford University Press. $5.

Mr. Brinton writes with much wit and brilliancy, but it nowhere detracts from the soundness of his scholarship. He has an irrepressible leaning to epigram, but he does not allow it to mar the seriousness of his thinking. His interest in the politics of the English romanticists is that of a student of government rather than of literature. Moreover, he is a philosophic student of government, bred on the teachings of Mr. Harold Laski. This assures a pertinent quality to his discussions. For it is not merely what Coleridge or Hazlitt thought about politics and society that Mr. Brinton considers but the significance of their thought in relation to what comes before and after. The influence of the men of letters on the general trend of English sentiment he does not emphasize, though it was obvious in the case of Byron and made itself felt more subtly in the case of Coleridge and Wordsworth; what he does

insist on is their representative character, and in that light their importance is unmistakable. The romantic poets and prosemen reflect not only the impulse of their age toward individual freedom but equally its reaction toward order and authority. Shelley was the only pure and consistent revolutionary among them all; in the others the British sense of the practical asserted itself and produced that compromise with sentimental, middle-class morality which we know as Victorianism. Mr. Brinton traces with great acuteness the steps by which the Rousseauistic doctrine of natural goodness developed into the cult of nationalism and the doctrine of perfectibility was transformed into materialistic optimism. He makes us feel the continuity between the problems of a hundred years ago and of our own society.

Yellowstone Kelly: The Memoirs of Luther S. Kelly. Edited by M. M. Quaife. Yale University Press. $4.

A rambling, ramshackle autobiography, considerably revamped by the editor's caressing hand, of the last of those frontiersmen (the "author" is still alive) whose brightest lights were Boone, Carson, and Buffalo Bill. Mr. Kelly experienced nearly all those hairsbreadth adventures which were commonplaces of wilderness life; he slew the usual quota of Indians, bears, and buffaloes, and he poisoned unbelievable quantities of wolves. Briefly, he takes his place among the unnumbered thousands who were unconscious instruments in the "civilization" of the Wild West—who rescued it from the coyote and the catamount and made it safe for the railroad and the radio. His memoirs may have some slight value as a document of late pioneer days or as a gift for boys, but one finds it hard to agree with the editor's belief that the style is "in essence profoundly poetic."

Drama

Fireworks

AT the Neighborhood Playhouse modernism now runs riot. Upon the frequently pedestrian and generally insignificant text of a play called "Pinwheel" all the resources developed by the newest insurgency of the theater have been lavished, and they have served at least to justify the title by the production of a genuinely pyrotechnic effect. Nothing that is new or startling has been omitted. Constructivist settings, fantastic costumes, stylicized gestures, broken rhythms, and discordant melodies—all the technical devices calculated to shock and surprise—are called into play. The whole bag of tricks—expressionistic, impressionistic, constructivistic, and what not—is opened at once. The spirits of Pantomime, Ballet, Parody, Satire, and Jazz are invoked, singly or together, and all consent to lend their aid. The result is an unusually impudent and noisy carnival, something always surprising enough to keep the spectator wondering what will come next and something which is occasionally genuinely effective. One is amused, one is titillated, one is piqued, and one is occasionally thrilled. One is not always, to be sure, certain whether to be moved to compassion or merely entertained by the action set forth, whether "Pinwheel" is an American tragedy or merely an American Scheherazade; but one is never bored.

Every scene is at once familiar and strange, an everyday event which has undergone a fantastic sea change. The heroine, a conventional stenographer who "goes wrong," pounds upon a futuristic typewriter located in one of those skeleton structures of bare steel which are the Russian theatrical version of the skyscraper; in the morning she and her companions jig jazzily to work in multicolored costumes and in the evening a comic-strip sort of butter-and-egg man takes her to supper in a night club which looks about as it would be imagined by a regular reader of the *Graphic*. After murder has been done the heroine considers her press notices critically, and there is a presentation of Coney Island which suggests the enthusiastic imagination of a German who has read all the books published about America in Berlin. Distortion, always employed, does not seem to be upon any consistent principle. Sometimes reality is merely conventionalized and simplified, sometimes it is used as a theme for fantastic variations, and sometimes it is presented subjectively—that is to say, as one would imagine it seen by some particular person of oblique vision. The piece as a whole is neither tragedy, nor comedy, nor farce, nor satire, but all these mixed together; and it is given such unity as it has largely by the fact that it is always fantastic.

When the tumult and the shouting have died, when the last strange lighting has faded and the last odd sound echoed away, one is left with somewhat mixed conclusions. First of all one is impressed anew by the virtuosity of the Neighborhood company which undertakes and which masters all styles —for it Seneca it not too heavy or Plautus too light. With the possible exception of the Theater Guild's "Processional" no piece in a similar genre has been done so well in New York. The manipulation of the puppet-actors and of the more or less mechanical devices is amazingly expert, and the designed effects come off with a sureness and a regularity by no means usual with such experiments. There are no sudden and painful lapses from the style like those observed in some recent productions where the resources of the director seemed suddenly to give out; chaos is controlled and directed as in art even chaos must be. And yet, in the second place, one is not wholly satisfied, one does not feel that the elaborateness of the means is wholly justified by the result. Expressionism —or whatever one may choose to call the style of drama here under discussion—has one thing in common with classicism, it tends to represent life under its general rather than its individual characteristics, and, like classicism, it is continually in danger of having at its center mere commonplace. The plot and theme of "Pinwheel" are excessively ordinary; and for all the novelty of the saying the thing said is banal. Here is a technique of expression more striking than any of the things which it has to express. One gets the impression of devices waiting to be employed upon adequate material, and in this respect this particular wing of the insurgent theater reminds one of all that has been said so many times of the movies. If expressionism is indeed like the cinema in this respect one may be at least permitted to hope that it will not, like the cinema also, continue merely to promise until all are weary with waiting.

The indefatigable Martin Brown has had two plays produced during the past week, both of which have the mark of his heavy hand. The first is a drama, "The Dark" (Lyceum Theater), which is based upon a violent and not particularly convincing situation but which nevertheless manages to keep one wondering how it will turn out. The second, "The Strawberry Blonde" (Bijou Theater), is a comedy of apartment-house life which is about as delicate and as subtle as a truckload of bricks but which is nevertheless funny. At the Mansfield Mrs. Pat Campbell, with little of her charm left, is appearing in an anemic comedy called "The Adventurous Age" which suggests nothing so much as a commencement-day effort. "Fog" (National Theater) is a conventional comedy mystery play full of the usual spooky hocus-pocus. "Trapped" (Garrick Theater) is a rather maladroit war tragedy of the ambitious young artist who is trapped by matrimony. Mr. Ziegfeld has opened his gorgeous new Ziegfeld Theater, designed especially to house musical shows, with "Rio Rita." It is not either funnier or more tuneful than others of its class, but it stuns the eye. The sixteen stars, including John Drew, Pauline Lord, Estelle Winwood, Rollo Peters, and Mrs. Whiffen, who nightly appear in "Trelawny of the Wells" at the New Amsterdam Theater cannot make a good play out of Pinero's cup of old custard; but their performance, wherein no one stars because all of them do, is a perfect delight.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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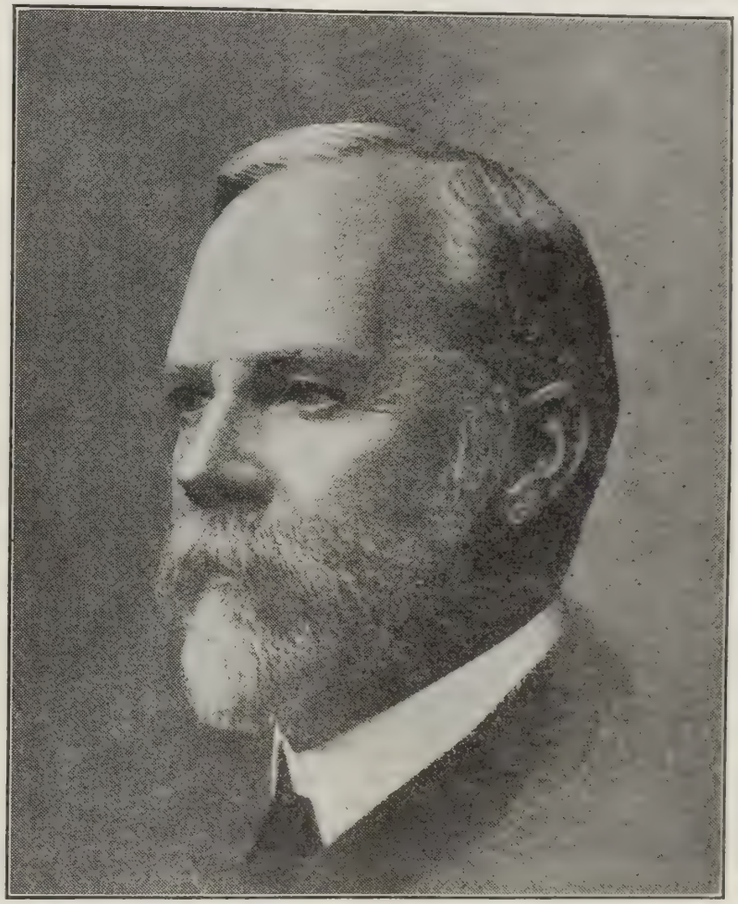
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* * *

"We explain the apparent impossibility of creating something out of nothing by saying that God can do anything. Who or what gave God this wonderful power that we call omnipotence?"

* * *

"Our present beliefs, collected under the name of Christianity, were absolutely unknown two thousand years ago, and will probably be unheard of two thousand years from now."

* * *

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International Relations Section

The Russian Censor Relents

By J. C.

AT the recent Thirteenth All-Russian Congress of the Russian Communist Party a significant resolution was passed concerning the so-called "literary front." The party has decided to relieve the pressure on this front and to grant a limited freedom to those writers not included in the circle of the *napostovtzi* (men at the post) patronized by the authorities. Hitherto, besides the severe official censorship, there has been another even more formidable censorship exercised by "voluntary" guardians of proletarian ideas. The role of these guardians is well known to all readers of periodicals published in Russia. Now the party is forced to control its ardent but for the most part ungifted champions by a series of timid censures.

The journal *Zhurnalist* presents some of the more important points of the resolution, together with some comments from the *poputchiks*—which means, "fellow-travelers up to a certain point" and consists of writers who do not openly oppose the Soviet Government and who, in Prince Mirsky's phrase, "pay at least lip-service to the wisdom of Marx and the greatness of Lenin." The question of how to treat these *poputchiks* has long divided the Communist Party; its "liberal" wing, headed by Trotzky and the critic Voronsky, has been in favor of encouraging them as long as they were not openly harmful to the Communist education of the people. On the other hand, the left wing, consisting chiefly of talentless young writers, for the most part members of the MAPP—Moscow Association of Proletarian Poets—maintained that only those writers who are directly useful for Communist education should be admitted to state periodicals. The question had previously come up before the Central Committee in 1924, and a resolution adopted in favor of Voronsky's policy, which enabled the state press to use in its columns the work of the *poputchiks*, who made a tolerable living by their writings.

Some of the more important points of the resolution just passed are given here:

> 9. The correlation between the different classifications of writers according to their social or class position is defined by our common policy. It is, however, necessary to remember that the direction of all literature, with all its material and ideological resources, belongs to the working-class. The hegemony of proletarian writers does not yet exist, and the party should help these writers to earn the historical right for such a hegemony. Peasant writers should meet with a friendly welcome and have the benefit of our unconditional support. The problem consists in the constant need of switching their increasing numbers on to rails of proletarian ideology, by no means, however, depriving them of their important peasant literary-artistic images.
>
> 10. With regard to the *poputchiks*, it is necessary to have in view: (a) their differentiation; (b) the significance of many of them as qualified "specialists" in literary technique; (c) the effectiveness of fluctuations among this class of writers. The general policy here should be one of tactful and cautious relations with them, i. e., an approach which will establish the most promising conditions for their rapid acceptance of the Communist ideology. . . .
>
> 11. With regard to the proletarian writers, the party should take up this position: it should in every way help their growth and support them and their organizations, but at the same time it should exert all its power to prevent that presumption in their midst which may have most fatal consequences. Precisely because it sees in them the future intellectual guides of Soviet literature, the party should make every effort to prevent a frivolous and contemptuous attitude toward the old cultural heritage and toward literary specialists. . . . The party should also oppose every attempt to establish a purely hot-house "proletarian" literature. A comprehensive grasp of phenomena in all their complexity—not the frame of the factory alone; a literature not of a trade organization but of a great struggling class with a following of millions of peasants—such should be the bonds holding proletarian literature together.
>
> 12. The above in general defines the problem of criticism, which thus appears to be one of the most important educational weapons in the hands of the party. . . . Communist criticism should expel from its household the tone of literary command. Only when it depends on the superiority of its ideas will this criticism have a deep educational significance. Marxist criticism should determinedly drive out of its midst every pretentious, half-literate, and self-satisfied assumption. . . .
>
> 13. . . . The party cannot bind itself to any particular tendency in the sphere of literary form. In its guidance of literature as a whole, the party can as little support any particular faction in literature (classifying these factions according to distinction in form and style) as it can by resolutions solve questions of the forms of family relations, although, in general, it should undoubtedly guide the construction of the new domestic order. . . .
>
> 14. Therefore the party should express itself as in favor of free competition between the various groups and currents in literature. Any other solution of the question would be an official bureaucratic pseudo-decision. While supporting materially and morally the proletarian and the proletarian-peasant literature, and supporting also the *poputchiks*, the party cannot present a monopoly to any particular group, not even to the proletarian: this would mean, before all, disaster to proletarian literature.
>
> 15. The party should use every means to root out attempts at self-appointed and incompetent administrative meddling in literary affairs; the party should make a careful selection of persons in those departments which deal with publication, in order to secure a really proper, useful, and tactful guidance of our literature.
>
> 16. The party should point out to all workers in creative literature the necessity for a fixing of limits to the functions of critics and creative writers. For the latter it is essential to concentrate their efforts on creative literary production, using for this purpose the gigantic material of contemporary life. . . .
>
> The party should emphasize the necessity of producing a creative literature intended for the proletarian reader, the workman and the peasant; it is necessary boldly and decisively to break with the preconceptions of the gentry in literature and, making use of all the technical achievements of the classics, to work out a corresponding form, understood by the millions.
>
> Only then, when this great problem is solved, will Soviet literature and its proletarian advance guard be able to carry out their cultural-historical mission.

The responses of the writers themselves to this unusual resolution are more interesting than any external comment could be.

Andrey Bely, a writer whose considerable fame dates from before the war and who, in a "mystic" sense, threw in his lot with the Bolsheviks at the time of their coming to power, thinks the new policy of the Communist Party with regard to literature is "flexible and humane" and that its conditions in practice should provide for "a normal growth and healthy development of creative literature." He adds, however, that in passing to the details of the program he sees many obscurities. He objects to the limitation of Russian literary groups to three, "workmen, peasants, and *poputchiks*," which list by no means exhausts the existing groups. He protests against being called a *poputchik;* he does not see why he should be called a "fellow-traveler," having accepted the revolution at its inception. At the same time, he argues, "I am not a party man, and neither a proletarian nor a peasant writer."

A. Veresaev, whose "Memoirs of a Physician" is known to the English-speaking public, makes a reply so rich in irony that it is worth quoting almost in its entirety. He says:

> The debates which so strongly agitated well-defined literary circles during the past two years have seethed around the questions: Can a small group of talentless writers pretend to dictatorial plenipotentiary powers in the sphere of Russian literature? Is it right that we, so-called *poputchiks*, should be chastised? Should literary criticism be simply criticism or stern supervision in the nature of an official regulation? The Central Committee has replied: No dictatorship; no chastisement; criticism should be criticism. That's very comforting! But if the whole business limits itself to this, if the resolution has no practical consequences, then the disease which has eaten into contemporary Russian creative literature will remain not only uncured but unmitigated.
>
> This basic disease consists in the absence in the contemporary writer of artistic honesty. This disease is caused by absolutely impossible demands presented to the writer in official forms, on obedience to which depends the publication of his work. The censor says to the novelist: "Make this unsympathetic Communist a man without a party; into the soul of this partyless heroine bring a little more confusion; make this sympathetic Communist a little more clever—then I will pass your novel!" . . . A poet brings to the editor something sincere, something profoundly original, his own poem. "It is necessary, comrade, to write on actual themes. Consider, for example, the heroic struggle of the Chinese proletariat—what a splendid theme!"
>
> The common groan along the whole front of contemporary Russian literature is: "We cannot be ourselves, our artistic conscience is forced, our creativeness more and more is becoming two-faced; we write one thing for ourselves, another thing for publication."
>
> In this consists the greatest injury to literature, and it might well become irremediable. Such a systematic violation of the creative conscience can have the most dire consequences, both for the writer and literature.
>
> What is to be said about artists who are ideologically alien to the party in power? Notwithstanding this alien quality, is it normal that they should be silent? And silent are such writers as Feodor Sologub, Maximilian Voloshin, Anna Akhmatova. It is painful to admit, but if at this moment Dostoevski appeared, a writer so alien to contemporary tendencies and at the same time so necessary because of his consuming fire, he would be forced to put away in his writing table one manuscript after another, each bearing the stamp of the literary censor.
>
> Let us hope that the fifteenth paragraph will be wisely and decisively carried into effect and that if "guidance"

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Editorial in The New Republic, February 2, 1927

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is really necessary to our literature, it will, at least, become "proper, useful, and tactful."

A gifted young writer, Andrey Sobol, is of the opinion that "guardianship and artistic creation are incompatible." Tutors, he asserts, "are necessary for children, but tutors for writers are worse than sad." The self-appointed "tutors of literature" demanded that literature should be didactic, tendentious. "They were incapable of understanding that such a literature could not live, that its age is not beyond a single political day. Authentic literature does not live in the present day alone, according to today's school program, but catches and reflects the changes of days; it is not made common by a narrow tendency of a given minute, but by some universal idea, some universal movement. . . ." The resolution of the Central Committee, he avers, relieves the situation, but has still some serious defects, for while it censures the "tutors," it still regards certain writers as somewhat defective children. He concludes: "It seems to me that the writers of Soviet Russia have long since grown out of their swaddling clothes—they have shown it by the fact that in spite of many years of suffering and chaos they have preserved literature, and have even raised it to great heights. . . ."

Like other authors, Ivan Novikov approves of the resolution and the relief it should afford to true authorship. He argues that creative writing can only be a force if it comes from within and breathes with that fulness of life which is born of natural organic processes and not of any preconceived and reasoned theory, tendentious and didactic in its nature. "Every real artist," he declares,

> knows how exacting and self-willed his heroes can be at times if they are born truly alive, how they can protest against any untoward contact and any effort to give them exact measurements, how they begin to talk and act—to the simultaneous sorrow and joy of the author—in opposition to a planned scheme; quite as in life, which is in itself wiser than the wise. That being the case, even an author, giving ear to the artist in himself, would hesitate to assume the role of "guide." . . . The business of the author is to be creatively true and just to himself to the end; this is the only path for the creation of priceless things. . . . "

What would really happen if the horde of artists were let loose in full freedom to do as they liked? Novikov asks this question and answers it: "There is a sage answer to this in the resolution: there is the function of criticism, 'if it depends on superiority of ideas,' and by this means exercises 'a deep educational significance.'"

Victor Shklovsky, one of the most brilliant of young authors, whose "Sentimental Journey" has won plaudits abroad as well as at home, says that the years 1924 and 1925 were marked by a lowering of qualifications in Russian literature. Both critical and creative writing took a turn for the worse. This was chiefly to be explained by literary politics. The quarrel created two groups, the *napostovtzi* and the *poputchiks*, and upset the boundaries of various literary groups. Literary judgment vanished in the process. Literature grew like a weed, and quick results were anticipated. No longer, says Shklovsky, will one write about the *poputchiks* as about the sick. "For us formalists," he concludes, "the resolution gives us a chance to work and to experiment. . . . For me personally it means the freedom to work as a specialist."

A particularly lengthy response has come from B. Pasternak, who is acclaimed the most brilliant of the younger poets. Pasternak is frankly pessimistic. He notes the lack of enthusiasm in the resolution, its utter futility as a measure for creating real literature. He says in part:

> It is not a cultural revolution which we are living through but a cultural reaction. The forces of the proletarian dictatorship are insufficient to be realized in culture. . . . In bourgeois forms we have allowed the most mediocre talents, just as in revolutionary. It cannot be otherwise, such is the logic of big numbers. . . . All my thoughts become secondary before the one thought of primal importance: Am I to be admitted or not? Am I sufficiently worthless to try to write and rejoice in the composition of the golden mean? The control of authorship has recently belonged to the censor. Now he has divided this control with the contemporary publisher. The philosophy of drawing lots cooperates with the philosophy of sufferance. They have seized the whole horizon. There is nothing for me to do. The style of the epoch has already been created! That is my answer.

Count A. Tolstoi, some of whose work is known to the English-reading public, is more optimistic as to the ultimate outcome. He begins by admitting the downfall of the bourgeois civilization and the need of creating a literature corresponding to the requirements of the new proletarian order. He confesses that eight years of the Bolshevik regime have not yet produced the thing called "proletarian art." He tells of the difficulties. "Artists have been accused of having secret leanings toward the bourgeoisie and of refusing to understand that the revolution is an incontrovertible fact." The process of arriving at an art for the masses, he declares, is bound to be long and complex. "On us, Russian writers, falls a peculiar responsibility. We are the first. Like Columbuses on frail sailing-ships we traverse the unknown seas toward a new land. After us will follow great ocean liners. Great artists will come from the proletariat. But the paths will be laid down by us."

It was of this Count Tolstoi that Prince Mirsky wrote in his "Contemporary Russian Literature": "The most salient feature in the personality of A. N. Tolstoi is a very curious combination of great natural gifts and a complete absence of brains." Which makes one rather suspicious of his prophecy.

Contributors to This Issue

MARY AUSTIN has contributed to American poetry not only a number of poems but a volume of criticism and prophecy called "The American Rhythm."

COMMANDER J. M. KENWORTHY, recently reelected to Parliament as Labor member for Hull, was from 1902 to 1920 in the British navy.

HARBOR ALLEN is publicity director of the American Civil Liberties Union.

R. R. KUCZYNSKI, statistician and economist of long experience in Germany, is now attached to the Institute of Economics in Washington.

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK visited China in 1925 by invitation of the Chinese Association for Advancement of Education, to inspect Chinese libraries.

R. L. SCHUYLER is professor of history at Columbia University.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is a frequent reviewer of novels for *The Nation*.

ALTER BRODY is preparing a volume of one-act plays for publication.

HELEN WOODWARD is author of "Through Many Windows."

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JAPAN'S UNQUALIFIED ACCEPTANCE of President Coolidge's invitation to a new conference to limit naval armaments is profoundly encouraging. The friendliness and wisdom of this action ought to move England to the same brave position. In this connection we recall with gratitude that an admiral has at last been found who has the common sense to wish to do away with all battleships. This honor belongs to England. It is Admiral Sueter, who declares that no warships should be allowed of a greater size than cruisers of 10,000 tons. He would also have submarines internationally limited, their activities defined, and new rules made for them by an international conference held under the auspices of the League of Nations. This is in pleasant contrast to the spirit of the heads of the five chief American veterans' associations, who, having learned nothing from the futility and folly and non-success of the World War, have signed a joint manifesto calling for a navy equal to that of any other country and further armament on land. We remain the most aggressively militaristic of ations, and our press will hardly, therefore, take much notice of the fact that the latest European countries to sign a peace forever banning war between them are Sweden and Belgium. It is noteworthy that this treaty is not weakened by the usual exceptions of "vital interests" and "national honor." Similar treaties making war illegal under all circumstances are in force between Sweden and Denmark, Sweden and Finland, and a similar treaty between Sweden and Norway is under way. This means that war is practically outlawed in the north of Europe.

GLORIOUS AS WELL AS TERRIBLE THINGS are happening in China. Behind the bloody haze of civil war and rioting mobs and angry foreigners the new generation is coming triumphantly into its own. It was no mere military victory than won Hangchow, and will win Shanghai, for the Nationalists. It was a victory of what the cables call "propaganda"—a victory of the spirit. Against the growing conviction that the Cantonese represent the people of China no Chinese general can stand. His forces dissolve away from him. Something is happening in China which every coolie, every hireling soldier can understand. A half century ago Britain hired Ningpo Chinese to fight her battles for her against their own Government in the North; times have changed—today a Briton can hardly hire a Chinese to cook for him. It seems to us a tragedy that the two nations which in the West have been the historic protagonists of democracy should at such a moment stand fearfully and hostilely by, under arms—that England and America, instead of greeting young China with a cheer, should be meeting it with mercenary troops and battleships. Thus far in all the turmoil no foreign life has been lost; even the general strike in the foreign settlements of Shanghai has been conducted with exemplary orderliness. Despite the provocative show of force by the British and Americans, there is still hope that a clash may be averted.

SECRETARY KELLOGG threw about one candle power of light upon his Department's attitude toward Mexico in his response to the Norris resolution. He gave a long list of American corporations and individuals claiming title to Mexican oil lands which refuse to accept the Mexican petroleum laws, and said he knew of only four American companies which had applied for confirmatory concessions according to the law. He refused to publish the Department's correspondence with the rebel oil companies, but insisted that it had given no advice or instruction with regard to the petroleum law.

> It has [he said] supplied interested American citizens or their counsel with full information regarding the general position of the Government of the United States with respect to the rights of American nationals owning property in Mexico, so that any action taken by such nationals might be based upon a complete understanding of the position of the Government of the United States in the premises.

Such information, it seems to us, might easily sound like the kind of advice which Mr. Kellogg is reputed to have given the oil companies. Mr. Kellogg added that the Department understood that the rebel oil companies produced "about 70 per cent of the oil produced in Mexico."

POLITELY BUT FIRMLY the Mexican Government replied to Mr. Kellogg. It listed some twenty rebel companies, whose names do not entirely agree with Mr.

Kellogg's list; told precisely what was their oil production in 1925 and in the first eleven months of 1926, and reported that they totaled a little above 40 per cent—far from Mr. Kellogg's 70 per cent—of Mexico's oil production. Some of the rebel companies listed by Mr. Kellogg, it said, have registered some of their oil lands while rebelling as to others. And Mr. Carleton Beals, in the *New Republic*, lists more than a dozen companies complying with the law—far more than Mr. Kellogg discovered, and, analyzing these, finds that while the Standard, the Sinclair, and even the Mellon oil interests have at least partially complied with the law, the Doheny interests alone have stood out 100 per cent rebel. The validity of the Doheny titles, he points out, has been challenged, and he suggests that the whole fuss and pother arises out of fear of investigation of Mr. Doheny's right to his exceedingly rich oil lands. Nothing in Mr. Kellogg's statement contradicts that suggestion; and his presentation of facts suggests that he has something to hide. Senator Borah drew the moral effectively in his splendid address on February 20. "It ought to be regarded as a crime," he said, "to defend by force and with American Marines a claim for property which cannot stand the inspection of an arbitrator."

IN SO FAR AS PUBLIC OPINION can influence business management the report of three great religious bodies criticizing the Western Maryland Railroad for its policy toward employees should be effective. The religious bodies are the Research Department of the Federal Council of Churches, the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and the Social Justice Commission of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. The report deals with the strike of engineers, firemen, and hostlers that began in the autumn of 1925, the investigators saying that the trouble arose because the company, alone among Class I railroads, refused to pay the standard wage increase. On top of this the company decreed that every man who wished to remain in its service "must sign an individual agreement which was in effect a non-union contract." The conflict, says the report, "is not between wage settlement and bankruptcy but between a wage settlement and dividends on stock." The largest stockholders are John D. Rockefeller and the Alien Property Custodian. The latter has remained "conspicuously silent." The Rockefeller interests, while known to be out of sympathy with the labor policy of the railroad, have taken no effective action to change it. The findings were submitted before the recent acquisition of control of the Western Maryland by the New York Central, Nickel Plate, and Baltimore and Ohio, accompanied by a spectacular rise in the stock quotations of the former. It is to be hoped that the change in ownership will lead to a just settlement of the dispute.

FOR THE FIRST TIME since September 1, 1924, when the Dawes Plan went into effect, a German statesman has declared publicly that Germany cannot go on paying reparations, that the default may come in 1928, and that the German economic situation is serious. This contradicts the conventional optimism. The alleged indices of German prosperity are abundant money, high stock-market values, and regular reparation payments. These are largely explained by heavy borrowing in New York, the interest on which alone already amounts to $250,000,000 annually. Borrowing, furthermore, necessarily entails more imports, thus further prejudicing a favorable trade balance. The indices of the real German crisis are 1,800,000 unemployed, who cost the government as much as reparations; low industrial output, resulting in the inability of industry to use the money available on the Bourse; and a trade balance which warrants neither debt and reparation payments nor repayment of Wall Street loans.

THE NEW GERMAN CABINET is dominated by industrialists and agriculturists and can therefore afford to reveal the true state of German affairs which the bankers prefer to obscure. The landowning Junker also objects to a commercial agreement with Poland because it would pave the way to importation of competing Polish farm products. So the negotiations for a Polish-German commercial agreement, opened more than eighteen months ago, have been broken off—although blame for the rupture may be Poland's as well as Germany's. The Poles do not want an agreement with Germany before they get a loan in the United States. Unhampered trade with Germany would mean heavy imports into Poland and perhaps a fall of the anemic zloty—not a good recommendation for the Polish loan delegation now en route to the United States. A Polish loan is not the best sort of business, but banking adventurers may step in where the established houses fear to tread, and supply Pilsudski with the wherewithal for militaristic schemes against Poland's Eastern neighbor.

> I do not believe in censorship in any of its forms, and I think the producers will clean their own houses without interference from us. But, of course, the police have been ordered to interfere whenever a play offends public decency.

THIS STATEMENT, made by Mayor Walker in Miami, is an excellent example of the muddled thinking that the question of censorship seems to provoke. It is on a par with the remarks of Mr. Frank Crowninshield at a luncheon to discuss the matter in New York City. Mr. Crowninshield, according to the New York *Times*, declared that the author of "Oedipus Rex" was an artist and the author of "The Drag" was not; " 'The Drag' ought to be suppressed; 'Oedipus Rex' ought not to be suppressed." Censorship is not as simple as that. Not even a censor, probably, would say that the greatest dramatist of all time—Sophocles—was filthy, disgusting, or obscene; but the English censor has said just that of a play by the greatest dramatist alive—"Mrs. Warren's Profession." Nobody and nothing is really safe from the censor. Meanwhile, Horace Liveright is attempting to take over the production of "The Captive," which Gilbert Miller and the Frohman Company renounced to avoid prosecution. The other plays attacked by the police are reported to be flourishing. The plan for a super-play-jury, with two members representing the theater and five the "public," the latter to be selected by the American Arbitration Association, seems to be well received by all sides. But if the public pays its money to see "The Virgin Man" and "Sex," will the American Arbitration Association truly represent it? And if the new play-jury decides that plays like "The Captive" are not obscene—as the old play-jury did—will the persons who bay for purity be any more satisfied than they are at present?

NOT THE SET FACTS but the living processes of history were the aims which Lucy Salmon held before her students during her long and distinguished service at

Vassar College. She was one of the first in the academic world to see and to use the substance of daily living which lies about the historian—the newspaper and the village street as well as the bound volumes on library shelves. Her collection of material dealing with the press and with common everyday subjects such as the cook-books of past and present generations, the account books, laundry lists, and the like, which she kept and considered seriously as historical material, is a unique witness of the point of view which she held before her students with tranquil ardor. Her death has taken a great teacher and a spirit eager and untiring in the exploration of new educational and historical fields.

BROOKS ADAMS, dead in Boston at 79, was quite as interesting as his more famous brother who wrote "The Education of Henry Adams." The lives of the two men were similar in more than one respect, though their temperaments were different enough. Brooks, like Henry, went abroad as a young man to be a diplomatic secretary under his father, Charles Francis Adams. Like Henry he engaged throughout a long life in many intellectual enterprises, mingling these with practical ventures into business and the law but retaining always a profound curiosity concerning man, and particularly American man, as a social animal set down in an age of science. Both Adamses brooded over the fate of democracy and the meaning of that fate, and although Brooks wrote with less evenness than Henry did, and with a less organized learning, he was equally provocative when he put his pessimistic thoughts on paper. His introduction to Henry's "Degradation of the Democratic Dogma" is essential to that remarkable book; "The Law of Civilization and Decay" is as full of ideas—bitter ones—as the "Education"; it is interesting to compare Brooks's first book, "The Emancipation of Massachusetts," with his last, "The Emancipation of Massachusetts—the Dream and the Reality." Amateurs of the intellect, these two scions of old New England reflected in their own probing doubts the self-distrust of a confident young nation awakening to the fertile skepticism of self-awareness.

Can Seasickness Be Ended?

THIS is a hard winter for the kings. Those who are mere men have been on the run ever since the close of the World War, and now even those who are gods may have to hop it. A revolt has begun against no less impregnable and absolute a ruler than Neptune himself, to whom hitherto all the waters under the firmament have been conceded. The head of the anti-Neptune junta is a quiet, scholarly man in a cap and gown bestowed recently by Stevens Institute along with a doctorate of engineering. Having invented and put into successful use the gyroscope compass and an automatic device for steering ships known as "Metal Mike," Elmer A. Sperry is now working to perfect his gyro stabilizer, which he believes will do away with the rolling of a ship, thus ending for ocean travelers the ages-old plague of seasickness.

Bad weather at sea, says Mr. Sperry encouragingly, is only a myth; storms are a bluff. Neptune's trident is tissue paper and his power is *pouf*. Mr. Sperry has old scientific backing for his contempt for waves. Science knows that in spite of Byron the deep and dark blue ocean does not roll on; there is no progression of the waves. They are a surface upheaval, with narrow limits of horizontal motion and a vertical action that reaches only to a shallow depth. The bottom of a ship, says Mr. Sperry, is generally in still water. Why, then, does it roll and wallow among the waves? This great expanse of ship's bottom is of itself a submarine, pure and simple, Mr. Sperry explains in an interview printed in the *Nautical Gazette*. By itself this submarine is just as happy on edge or vertical as it is horizontal, and while in this calm and undisturbed water will with indifference assume any position that other parts of the ship take. This gives even small changes in the surface angle an opportunity triflingly to shift the ship's buoyancy center with reference to its gravity center, and the accumulation of many of these small-angle shifts of the surface finally gets in its work because of practically no restraint or counterforce. Rolling therefore finally ensues with all the attendant shipping of seas, groanings and duress, slowing down and impeding of headway, bad steering, and general discomfiture.

Upon this Mr. Sperry bases his belief that we have to counteract only the force of the ocean at or near a vessel's water line in order to keep it vertical, and this he believes can be accomplished by the power of his gyro stabilizer in motion in a ship's hull. A vertical ship would not only insure passengers against seasickness but it would ship little water, Mr. Sperry believes; the decks would be practically dry even in heavy weather. Besides, the vertical ship, relieved of its present lost motion and wasted energy, would be capable of greater speed. The ship which now does twenty-five miles an hour could do thirty-five, and it would be simple to achieve a four-day passage between America and England. A ship could be given increased power and speed without endangering her hull from the strain and pounding which take place today.

Naturally some practical questions arise. For instance, granting the soundness of the principle of using the earth's rotation to steady a moving mass, is it possible to operate a gyro stabilizer sufficiently large to be effective without employing an amount of power and space too great to permit of successful or profitable use of the vessel? Supposing you achieve a vertical steamship, will there be power enough left to drive it across the ocean or sufficient room to carry any considerable load of passengers or cargo? Experiment alone can resolve such questions. Mr. Sperry's gyro stabilizer, in its early phases, has been used on a number of yachts for several years and has been installed on a few larger vessels.

> The most striking example of steadiness [according to Mr. Sperry] has only recently been reported, although the stabilizer has been in use for four years. A ship belonging to the Japanese Government, and equivalent to a 16,000-ton trading ship, was equipped with a Sperry stabilizer. In a heavy sea her normal roll was nineteen degrees in each direction, or an arc of thirty-eight degrees. With the stabilizer released, the roll was checked down to two degrees, practically negligible, for no one is conscious of such a small motion. On this ship the stabilizer was running 12 per cent below maximum, and everything indicates that, running "all out," 100 per cent stability would be assured. The performance on this Japanese vessel was consistent throughout the four years, and many smaller vessels have shown complete stability.

Anyhow the upright, non-rollable, seasickless ship is a beautiful hope. And maybe it is—or sometime will be—true.

Kellogg Must Go

MR. COOLIDGE, having made a worthy appeal for another conference to reduce armaments, finds himself turned down by both France and Italy. Apparently he and his inept Secretary of State failed to follow the usual procedure of sounding out in advance the several governments through our ambassadors and so laid themselves open to this contretemps. In addition it has been explained for them that their letter of invitation was "misunderstood"—as if it were not the first duty of a statesman in a matter of this kind to make his meaning clear and straightforward. The result is primarily the humiliating reply from France, whose Foreign Minister, M. Briand, apparently took a vicious pleasure in reminding the United States that it was not a member of the League of Nations and protested solemnly that his country could not join in a special conference to limit navies when the League was at work on a general disarmament program. If this answer seems in part a disingenuous and deliberate French effort to shelve anew the question of disarmament—some of the arguments advanced could have been equally well used in connection with the Washington Conference—Mr. Kellogg invited it by insufficient forethought and preparation. He even gave the impression that he was deliberately striking at the League. This is what is called great statesmanship by our noble President and his Secretary of State.

This blundering is only characteristic of the Coolidge-Kellogg diplomacy in every other field. In China the plan for the neutralization of Shanghai was turned down by all three of the Chinese groups. It was absurd on the face of it to ask the Nationalists calmly to agree to abandon a chief aim, control of one of their own large cities. Here, too, Mr. Kellogg got hold of an excellent idea and jumped to use it without adequate understanding. Both his gestures to China have failed utterly. He has now no independent American program, but is apparently merely playing second fiddle to the British. The English Government is at least frank about its militaristic policy, which is so properly characterized by Bertrand Russell elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*. It is rushing thousands of troops and many warships; we are shipping in marines little by little and preparing more and more for hostilities in such a way that the individual movements of troops and ships attract less attention. But there is every indication now that if the Cantonese arrive before Shanghai and the big guns go off we shall be foremost in the "policing." Anything may happen when there is no clear-cut principle or policy behind our actions, when we merely drift, failing to notify the world just what we are up to. Putting forth promises to do what the Chinese wish "if, but, and when" gets the United States nowhere and will eventually win for us the same hatred which now accrues to the British and threatens them with the complete ruin of their trade and position in the East.

If we look to the south of us there is the same amazing record of blunders. As for Mexico, we are marking time; we are apparently in a deadlock which will last until Congress is safely out of the way, when the President and Secretary Kellogg will, we very much fear, begin drastic action against the Republic of Mexico. Secretary Wilbur's harping on the bolshevist menace in his speech at the New York Republican Club indicates that that fake issue is still to be kept before the public. We do not believe that the outpouring of public protests has as yet been sufficient to deter the Administration from its program to "discipline" Mexico and any other country to the south of us which does not do our will. To Nicaragua, where the Sacasa forces, which Washington opposed, are sweeping the country, we are rushing additional thousands of marines to deprive the constitutional party of the victory which it has clearly won—all on this under pretense that we are protecting American property. In Panama Mr. Kellogg's offensive and defensive treaty which we were to have put over so easily has been rejected by the legislature. In Tacna and Arica we have scored a monumental failure because of the blundering in Washington. In the matter of the World Court, Mr. Coolidge was passionately for it and forced it through the Senate; now he takes his defeat on that issue lying down. He will not even state whether he will do anything about it or whether he intends to leave matters as they are.

As for the debt settlements, our Administration has achieved no action from France on the agreement with that country. It may have been good policy to make those settlements with Italy and Belgium at a few cents on the dollar, but the net result is that the American public has been deceived and Europe merely irritated. As for Russia, we are still pursuing the ostrich policy of pretending not to know that that great country is there, while we tremble at the slightest word of any bolshevist leader or group which points at us. And what is the net result of it all? Why, we are uniting all Latin America against us as a nation of sinister and hypocritical imperialists and are destroying American business and business opportunities from here to Cape Horn. In Europe they think us a blood-sucking miser, and are slowly being driven into union against us. In Asia, as we have said, we are becoming a mere tool of Great Britain in the estimation of a great people who felt that they had a right to the sympathy, cooperation, and moral support of a nation which also once threw off a foreign yoke. We have no friends left anywhere.

Now, if the Government could show some actual achievements, some record of having accomplished something, to offset its blunders, that would be another matter. We cannot discover that it has achieved a single genuine success of moment. And yet the business men of the country and even a part of the press which has not yet altogether abdicated the critical faculty, still pretends that Mr. Coolidge is a great President, that he is wise, sagacious, farsighted, and the best friend of business that we have ever had in the White House—he who is destroying our prestige and influence in the market of South America. If public opinion were alive and awake today as it was before the war the Coolidge Administration would stand condemned throughout the country. Only the absence of an intelligent opposition in Washington—the Progressive leaders are too few to be effective—prevents the complete exposure and condemnation of Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg. That only makes it the more desirable that those Americans who believe in old-fashioned honor, integrity, and decency should be insistent in their demands for a new Secretary of State. No matter who succeeds him the time has come to say that Kellogg must go.

Basing a War on Rumors

TRADITIONAL Coolidge cautiousness has been tossed overboard by the President in his haste to execute his latest hostile move against Central America. Hereafter he will first ship his marines and airplanes (equipped principally for bombing purposes) to Nicaragua and elsewhere, and then inquire into his reasons for doing so. The guilt of the accused party will be subjected to examination after the accused party is dead. How can any other interpretation be placed on the President's explanation, given orally to the press on February 18, that in sending 1,600 additional marines and six DeHaviland bombers to Corinto he was acting upon information which to him "looks like a reliable report." If this policy is generally followed by the Coolidge-Kellogg regime in the future, marines will be sent on wild expeditions all over the world, not to protect American lives and property but to run down the innumerable reports of dubious reliability which steadily pour into the ears of important Washington functionaries.

Eight hundred additional marines landed at Corinto, Nicaragua, on February 20; the transport Henderson left Newport, Rhode Island, on the same day with 565 marines, planning to pick up 1,500 more at Philadelphia and Norfolk, for Caribbean service. The railroad is to be guarded, the chief cities of Nicaragua occupied, by marines and bluejackets. When the new orders are carried out 5,750 armed men will be stationed on Nicaraguan soil under the American flag or aboard the United States naval vessels now lying off the coasts of the Central American republic. This military force, of a size to satisfy the ambitions of the most outspoken imperialists, will provide eight protectors for each of the 700 American citizens who, according to the most authentic records available, have established their residence in Nicaragua! The Washington correspondents have expressed the guess that these armed men will be used either to "neutralize" the entire country—a euphemism for turning it over to Diaz—or to establish a military protectorate identical with that in Haiti.

Two hundred marines and six airplanes left San Diego for Corinto on February 16. Lesser naval officials explained that while the planes were ostensibly intended for observation purposes, they were in fact equipped with stores of 25-pound bombs, presumably to be dropped for "moral effect." On February 17, however, Rear Admiral Latimer, in command of the special United States service squadron in Nicaraguan waters, expressed surprise at the Navy Department's action in sending him reinforcements. He had not asked for the additional marines, he declared, adding that "there is really no need for them, as there already is a sufficient number of marines and bluejackets in Nicaragua to fulfil requirements."

The joke obviously was on the admiral. He is on the scene of action, but obviously the "apparently reliable" information which reached Washington, and made necessary the tripling of his force, had not reached him. On the same day Secretary Wilbur, probably with his mind on naughty Nicaraguan bolshevists and their contemplated seduction of little American children, announced that not only were 200 marines and six airplanes being rushed to Corinto but that the additional force of 1,400 marines was even then being made ready for a trip to Nicaragua. When his attention was called to Admiral Latimer's statement that reinforcements were unnecessary, Mr. Wilbur smiled sweetly as though to say: "Well, that's a good one on Latimer." Then he added that if the admiral were unable to find work for the extra leathernecks, he was at liberty to send them back.

The White House Spokesman, coming to bat for a moribund State Department, got into action on February 18. He frankly assured the assembled Washington correspondents that this Government did not intend to permit other foreigners to send rifles and bullets into Nicaragua; that privilege, he implied, was reserved for Uncle Sam. Nothing was said, of course, as to what right the United States had to take such action. The Spokesman maintained a profound silence as to the right, vigorously maintained by the United States during the World War, of citizens of a neutral country to sell munitions wherever they pleased —a right which would seem to belong to Mexico as well as to the United States in the absence of a declaration of war.

What the Spokesman—who was, we may reveal, Calvin himself—said, according to the short-hand notes of a skeptical correspondent, was:

> It is difficult to get any information upon which you can rely absolutely, but in case of peril of this kind it is assumed that *anything that looks like a reliable report should be acted upon*, and [we should] be prepared to meet that serious effect that could accrue from such a situation.

It looks as if the marines were going to be busy.

The Pace of the Auto Industry

THE automobile industry is the most spectacular business development of our age. Thanks largely to a new era of high-speed salesmanship, there are already more automobiles in our country than telephones, although something like two out of every three car-owners earn less than enough to pay federal income taxes.

In the closing months of 1926, however, automobile production and sales fell off at an accelerating rate, to such an extent as to mark an important change in trend. After reaching new highs last summer, 1926 production fell off at such a rate that December marked the lowest level since December, 1921, and the 1927 figures thus far do not indicate any material change in the situation.

This slowing down is not so astonishing when one considers how rapid has been the recent evolution of the automobile. For several consecutive years engineering research and the progress of the art have succeeded in making the car models of the preceding year seem old-fashioned. Three or four years ago the great swing in popularity from open to closed cars was under way, made possible by large reductions in the manufacturing cost of closed cars. Everyone who could afford it turned in his touring car for a sedan. Many who had postponed buying felt that the time to do so was particularly opportune. A little later appeared new closed cars with low, rakish lines, so that even those who did own closed cars found themselves quite out of fashion. Then came new cars with Duco and other lacquer finishes, with such obvious advantages over the old, polished finish as to constitute an important new sales appeal. And then four-wheel brakes became standard equipment. We seem at last to have reached a period of stabilization. The latest models are much the same as those of a year ago. For the first time a middle-class man can go to the local automobile show without feeling an irresistible urge to exchange his car for the latest model.

Another factor tending to reduce sales is the fact that the instalment business has probably reached its fullest development. While the instalment plan was being introduced and was growing, sales increased proportionately. Now that the percentage of instalment sales to total sales is stabilized, this source of growth will be removed.

Those connected with the automobile industry point out that in the last four years the production in each year has fluctuated less than 10 per cent from the average—a record of stability that any industry might envy. If we go beneath the surface, however, we find this argument deceptive; it holds true only with respect to the production of the four calendar years in question; and there is no reason why statistical comparisons should be made in terms of calendar years in preference to any other twelve-month period. Every twelve-month period includes summer and winter, as well as all other seasonal fluctuations, and analysis shows that automobile production during the twelve months ended October 1, 1926, was 39 per cent above that of the twelve months ended March 1, 1925. The magnitude of this change was almost as great as during the 1921 depression, when production for the twelve months ended October 1, 1921, was 41 per cent below that of the preceding twelve months. The fluctuations with respect to individual companies are greater still. The sales to dealers by General Motors during the twelve months ended October 1, 1926, were 73 per cent above the sales of the same company in the twelve-month period immediately preceding. It is only by accident, then, that the calendar-year figures reflect a degree of stability which is not warranted in fact. These other figures reflect a degree of speculative uncertainty even during the stable years just elapsed which is disconcerting for the uncharted future.

The term "saturation-point" has been discredited since it has failed to materialize in accordance with the predictions of so many experts. The fact that the time of its coming has been mistakenly predicted, however, does not mean that it will never come. After all, a fair definition of the term "saturation-point" does not imply that sales will not increase, but only that the time will come when they will no longer increase more rapidly than the nation's growth in population and in economic resources.

Our generation is so convinced of the position of the automobile in our civilization that we can scarcely conceive of a decrease in its use. Let us not, however, forget the history of the bicycle. Our economic system is sound and will not rapidly change; but the form of our pleasures is transient. So far as the automobile serves an economic function its future is assured; but so far as its use represents a pastime, so far as it is a means for advertising one's social position, and so far as it is a craze, its future is uncertain, although such changes in popular taste are slow processes.

If it turns out that the automobile industry has difficult problems to meet, no industry is better equipped to cope with them, for in no other field are the leaders more resourceful or more competent in the technique of modern business. If the leaders of today's automotive industry had been in charge of the bicycle industry a quarter of a century ago, and had applied today's super-salesmanship, bicycles might have remained popular for many more years. But if the youngest and most resourceful of our great industries is facing a crisis, the whole structure of our prolonged and much-vaunted prosperity requires attention.

The Scope of Georg Brandes

GEORG BRANDES was a living refutation of the theory that it is no longer possible for a single man to take all literary knowledge as his province. In an age of particular specialization he refused to confine himself within the limits of a period, a school, or a nationality. Beginning sixty years ago at Copenhagen as a student of French aesthetics, within half a dozen years he had published his "Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature," a monumental work which dealt with far broader subjects than aesthetics—it was in fact an attempt at a history of European thought and emotion during half of a great century. Thenceforth his output, at least on its literary side, was to consist of a long line of monographs, critiques, and extended biographical studies. It is safe to say that no critic has applied himself on such a scale and at the same time with such intensity. We in England or America think of his "Shakespeare," France thinks of his "Anatole France" and his studies in Voltaire, Germany of his "Goethe"—all ambitious works, and all valuable. In Scandinavia he will be remembered not only for these but for his many volumes elucidating and evaluating Northern literature. He discussed Tegnér and Holberg as well as modern authors; he was Ibsen's pioneer defender both at home and in Germany. The parallel, incidentally, between his stand on Ibsen and that of Bernard Shaw had a sequel during the war, when both men conspicuously kept their heads.

Like Ibsen he lived for many years away from his native country, making himself the center of intellectual activity in whatever capital he chose for his temporary home; and like Ibsen he both considered and proved literature to be a thing of enormous importance. He was a fighter for liberty, reason, and nature who only by chance, perhaps, found his issues on the field of literature. Even then he by no means found them in belles-lettres merely. The storm which preceded his being refused the professorship of aesthetics at the University of Copenhagen in 1872 was raised over the ideas he had been insinuating into his lectures. He was of course a Jew; and it became known quickly enough that he entertained modern, naturalistic notions of morality and art.

Doubtless it was well that he abandoned academic life and became for years a wanderer. As a glorified free-lance he came upon bigger game than he would ever have aimed at in the lecture hall; in search of ideas he learned that ideas have every sort of application—political, social, and practical as well as metaphysical. One of his first tasks had been a translation into Danish of John Stuart Mill's "The Subjection of Women"; he was to write books about Disraeli and Ferdinand Lassalle; during the war, in a brilliant controversy with Clemenceau, he stood above the battle, serving with Romain Rolland as spokesman of the European spirit; and in his last essay he sought to interpret the Jesus "myth." Doubtless at his death he seemed no longer radical to the most advanced Danes, and indeed there had long been a rather futile movement to dislodge him from his eminence as leader. He will stand as a critic whose courage and scope demonstrated what always needs to be demonstrated, the exciting significance of the imagination. His faith in America as the bearer of Western civilization gives him peculiar significance for us.

British Folly in China

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

London, February 8

IN all the long history of British blunders it would be difficult to parallel the present governmental policy in regard to China for immoral ineptitude. I say governmental policy, for the nation is emphatically not behind the Government as yet. One supposes that it will in time be influenced by means of a suitable diet of atrocities. It will be taught to believe that the Chinese eat corpses and mutilate children, and those who ask for evidence of these practices will be put in jail. As yet, however, feeling against China is confined to the Die-Hard section of the Conservative Party, and the Conservative Party, though a majority of Parliament, was a minority in the nation even in the "Red Letter" election.



From the Canton *Gazette*

The Mouthpiece of Militarism

Labor, with the exception of a few leaders who have been hobbled, is vigorously and determinedly opposed to the policy of sending troops, and is demanding their recall in spite of discouragement from their own headquarters. Labor quite understands that what our Government dislikes about the Chinese Nationalists is their policy of favoring trade unionism and aiming at an increase in wages. Enormous and enthusiastic meetings are being held in every part of the country demanding the recall of the expeditionary force. Even the Liberals, taking their cue from Lloyd George, are exceedingly critical of the Government's action.

From the mere standpoint of British interests what has been done is so foolish that nothing but a lust for blood could have made anyone suppose it wise. The concessions which our Foreign Office has offered to the Nationalist Government go beyond anything that would have been required to secure agreement if no forces had been dispatched. But because these forces are on their way, Mr. Chen rightly refuses to negotiate until this threat is withdrawn. The forces are being sent nominally to protect the International Settlement, but the Japanese, whose diplomacy is never caught napping, have intimated that they will not permit the troops to land in a region where their rights are the same as ours, and where their citizens are not finding the need of armed protection. If the troops land on pure Chinese territory, this of course will be in itself an act of war, and will give legal validity to the protest of Dr. Wellington Koo on behalf of the Peking Government, which relies upon the Nine-Power Treaty and the Covenant of the League of Nations.

This protest and the dismissal of Sir Francis Aglen as Inspector General of the Maritime Customs Administration are the first signs of the one good result to be expected of British folly, namely, the reunion of North and South in resistance to foreign aggression. It is to be expected that the reactionary generals, whom in spite of their illegalities and extortions the British Government is attempting to keep in power, will be abandoned by their own troops unless they make peace with the Nationalists. The British in China, absorbed as they are in bridge and polo, have not noticed that China has become a political nation, and have not stopped to reflect upon the asset which their policy affords to the Kuomintang in its party strife with Chinese conservatism. They have a curious inability to understand what sort of conduct people like and what sort they dislike. I listened the other night to an hour's address given to the Society for the Study of International Affairs, by a British diplomat lately returned from China, in the course of which he professed to explain why the British are not popular in China. He never even mentioned the massacres of Shanghai, Shameen, and Wanhsien, and when afterwards I asked him the reason for his omission he said that he did not consider they had been an important factor. The British in China are apparently unable to realize that Chinese civilians take no pleasure in being shot down treacherously without warning. Psychology is not taught at our English public schools or at Oxford.

The situation is of course one of the utmost gravity, for if once the troops land at Shanghai it is difficult to see how war can be avoided, unless by American or Japanese intervention, either of which our Government would presumably regard as an unfriendly act, though it would be welcomed by every sane man in Great Britain. If war breaks out it will entail the complete militarization of China and a prolonged struggle leading to the immediate cessation of the British-China trade, and an ultimate humiliation, even in a military sense, for though it may be easy to defeat Chinese armies it will be absolutely impossible to maintain control of China or any portion of it not within reach of naval guns.

The men to whom our Government is listening recall with pride our exploits in the Opium War, and point to the trade advantages thereby secured. They do not seem to realize that the republic of 1927 is different from the tottering Manchu empire of 1840. I could hardly have believed in the existence of such anachronistic ideas among persons with large interests in China had I not myself heard them expressed by such persons in debate.

Nor is the issue confined to China. Our Government contemplates breaking off diplomatic relations with Russia, and there is reason to think that the Poles are being incited to repeat their war of 1920. Our attempt to suppress China will of course have repercussions in India, and will increase the unrest in that country. In Great Britain itself a large proportion of those who fought in the Great War are determined never to fight again, whatever the issue. China is distant, and cannot be made to seem truly menacing.

The nation will not therefore throw itself into a

struggle in the Far East with the wholeheartedness which it showed during the Great War. Unless our Government quickly comes to its senses, I foresee the loss of our Indian Empire and the accession to power in this country of a Labor Party with a very different temper from that of our Government of 1924. For the world at large the insanity of our present Government is likely to be a boon, but for England it is a disaster of the first magnitude.

These Modern Women
Woman Alone

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the ninth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for March 16.*]

THE founder of my mother's family came across with Lafayette and married a Massachusetts farmer's daughter with a tradition of Indian blood. By successive removals the family pioneered into Pennsylvania, the Ohio Valley, and the prairies of Illinois. There, in 1861, my mother married a young Englishman who had just won his captaincy in the first three months of the Civil War. A few years after the close of the war I was born as the third of six children. My mother's people were mostly farming folk, though my father was admitted to the bar; he died when I was about ten, of a long-drawn-out war disability. None of the family attained any distinction beyond that of being—the men, good fighters, and the women, notable housewives, rather more forceful and inventive than the men. To account for myself, who turned out to be that blackest of black sheep to a Middle Western family, a radical-minded literary artist, I can record only that my grandfather played the flute and that a member of the French collateral branch was distinguished as a physicist and chemist.

I scarcely know why my being a radical should have proved such a cross to the rest of the family, since they were themselves shouting Methodists, black Abolitionists—my grandfather was known to have entertained Negroes at his table—and my mother a suffragist and an ardent member of the W. C. T. U., which at that time represented the most advanced social thinking among women, saving itself from ostracism only by remaining well within the orthodox religions and confining its activities to moral crusades. There were also "purity leagues" for achieving a single standard of sex behavior, and in connection with the temperance movement what would now be called "eugenic" propaganda, though that word had not then come into use. My mother saw to it that I read the pamphlets and heard the lectures pertaining to all these matters, without in the least realizing that she was thus preparing me for a radical career. I personally "sat under" Susan B. Anthony, Frances Willard, and Anna Shaw.

With this background it was inevitable that I should become a fighting feminist. But I cannot make clear my approach and method in regard to this problem of my generation without describing my own position in the family as an unwanted, a personally resented child. Probably few families in that age of enforced maternity were without some such member; but in fewer still did the intrusion take on such proportions of offense. Not that I ever blamed my mother, when I came to know them, for not wanting a child under the circumstances to which I was born. Nor do I, sorely as it hurt at the time, any longer resent that I should so early and so sharply have had my status as alien and intruder forced upon me. As you will see, it was my poor mother who lost the most in the conflict of irreconcilable temperaments never modulated by personal sympathy. Could she possibly have anticipated that I should end by being included in a list of prominent feminists, nothing would have pleased her so much; the trouble was that with that terrible pre-natal bias between us, she could never by any whipping-up of a sense of duty grow to like me, and the rest of the family took its tone from her. Long before I came to an intellectual understanding of the situation I had accepted as fact that I was not liked and could not expect the normal concessions of affection. By that adaptive instinct which still intolerably wrings my heart when I see it operating in young children, I had learned that it was only by pushing aside all considerations of liking and insisting on whatever fundamental rightness inhered in a particular situation, that I could secure a kind of factual substitute for family feeling and fair play. This began so early that though I can recall many occasions of mystified hurt at being rebuffed in the instinctive child's appeal, I can recall no time in which I did not have to conceal that hurt in order to bring all a child's wit and intelligence to bear on making good my right to be treated, factually at least, as a lawful member of the family. Out of this I developed very early an uncanny penetration into the fundamental ethics of personal situations which my mother was too just to refuse and not always clever enough to evade. By the time I was old enough to discuss our relationships with my mother the disposition to seek for logical rather than emotional elements had become so fixed that I had even made myself believe that being liked was not important. I had, at least, learned to do without it.

All this must be told in order that the bias and the method of my feminism may be understood. For life played an ironic trick on my mother. The pretty and darling daughters were taken away, and only the unwished-for ugly duckling left, between the oldest and the youngest sons. As if this were not enough, by the time the elder son was ripe for college there began to be signs that the daughter and not the son was the clever one. After my father's death my mother's affectional interests, as is often the case with widows, gathered and intensified around my older brother, who proved a good son and a good citizen, but without any distinguishing gifts. When in college he had, chiefly I suspect in response to my mother's passionate wish, displayed literary and forensic tastes which he was unable to support without liberal contributions from mother and sister. These he accepted at first gingerly, and finally with such freedom

that many a theme, many a quip and paragraph which appeared in the college journal over his name had been wrung out of me by such concessions as sisters do to this day obtain from older brothers by ministering to masculine complacency. Although my mother was often a party to our traffic and occasional squabbles over it, she was always able, when the things appeared, to accept them as evidence of what she so much wished. After her death I found a scrapbook in which they were all carefully arranged with my brother's name in her handwriting underneath. And lest any of the generation for whom the woman's right to the product of her own talent is completely established should think this an unusual situation, I recommend the reading of the current if out-moded novels of that period, such, for example, as the novels of Madame Sarah Grand or May Sinclair's "Mary Olivier." For the greater part of the nineteenth century, in fact, it was not only usual but proper for parents openly to deplore that the sons had not inherited talents inconveniently bestowed upon the daughters.

I seem always to have known that I would write. Probably there was evidence of my having the necessary endowment, had there been anybody able to recognize literary talent, or tell me what to do about it. The attitude of the family was crushing. "What makes you think *you* can write?" In truth, I did not know. Looking back on the idea of a literary career which prevailed in the Middle West of that period, it was probably as well for me that nobody knew. I won a college degree by dint of insisting on it, and by crowding its four years into two and a half. My brother had the full four years. That I got so much was partly a concession to the necessity of my earning a living. With a college education I could teach, and teaching was regarded then as a liberal profession, eminently suited to women. Being plain and a little "queer," it was hoped rather than expected that I would marry. My queerness consisted, at that time, in entertaining some of the ideas that have got me elected to this list, in stoutly maintaining against all contrary opinion that I would some day write, and in the—to my family—wholly inexplicable habit of resting my case on its inherent rightness rather than upon the emotional reactions it gave rise to.

The summer I was out of college my mother decided to go West with my brother, so that he might "take up land" and grow with the country, taking me with her as being still too young for self-support. No use inquiring now whether this was a good move for me. Before the Pacific Coast filled up with Middle Westerners it was a gorgeous, an exciting place to be. Probably it proved a retardation of my literary career and a stimulus to radicalism. The immediate result was that I married. My mother had sunk all her little capital in giving my brother his start; there was no place in the home for me, and no money to prepare me for any happy way of supporting myself. I taught a couple of years, not very successfully. And, anyway, I wished to be married. Contrary to the popular conception about literary women, I like domestic life and have a genuine flair for cooking. And I wanted children profoundly.

I still intended to write, but never in my life having met a professional literary person there was no one to tell me that the two things were incompatible. Under ordinary circumstances they are not. What I did not in the least realize was that the circumstances were not ordinary. I married a man with social and educational background not unlike my own; a man I could thoroughly respect for his personal quality, quite apart from any achievement. There seemed no reason why, had I been what I appeared to my family, and to my husband no doubt, the marriage should not have proved successful in every particular. What I appeared was an average young person, clever and a little odd, but not so odd that a house to keep and a baby every two years wouldn't restore me to entire normality. True, my health was not good. All my mother's babies had been sickly; I as the sickliest had always been the first to "catch" every childish ailment, and as it was not the custom in those days to send for the doctor until you knew what was the matter with the patient I seldom received medical attention. But no one had ever suggested that this need interfere with marriage and having children. It was a superstition left over from my mother's generation that ill health in women was cured by having children. Nor did I realize how compelling the creative urge would become in me. Had I even suspected it I would not have supposed it a bar to marriage. I thought that two intelligent young people could do about as they liked with life. But, like myself, my young husband was without preparation for maintaining a household. At the end of twelve years we were still living in a town of about 300 inhabitants on an income inadequate to reasonable comfort, with an invalid child.

My first baby came in the second year and left me a tortured wreck. I know now that I did not have proper medical treatment, but at the time nothing much was thought of such things. My memory of the first seven or eight years of marriage is like some poor martyr's memory of the wheel and the rack, all the best things of marriage obscured by a fog of drudgery impossible to be met and by recurrent physical anguish. For before I had discovered the worst that had happened to me I had tried a second time to have a child, unsuccessfully. Brought up as I was, in possession of what passed for eugenic knowledge, it had never occurred to me that the man I had married would be less frank about his own inheritance than I had been about mine—much to his embarrassment, for nice girls were seldom frank at that time. I who had entered motherhood with the highest hopes and intentions had to learn too late that I had borne a child with tainted blood. I had to find it all out by myself. My husband's family exchanged glances, and remained silent. My mother said: "I don't know what you have done, daughter, to have such a judgment upon you." But I, brutally and indelicately, as I was given to understand, insisted upon uncovering family history until I found out. I said to my husband: "Why did you never tell me?" He said: "Because it never occurred to me." At home, he told me, they were all brought up never to refer to the obvious handicap. That was the well-bred Christian way of the 1890's. As for my own family, from beginning to end they never ceased to treat me as under a deserved chastisement.

In a way this tragic end of my most feminine adventure brought the fulfilment of my creative desire, which had begun to be an added torment by repression. Caring for a hopelessly invalid child is an expensive business. I had to write to make money. In the end I was compelled to put my child in a private institution where she was happier and better cared for than I could otherwise manage. My husband's family were good sports. They never forgot the birthdays and Christmases, and the probability that there might be normal human reactions. To my own family who demanded somewhat accusingly what they should say, I said: "You can say I have lost her." Which was true and

a great relief to them. My mother died shortly after, but was never quite reconciled to my refusal to accept my trouble as a clear sign of God's displeasure. So for sixteen years.

Released thus to the larger life which opened to me with literary success, I found plenty of reasons for being a feminist in the injustices and impositions endured by women under the general idea of their intellectual inferiority to men. What I have just related are the facts that gave color and direction to my feminist activities. But I must go back a little to explain the kind of thing that got me called a radical, which was not what is called a radical today. I was neither a Bolshevik nor a Communist, not even a Socialist or free lover. I thought much that was said at that time about Home and Mother, sentimental tosh; I thought it penalized married love too much to constitute the man she loved the woman's whole horizon, intellectual, moral, and economic. I thought women should be free to make their contribution to society by any talent with which they found themselves endowed, and be paid for it at rates equal to the pay of men. I thought everything worth experiencing was worth talking about; I inquired freely into all sorts of subjects. I got myself read out of the Methodist church by organizing, along in the nineties, the first self-conscious enterprise of what has been called the Little Theater movement and acting in its plays. Worst of all, I talked freely of art as though it had a vital connection with living. One example of the sort of reactions an unbridled radical such as I was had to face must suffice. That was the beginning of various movements for applying the social wisdom of the more fortunate classes to the problems of the underprivileged—juvenile courts, probation officers, big brother and sister associations, and in particular, the activity finally objectified as the court of domestic relations, in which I was particularly interested. I had spoken freely and publicly about the necessity of bringing those unlearned in life into more or less compulsory compliance with our best experience. Just why this should figure as an offense to anybody I am still at a loss to know; but the next time I went to my mother's house, I discovered that there had been a family council, and it was put to me that, while the family did not attempt to dictate what I should say away from the neighborhood of the family, I must understand that in that neighborhood, and especially under the family roof I must refrain from all mention of so objectionable a subject as public remedies for private relations, or find my mother's door forever closed to me. Not a word, you see, about the incredible private tragedy which had come to me for lack of a public remedy! . . . Oh, yes, I took it, standing, for the same reason that I took it the day my pretty young sister was buried and my mother flung away from me and cried aloud on God for taking Jenny and leaving me. It wasn't until I caught the family—what was left of it—trying to put over on the younger generation the same repressions and limitations they had practiced upon me that I blew up. Suddenly I found the younger generation on my side.

As for not being under the necessity of being liked, which began as a defense, it has become part of my life philosophy. I see now that too many of the impositions of society upon women have come of their fear of not being liked. Under disguising names of womanliness, of tact, of religion even, this humiliating necessity, this compulsive fear goes through all our social use like mould, corrupting the bread of life. It is this weakness of women displayed toward their sons which has fostered the demanding attitude of men toward them. It puts women as a class forever at the mercy of an infantile expectation grown into an adult convention. So I have made a practice of standing out against male assumption of every sort, especially their assumption of the importance of masculine disapproval—more than anything else against their assumption that they have a right to be "managed." But it is the women I am aiming at, women and their need for detachment from the personal issue. At present the price for refusing to "manage" men is high, but not too high for a self-respecting woman to pay.

Milk—A Public Utility

By WILLIAM JOURDAN RAPP

IT is strange that in the United States, a country which prides itself on its high standards of public health, there is so little appreciation of the importance of a cheap milk supply to the health of a community; particularly its children. Most cities have elaborate and effective organizations to see that the sanitary quality and chemical contents of milk are maintained at high standards. But where is the city that interests itself in the price at which milk is to be sold?

In the long run the price of milk, which determines the amount that will be consumed, is a more important factor from the point of view of health than bacteriological or chemical content. Of course, it would be ridiculous to lower sanitary and chemical standards in order to reduce price. Fortunately sanitary methods of dairy management react favorably upon the milk-producing powers of cows. A cow will produce more and richer milk if housed in an airy and well-lighted stable and kept clean than if forced to live in filth in some dark hole. The problem of reducing the price of milk is primarily one of eliminating waste in collection, transportation, and distribution, and in doing away with the huge profits of the milk distributors. In short, the milk supply, like the water supply, should be operated as a public utility, for service and not for gain.

This article presents a plan for the reorganization of New York's milk industry, by which the city may achieve an adequate and cheap as well as a safe supply of milk. As the milk problem facing most of the large cities of the country is similar to that facing New York, although naturally not so immense or complicated, this plan may also point the way for other communities.

A survey in 1920 by the then Commissioner of Health of New York City which covered 11,000 families showed "that two cups and one ounce of milk" was the average received by each child daily, "an amount totally inadequate, markedly so at the ages of one and two years"; that in over 98 per cent of the homes investigated "substitutes in the forms of tea, coffee, cereals, and other drinks were

used"; and "that many mothers are compelled by the reason of the high cost of milk to seek these deleterous substitutes." Visiting nurses and others in a position to known claim that today conditions are worse.

Largely as a result of this investigation there were introduced in 1920 into the New York State Legislature two bills, the purpose of which was to remedy these conditions. The first bill provided for a State milk commission with power to control the price paid for milk to the farmer and the price charged by the distributor to the consumer. This meant giving to a commission of political appointees tremendous powers with no corresponding responsibilities.

The other bill provided for the entrance of the city government into the milk-distributing business, but the amount of money which was to be appropriated for this enterprise made it impossible to hope for any but the slightest relief even if the venture proved successful.

Nothing came of either bill.

At the present time and for some time past there has been no real competition in the milk-distributing industry in New York City. A number of years ago all the distributors were organized in an association known as the New York Milk Conference Board, Inc. The ostensible purpose of this association was to enable the distributors to bargain collectively with their organized employees and the organized farmers, but it also served as a bureau for propaganda against any change in the *status quo* of the industry and virtually set the price of milk both to the farmer and the consumer. The selling price was sufficient to allow the smallest and least efficient distributor to survive. A company handling a half-million quarts of milk a day charged the same price as a company handling five thousand quarts, although the cost of operation per quart of milk of the larger company was much less. The larger companies found it more profitable to allow the smaller companies to survive and set a selling price based on their relatively high costs of operation than to undersell and drive them out of business. This system gave the distributors the one great advantage they could secure from a monopoly, the ability to set a high selling price, and at the same time it preserved the appearance of competition.

Today, although the Milk Conference Board is no longer the powerful organization it was, the same general situation exists. With the smashing of the power of the dairymen's union which conducted the strike of 1916, and of the milk drivers' and handlers' unions which tied up the city's milk supply in 1920, the two great distributing corporations, Borden's Farm Products Company and Sheffield Farms Company, no longer found it necessary to work so closely together. Both have formed company unions among their employees. Borden's buy their milk from the farmers through the Dairymen's League Cooperative Association, and Sheffield through the Sheffield Farm Producers' Association. Their wage scales, prices to farmers, and prices to consumers coordinate perfectly.

It is interesting to note that during the last few years there has been a rapid consolidation of milk and ice-cream companies in various parts of the country. The tendency toward monopoly is pronounced, but it is a monopoly whose economies result in added profits for the promoters and not in cheaper milk for the consumer. The National Dairy Products Corporation, which recently merged with the Sheffield Farms, Inc., of New York, and the Supplee, Wills, Jones Company of Philadelphia, is operating in more than 1,600 cities in thirteen States from New York westward to Nebraska and southward to Tennessee. The operations include both ice-cream and dairy lines.

The average price per quart of milk paid to the farmer in the New York milk shed is about 5½ cents. The average price to the consumer of loose milk is 11 cents per quart, and of bottled milk 15 to 16 cents. (Grade A milk, which is produced under higher sanitary standards, is 18 cents, and is sold only in bottles. The great bulk of the milk supply is made up of the so-called Grade B milk.) For the task of collecting and distributing, the milk companies demand from once to twice as much as the farmer gets. That this margin results in large profits is evident from a study of the financial histories of the two great milk companies. Their present enormous capitalization has been built almost entirely out of profits, and each year they pay their stockholders handsome dividends.

Every person who has studied the milk-distributing problem in New York City agrees that tremendous savings would result if the industry were operated as a monopoly. At present there are in many dairy communities from two to four creameries owned by as many different distributing companies where one would be adequate. There are forty pasteurizing plants in the city and 450 in the seven States and two provinces of Canada which make up New York City's milk shed. These could easily be consolidated into a score of plants in the city. In Brooklyn there are ten bottling and pasteurizing plants doing the work which the largest of them could do alone if developed to its maximum capacity. Only one plant in the whole city makes use of the latest labor-saving devices for pasteurizing and bottling milk. The methods used in some of the smaller plants were antiquated fifteen years ago. The waste involved in the city-delivery system is known to everyone. Monopoly would eliminate this duplication of work. On this point there is no disagreement. On the question of what sort of monopoly it should be and how it should be administered there are honest differences of opinion.

A private monopoly, privately operated under government control, and a government monopoly with government operation are the systems most often suggested as solutions for New York City's milk-supply problem. American cities have had experience with both in connection with gas, electricity, water, and transportation. Adapted to a milk supply they would present added difficulties, although either one would be a vast improvement over the system at present in operation. But there is another plan which combines most of the merits of those mentioned and eliminates many of their weaknesses. This plan provides that the city shall purchase the entire milk-distributing machinery through an issue of city bonds and the formation of a milk corporation to operate the city-owned monopoly. Legislation can be passed compelling the present milk companies to sell their properties at a price fixed by the courts.

The board of directors of the new monopolistic corporation will consist of seven members, one representing the workers in the industry other than executives and technical experts, one representing the farmers selling milk to the corporation, one representing the executives and technical experts, and four representing the public, two appointed by the mayor of the city and two by the governor of the State from lists submitted by the three members representing the workers, executives, and farmers.

This board will be responsible for the policies of the corporation. It will select a president who will be the chief executive in charge of all operations and responsible only

to the board. The board will set the rate of wages and the price of milk to the farmers. The price of milk to the consumers, when the milk corporation takes over the industry, will be the average of the preceding year. Twenty per cent of the surplus, after operating expenses and interest and amortization on the bonded indebtedness are paid, will be divided among the workers, executives, and technical experts, each sharing according to their yearly salary; and 20 per cent among the farmers, each sharing in proportion to the amount of milk he has sold the corporation. The other 60 per cent of the surplus will go toward reducing the price of milk. If a sudden depreciation in the value of money should necessitate a rise in the price of milk to prevent the corporation from operating at a loss, the board of directors will have the power to order the necessary increase.

Such a plan will help the position of the farmers by giving them a voice in the management of the corporation to which they sell their milk. The board of directors will be in a favorable position to undertake an impartial study of the cost of milk production, thus enabling it to set a fair price to the farmers. All the figures available at the present time on this subject are either prejudiced for or against the farmer to such an extent as to make them worthless. By paying the farmers enough to make dairying profitable and allowing them to share in the surplus the city will be assured an adequate milk supply.

The corporation can do much to decrease the cost of milk production. The single largest cost item in milk production is "feed." The corporation can go into the feed business and substantially reduce the price by eliminating numerous middlemen and using its creameries as distributing centers. This policy could be extended to include other farm supplies.

The workers' status will also be improved. At present the employers, interested only in their own profits, fight every effort of the workers to improve their conditions, granting concessions only when compelled to do so. Under the plan suggested, the employer will be a corporation whose only object is public service, and in the formation of whose labor policy the workers will play a part through their representative on the board of directors. The workers' right to share in the surplus will be a continual incentive toward personal efficiency.

The technical experts and executives, other than those financially interested in the companies, are at present poorly paid and at all times subject to dismissal without a hearing, which in their case is a particular hardship since the field in which they can sell their services is extremely limited. The plan proposed offers them representation on the board of directors, and a share in the surplus for which their knowledge and efforts will be largely responsible.

To the people of the city the plan guarantees a milk supply operated for public service. Adulterated and bootleg milk result from the desire for profits on the part of the dealers. The Health Department can easily control the milk supply coming into the city through the milk corporation. The public will have a majority of representatives on the board of directors.

The people of New York realize the necessity of a reform in the milk-distributing industry. Milk was one of the leading issues in the recent gubernatorial campaign. Politicians have endeavored to make capital out of the situation while doing nothing toward remedying it. It is with the purpose of giving public opinion a definite program to consider that this plan is presented.

Some Men Run for Office: Calvin Sits

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, February 18

THE most interesting development of the past few days in Washington has been the extraordinary change in opinion, among the relatively small number of persons here capable of a detached view in such matters, concerning Mr. Coolidge and the 1928 Republican nomination. Three weeks ago the feeling in this class was practically unanimous not only that such is the power of the Presidency and such this President's particular and peculiar journalistic and financial support that he could, if he desired, be renominated without trouble and regardless of the third-term tradition. It was further felt with almost equal strength that not only did Mr. Coolidge conceal behind his pallid exterior a real craving to stay in the White House longer than any of his predecessors but that in his own quaint, armadillo way he was earnestly engaged in turning every little political trick he knows calculated to help him toward that desired end.

Convictions of judicious observers along this line were undoubtedly deepened by the general attitude of those here who keep in closest touch with the Coolidge circle and by considerable contributory political evidence, such as the insistent repetition in the Administration organs—but loudest in the Hearst string—that "his next will be Mr. Coolidge's 'second elective term' and no question of a third term can arise"; by the retention at Presidential request of the National Committee Chairmanship by the defeated but devoted Butler of Massachusetts, his intimate friend and adviser; by the reported resumption of cordial relations with the unfortunate Slemp, justly famous as a Southern Negro-delegate expert; by the statements that in their sections the desire for a continuance of Mr. Coolidge is enthusiastic and unanimous, given out by patronage-hunting Republican National Committeemen from the South and lame duck Senators and Congressmen doomed to pass out of the picture unless something is shortly done for them—and by other things.

When it was all summed up it seemed a pretty convincing case. Also reflection that the big Republican States with the dominating delegations were still in the hands of the business influences that have never been quite so happy as under the Coolidge-Mellon regime, made the chances seem remote for the Lowden or any other movement to gain real impetus no matter how strongly the Corn Belt revolts or how loudly the farmer organizations scream over the expected veto of the McNary-Haugen bill. Against a determined Coolidge in the White House with newspaper and business support unshaken it seemed impossible to question his convention control. Unquestionably that was the belief; but it has changed. It is conceded that Mr. Coolidge has himself neither done nor said anything to any one at any time to bring this about. It is further conceded that neither Dr. Butler's loudly intoned opinion that because of the third-term tradition Mr. Coolidge would not run nor the statement of the hard-boiled Moses that he had not believed for the last two years that Mr. Coolidge would run have been responsible for the change, though beyond doubt they started the thinking in the new direction. Also the reprinting in many newspapers of the emphatic language of Theo-

dore Roosevelt when after his election he said that though it meant less than eight years for him he would consider the term to which he had just been chosen his second, as in his judgment the American people were concerned about "the substance, not the form" of this matter, certainly had enough effect to make it clear that the "second-elective-term" nonsense cannot be made to stick and that if Mr. Coolidge is again chosen it will be because the people want to disregard the third-term tradition in his favor.

But perhaps more than all these the change in viewpoint has been brought about by the general realization in Washington as this session of Congress draws to its close that the amazing feebleness of the man as a leader has once more been strikingly demonstrated. This time practically all the recommendations in the Presidential message of last December have been disregarded. Those that got through have done so casually and in a more or less accidental manner and are not important enough to be easy to remember. Two conspicuous Presidential appointments—Wood to the Interstate Commerce Commission and Tilson for the Georgia federal bench—were humiliatingly rejected by a Republican Senate. The disarmament gesture has been shown to be as meaningless and futile as the ridiculous tax-refund proposal of last November. It turned out to be not a well-thought-out plan on which, as is the invariable custom, the other important nations concerned had been confidentially sounded out through the usual diplomatic channels and their reactions known in advance, but merely another half-baked proposal which has resulted in nothing save a mortifying rejection. Finally, to cap the climax, the bitterly denounced McNary-Haugen bill, to which so far as he can be violently opposed to anything Mr. Coolidge was violently opposed, passed the Senate by a wide margin and has gone through the House by a vote of 214 to 178 notwithstanding every Administration effort to check it.

Altogether it is an astounding record of futility for so short a session—or rather it would be for another President. For Mr. Coolidge it is typical of every other session since he has been in his present place. In this as in the others he has run true to form so far as achievement is concerned. In the past he has survived these records of almost complete and at times abject failure without serious political damage to himself. However, each time makes it a little more difficult and it is probably true that the Administration's minus score at the present session has had more to do with the change of opinion as to his renomination than Butler, Borah, Moses, and McNary-Haugen combined.

Anyhow the change has occurred. An old Maryland boss used to say that twenty-four hours is a lifetime in politics; opinion may swing back again, but it is none the less true that the present view of "the talent" is that Mr. Coolidge will not be a candidate to succeed himself. It is not argued that he would not like to continue as President. It is not argued that he cannot be renominated if he makes the effort. The argument does not turn on that question. It is in brief that Dr. Butler is right and that Roosevelt was right; that no President and no party can afford to risk the anti-third-term tradition without a vastly more unanimous and insistent party and popular demand than now exists for Mr. Coolidge or is likely to arise; that a nomination for a third term made through the use of the Presidential prestige and power would, as Dr. Butler says, prove fatal; that Mr. Coolidge is far too clear-headed a politician not to see these fundamental facts or to take any such chance. He is, of course, flattered at the talk of him for a third term. He would like to go down in history as a President who could have had a renomination for a third term but was too wise to try for it. In all probability he will want general recognition of the fact that he could secure renomination before he makes his renunciation, but when it becomes plain that the nomination is his for the taking he will then state, as did Roosevelt, that it is the "substance, not the form" with which the American people are concerned, that the custom limiting the occupant of the White House to two terms is a wise one and bowing to it he eliminates himself as a candidate. That is the idea now. That is what the wise boys say he will in the end do, although it is admitted there is probably not a human being in whom he has confided. Further it is admitted that probably he does not yet know himself what he is going to do. Further, logical and reasonable as seems the argument, maybe he isn't going to do that at all. What he is doing now in reference to this personal political situation is what he has done all his life with every other political situation—simply sitting still with no ideas or plans or decisions or program, just waiting for events or persons or things to push him one way or the other. And it must be admitted it has worked pretty well—this "sit still" method—with him in the past.

Children and Art

By KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

IT began as an international show of children's drawing, painting, and clay modeling, but when I went to the Whitney Studio Club they explained that it had turned out to be a joint exhibition of the Mexican and American schools only. There were two rooms lined with delirious spotches of color. Being familiar with the work of Mexican children and knowing nothing about the new school of painting founded by American children, I said: "This is the Mexican room."

It was the American room. Children are the true internationals. They don't know the meaning of the word art. In Mexico the individual child learns the word in his own season. In this country the teachers are inclined to protect him from this knowledge as long as possible. For the past five years plastic art has been in the curriculum of every public school in the Mexican Republic, a serious item in their national program of education. This collection comes from schools in the country and in small towns.

The American pictures are largely the work of students in private schools, in experimental courses conducted by individuals. Among those represented are the Ethical Culture School, the Walden School, Elizabeth Irwin's classes in Manhattan Public School No. 61 and Bronx Public School No. 45, under the guidance of Angelo Patri, all in New York City. Others represented are the Rosemary Junior School in Greenwich, Connecticut; the Woodward School in Cambridge, Massachusetts; the Tower Hill School in Wilmington, Delaware; the Parker School in Chicago, and the Keith Country Day School in Rockford, Illinois.

I expected to make interesting comparisons between the temperaments of the two races of school-children. On examination, I saw differences of costume, distinct preferences in subject matter, a slightly stronger feeling for design and more patience in the Mexican pictures, a certain lack of detail and an ampler sweep of line in the American

pictures. No other important differences. Of course we know that academic painters of all nations paint the human body in so uniform a style that it is hard to tell a German from an Englishman. The modernists of all countries also resemble one another to the extent that they all appear slightly French. But children, strictly speaking, are not artists and, unless they are trained, might be expected occasionally to strike upon a new notion of the human shape, or see it in some fashion approximating the vision of his elders. Not at all. Children all draw figures alike, and they all resemble gingerbread men a trifle warped in the baking. And this satisfies them until some one tells them it is wrong, or they grow up.

Looking at these jocund, delightful, perfectly irresponsible records of what a child sees and thinks, and what he feels about color, you can hardly blame certain grown-up artists for struggling to regain this paradise. They call it being primitive, and name it a virtue. But a primitive is one not fully equipped who does his best; he does not throw away a developed technique in order to be simple once more. These children are true primitives. There is an earth-shaking amount of energy, concentration, and effort in these pictures—cheerful, happy effort unvexed by aesthetic problems. Each one has done his gorgeous best, and it is an encouraging spectacle. Some of these paintings contain many elements of art. In one there will be revealed a fine sense of movement and rhythm, another has harmonious color, many have space and atmosphere. I might go on naming things it is natural to look for in a painting, but the teachers avoid placing emphasis on the thing produced, they do not criticize with the vocabulary of art and neither should I. They do not set a target of excellence for the child to aim at, he is not set to copying objects, but is left free to evoke his own images. This serves another purpose too, in revealing the range of interest in the individual, his sense of color and form, and what it is that catches his proper eye. All of them reveal a talent for human contacts, they imply a potential equipment for effective living. It is constructive work for the child and furnishes living data for the teacher.

If I feel that on the average the Mexican children have done a little better than the American in the Whitney Club show it may be because I know them better; I saw the very beginning of this work in Mexico, which amounted there to a revolution in educational methods; I saw their first exhibitions, and I know the type of tiny rural school they came from. I have seen the children. There is a certain hardihood in their pictures of fruits and plants and animals; in their small-town street scenes they do funerals with gusto; they write "soap" on the upturned box before the fruit vendor's stand. One child illustrates his physiology lesson, choosing digestion, a homely subject at best. He illuminates it with a charming picture of a boy and a girl eating ears of corn. This is his world, and he sees it in admirably clear terms. An American child records his loving memory of the beach and boardwalk at Atlantic City in a composition that in an adult would argue satirical gifts of no mean order. There is no death in the funerals, only a procession, and there is no real gloom in the little American boy's picture of people sitting carefully in church.

I believed that color was heaven's unique gift to the Mexican child. Give him three colors and he will invent a new rainbow. So, and I say it with triumph, will the American child. These young children who paint with such vigor and splash are not artists. They do not need to be; they are our future, and some of them are the artists of our future. It is not necessary to choose them in advance out of this exhibition.

In the Driftway

IN recording the successful concert in Paris of the ten-year-old violinist Yehudi Menuhen, the newspapers all acclaim him as "an American boy." If Yehudi should be "rounded up" in a "red plot," it is a safe guess that he would be "a Jewish boy of San Francisco."

* * * * *

UP to recently the Drifter always felt a certain resentment against Thomas A. Edison for knowing so much. But in looking at a photographic reproduction of one of the answers written by Mr. Edison to the questions asked him on his eightieth birthday it appears that he wrote "prevading" when he meant "pervading." In the question that provoked this answer the reporter spelled Jehovah with a "g"—a small one at that. The Drifter, who never was much of a speller himself, feels better.

* * * * *

IN *The Nation* of February 9 the Drifter alluded to a contest to determine the ten most beautiful things in New York City and set down some stray thoughts of his own on the subject. Some of the Drifter's choices were violently resented, as he intended they should be. A correspondent, signing himself—or herself more probably—"A Friend" writes:

> When my dear Drifter named the statue of Sherman, at the southeast corner of Central Park, as one of the ten most beautiful sights in New York, it was certainly one of those cases when Homer nods. I have prayed fervently for many years that the leaning woman would fall, relieve herself from her strain, and get out of her misery. And as for old Ruthless himself—the arch destroyer of homes and churches, the most despicable character in American history, who led his heroic van against helpless women and children—well, I'd better keep quiet! When I see him complacent and egotistical, I feel like saying: "So like Sherman—to sit while the woman stands!"
>
> Usually the Drifter drifts my way. But how one can pass up St. Thomas's, the Chapel of the Intercession, the Jumel Mansion, and choose the St.-Gaudens monstrosity—it argues the baneful effects of post-Volsteadism!

* * * * *

LET "A Friend" take comfort. That was not the worst mistake the Drifter made. He recalled a wonderful panorama of lower Manhattan, the East River, and the Brooklyn Bridge at night which he had seen from the back windows of a house on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. But he did not want his two or three million readers to bother the landlord by ringing the bell and asking to see the view. So he said it was to be seen from the foot of Montague Street. Doubt and curiosity led him to the foot of Montague Street later to verify his statement. Only a pitiful fraction of the Brooklyn Bridge was visible, while the East River was obscured by docks and warehouses.

* * * * *

ANYHOW the contest has been decided and a jury has awarded prizes to the five school-children and five adults judged to have submitted the best answers. The name of John D. Drifter does not appear among either the

school-children or the adults. This is not ununderstandable, as the Drifter forgot—as he predicted he would—to send in his list. The largest number of votes in the beauty contest went, in the order named, to the following: Statue of Liberty, the Woolworth Building, various spots in Central Park, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, St. Patrick's Cathedral, various views in Prospect Park, the Brooklyn Bridge, and certain paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By this it appears that the Drifter was a pretty good prophet. He predicted that the Woolworth Building would be on almost every list submitted and that the Brooklyn Bridge would also be popular. But the Drifter never even thought of the Statue of Liberty, which is at the very top of the list. The Drifter surmises that it was the school-children carried Miss Liberty to victory. Few adults could have voted thus unless they were confusing the statue with the magazine of the same name. For among us grown-ups liberty, either in bronze or in life, has been so completely under a cloud in recent years that the Drifter may perhaps be pardoned for overlooking it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Only of Christ's Race

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I came here from Czarist Russia, to graduate from the liberal arts college of an American university. I attempted to earn my living through my knowledge of foreign languages and literature—that proved thoroughly unsatisfactory. I learned stenography, for it, I had heard, was a sure way for any and every young woman to earn her living. With the assurance of my newly acquired knowledge, I proceeded to scan the "Female Help Wanted" columns of our dailies. The ads that say "state religion" or "Christian firm" I did not answer. I answered the ads of employment bureaus, and was told "Sorry, but they want Christians only."

Now, I am only of Christ's race. What is to be done?

New York, February 7 UNEMPLOYED

What Mexico Is Doing

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the summary of the Mexican-American oil and land controversy which you abstracted from the Foreign Policy Association Information Service appears the statement that "Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution of 1917 containing the new dispositions with respect to the rights of foreigners to petroleum deposits in Mexico marked a complete departure from regulations previously governing the rights. Under the old mining codes of 1884, 1892, and 1909, . . ." Literally the statement is true, but it tells only half the truth.

The "old" mining codes of 1884, 1892, and 1909 themselves marked a revolutionary departure from the centuries-old Spanish-American fundamental laws under which the state owned all subsoil deposits. The mining codes of 1884, 1892, and 1909 were passed under the notorious Diaz regime. In 1910 Diaz was overthrown. The Constitution of 1917 therefore merely tries to get back to the basis existing before the days of Diaz. Americans, steeped in the Anglo-Saxon conception of property rights, cannot understand the position of the Mexican Government until they appreciate that the Mexicans are trying to get back where they originally were. Whether they can do so by the proposed methods is merely a technical, legal question.

A similar criticism should be made of the summary of the land question. The impression is given that the Government is trying something new. Again it is merely trying to go back to old conditions. The Indian villagers held lands in common. These were wrested from them, sometimes by force, sometimes by fraud, just as were the old commons in England a couple of centuries ago. The present land laws are trying to reestablish the old *ejidos*. Whether or not they properly protect innocent owners of lands affected is of course a question to be properly threshed out.

There are other unfortunate turns of phrasing in the summary. For example, in the passage quoted reference is made to "the new dispositions with respect to the rights of foreigners to petroleum deposits," giving the impression that Mexican nationals were not equally affected. Of course this is not so.

Mexico City, February 1 WALTER FRANK

New Mexico? Coolidge? Doheny!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: New Mexico, suffering from a momentary inferiority complex, proposes calling itself "Coolidge." This sense of inferiority probably arises from the cloud that has recently darkened the name of its illustrious son, Mr. Albert Fall, that great authority on politics, oil, and morality. To change the name of the State from New Mexico to Coolidge is a left-handed way of informing the world that in spite of all that has passed the great native prodigy has been right all the time. Why not, dear New Mexicans, have the outspoken courage of your convictions, throw aside half-way measures, and name your State as it should be named—Doheny.

Mexico City, February 5 CARLETON BEALS

Referred to F. B. K.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot sleep. In the *Manchester Guardian* is a report of a speech in Rome in which Mussolini made the following attack on our Constitution: "It is absolutely logical that the outside world of democratic liberalism and plutocratic clannishness should be against us. To the responsible authorities in foreign states we say: 'You will have to go through what we have gone through. If you want to live, you must do away with garrulous parliamentary institutions.'"

Is not that expression "plutocratic clannishness" proof positive that Mussolini is thinking chiefly of America? And are there not Italians living in Mexico? Is it not the plain duty of Secretary Kellogg and Mr. Doheny to annex Mexico before this plot can go further?

Brooklyn, January 31 HENRY NEUMANN

Through Flags to Freedom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mexico, where few of the working class can read or write, a flag has been promoted into a workers' literature. The Mexican Federation of Labor is known as "C. R. O. M." In times of strikes the workers hang over their doorways the "C. R. O. M." flag, about a foot square, red, with a black diagonal stripe containing the initials CROM. The flag speaks a language read by all. Through this flag, evident in front of thousands of homes during a strike, the workers gain assurance of strength, "scabs" are impressed with the extent of unionization, and local politicians are warned of the political power in the hands of labor.

The American Federation of Labor should follow suit. The flag's color need not be red—that color might be considered taboo in this land where freedom is waived. I can imagine no more potent spiritual weapon for labor than the adoption

of a union flag. During the garment workers' strike many streets on New York's East Side would have been decorated with flags from every window of every tenement. Consider the effect in West Virginia during a coal strike. Through a flag the workers might be restored to a feeling of power. By a symbol our workers might indicate to ward-heelers that labor can be articulate even in a literate land like ours.

Mexico City, February 15 ERNEST MORRIS

Noblesse Oblige

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: William Hard's article on the urge toward empire is a fine contribution to herd psychology. It seems queer that those who, because of oppression, left their old homes in Europe, should become empire-builders in their adopted country. May we not ask, Is the white race unable to follow a different course? Are we doomed to final extermination?

I am reminded of the great Russian who when passing some peasant boys took off his hat and greeted them. Whereupon his companion asked why he greeted those ignorant peasant children. To which he answered: "I am supposed to be on a higher intellectual plane than they. It is therefore my duty to teach them courtesy."

Ravinia, Illinois, February 3 JENS JENSEN

A Use for Tabloids

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At last you have a rival! Cry down Mr. Macfadden and his pornographic sheets, but give the physical culturist credit for his trenchant editorials on China. His Philadelphia *Daily News* is unique in exposing the verbal fencing of Mr. Kellogg's memorandum and Mr. Coolidge's further explanations. Never have I seen such *Nation*-like editorials on China in a newspaper—and a tabloid at that! If Mr. Macfadden uses scandals to build up circulation and then puts it to such good use, I will boost for him!

Philadelphia, January 31 ARTHUR C. YOUNG

The Man Bruce Barton Doesn't Know

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Bruce Barton's book "The Man Nobody Knows" has been so widely read that it may not be amiss to call attention to a curious oversight on the part of the author. The advertising method of Jesus, he suggests, should be studied by every salesman; one should speak with sincerity, make condensed statements, avoid adjectives, and use words of one syllable. "Jesus used few qualifying words and no long ones." The first line of the Lord's Prayer is cited as an instance. "Not a single three-syllable word: hardly any two-syllable words. All the greatest things in human life are one-syllable things—love, joy, hope, home, child, wife, trust, faith, God." One is tempted to suspect that, in holding up Jesus as a model to advertising men in this respect, Barton has overlooked the fact that the prophet of Nazareth did not speak Tudor English. He spoke the Galilean dialect of the Aramaic. Like Hebrew, Aramaic was poorly supplied with adjectives; like several other languages, Aramaic put the article at the end. Love would be *rachma* or *rachamutha;* joy *chedya* or *chayidutha;* hope *sibra;* for home there was no word; child was *olala* or *yanafa;* wife *antetha;* trust *tikla;* faith *haymenutha;* God *Elaha.* "Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name" would be "Abba debashemaya yithqaddesh shemka." All of which is not without its importance. When a great prophet is chosen as a model, it is well to bear in mind the differences of the time and place, speech and manner of thought. "The letter killeth; it is the spirit that quickeneth."

Ithaca, New York, February 12 NATHANIEL SCHMIDT

Have Faith in Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your February 16 issue is worth the entire year's subscription. The Right to Confiscate is a clincher, especially enjoyable to the legal fraternity. I fear, however, that it will be necessary for you to continue to knock before we can gain entrance to the minds of our President and Secretary of State. You are rendering a real service. The influence of *The Nation* constantly increases. More power to you.

Boston, February 17 CHARLES WOOD BOND

Earn Your Own Living

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I disagree with your correspondent, William E. Sweet, about the proposal to endow men instead of "chairs." That is the same "fool's gold" which has bedeviled the whole system of education, philanthropy, and religion.

What is an endowment? Is it not merely a device for compelling somebody to earn a living for you? Living on the interest of some rich man's money, without a thought as to the real work that must be done to earn that interest or of the people who must do that work, is altogether too easy a solution of the economic problem. Isn't the real trouble now that too many men are "endowed" with special privileges to live by the sweat of other people's faces?

What the world needs is a few men like Saint Paul, who can earn their living and find time and inclination to kick the economic wolf in the stomach, and let him howl.

Alpine, New Jersey, January 31 WILBUR F. COPELAND

Man, Not Monkey

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You discuss the symposium published by the *New Masses,* in which fourteen writers discuss their attitude to their art. I am surprised to read that "not even Upton Sinclair answered with a direct affirmative to the crucial question, 'May society properly demand of the artist . . . the transvaluation of values.'"

My answer to this question was: "To say that the artist shall not be a creator, but merely a craftsman, is to turn him from a man into a monkey." I don't see how anybody can fail to consider that a direct answer. Did you understand that I was willing to be turned into a monkey? Please grant me the space to say that I wasn't and I am not.

Pasadena, California, January 27 UPTON SINCLAIR

News from Archangelskoye

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to correct some slips in my article on the Russian Reconstruction Farms which appeared in *The Nation* for January 12? The list of American groups was of course incomplete. The Seattle farm colony is not a religious organization—now that Louis Fischer has refuted Mr. Keynes as to the status of communism. Four large estates instead of two are being operated by the Americans at Archangelskoye. The third and fourth are about twenty miles away from the first two, which is inconvenient but gives the management a chance to work out improved methods of transportation and to prove that it is cheaper than separate overhead for each farm. The orphan boys are called *bezprizorni;* "hooligan" and *hooliganstvo* refer only to persons who behave that way. And the funds ($8,048) used by the farms for the care of the *bezprizorni* were collected and contributed by the American Committee for the Relief of Russian Children.

The old landlord whose cruelty gave Plakseika its name,

back in the 1850's, not only made his serfs work in the canal in winter, but when on one occasion they refused, he is said to have had a hundred of them executed in front of the village church. To prove this the peasants point out the bullets still imbedded in the church wall.

Since last writing the farm has received a building loan of 30,000 rubles from the Government, and the building department under Donald Stephens has put up a home for the orphan boys, a large *sklad* to hold the tractors and other machinery during the winter, a pig palace, and a much-needed village bath-house, with other construction waiting to be begun in the spring. Harold Ware is now in Rostov arranging with government officials for the extensive stock-raising program the department of agriculture wants the farm to undertake.

Archangelskoye, Russia, February 1 MARIAN TYLER

What Kind of Equality for Women?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Miss Valeska Bari opens her article, Shall Women be Protected? with this warning:

> All the laws passed by the various States to shorten the working hours of women, to protect them from starvation wages and from strains of night work are threatened by the revived campaign for the Blanket Amendment.

The question arises, Where is the Blanket Amendment? Some years ago it was introduced in Washington and referred to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, where its slumber has been annually disturbed by a hearing. On these occasions accredited speakers for twenty or more of the strong, old-established, national bodies of women have stated why they oppose the amendment. The American Federation of Labor and other labor bodies have annually gone on record against it. It has never been reported out of committee.

There has, meanwhile, been a journalistic and oratorical campaign of the Woman's Party against Labor and for the Manufacturers' Associations, the Associated Industries, and kindred bodies (with whose legal counsel and for whose measures speakers from the Woman's Party appear at legislative hearings) rather than for the Blanket Amendment.

If, however, a campaign for that amendment is to be revived in these closing weeks of the dying Congress, this is a fitting moment to address to its proponents this question: Where do advocates of the Equality Amendment stand on the White Primary in Texas, which excludes Negro voters, men and women alike, in the greatest of those States where the primary is the election?

Do they expect Negro women to vote everywhere as political equals of white men and women, as they now vote in a large majority of the States? Or do adherents of the amendment expect that in the minority of States where Negro women are now disfranchised in defiance of the Nineteenth Amendment they are to remain so disfranchised after ratification of the Blanket Amendment?

Do Southern members of the Woman's Party seriously expect Negro women, with their ever-increasing education and economic independence, to continue disfranchised after ratification? And to go on living in the South? Do any members of the party expect any votes of Negroes in any State for their amendment if they defend the White Primary in Texas?

This question the Woman's Party can no longer ignore if it revives the campaign for its amendment. It will have to define equality at the polls, as thoroughly as it has defined, in the past four years, what it means by equality in the factory and the legislature; where it asserts that equality is identity and nothing else.

It is the courts, not the proponents of new measures, who ultimately interpret them. The present one has abundantly shown what confusion a pending amendment can create, even though in four whole years it has not been reported out of committee in either house.

Will the Woman's Party line up in Texas with the powers that disfranchise Negro women? As in the industrial States it has lined up with the industrial exploiters?

New York, February 8 FLORENCE KELLEY

Fessenden and Bettelheim

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In order to complete a volume on early Christian work in Japan, I want facts about Henry Fessenden of New York, who was in 1846 a merchant in Hongkong, China; and Dr. Bernard John Bettelheim, Christian-Jewish missionary to the Loochoo Islands; physician, graduate of Padua University, native of Pressburg, Hungary; resident of New York about 1854. He did considerable speaking on Japan, being introduced by Commodore M. C. Perry.

East Cleveland, Ohio, January 31 EARL R. BULL

The National Council of Jewish Women

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You referred editorially to the National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods; did you not know that the National Council of Jewish Women had adopted resolutions against compulsory military training in land-grant colleges; in support of the work of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission; for arbitration; against the use of poison gases; for the World Court; for a program of study among its 52,000 members?

New York, February 1 DORA ROSENBERGER

The Science League

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Science League of America (Gillette Building, San Francisco) is the only organization formed specifically for the purpose of protecting the teaching of modern evolutionary science in our State-supported schools and colleges. As it is non-political and non-sectarian, it affords a means of fusion of all pro-evolution forces. It is actively fighting all the actual and potential anti-evolution bills, with very limited means, and asks the support of all friends of science and of freedom.

San Francisco, February 2 MAYNARD SHIPLEY, President

Not Unleavened

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall not quarrel with your editorial statement that "as a representative of conservative thought" *Foreign Affairs* "has a place to fill," except to add that the editors of *Foreign Affairs* believe it also has a place to fill as a representative of "liberal thought." They further believe that its record shows it to be filling the one as well as the other. Running through past issues, one's eye catches the names (among many others) of the following contributors who might be surprised to be labeled as conservative: Karl Kautsky, Joseph Caillaux, John Dewey, Georg Brandes, Alfred E. Zimmern, Senator Capper, Victor Chernov, Harold J. Laski, Arnold J. Toynbee, Oscar Jaszi, W. G. S. Adams, Harry Elmer Barnes, Edouard Herriot, Robert Morss Lovett, Yusuke Tsurumi, L. P. Jacks, W. E. B. Du Bois, Emile Vandervelde, Vladimir Zenzinov, R. R. Kuczynski, Gaetano Salvemini, Walter Lippmann, and Christian Rakovsky.

New York, February 4 HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG, Managing Editor

Books, Art, Plays

Bacchus

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Cadmus, of Thebes where sprang that Amphion
Who reared the pediment and the peristyle
With lyric music, brought at history's dawn
The alphabet from the Nile:
Whence came all chronicles and song.
And Cadmus fathered that Semele who
Consumed by amorous lightning in the strong
Embrace of Zeus gave Bacchus birth, whereby
Was Bacchus' blood composed of song and fire.
Then as Zeus carried Bacchus in his thigh
So was his womb the flesh and the desire
Of the masculine and overruling god.
But Hera, the woman, raged at Bacchus' birth,
And maddened him, and with divine
Unrest she clothed him, and with dreaming shod.
So he began his wandering in the earth:—
This is the lineage and the spirit of wine.

So hunted by Hera, the spirit feminine,
Bacchus from pirates hired an Asian ship,
And linked his fame and fate to a libertine
And lawless crew; who with no loyal lip
Served Hera, yet unconsciously gave aid
To Hera's hatred. These with heavy ropes
Bound Bacchus to a mast. But Bacchus played
With their perfidious hopes:
First he transformed himself into a lion;
Then he made serpents of the masts and oars,
Venomous as the sting which killed Orion.
Then he sent ivy growing round the hull,
And over the sails; and from the magic shores
Of longed for land he caused the sound of flutes
To blow as memory amid the breeze's lull;
Till madness took the sailors whose attributes
Grown brutish by their crime and Bacchus' wish
Leaped in the sterile sea and turned to fish.

So is it with Bacchus ever and his foes:
Bind him and he becomes a lion; and those
Who bind him turn to serpents, and from fangs
Spit poison, where before the bursting grape
Poured healthful wine. The solemn ivy hangs
Where once were blossoms and the glistening shape
Of fruitful leaves. And those who praise,
And seek for water, find it, but as fish.
Music becomes the sound of viewless flutes
Blown from lost lands, or the broken gibberish
Of weary sailors, or the signs of mutes.
Cadmus the grandsire of the god withdraws
Song and the wisdom of the alphabet;
And men walk in a jungle of tangled roots,
The sprawl of crooked counsels and lawless laws,
Where reptiles foul the sylvan rivulet.

A Popular Napoleon

Napoleon. By Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Boni and Liveright. $5.

IMAGINATION is not only a legitimate, it is a necessary tool of the historian. Except when dealing with survivals—monuments, originals of documents, relics, etc.—the historian is never handling facts, only mental images of them. He is trying to picture states of being, events, emotions, as they once actually were but can never exactly be again. For the perfection of his recreation he must depend not only upon his own imaginative sense but also upon his reader's. Ultimately, then, history is not a science, but a branch of art or of metaphysics, no matter how scientific its method may and ought to be.

And no branch of history is more metaphysical than biography. The biographer may repeat, time and again, that he is dealing with facts, but really he is trying to reconstruct what once was done, felt, or said, and can never be done, felt, or said again in the same way. When he has written four or five hundred pages of what his subject did, said, thought, felt, he calls it a "Life"; whereas the only resemblance it has to life, if it has that much, is chronological order. The best biographer can only approximate the "fact."

If it is impossible to reconstruct one's superficial life, how much more impossible to reconstruct one's "inner history," one's "inner life"! And yet this is what Emil Ludwig tells us, in an Envoy that differs from a Preface only in the fact that it comes at the end of his book, that he has tried to do with no less baffling a personality than Napoleon. To do it, he has made extensive use of Napoleon's letters and memoirs, and the manifold memoirs of people who knew Napoleon. At times he has squeezed the former so dry that one feels he has got more out of them than they had to give; and, despite a healthy skepticism in some cases, has frequently been much too gullible with regard to the latter.

Altogether, the book is unconvincing. It starts out with a romantic meeting in a tent, whose only witnesses were an infant and two adults who never left memoirs but whose every word is narrated in quotation marks by the biographer. They are not impossible words—and yet one wonders how the biographer knows, whose memoirs he used, and how the memoir writer knew. And all the way through the book the author quotes conversations as if he had stenographic reports of them before him. This is, after all, not a cardinal sin, even if it is an unscientific use of the imagination. But when he asks you to believe that he knows what was going on in Napoleon's mind, he asks too much. It may be logical to assume that Napoleon at Austerlitz thought this and that, and on St. Helena thought so and so. In fact, one might even say, if he did not think this and that or so and so, he ought to have. But if it were possible to know the truth in such a matter, if even Napoleon himself could have remembered what he had been thinking on momentous occasions, it might be found that he was thinking of nothing at all or perhaps only of the lady he had met the night before. The author admits as much. In his Envoy he says: "In this book, all the data are recorded facts, except the soliloquies." But one hundred pages of the book (I have not made an actual count) are not biography but soliloquy.

The effect of all this illegitimate use of imagination is to destroy confidence in the author. And so, when you find expositions of battles (as, for example, Marengo) or characters (as, for example, Louis Bonaparte) that differ from other accounts, you set it down to lack of knowledge rather than (as it may well be) more careful study of the sources; and when you find him actually believing that Napoleon's guiding motive was to form a United States of Europe, you feel that he has taken Napoleon's apologies without the necessary salt.

Furthermore, the author has concentrated too much attention upon his inner man, not enough on his outer environment. He has made him the central character in a drama in which there is practically no setting. The result is that his readers will believe that Napoleon created his circumstances, made his own opportunities, was responsible for his own rise and fall. The biographer does this deliberately; he says he considers the course of battles and the contemporary position of European states irrelevant. And yet he refers frequently to destiny, fate, and Napoleon's star. But what were destiny, fate, and star, if not the French Revolution, England, the Coalition, the spirit of democracy and nationalism, in dramatic guise? Furthermore, every drama that has a hero must have its villains; and so Talleyrand is cast for the part, with Barras, Fouché, Napoleon's brothers and sisters, Bernadotte, Metternich, Lowe, and the British government as understudies. And, one sometimes feels, they are badly cast.

But the book will have, and deserves, a tremendous vogue. It has the proper amount of question marks and exclamation points, spicy anecdote and humor, genuine understanding mingled with hero-worship, to make it a popular biography and to win hearty approbation from literary critics. The plodding pedant, the mere historian will leave it, however, with regret that so good a job has not been better done.

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK

Neither Short Story nor Novel

The Field of Mustard. By A. E. Coppard. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

CHEKHOV more than once asserted that it was his intention to write a novel and that he regarded his short stories as a kind of tuning up, a preparation for the longer form. I do not know whether Mr. Coppard has a similar intention; but certainly, compared with his earlier work, his every succeeding effort gives indications of expanding in the direction of the novel. It is not that the stories are in themselves longer than his earlier "tales"; some of them, indeed, are considerably longer; and, in the absence of any standard regulating length, one cannot raise any objections to his new volume on that score. Yet it would be useful if some critic could define precisely where the art of the short story stops and that of the novel begins. Still, we do have some idea of the distinction. A short story should not be diffuse, it should avoid rambling, it should have the concentric finality of a moment which is an accumulation of moments. It should have, as a form, something of that which we expect of a lyrical poem.

All this Mr. Coppard had, in good measure, in his first stories. And his new collection shows gain and loss. The gain is obvious. Mr. Coppard has the undeniable gift of telling a story. It is no small gift. He keeps us interested. He has humor too, and that inevitable pessimism and irony which, for reasons we need not enter into here, stamp the pattern of nearly every short-story writer worth his salt. But the pattern has visibly broadened. Details of character have entered more and more into the scheme, and, while not actually displacing circumstance, have served to envelop it as in a mist and to make its line fainter, and to give to the whole a sense of diffuseness belonging to another form.

Consider the longest tale in the book, Olive and Camilla, which covers some thirty-nine pages. "They had lived and traveled together for twenty years, and this is a part of their history: not much, but all that matters." So the story of the two middle-aged maiden ladies begins. But the "part of their history" that is told covers a considerable period, and leads up to the confession of one that her mind was not as pure as it was painted, and of the other that she had gone the whole way with some man. In short, the narrative is built up in the form of a chronicle, in the way a novel is built up; we do not feel that we have been, willy-nilly, whirled into the mood of a concentrated "moment," in itself final and ultimate; the denouement, for which we are being prepared, is too long in coming.

Consider, too, The Funnel, a title that is in its way symbolic. We enter, as it were, through the broad end, and by the time we have reached the narrow end we have lived aeons of experience. Little happens before the story begins, everything happens afterward. This is, to be sure, an accumulation of moments, but we live through every one of them. It is to be praised as a short novel. Now Judith is different. It is, by the limitation the author sets himself, a short story in every sense of the word. Its concentrated episodic content fully corresponds to the form in which it is cast. A little masterpiece, in its way. Fifty Pounds, though not so good, has all the earmarks of the shorter form.

It is ungracious, perhaps, to cavil at so fine an artist as Mr. Coppard, who, whether we are to regard him as a novelist or as a short-story writer, is deserving of respect. I, for one, should not wonder if he would come forward with a novel. In any case he has protected himself by calling his stories "tales," a good old English word which covers a multitude of narrative forms.

JOHN COURNOS

Gold and Tinsel

Orpheus, or The Future of Music. By W. J. Turner. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

My Adventures in the Golden Age of Music. By Henry T. Finck. Funk and Wagnalls. $5.

THE intrinsic value of a critic's judgments is not in their correctness—since this cannot be determined—but in their quality. Since we cannot have objective measurement, we want evidence of at least a personal ordering of artistic experiences—a taste or an aesthetic—and one which, if it does not command our assent, may at least command our respect. By this I mean an ordering, not, for example, according to the usual narrowing preconception or essentially alien prudery, but according to whatever empirical principles may be derived by the critic—each for himself—from those artistic experiences.

I should say, then, that Mr. Turner's musical criticism had intrinsic value and importance and Finck's had none. Mr. Turner, like Finck in the present volume, has written about ephemeral things such as performers and performances of music; but always what he has written has related itself to a comprehensive conception of music, and one that was evidently the product of a sophisticated ear and a keen intelligence ("Orpheus" is one statement of this conception). On the other hand, I can discover behind Finck's violent loves and hates only a reasoned aversion to music that required exercise of the mind, which I should hardly call an intelligent aesthetic; and a susceptibility to whatever was, or whatever performance made, luridly emotional, which I should hardly call a sophisticated taste. Finck was, therefore, a bad critic; and it did not make him less bad that he was sincere, courageous, provocative in his badness; or that, as the person revealed in this book, he commanded respect with his straightforwardness and honor, and inspired and held affection with his unusual charm, the charm of an adult child who believed in Hun and Bolshevik bogies. There is plenty of delightful entertainment in the book, but considerable bad criticism nevertheless.

Nor did Finck's criticism have even extrinsic importance, fortunately. Neither has good criticism; and it is not necessary or proper that it should have. For the personal taste or aesthetic which gives it its intrinsic importance is nevertheless not to be imposed upon music as law; and so it is proper that even a good critic should have no more power than Finck had to alter the trend of music, the status of a single one of its creators. True, we read of a critic battling for a composer and of the composer triumphing, and we infer that the composer triumphed because the critic battled; but the inference is clearly

open to question, and I for one believe it is false. Consider Finck's own case. He thought himself responsible in part for the acceptance of Wagner in this country; but if we think how little the status of Brahms has been affected by his flaunted contempt, or that of Grieg or Liszt by his perspiring praise, we must conclude that Wagner did not owe his acceptance to Finck. I should say he owed it to Wagner, by which I mean that music is its own, and its only, advocate; that—to change the figure—in time it is bound to rise or fall to its proper level; that the effect of critical intervention can be only temporary; and that a critic, therefore, can decide the fortunes only of what is short-lived, ephemeral, and to that extent unimportant; the fortunes not of music but of musicians. The harm a bad conductor can do, like the harm a bad critic can do, has its importance, certainly; but it is obviously a limited importance, as it is a limited harm—limited, for one thing, in time. Finck's influence was devoted largely and confined entirely to these ephemeral matters: he claims that it was his suggestion that made Conried manager of the Metropolitan; he helped to keep Stransky at the head of the Philharmonic (Finck and the Philharmonic directors were unable to disentangle artistic failure from popular and financial success); he accomplished other things which today are as though they had never been accomplished.

And this, please observe, was one of the giants (Krehbiel was another such giant) who dominated what has been recalled regretfully as the golden age of American criticism—a giant reduced to insignificance by the first paragraphs that Ernest Newman wrote for the New York *Evening Post*. Are we now in what will be a silver age, one dominated, say, by Mr. Chotzinoff?

B. H. Haggin

The First English Press

Caxton, Mirror of Fifteenth-Century Letters. By Nellie Slayton Aurner. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

MISS AURNER'S pleasant volume, which richly illustrates, through its content, the output of the first English press, amply evidences in its format the present status of the art of bookmaking, for it is well bound, well paged, well typed, and well illustrated. But it is not with the outward and visible signs of the printer's craft, folios and broadsides, founts and woodcuts, that we have here to do. The book before us is designed neither for the student of typography nor for the bibliophile, the eager quester of *incunabula*, but for the lover of letters; since the theme is not Caxton the printer but Caxton the gleaner of literature, author and editor. Here we have the first English publisher, seeking his materials not among the living but among the dead, fashioning for his readers through translation and adaptation new books out of old manuscripts. Laborious writer, skilful printer, and shrewd merchant meet under one hat, and reasonable profits pass from right hand to left.

In the Caxton window of St. Margaret's, Westminster, clearly pictured in the frontispiece, the author-publisher stands between the images of the Venerable Bede and Erasmus. But his is the backward rather than the forward glance, for during his apprenticeship as printer at Cologne and Bruges and his mastership at the sign of the Red Pale near the almshouses of the great English abbey, in the eighth and ninth decades of the fifteenth century, the day of the New Learning or the Revival of Letters—call it what you will—had not yet fully dawned in Northern Europe. William Caxton is the last Englishman of the Middle Ages, the epitome of their tastes, the quintessence of their qualities. He is medieval in his themes, his traditions and conventions, his moralizings. As Miss Aurner shows in successive chapters of sketchy paraphrase, his choice of books is from many fields, morals and manners, allegory and symbolism, lives of saints, science and learning, history and politics, beast-tales, poetry, chivalry, and romances; and in all these renderings and reproductions he is always the conservative and never the humanist. He sees antiquity only through the eyes of his own century. That his "Troy," his "Jason," his "Eneydos" carry the authentic accent not of Greece and Rome but of France and England the next age, ever critically classical, was quick to perceive and proclaim with a contempt for Caxton and his generation that was both unmitigated and unmerited. The publisher's many prologues and epilogues, wisely included here in an appendix of over seventy pages, serve not only, like Dryden's prefaces, as a log-book of his life but as a record of traditional sentiment. Oft repeated here is the introductory formula which, Miss Aurner fails to note, is the starting-point of many medieval writers professedly moved to authorship by "the desire to eschew sloth and idleness, the mother and nurse of vices." And whether the book is of romantic supermen like Arthur and his knights or of roguish creatures like Reynard and his folk, the inevitable moral is written large at the outset. The heroes of Malory's book, for which we confess our chief debt to Caxton's press, teach the reader "to exercise and follow virtue"; the rascals of the beast-epic warn him "to keep from subtle shrews that he be not deceived."

Miss Aurner does not neglect Caxton's personal relations with those great figures of the time that inspire his amazing feats of reproduction. His first book, the collection of Troy tales, published at Bruges, is wrought at the command of an English princess, Margaret Duchess of Burgundy. Later volumes, from the Westminster press, are dedicated to ruling kings of England, Edward, Richard, Henry. In his work as translator and as publisher he is aided by mighty earls—Rivers, Worcester, Arundel. He writes and prints, as he tells us, not for "rude, uplandish men" but for "gentle" readers. Hence in the score of books and in the twoscore hundred of pages which he Englished for this courtly circle he avoids the old and homely diction of the folk and enriches his vocabulary with "the fair and strange terms" of his originals. How far Caxton's manner, like his matter, reflects the medieval is a question that should be asked and answered by the present-day student who views the author-publisher as a "mirror of fifteenth-century letters." Even after the great work of Blades and of Duff, there is ample room for Miss Aurner's volume—and for yet another.

Frederick Tupper

Thought About Thought

The Psychology of Thought. By Harry L. Hollingworth. D. Appleton and Company. $3.

Thinking About Thinking. By Cassius J. Keyser. E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.

PROFESSOR HOLLINGWORTH'S book is the first psychological treatment of human thought which combines the three exceptional merits of rendering the phenomena of thinking homogeneous with the rest of human behavior, of employing familiar psychological concepts rather than borrowings from neurology or logic, and of adducing sufficient experimental evidence to support the weight of a nicely elaborated theory. His approach to reasoning and judgment through the study of sleep, drowsiness, and dreaming introduces the functioning of symbols, the vicarious exercise of imagery, and the mechanisms of redintegration in what are customarily called subrational processes; and thereby abolishes the significance of the implied distinction. The relation of the phenomena of drowsiness and dreams to abnormal mental states gives the concept of redintegration (the notion of whole-part functioning in association, of which the conditioned response is a subcase) extra force in interpreting normal, awake thinking as a symbolic process in which the items have their meanings because they have been severally associated as wholes and parts. The meaning of a symbol is its redintegrative tendency. The symbol, moreover, is not an idea or an image in the sense of being an exclusively psychical entity; rather it is any physical entity engaged in a psycho-

logical context—that is, acting through its whole-part relationships instead of through its social or aesthetic, its molar or molecular relations. This is Professor Hollingworth's theory of the psycho-physical continuum, discarding the old substantial mind and body, and introducing a neutrality of stuff whose things are thoughts when they occur in thinking.

Whatever specific correction and modifications this theory must suffer at the hands of further inquiry, there is one general objection to be submitted. Professor Hollingworth extends his treatment to "logical thinking" with the conviction that the "so-called 'laws of thought' of logic are really not laws of thinking but laws of things, especially of those things called relations." Viewed in terms of his own psycho-physical continuum, it would not be true that "logic can be of little service to us in this enterprise." Professor Keyser's little book, inadequate with respect to organic and empirical thinking, so ably dealt with by Hollingworth, is the needed corrective, however, in the field of postulational thinking, in which the mind obeys the laws of logical structure rather than creates logic as a residue of its symbolic activity. Postulational thinking, imperfectly exemplified in Euclid and Spinoza, and perfectly in the non-Euclidean geometries, is the deduction of doctrines from sets of postulates and definitions. It is "if-then thinking," valid only in the sense that if the postulates are true, then the doctrine is true. The deductive relations here have no basis whatsoever in human nature; and a psychology of thought can only report how the mind is able to perceive, not organize, such relational systems. Logical thinking is a detection of logic in things, particularly things called propositions, and Professor Keyser optimistically describes the art of it with splendid clarity.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

Books in Brief

Civilization or Civilizations. An Essay on the Spenglerian Philosophy of History. By E. H. Goddard and P. A. Gibbons. Introduction by F. C. S. Schiller. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

The chief merit of this book is a careful separation of the historical from the philosophical aspect of Spengler's thought, and an exclusive emphasis on the former. Thus, Spengler is rendered intelligible to the reader untrained in technical philosophy. The advantages of this method are obvious, but they do not compensate for the violence done to the comprehensiveness and unity of vision of the master. Messrs. Goddard and Gibbons are not philosophers; they are teachers of history; and they have accordingly fitted a great deal of historical particularity to the general schematism of "The Decline of the West." Their elucidation of Spengler's theory of organic cultures in terms of the contemporary situation is illuminating and important.

The Laburnum Branch. By Naomi Mitchison. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

Many of these poems are topical, or uninterpretative presentations of landscape; all of them are diffuse; only the briefest can be read all the way through. After appearing in England the volumes of poetry by English mediocrities for some reason have to be reissued in this country.

John Galsworthy as a Dramatic Artist. By R. H. Coats. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A sensible if generally pedestrian and sometimes platitudinous analysis of Galsworthy's plays with special reference to the ideas contained in them. His "sincerity," his "sympathy," his "impartiality," his "irony," and his "artistry" are asserted and anatomized one by one; his views on family relationships, social injustice, etc., are discussed; it is even asserted that "he sees life steadily and sees it whole." Within its limits the book is readable and just.

Old Fort Crawford and the Frontier. By Bruce E. Mahan. Iowa City: State Historical Society of Iowa.

Fort Crawford was erected in 1816 at Prairie du Chien on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi, and Mr. Mahan has written a chronicle of happenings there. The story is not exciting, but for local antiquarians the book will prove useful.

A Chinese Miscellany

The Long Old Road in China. By Langdon Warner. Doubleday, Page and Company.

The painfully beautiful story of a plodding journey far into the West of China to Edzina, Marco Polo's black city in the desert, and the Tun Huang caves, where Buddhas and Bodhisattas have smiled unchanging smiles for more than a thousand years.

A Girl from China (Soumay Tcheng). By B. Van Vorst. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

The story of a Chinese girl revolutionary who became Shanghai's first woman lawyer, told in Sunday-feature style.

Lanterns, Junks, and Jade. By Samuel Morrill. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

Mostly junk.

A Griffin in China. By Genevieve Wimsatt. Funk and Wagnalls. $3.

The Chinese drama, the mud men of Tientsin, shark's fin soup, the Three Stars of Fortune, the Heavenly Lady who Scatter Flowers, phenix rugs, Peking shops, long-lived cranes made simple for the romance-loving traveler.

Farmers of Forty Centuries, or Permanent Agriculture in China, Korea, and Japan. By F. H. King. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

Few books on the East could stand reprinting after sixteen years. Dr. King went as neither tourist nor politician, but as a farmer, and his observations stand the test of time. He went to China as a frank admirer of the most effective agriculture in the world, which, while cultivating the soil with incredible intensity, has not in three thousand years exhausted its fertility. He found Chinese agriculture capable of sustaining 2,000 consumers and 400 farm animals on a square mile of farm land, Chinese farmers thriftily avoiding the destruction of a single earthworm, sweeping up the droppings of their silkworms to manure their mulberry trees, paying for the privilege of taking from the cities to the farms that human refuse which we pay to destroy, sowing cotton between their wheat-rows before harvesting the grain, and harvesting barley, rice, and soy beans from the same field in the same year. He hoped America would some day attain to the same high standards of agriculture.

The Vanished Empire. By B. L. Putnam Weale. The Macmillan Company. $5.

"Putnam Weale"—Bertram Lenox Simpson—is a brilliant and erratic Englishman who has in his day rendered service to China. The first eighty-six pages of this medley are a *tour de force*—a brilliant essay-sketch of the long history of China. This he follows with the story of the Nemesis from the Sea—contact with Western sea Powers sapping the foundations of the ancient empire. Here his national bias begins to appear: he remarks that in October, 1860, "the famous Summer Palace . . . filled with priceless articles, was thoroughly looted [by the French and British], *an inevitable act.*" The italics are mine; the casualness is his. The third section, The Battle That Has No End, is Mr. Simpson's own revealing diary of the winter of 1925-26. Acutely penetrating comments are jumbled with imperial British nonsense—a yearning thought

that "one good tank corps and one group of heavy batteries"—under foreign command—could "dominate all China north of the Yangtze"; apostrophes to General Dyer, who bravely massacred Indians at Amritsar, and General Sarrail, who boldly shelled Damascus; hunger for another General Gordon to clean up the Nationalists; and more stigmata that make plain the cause of the present hate of Englishmen in China.

L. S. G.

Art

Good and Bad Negro Art

WHEN a new artist or type of art achieves recognition, there usually follows a period of sentimental worship as uncritical as the hostility that preceded it. With regard to Negro art, the period of worship has begun, and everything with a Negro flavor, in literature, music, and the plastic arts, is riding on the crest of a popular fad. There is always danger at such times that important values will be lost sight of in a flood of cheap imitations and undiscriminating praise.

The Blondiau African Collection, now being shown by the editor of the *Theater Arts Monthly* at the New Art Circle in New York, deserves attention chiefly because it comes at this crucial period. It has a distinguished list of patrons, who have lent their names, it is to be hoped, as an expression of general sympathy for the Negro renaissance rather than of admiration for the particular objects shown. It is no disparagement of that cause to say that respect for Negro art is not to be advanced by the showing of notably inferior examples. If the exhibit were labeled Handicrafts from the Belgian Congo, and destined for some ethnological museum, nothing adverse could be said, for it is an instructive array of religious, military, and household utensils from that region. But it is put forward as Primitive African Art, and the expressed hope that it will be given to a museum presumably means to an art museum.

The exhibit deserves, as a whole, neither the word "primitive," nor "African," nor "art." The objects come almost entirely from the Belgian Congo, which means that only a limited part of the art-producing region of Africa, and by no means the most important, is represented. Instead of being genuinely primitive, they are in large part modern imitations. This is not to say that they are counterfeit (only the finer pieces, as a rule, are worth copying in European workshops); but that many of them have been made in recent years by unskilful African natives who are trying in vain to recapture the art of their ancestors. Since the market for African curios has developed, they are being turned out in considerable quantity, and backwoods villages are being ransacked for every stick that bears a trace of carving.

That this collection as a whole is not good Negro art, but consists chiefly of debased modern examples, cannot be adequately demonstrated in a short review. But to see the difference one has only to look at a photograph of one of the ancient masks or fetishes: it will have an immediately striking, powerful clarity of design beside which most of these pieces would look vague, weak, and superficial. It will show a face or figure radically distorted in such a way as to produce definite repetitions and contrasts of line, plane, and mass. The parts of the natural object, treated as separate units, will be reshaped and recombined in some bizarre and distinctive yet firmly organized structure.

The catalogue and circulars of the exhibit quote a sentence from the present writer's book, "Primitive Negro Sculpture," with the implication that it applies to the objects shown: "its way of building up a design from the dissociated parts of a natural object and the array of designs it achieved by this method" have thrown into modern plastic art a "ferment that must inevitably go on working." This statement applies not

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ing African, and certainly not to carvings of the ... exhibition, but to the few surviving masterpieces by genuine artists, who were as rare in darkest Africa as anywhere else. There is nothing of much artistic merit, for example, in the African collection at the New York Museum of Natural History; and even in the British Museum, the Congo Museum at Brussels, the Trocadero at Paris, and the folklore museums of Germany the works of African art are far outnumbered by the pieces of merely ethnological interest. The former are now almost unobtainable in Africa itself, since the missionaries of white "civilization" have been for a century hurling them into bonfires and destroying the religion that inspired them.

Although most of the modern carvings are crude and weak, occasionally one of them catches some of the force of its ancient prototypes: for example, the "Bapende Tufted Ceremonial Mask" (No. 1 in the catalogue). Others in the exhibit show various degrees of decreasing skill, down to mere shapeless sticks of wood or ivory, feebly scratched to recall some traditional form. Among the several hundred pieces there is none of first importance, but some half dozen are fairly old and fairly worthy to represent Negro sculptural design. The masses are strongly blocked out, and surfaces nicely finished, in the Kasai fetish with copper and ivory ornament (No. 16), in the Bakuba mother and child (No. 19), and in the bearded Bakuba fetish (No. 18). These deserve a place in some art museum—when, by the way, will the Metropolitan open its doors to Negro art? It would be a pious act, and might appease the jungle spirits residing in these venerable "god-houses," if someone were to take them out of their present undistinguished company.

THOMAS MUNRO

Drama

"The Cradle Song"

IN spite of its quiet virtues one could hardly have predicted that Sierra's mild little comedy "The Cradle Song" would become, as it has, the most popular bill at the Civic Repertory Theater. Though the scene is a religious house for women, audiences which have come to expect that at least one act of most popular plays shall take place in a house of a different kind, are flocking to see it, and though the dialogue is all of a sort to which a nun might listen without impropriety these same audiences are charmed and delighted. There are, to be sure, touches of gentle satire, but only such as a true believer might permit himself; the prevailing mood is the mood of sentiment, and the lesson to be drawn from the play's success is, I suppose, that the simple chords at which it plucks are still, in most people, capable of responding, providing only they are touched with a sufficiently delicate hand.

In the first act a foundling is left at the door of a convent and adopted. In the second the infant, grown to girlhood, says goodby to the sisters upon the eve of her wedding, and that is all. Yet throughout the piece the interest is kept alive by a tenderly humorous picture of the simple lives of the nuns, by a sharp delineation of such mild differences of character as a convent may be permitted to include, and, above all, by the subtle diffusion of a simple sentiment. What this sentiment is "The Poet" who speaks an interlude between the two acts is careful to explain. Women, he says, whether they be mistresses or wives, are nuns, are essentially mothers. They are always rocking us at their breasts, and here we see how even those who have renounced physical motherhood clutch at the infant whom chance has thrown in their way and how they send her forth to experience for them the joys which they have denied themselves.

Doubtless it is only in Spain that a girl could still be found who, like the heroine, dreams of a married life in which she will sit quietly in a corner while her husband goes out to conquer and enjoy the world, and certainly only a Spaniard

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could successfully project the mood of the present play. Like the same author's "Romantic Young Lady," presented here last season by the company at the Neighborhood Playhouse, "The Cradle Song" is the work of a man to whom the incurable romanticism of Spain, though grown perhaps a little attenuated and wistful, is still the most precious thing in life. All the disillusion and cynicism of modern literature have left him essentially untouched. He still believes in innocence, still delights to create young girls of a type now generally supposed either never to have existed or at least to have completely disappeared, and still has even a lingering reverence for the convent and its inmates. He suffuses his plays with a sentiment as old-fashioned as lavender and yet, because that sentiment is not affected but perfectly native and sincere, it gives the effect not of something false but of something with a quaint and all but forgotten charm.

Miss Le Gallienne's company has staged the play, which affords no star part and requires tact more than any other quality, with skill and discrimination. I confess that toward the end I began to grow slightly restive under the influence of its almost complete lack of action, that I found myself counting the sixteen nuns to find out just how many the departing heroine was going to be compelled to kiss in turn; but until these last fifteen minutes I was held by its charm and it is, decidedly, one of the current plays worth seeing.

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International Relations Section

Sun Yat-sen on Pan-Asia

SUN YAT-SEN was known as the Father of the Chinese Revolution of 1911; he was the first President of the Republic of China; he led the unsuccessful "Second Revolution" against Yuan Shih-kai's dictatorship in 1913; and he was the leader of the Canton governments which, declaring themselves the legitimate successors of the disrupted Peking Parliament, finally blossomed into the Nationalist movement which is today sweeping China. Of that movement, although he died in March, 1925, he is the patron saint, occupying a position strangely like that of Lenin in Russia. Meetings of the Kuomintang (Nationalist) Party and even school sessions in Nationalist territory are opened formally by making three bows before Sun Yat-sen's picture and reading his last will, a farewell message to the Chinese people; there is hardly a student's room in any college in China today in which Sun Yat-sen's picture does not hang.

This extraordinary position gives peculiar importance to his utterances which tend to become a sort of Bible of the Nationalist movement in China today. We print below part of the report of his speech on Pan-Asiatic Unity, delivered in Yokohama, Japan, on November 28, 1924, when he was on his final journey to Peking. The report was read by him before he died; Theodora Rhoades is responsible for this, its first translation into English.

When Japan abolished the unequal treaties with foreign Powers Asia's revival began. Since that time Japan has stood as the first independent nation in Asia. The other Oriental countries—China, India, Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, Turkey—are at the mercy of Europe, being indeed but Europe's colonies. Thirty years ago Japan too was practically a European colony. But the Japanese people, farsighted and humiliated by their condition, strove to abolish the unequal treaties and make of Japan an independent nation. That struggle brought a new hope to the Asiatic peoples, who began to believe they might free themselves from the European yoke. Thirty years ago the Asiatic peoples believed that Europe, with its scientific and industrial progress, its highly developed weapons of war, and its strong armies, was so superior to enfeebled Asia that the latter was doomed forever to be the slave of the West. . . .

Ten years after Japan had abolished the unequal treaties the Russo-Japanese War broke out. Japan defeated Russia, the first triumph of Asia over Europe in the last several hundred years. . . .

This victory produced a profound effect upon the peoples of all Asia, not so much upon those in the heart of the continent, but upon those Asiatics in the West or bordering on European peoples who come daily into contact with Europeans and are daily oppressed by them. The peoples of Asia began to think of breaking the grip of Europe, and a movement for independence sprang up among them: in Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan, and Arabia, even in India, this movement has begun. Within less than twenty years the independence of Egypt has become a fact, and so has that of Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, while even in India the movement for independence grows daily stronger and stronger.

When this desire has reached its full growth it will be time for the Asiatic peoples to unite, and then the success of their movement for independence will be assured. In Western Asia recently the peoples have established sincere and friendly relations. In Eastern Asia, however, although the motive force of this Pan-Asiatic movement comes from here, the two great peoples, the Chinese and Japanese, have not reached such an understanding. But the inevitable tendency in the future is for us Orientals to unite, in order to restore the position which we of Asia formerly held. . . .

Within the last few centuries in Europe material civilization has advanced enormously, whereas in the Orient it has stood still. On the surface the European civilization is better than the Oriental. But when one lays bare the structure of Western civilization, of what does it really consist? Of science, with an emphasis on utilitarianism. When you apply it in human society, all you can see is material progress, such as airplanes, bombs, machine-guns—it is a civilization of force. Europeans, through the power of their material achievements, hold us Asiatics in subjection and in consequence we cannot of ourselves move forward. . . .

We Orientals have always despised the ideal of the rule of might. We have a civilization which is better than this, whose essence is benevolence and righteousness. . . . In recent years Western scholars who have made any study of the Orient have come to know that although the material progress of the East is inferior to that of the West, yet in this regard for moral values as the basis of human conduct the East is superior to the West.

When you compare the Oriental with the Western civilization, which of the best two promotes justice and humane relations? Which is of more profit to the human race and to the nations of the world? . . . In the period between five hundred and two thousand years ago China was the most powerful nation in the world, occupying a position such as Great Britain and America hold at the present time. But while Great Britain and the United States are only two among the several world Powers today, China was then the only powerful nation. The attitude of China at that time toward weaker nations, and vice versa, is worth examining. The facts are that these weak nations regarded China as a superior nation and paid tribute to her, asking China to take them as her dependencies. They felt that it was an honor to pay tribute to China and that not to pay it was a disgrace. The nations which thus paid tribute were not confined to Asia but also included some of those farther west. . . . These nations were drawn to the virtues embodied in China's civilization and willingly came to pay her tribute. Nor did they come once only, but generation after generation.

What I say can be substantiated by a recent case. There are two small states in the north of India. One is called Bhotan, the other Nepal. Although very small, these two states are strong, and their people vigorous and skilled and courageous in war. This is particularly true of one of the tribes of Nepal, who are called Ghurkas. The English authorities in India used to go to Nepal to recruit the Ghurkas for their army. England has subdued a big nation like India and treats it as her colony, but the English Government annually gives a large sum of money to Nepal in order to be allowed to station an official there. Great Britain is, of course, one of the most powerful nations in the world, yet it is forced to respect Nepal. You can see that Nepal is one of the strong nations in Asia, since although England has held India for more than a hundred years and Nepal is situated right next to this English colony, it not only pays no tribute to Great Britain but receives money from her.

Now China's international status is rapidly declining. China, too, is far away from Nepal and between the two countries rise the high Tibetan mountain ranges. But Nepal still regards China as a superior state and pays tribute to her. . . . This difference between Nepal's attitude toward Great Britain and toward China is a strange thing, is it not? It indicates that China, however weak, has not in the eyes of Nepal lost its civilization, whereas Great Britain, although very powerful and having material prosperity, is looked down upon by Nepal. It might be truly said that Nepal was under the sway of the virtue of Chinese civilization, regarding it as true civilization,

while that of Great Britain she refuses to acknowledge as civilization at all.

What, after all, is the problem before us? It is the conflict of two civilizations, the Oriental and the Occidental. Oriental civilization emphasizes benevolence and righteousness; Occidental civilization emphasizes utilitarianism and force. When you believe in the practice of benevolence and righteousness, you convert people by those qualities. When you believe in the practice of force and utilitarianism, you conquer people by your machine-guns. Those who are converted by your justice, even if you become weak, will be like Nepal, which still willingly pays tribute to China and regards her as a great Power. Those who are overwhelmed by force will always try to be free from you, even when you are strong, just as Egypt and India are every minute striving to be free from Great Britain, although they cannot succeed in their struggle because of her overwhelming force. But if Great Britain ever becomes weaker, Egypt and India, I am sure, will within five years break away from her yoke.

The relative values of the Oriental and Occidental civilizations are clear. We Asiatics, in striving to achieve a Pan-Asiatic unity, should consider even in this modern age what should be the basis of the conception upon which we build that unity. We should use what has been distinctive in our Oriental civilization, its emphasis upon moral values, upon benevolence and righteousness. These must be the basis of Pan-Asiatic unity. Using them as a foundation, we should then employ European science to develop industry and to reform our weapons of warfare. But when I say we should develop our industries and improve our weapons of warfare in imitation of European nations, I do not mean we should imitate Europe in conquering other nations and oppressing other peoples. We imitate Europe only for self-defense.

Japan has been the nation most successful in adopting Western achievements along military and cultural lines. The Japanese in their army and navy organizations and equipment do not have to depend upon Europe, therefore Japan is really the only completely independent nation in Asia.

There is another Asiatic country which during the European War joined the Central Powers. This country was defeated and was almost partitioned. But after the war it drove out the Europeans and has now become completely independent. That country is Turkey. Japan and Turkey stand out like protecting walls to Asia. But Persia, Afghanistan, and Arabia also begin to awaken and imitate European military defenses. I have already referred to Nepal as a nation respected by Great Britain. China, too, at the present time has many soldiers and many weapons of war, and will become powerful as soon as it is unified.

In attempting Pan-Asiatic unity and in restoring our rightful position in the world we must use benevolence and righteousness as our foundations, and thereby unite the different peoples of Asia, so that together we may become a power to be reckoned with. But if we use benevolence and righteousness to convert the Europeans and ask them to give up the privileges they enjoy in Asia, it will be like conferring with a tiger over taking off his skin. If we wish to regain our lost privileges, we must resort to force.

Japan and Turkey already possess well-equipped and adequate military resources. Other nations like Persia, Afghanistan, Arabia, Nepal, have been skilful in warfare. We Chinese have four hundred million people and although we are peace-loving, when it came to a life-and-death struggle our strength would be great. If the Asiatic peoples unite, using what force they have, and bring things to a military issue with the Europeans, victory will be the result.

In mere numbers Europe and Asia compare thus: China has four hundred million inhabitants; India three hundred and fifty million; Siam, Anam, and the Southeastern countries together have several hundred millions; Japan has several tens of millions, and the other small nations of Asia have several

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tens of millions. We Asiatics represent one-half of the whole population of the earth. Europe has but four hundred millions, whereas we Asiatics have nine hundred millions. For a minority of four hundred millions to suppress a majority of nine hundred millions is against justice and humanity. And any action contrary to justice and humanity will ultimately result in defeat.

Fortunately among the Europeans there are some who have been won over by our ideals of benevolence and righteousness. In Great Britain and America there are a few who are now advocating them, in harmony with a world tendency. As for the other barbarous nations, there may also be some among them who are of the same conviction. The Western civilization of utilitarianism and force will ultimately bow before the Oriental civilization of benevolence and righteousness.

At the present time there is a new nation in Europe. This nation has been excluded by the whole white population of Europe, who regard it as a poisonous snake. In Asia, too, there are many who look upon it in the same way. The nation I refer to is Russia. Russia has now come to a parting of the ways with its white kinsmen. Why? Because Russia believes in benevolence and righteousness, not in force and utilitarianism. She is an exponent of justice, and does not believe in the principle that a minority should oppress a majority. Naturally, Russia comes to link hands with the Asiatics and breaks her family ties with the West. The Europeans, fearing that the Russians may succeed in carrying out these new principles, heap condemnation upon her as a rebel against the civilized world.

We talk about Pan-Asiatic unity. In the last analysis what is the problem we are trying to solve? Simply this: How can we Asiatics, who suffer at the hands of Europeans, resist their power? Or, to put it differently, our question is: How can we free the oppressed peoples from the oppressor? The oppressed are not only confined to Asia. They are also to be found in the very midst of Europe. Many persons regard any movement for the emancipation of the masses as rebellion against civilization. The civilization which we propose to uphold is that which strikes down tyranny. To seek the emancipation and equality of the oppressed is what we propose to do. . . .

Contributors to This Issue

BERTRAND RUSSELL, the English physicist and social philosopher, is the author of "The Problems of China" and "The A B C of Relativity."

WILLIAM JOURDAN RAPP is a New York journalist.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, writes regularly from Washington to *The Nation*. He will speak on Calvin Coolidge at the fifth *Nation* dinner.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER is the author of "An Outline of Mexican Popular Art."

EDGAR LEE MASTERS'S latest book is "Lee: a Dramatic Poem."

LOUIS R. GOTTSCHALK, of the University of Louisville, is soon to publish a study of Jean Paul Marat.

JOHN COURNOS is a British novelist, author of "Miranda Masters" and other volumes.

B. H. HAGGIN has been contributing musical articles and reviews to *The Nation*.

FREDERICK TUPPER is professor of English at the University of Vermont.

MORTIMER J. ADLER is preparing for the press a philosophical work called "Dialectic."

THOMAS MUNRO is the author of "Primitive Negro Sculpture."

The author of Woman Alone is a well-known novelist and poet.

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Saturday, March 5—Mortimer J. Adler: "Psychological Relativity: The Four Geometries of the Soul. The Morality of Health."

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IS THERE A BRITISH-AMERICAN ALLIANCE? Did the British chargé at Managua ask that a British warship be sent to Nicaraguan waters in order to facilitate Mr. Coolidge's task in persuading the American people that it is our duty to keep in Nicaragua eight armed protectors for every civilian American in the country? And were the British, eager to have American moral and military support in the event of trouble at Shanghai, only too ready to perform this trifling service in Nicaragua? Can there be any relation between these events and the British note to Russia, threatening to sever relations with the soviets and to put Britain in the same position with respect to that country as the United States? These are questions inevitably evoked by the strange coordination of recent events.

AT SHANGHAI the British, supported by the Italians (another coincidence which makes any student of modern history wonder what is the other half of that bargain), are defending a line which reaches far beyond the boundaries of the International Settlement into purely Chinese territory. They have not bothered to give any excuse, not even to explain that their promises to observe China's national integrity are mere "scraps of paper"; like the Germans in Belgium thirteen years ago, they have simply taken the most convenient course. Meanwhile Sun Chuang-fong, recently lord of five provinces, is fading out of the picture. His defeat by the Cantonese near Hangchow was a tremendous blow to his prestige; and the reckless butchery of Cantonese sympathizers by his underling in Shanghai lost him the last vestige of sympathy among his own people. (It is instructive to reflect what might have been the comments of the British press had a Cantonese general rather than a friend of England's beheaded a hundred of his opponents.) Another Northern militarist, Chang Tsung-chang, the bandit chief of Shantung, is moving his troops into the Shanghai region; but the force of public opinion, which mysteriously wins battles in China, is against him, and sooner or later he will suffer the same eclipse as Sun Chuang-fong.

THE "SHARP" BRITISH NOTE to Russia proved to be an uncomfortable boomerang; Litvinov was able to parallel the vague British complaints of Russian anti-British propaganda by chapter-and-verse citations from wild speeches by Churchill and Birkenhead, with the result that the British Government has no recourse but sulkingly to state that it will not reply. Meanwhile the American Government is beginning to discover its own unpopularity. The faithful correspondent of the Republican New York *Sun* let the cat out of the bag in reporting the funeral of the American good-will fliers killed in Argentina. So hated is the United States, he said, that although the Argentines celebrated the coming of three fliers from other nations with all manner of festivities no one paid the slightest attention to the North Americans except to scowl at them and call them Wall Street spies, until death touched a chord of universal sympathy. This is the result of Coolidge-Kellogg diplomacy in Mexico and Nicaragua! Their one decent move—toward a further disarmament conference—was so ill prepared that Italy and France frankly repulsed it, while Britain and Japan made it plain that while ready to confer they have no intention of reducing their present navies.

HOW COMPLETELY A PUPPET of American Marines is the man whom our State Department calls President of Nicaragua was made superabundantly plain when Diaz publicly announced his readiness to negotiate a treaty turning his country into an American colony—a 100-year treaty giving the United States control of his finances and the right to intervene at any time. Fortunately, even the State Department was appalled at this cravenness, and announced that it did not want quite such abject terms. Before this issue of *The Nation* goes to press Congress will have decided the fate of Senator Borah's proposal to set up a Senatorial commission to watch the Central American pot boil while Congress is out of session. The Senate, and particularly Senator Borah, has proved itself in this crisis, as many times before, the guardian of American honor. Without his independent investigation the country might never have learned to what depths the Administration has sunk; and the attack upon his endeavor to get at the facts is evidence again that somebody fears the truth.

UNCLE SAM HAS WON BACK his oil lands; but the black mark of shame still stands where the Fall-Denby-Doheny crew put it. Senator Walsh and Senator La Follette stand splendidly vindicated from the abuse heaped upon them for their patriotic service in uncovering the

crimes of government officials. But the Administration in Washington still stands silent, and by silence excuses. Men who sat in the Cabinet with the corrupters, men who still sit in the Cabinet, have never found a word of blame for these transactions; and Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Kellogg are at this moment pursuing an aggressive policy in Nicaragua which is part of an attempt to force Mexico to validate the titles of oil lands staked out by the same Mr. Doheny who bought the aid of Mr. Coolidge's former Cabinet colleague, Albert B. Fall.

> The facts and circumstances disclosed by the record show clearly that the interest and influence of Fall, as well as his official action, were corruptly secured by Doheny for the making of the ·· tracts and the leases; that after the executive order of May 31, 1921, Fall dominated the administration of the naval reserves, and that the consummation of the transaction was brought about by means of collusion and corrupt conspiracy between him and Doheny.

THUS THE SUPREME COURT of the United States set the final seal of shame upon the oil corruption of the Harding Cabinet. Every member of the Supreme Court —with the exception of Justice Stone, who was Attorney General when the cases were brought—concurred in a tremendous decision which will stand as a monument in American history. The Supreme Court accepted all the findings of the lower court except the statement that Secretary of the Navy Denby "signed the contracts and leases under misapprehension and without full knowledge of the contents of the documents." As to that the court says: "He is presumed to have had knowledge of what he signed; there are direct evidence and proven circumstances to show that he had." The Supreme Court has often shown itself lacking in understanding of social forces; but when faced with a simple question of honesty it could have no hesitation. Doheny, it said in substance, corrupted the Secretary of the Interior, who, with the Secretary of the Navy, sought to deprive the United States of its property. The Elk Hills oil lands now return to the United States, and Mr. Doheny's companies lose the $11,000,000 they have invested in pursuance of their corrupt bargain; presumably, Mr. Sinclair's Teapot Dome leases will suffer a similar fate.

A PROFESSIONAL TRAFFIC-DODGER in New York City may be alarmed by the sight of six cows on a country road; and Samuel Insull, who is accustomed to dictating to Chicago, looked like any fat man on an August Sunday when Senator Reed put him through cross-examination in Washington. Mr. Insull, it now appears, outranks the Pennsylvanians in miscellaneous campaign giving. He controls a half billion dollars' worth of public-utility corporations in Illinois; and when Chicago's grand opera counts up its deficit at the end of the year Mr. Insull signs the check as easily as other men would buy a ton of coal. Last autumn's investigations brought out that Mr. Insull had contributed more than $100,000 to help Frank Smith into the Senate, and minor sums to Colonel Smith's opponents. Armed with a court decision that he had a right to force witnesses to testify, Senator Reed has got a little deeper. Mr. Insull's assorted gifts to politicians, it appears, totaled $238,000 in a single primary election in a single State. Much of it was turned over to the political gentry in cash; $190,000 of it was borrowed for the occasion from one of his public-utility corporations. Mr. Insull felt that it was unfair to ask him to reveal the confidential ways in which the money had been used; but he looked like a very wilted millionaire when Senator Reed got through with him. The fact is, Mr. Insull was scared; a mere Missouri Senator, tracking out the truth, scared Chicago's wealthiest! We would wager that Mr. Insull was so scared that ex-Mayor William Hale Thompson had to go through his fight in the Chicago primaries in February without financial aid or opposition from the traction magnate—and that appears to be something new in Chicago.

WHEN THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT refused, in the Los Angeles and Salt Lake case, to give any opinion on the methods of valuing railroads, declaring that it would wait until rates were made upon those valuations, the solution of our pressing railroad problems suffered another setback. The decision furnishes a sad commentary on the difficulties of railroad regulation. La Follette thought in 1913, when he introduced his railroad-valuation act, that he was providing for clarification of the all-important problem of railroad rates. One stumbling-block after another has arisen; after the lapse of fourteen years the valuations have not yet been used, and the Supreme Court has not even begun to consider the difficult economic problems brought up by the act. With such inadequate legal mechanism, it is to be hoped that railroads, shippers, and the Interstate Commerce Commission can get together in an effort to set up mutually satisfactory rates.

ROGER BALDWIN of the American Civil Liberties Union, one of whose articles we print elsewhere in this issue, has been refused a visa to visit England, apparently on the theory that he is a soviet sympathizer. The theory is probably derived from his defense of free speech for Communists in the United States. But Communists have booed him in New York for defending the cause of political prisoners in Russia. Freedom seems to have lost its appeal everywhere; perhaps Russia will bar Mr. Baldwin next.

RADIO WILL BE CONTROLLED. The Dill bill has passed both houses of Congress and been signed by the President. Under it the licensing and general supervision of broadcasting stations will be in the hands of a board of five, appointed by the President. Secretary Hoover has shown, in some of his remarks, an appreciation of the dangers of censorship, recently underlined by the ridiculous censorship applied by Station WEAF to Representative Celler's remarks on George Washington. Mr. Celler was not permitted to state that Washington occasionally lied, despite the legend; that he "liked good wine"; that he paid for rum for his constituents. He was made to change the word "gamble" to "wager," and to soften a quotation from the first President so as to make him say "by heaven" instead of "by God"! We assume that Mr. Coolidge will consult Mr. Hoover about the personnel of the new board; and we hope that the Secretary of Commerce will see fit to suggest that at least one of the nominees be a man known for his concern with the principles of free speech.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S EULOGY of George Washington was tame enough, but it was eminently characteristic of its author. What did he find especially to admire in the Father of his Country? Primarily, his money-making achievements. He is lost in admiration at his having started in at sixteen years of age as a surveyor, and having died as one of the great propertied men of the

nation. His absentee landlordism was one of the blessings of colonial days. His reputation for being a wise investor made him a wonderful guardian and administrator of the property of others. Before him as a successful farmer we are bidden to bow down. We are told to revere him as one who, besides being a general and first President, had plenty of time to make lots of money, hoard his riches, and become the best big-business man of his day and thus help the national wealth of his native land. The rest of the story fades into relative insignificance in Mr. Coolidge's view. This thoroughly consistent performance provides another cue to Mr. Coolidge's every action. It was only the other day that in deprecating the reports of European criticism of us he said in rebuttal: "We never had a larger foreign trade than at the present time."

THERE IS A LEAVEN in the university lump. Students are writing editorials in college weeklies on free speech in and out of universities; students are writing stories and articles in college monthlies which are frank in their treatment of love and unorthodox in their treatment of religion. Students right and left are championing unpopular causes. On some of these daring ones the sword of Damocles falls swiftly. Two students at Indiana University were recently expelled for an article in the *Vagabond* on juvenile sophistication. A sophomore at the University of Denver was twice kidnapped and flogged for arranging, as vice-president of the Thinkers Club, a debate between Judge Ben Lindsey and a Kansas City preacher. We have already commented on the persecution of student editors at Kansas City Junior College, and we are glad to note that the "militant minority" at the University of Kansas is busy at present in publishing four pages of refreshing impudence with not a few incidental ideas every week. Springfield College, at Springfield, Massachusetts, goes on the Honor Roll with a ruling by the Advisory Council, including both faculty and students, to permit speakers, no matter what their doctrine or creed, to present their views before the student body. At Cornell University Norman Thomas recently debated, defending socialism against a communist. There are students who dare to think and faculties who dare permit them to do so, as well as members of both groups who do neither.

SUICIDE WAVES, like crime waves, are largely products of newspaper psychology. Year after year twelve or thirteen thousand people in these United States take their own lives, and most of them die unnoticed. The adolescent years contribute their full share. But let the son of a prominent man kill himself, and dozens of suicides which would otherwise have gone unnoted become front-page news. The fact that nearly a score college students killed themselves in January and February does not constitute a "wave" to the student of statistics. Individuals follow individual impulses; in the mass the movement is much the same. It is safe to say, today, that in 1927 about 8,500 men and 4,500 women will commit suicide in the United States; that Los Angeles will have the highest suicide rate of any city in this country; that there will be a few suicides of children under ten and more of veterans over ninety; that the young will, in general, prefer poison, the middle-aged shooting, the old hanging as a means of self-destruction; that more men will hang or shoot and more women drown or poison themselves; that Saxony will have the highest suicide rate in Europe, and Ireland the lowest. Year after year these figures repeat themselves, paying no heed to the waves of interest reflected in newspaper headlines. The ratios here today will not be very different from those discovered in Europe forty-eight years ago when Thomas Masaryk, now president of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, published a famous study of suicide. Man does not change suddenly; although habits and customs do alter through the generations and across the surface of the earth. Napoleon attempted suicide, and Hannibal was honored for his self-destruction; for Dido self-immolation was an almost religious rite, as harakiri still is in Japan.

THE MEDAL OF HONOR in architecture awarded annually by the Architectural League has been given this year to "Ralph T. Walker and McKenzie, Voorhees, and Gmelin" for the design of the Telephone Building in New York. The decision is welcome not only on account of the beauty of the building on Vesey Street (mentioned in *The Nation's* roll of honor for 1926) but because of the circumstance that an individual has been named in an architectural award. Firms of architects are necessarily organized on a large scale, and latterly it has not been possible for the public to know whether one or many men did most of the creative work on a structure. There was reason, it is true, why the firm's name should be most often known, since the effort which goes into a great design is, now as in all creative periods of architecture, in part a guild or cooperative effort; there has been something quite admirable in the willingness of expert draftsmen and inspired designers to remain anonymous. At the same time we are entitled to be curious concerning the identity of the ruling spirit in each case—and surely one is always there.

HARMON, MAXWELL, HYNICKA—there died within a few days of one another these three of the best-known citizens of Cincinnati. Rudolph Hynicka rose from a newspaper reporter to being one of its most powerful and hated bosses in a day when the machine completely dominated the city. Where Hynicka achieved only notoriety, Judson Harmon, Attorney General in Grover Cleveland's second Cabinet, lent distinction to his city. Of handsome personality and great ability, he was twice Democratic Governor of Ohio. As Attorney General he again displayed learning and a sterling honesty; one has only to think of these to realize how far that great office has sunk under recent Administrations. It was natural, therefore, that he should have been much talked of as the successor of Grover Cleveland. Had he been nominated in 1896 instead of Mr. Bryan there is no doubt that the history of the country would have read differently. We should not have had the free-silver campaign and, if the Democratic Party had won, we might have waged no war with Spain and might not have entered so early the path of imperialism in Cuba and the Philippines. Mr. Harmon was always earnest in his opposition to every imperialistic move and never failed to lift his voice for independence for the Filipinos. But like Lawrence Maxwell, who was Solicitor General under Mr. Cleveland, he belonged to the conservatively liberal wing of their party, and its temper in 1896 was wholly against the men of the East in Mr. Cleveland's entourage. Mr. Maxwell will be remembered in Cincinnati for his devotion to the cause of music, especially the May festival, to which he gave endless time and intelligent musical interest.

The Tariff—The Farmers' Enemy

WE would not begrudge the President any meed of praise which he deserves for his veto of the McNary-Haugen bill. He had to choose between stultifying himself to get the farmer support by swallowing his previous condemnation of this measure or winning the redoubled praise of the big-business men, financiers, and manufacturers, whose loyal servant he is. Naturally he chose the latter alternative, and the great capitalistic newspapers have been falling over themselves to declare that he has earned and won his renomination and reelection to a third term. It was, as we have stated, an economically unsound measure, as to the workings of which there were serious doubts. Its sole justification was as a temporary expedient of relief in a grave emergency, which offered some degree of justice to the farmer in that it gave him aid from the Treasury and thereby put him on an equality with all the merchants and manufacturers who profit by the protective tariff. But there has never been the slightest justification for letting the manufacturers get their feet in the Treasury trough and at the same time barring the agriculturists from an equivalent privilege of government subsidy, direct or indirect.

The President's veto message is evidently the work of several hands. First of all, let us examine his indignation that the bill is a price-fixing measure. Quite right; that was its intention. It sought to provide machinery to buy up an agricultural surplus and hold it for a good export price, and that, in Mr. Coolidge's eyes, is a crime because it puts a government agency into the business of price-fixing. Yet at the very moment that this veto message was being prepared for him, the President was raising the tariff on pig-iron under the flexible tariff system from 75 cents on the dollar to the maximum possible of $1.12½! That is, he was fixing the price for domestic pig-iron, which therefore advanced to $21.76. But that worries the President not at all. That is protecting a home industry and one that has from time immemorial paid handsomely to the Republican campaign funds for its price-fixing partnership with the government. And pig-iron is the basic element which enters into the manufacture of most of the farmers' implements! What impudence it is for the President to dwell scornfully upon the fact that the McNary-Haugen bill favors the "men who grow cotton, corn, rice, swine [*sic*], tobacco, or wheat" and overlooks those who raise "beef, cattle, sheep, dairy products, poultry products, potatoes, hay, fruit, vegetables, oats, barley, rye, flax," etc.!

But the President does not stop there. He says:

> Nothing is more certain than that such price-fixing would upset the normal exchange relationship existing in the open market and that it would finally have to be extended to cover a multitude of other goods and services. Government price-fixing, once started, has alike no justice and no end. It is an economic folly from which this country has every right to be spared.

Precisely. These are the words to apply. But the price-fixing in partnership with manufacturers which has been the stock in trade of the Republican Party has also "no justice and no end"—no excuse except that upon it certain privileged Americans wax rich and fat at the expense of all the others. How have the great tariff-fed industries of the country been built up if not at the expense of the general taxpayer?

Mr. Coolidge holds up his holy hands, too, because this scheme calls for a species of taxation in the form of the equalization fee, which he calls "a remarkable delegation of the taxing power." "As a direct tax on certain of the vital necessaries of life," he says, "it represents the most vicious form of taxation." Has he never heard that whenever a tariff bill is framed, whether by Democrats or Republicans, it is the privileged producers who write the schedules, by reason of a deliberate delegation of the taxing power to them, and that the tax becomes a direct one upon every purchaser of a tariff-favored article, as, for example, the aluminum products of his beloved Mr. Mellon? How can he blame the farmers if they are infuriated at this fresh favoritism? There is scarcely an argument that he makes throughout his long message that does not apply equally to the whole tariff swindle. He could not sign this bill because it might increase farm production and so give an increased exportable surplus to be dumped on the world. What in the world have our manufacturers been doing these fifty years?

The farmers are reported in revolt and turning to ex-Governor Lowden, who favored the McNary-Haugen bill. What folly! *The farmers' enemy is the tariff.* Nothing, and nobody else. Let them seek new leaders, not enlist under one who also stands for the tariff. Can they not see that the tariff not only mulcts them whenever they buy a trust-protected article but, by shutting out manufacturers from all the world, makes it infinitely harder, often impossible, for foreigners to buy foodstuffs from us for which they must pay in goods? The desperate situation of our farmers calls less for a slightly altered McNary-Haugen price-fixing machinery than for tariff reform, plus the immediate development of the cooperatives to the fullest possible extent.

The moment is the more opportune because for the first time the farmers have powerful allies at hand—the financiers are against the tariff as never before because they now realize that there can be no payment of the European debts to us unless the tariff walls are lowered. The bankers may not be natural or permanent allies, but for the moment the line-up can be the farmers plus the bankers against the manufacturers. Two weeks ago the farm bloc in Congress struck hands with the bankers' bloc so that the McNary-Haugen bill and the McFadden branch-banking bill could go through. The bankers got theirs and got it signed; the farmers were bilked. All right; but if the alliance can be formed once it can be formed again. The recovery of American money loaned abroad and the increasing of foreign markets for American agricultural products both depend upon lowering our tariff. Unfortunately not even the Progressive bloc in Congress has seen the direct connection of the tariff with the corruption in our political life, the building up of favored classes, the establishment of special privilege. It is idle to seek relief from a Lowden or anyone else who does not see this truth. Not only the farmers' but the future of the entire country is at stake. What man, what group of men in public life will lead the way?

A Hundred Years a Railroad

ON February 28, 1827, the Legislature of Maryland granted a charter to a group of citizens of Baltimore for the purpose of constructing the first public railroad in the United States. They did not know just where it was to run, or what it would cost, or how they would operate it—whether by sail, or by horses on a treadmill inside of the car, or by horse-power in the manner of stages. But they were alarmed at the threat of the Erie Canal to Baltimore, and so they decided to start the railroad across country to the Ohio and find out afterward how to operate it. Thus the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad came into being, and, unlike many another early line, it has remained the Baltimore & Ohio to this day, independent, and operating under its original charter.

There were, it is true, three other railroads in existence before the Baltimore & Ohio, but these were short lines constructed for other purposes than a general freight and passenger purpose. The Mohawk & Hudson Railroad had been chartered in 1826; but it did not begin running cars from Albany toward Schenectady until 1831, after the Baltimore & Ohio had begun to run, and its identity has long since been merged in the New York Central. On July 4, 1828, the first stone of the railroad—still in existence—was formally placed by the local Masons and that remarkable man, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, then said to have been the only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence. On May 24, 1830, the first Baltimore & Ohio "trains" began taking passengers to Ellicott's Mills, twelve miles away, passing a midway halt for changing horses called Relay, which leaped into national importance just thirty-one years later, for it was at Relay that the road to Washington was cut in 1861, and the capital isolated from the East. Inclined planes—still traceable—were constructed to get the cars up and down hills by means of horse-powered windlasses.

And so the road had its humble beginning, until the steam engine appeared in America—one of the first, the Stourbridge Lion, imported from England and tried out at Honesdale on the Delaware & Hudson. Next came two American-built engines, the Best Friend of Charleston on the South Carolina Railroad, and the Tom Thumb, designed by Peter Cooper of New York especially to convince the Baltimore & Ohio directors that they must turn to steam. They did, but, being bent on developing this infant industry at home, they refused to import English locomotives and themselves built all, or nearly all, theirs for many years. That was characteristic of the railroad. It has always kept a local color even when developing into a great national enterprise with 70,000 employees and 5,000 miles of track, and within the railroad itself there have been not only healthy traditions but a fine family spirit which has made greatly for efficiency and contentment. It is not without significance that its operating vice-president is the grandson of the man who drove the first horse-car to Ellicott's Mills and later became engineer of the first locomotive upon the Washington branch. It is not at all exceptional to find in the Baltimore & Ohio's service the fourth successive generation of a family.

If it was the first and almost the only railroad to build and own a steamship line across the Atlantic; if it was along its line that the first telegraphic message "What hath God wrought" was sent; if it first employed electricity on a standard railroad, these and other facts pale into insignificance compared to its admirable labor standards. Its relations with its employees are of the best; the railroad has a real pride in its democracy, a real respect for its workers, and a long-proved readiness to work with them through their unions. For this much credit must be given to the president, Daniel Willard. No railroad has at its head a wiser or more far-sighted executive or one who enjoys a more universal respect. No aroma of stock-jobbing, no public-be-damned policy about him. Instead one meets a steady recognition of the rights of the workers and the public, with the stockholders placed third.

So the railroad has flourished and has been part of the history of the country. At its Harper's Ferry station John Brown's men fired their first shots; from one of its conductors came the first authentic news of the John Brown raid; over its line from Washington went the company of marines, headed by Lieutenant Israel Green and Colonel Robert E. Lee, which broke down the doors of the engine house and captured the raider, the "madman" who died as a traitor, but whose soul soon went marching on wherever there were federal troops. Three years later it was the first railroad to be used extensively for military transportation. Then for four years its bridges were burned, rebuilt, burned again, and its lines were first under one flag and then another. It came out of the Civil War triumphant and it is today the same Baltimore & Ohio as it was a hundred years ago when railroads were more experimental than radio is today, under the same charter, with the same corporate organization, under its own flag in the business of selling transportation honestly and squarely.

Mechanical Jurisprudence and Constitutional Law

ONCE again a majority of the United States Supreme Court have shown an inability to think realistically in dealing with the constitutionality of important State legislation. As a result the machinery of social adjustment in a number of the States is thrown out of gear at an important point. Once again an enlightened minority (Justices Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone) have failed to convince their brethren of the error of their ways. Experience has shown that immigrants who are ignorant of our language and customs are frequently defrauded by irresponsible brokers from whom they have agreed to buy steamship tickets to send abroad to relatives whom they wish to bring over. To prevent this, a number of States have passed laws forbidding any one except steamship or railroad companies to sell steamship tickets without a license. Applicants have to satisfy some State official that they are of good character, and are required to give security for the performance of their contracts. Comes now the majority of the Supreme Court, speaking through Mr. Justice Butler, and holds Pennsylvania's statute unconstitutional (Giovanni di Santo *vs.* Pennsylvania). This time it is not our familiar friend, the Fourteenth Amendment, which stands in the way; it is the "commerce clause" of the Constitution—specifically, the provision which vests in Congress the power to regulate foreign commerce.

The argument of the learned justice is simple and on

its face unanswerable. It runs as follows: All State statutes which by their necessary operation *directly* interfere with or burden foreign commerce violate the Constitution; this statute does this; therefore it is unconstitutional. In the Constitution, however, no such rule appears. The word "direct" does not occur. Whence comes the rule? It has been read into the Constitution with the passing of the years. But given the rule and a new kind of statute the problem is how to determine whether the burden is "direct." No statute precisely like the Pennsylvania statute had ever been passed on. How did the learned justice know that the burden was "direct"? His opinion is silent on the matter; he merely asserts that it is. The answer is that he did not know this; he merely assumed it for reasons not stated. In his illuminating dissenting opinion Mr. Justice Stone tells us why. He says:

> In this case the traditional test of the limit of State action by inquiring whether the interference with commerce is direct or indirect seems to me too mechanical, too uncertain in its application, and too remote from actualities, to be of value. In thus making use of the expressions, "direct" and "indirect interference" with commerce, we are doing little more than using labels to describe a result rather than any trustworthy formula by which it is reached. It is difficult to say that such permitted interferences as those enumerated in Mr. Justice Brandeis's opinion are less direct than the interferences permitted here. But it seems clear that those interferences not deemed forbidden are to be sustained, not because the effect on commerce is nominally indirect but because a consideration of all the facts and circumstances, such as the nature of the regulation, its function, the character of the business involved and the actual effect on the flow of commerce, leads to the conclusion that the regulation concerns interests peculiarly local and does not infringe the national interest in maintaining the freedom of commerce across State lines.

In other words, the learned justice sees clearly what Mr. Justice Holmes told us so long ago, that general propositions do not of themselves decide concrete cases; that a decision in a particular case rests and must rest upon judgments of social value and expediency, judgments which are often inarticulate and unexpressed, but which it is desirable to drag out into the light of day and consider carefully before coming to a decision. Thus he is led to deal with his problem realistically, in the light of modern ideas of logic and of human reasoning, and abandons the formalistic jurisprudence with which the majority apparently deceive themselves.

Whatever one may think of the present-day reluctance to concentrate additional power in the federal government, it seems clear that the matter with which the State statutes deal can best be left for regulation by State officials rather than by remote government officials in Washington. Obvious also is it that in the present state of the public mind Congress will be unlikely to undertake federal regulation of the problem involved, and that the sole practical effect of the decision will probably be to allow the defrauding of ignorant immigrants to go on unchecked. It is to be regretted that, perhaps because of a failure of some of its members to appreciate that they are in the last analysis dealing not with questions of pure logic but of policy, the majority of our highest judicial tribunal have once more shown an inability to grapple with the social realities which lie behind all legal rules.

Biographers, Beware!

HEROES have often had good cause to fear biographers, but the tables are turning and it begins to look as though, from now on, biographers may have cause to fear heroes as well. Not infrequently a Caesar dead and turned to clay has living descendants for whose existence his fame is the chief excuse. They are not always anxious that any valet's view of their progenitor should prevail. We have known of families who demanded to know what conclusions an author intended to draw from a document before they would consent to surrender it, but never until now have we heard of a suit for damages based upon the appalling theory that libel descends upon the heads of even the third generation of the descendants from those who are considered maligned.

Not long ago, to be sure, the descendants of General Burnside obtained an injunction to restrain the manufacturers of a certain shaving soap from using a picture of him as a horrible example of the results of abstention from the razor, but the protest of the son of Gladstone against the biographer who asserted that the great apostle of Victorianism was not all that he ought to have been seems to have started a new movement. News comes from France that Mme Aurore Sand, granddaughter of the novelist, has asked ten thousand francs as damages for alleged defamation of her grandmother's memory. The article in question, written by the critic, Jacques Boulenger, represents George Sand as "a woman of singular morals and innumerable lovers" who sometimes did not hesitate to use the favor of one to advance the interests of the other, and this, says the complainant, is "clearly defamatory to the memory of a dear being" who is unable to defend herself.

If M. Boulenger is guilty, then so are most of those who have written about the author of the "Histoire de ma Vie." We were, indeed, under the impression that the lady herself took no trouble to counteract the impression that her amorous history was varied, and we see no reason to suppose that she regarded the charge as anything requiring a defense. But if biographers are exposed to this new danger we perceive the likelihood of a terrible consequence. Biographies will have to be written in that style popular with cautious newspapers and which will read something like this:

> George Sand is said to have been born in 1804. Rumor has it that her parents were not married until one month before her birth, and since she is said by her contemporaries to have left her own husband it has been assumed that their relations may not have been entirely harmonious. Upon the termination of what is thought by some to have been an intimate friendship with a man who gave his name as Jules Sandeau she is said to have written "My heart is a tomb," to which this same Jules is alleged to have remarked, possibly in reference to the reported plurality of her lovers, "A tomb? It's a necropolis."

We suggest, however, that the French find a way out by the extension of that admirable and logical law of theirs which requires that any journal which prints an unfavorable review of a work of art may be compelled by the artist to print gratis his own opinion of its merit in exactly the same number of words as was used by his critics. Let the biographer be compelled to submit to a biography of himself written by his subject.

"Taxi, Mister?"

By SOL AUERBACH, *of the University of Pennsylvania*

I

I BROKE loose from my last examination like a wild bird whose cage door had been opened. I bought an evening paper and looked through the ads. Auto-mechanics, bakers, barbers, bricklayers, riveters, tailors. No chance for me. Perhaps a chauffeur's job . . .

I had qualms about applying to the Yellow Cab Company of Philadelphia. When I had applied to them two years before they had asked me to sign a non-union agreement and I had refused. Now they were under "Mitten Management." There would be no non-union agreement to sign, but still there was no union.

When I came into the employment office on Monday morning there were about twenty others already there. They were sitting at a table along the wall, filling out application blanks. The agent gave us the blanks, examined our driver's licenses, accepted our applications, and sent us to "school."

School was a long-drawn-out three-day affair, with no pay for our time. Doctor's examinations; intelligence tests that a five-year-old could pass; road tests that anyone who knew how to start and stop a car could pass; lectures on salesmanship, courtesy, accidents; warnings, threats. The most unbearable part of our schooling was waiting in the hot employment office between examinations. The whole course could have been completed in one day.

They told us, and repeated it again and again, that we were salesmen, selling safe transportation. They urged us to use any means to obtain riders provided we collected the fares and did not damage the company's reputation or property. My impression was that I had become a petit bourgeois, with a store on wheels, out to "go get it" and let the other fellow worry about himself.

There were fifty in the class. We sat in a crowded room, hour after hour, waiting. All kinds of men are here: Professional cab-drivers who roam from city to city and work, a few months here and there; married men who are out of work and take such a job until they find a better one; seasonal hands whose trades are dull; a stray college student. There is no one here over thirty.

Work looked like freedom when, late the third afternoon, they sold us our uniforms, took our pictures, and appointed us to garages. We had received our university diplomas. They did not know whether we knew the city or not. They let us loose to learn at the expense of the riders.

II

I was put on a night shift, 6:30 p. m. to 4:30 a. m. If my day-man came in time I was to leave the garage promptly and remain on the street for at least ten hours. If I wanted I might remain out until eight o'clock the next morning. But no later.

They gave me what was officially known as an 03 cab. The drivers called them "boilers" or "cement-mixers," and a more descriptive or appropriate name could not have been devised. They are the oldest cabs in the city. For an accelerator there is a needle in the floor that carves holes in the sole of your shoe. The lights are so poor that if you were in a dark section, of which there are plenty in Philadelphia, you could only see about ten feet ahead of you. The cab is clumsy and difficult to steer. The gears are as hard to shift as those of a five-ton truck. The car can not go up the slightest grade on high. It has no self-starter, and since we were not allowed to leave the motor running, our hands from cranking became as calloused as a pine cone. The driver's seat has no protection from rain. A tradition prevails among the cab-drivers, one that is well advised: "Don't drink milk if you drive a 'boiler.'"

We were paid on a purely commission basis of 33 1-3 per cent. About forty supervisors checked us up for speeding, cheating, running motors, sitting in the back of the cab, and other offenses. During the day the "loop," center of town, would be most profitable. In the early evening, the residential sections for the theatergoing crowd. From ten o'clock on, the "loop"—again for the theaters. From twelve to two, the cafes. After two, "rolling the tracks" for a stray fare, who is waiting hopelessly for a trolley, or "laying" at street-car junctions for the unwilling rider who has missed his car.

The cab people had the Sesquicentennial hysteria. There were twice as many Yellow Cabs on the street as in a normal summer—1,200 cabs in all. Of these, 300 were "boilers," 300 new ones, and 600 "babies," of which 200 were comparatively comfortable, the others almost as bad as the "boilers." The Quaker City Cab Company, the Yellow's chief competitor, had 700 cabs. The smaller companies, together with the independents, must have totaled about 500 cabs. Twenty-four hundred cabs look meager among a populace of 2,500,000. But the people of Philadelphia are not regular riders, the city is too large and scattered, the fares higher than in New York. Moreover, many of the regular riders leave the city in the summer.

Between the hot weather, which scattered the residents, and the double number of cabs, the drivers were "left on the back fence." It is no good "playing the loop" when there are twice as many cabs there as the public needs. There is no object in "laying" at a corner if you have to wait an hour or so to be first out. The same is true for "boxes" (company telephones placed on walls and telegraph poles throughout the city). What is the use of "playing" the theaters or cafes when the people will not get into a "boiler" but will choose a new cab out of a line-up that is big enough to haul the whole audience home?

This essay was awarded first prize in The Nation's *contest for American college students who spent the summer of 1926 in industry or agriculture. The second prize was awarded to Alfhild Johnson of Oberlin College for an account of her experience in a hardware factory. The third prize went to William C. Putnam of Stanford University for his essay, Serfs of the Sea. Alfred W. Page of New Zealand contributed an article on coal mining which, although ineligible for a prize, will on account of its high merit be printed in a later issue of* The Nation.

Last summer the average pay was about $20 a week, to which can be added $10 in tips, making an average earning of about $30. (Tips generally amount to one-half of the commission, if there are no lucky breaks.) This is low enough for work which demands long hours, six days a week, and some skill. I found the drivers dissatisfied. Many of the old boys were "throwing up the sponge," resigning. It is hard for a married man to live on $30 a week.

Many of the drivers worked twelve, fourteen, or even sixteen hours at a stretch. There was a time when to stay out on the street more than ten hours was the meanest thing a fellow could do. It earned for him the most disreputable epithet of all—"hungry." It meant taking bread and butter from the men who were on regular shifts. The driver's code of morality would not allow it. But now we were all "hungry." Twelve hours on the street a day would guarantee us our $35. Some would even work on their days off, to earn another $4 or $5. Twelve hours on the street really meant thirteen hours of work, for it took time to gas up, wait for your cab, have it repaired. The clock was punched when the cab left the garage.

There were some married men, generally with large families, who worked on one-man cabs. They took their cabs out at two in the afternoon and were permitted to remain out as long as they chose. When I rang in at five or six in the morning I would see them coming in. They needed the money and would set a mark, say $15 or $20 in receipts, and they would remain out until they got it. They got back to work at two the same afternoon.

Most of the cabs ran two shifts a day. The day-man might be due to take his cab out at eight in the morning. He would return at six. The night-man would take it from six until four the next morning. That left four hours which they could put in as extras between them. This was nearly always used, either by one man or both.

About seven years ago there was a union, eight hundred strong. They had a strike and lost. The company rehired the men on condition that they would sign a non-union agreement. Now the company is in the hands of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit. I asked some of the men why they didn't form a union. Well, a union is all right. But you know about so-and-so of such-and-such a union who ran away with the funds. And Mitten's got it now. He'll do something for us. The car men are satisfied. You'll see if we don't get free passes on the trolleys. And he'll throw the "boilers" on the scrap-heap. This confidence in Mitten was prevalent among the men. When I left, the Yellow Cab Company had been under Mitten Management for four months and not a thing had been done for the men.

The cab-driver is an independent salesman selling transportation, so the company would have us believe. They even replaced the old "driver" on our hats with "salesman." It was curious how this attitude worked itself into the driver's psychology. Thinking himself, more or less, in a business of his own, the driver is alienated by competition from his fellow-workers. In reality he is a wage-earner and might be considered a piece-worker. Organization of transportation workers meets with a great difficulty in the fact that the nature of the job is such that the men work by themselves or in groups of two. In the case of the cab-drivers there is the additional factor of a twofold competition, on the one hand among the men of one company, on the other between men of competing companies. This very condition is aggravated by the labor policy and training methods of the companies.

In case of strike, where the sympathy of the public is of such importance, the regular riders are not such as would give much thought to the drivers. The workingman, from whom sympathy is to be expected, is not a cab-rider. Peaceful picketing is almost impossible, since drivers are easy to obtain, and scattered.

The cab-driver, the salesman of luxuries, giving his personal services to the client, belongs to the mass of tip-takers. When I received my first few tips I felt uncomfortable. It is an awkward moment when you are counting out the change, with the question in your mind, "What will he give me? Shall I give him a quarter, two dimes, and a nickel, or two quarters?" The passenger at the same moment asks himself, "What shall I give him? That clever fellow is counting the change with an idea." Sooner or later the awkward moment becomes a part of the "racket." Tips are figured in as a part of the earnings and the driver looks upon them as his rightful wages. A quarter is a satisfactory tip. More often we got ten or fifteen cents, and many times we were "left flat."

A one-sided partnership is thus cleverly thrust upon the public. The clients pay, in the form of tips, what ordinarily the company would have to add to its salary. Gangsters and gamblers are the most liberal tippers. A workingman with his family of six once a month follows a close second. Jews, no matter of what class, are very liberal. The usual run of people that we pick out of the Bellevue-Stratford and the Ritz ride short and give you a cheap cigar or ten cents. Once I got a $5 tip from a man out of one of the big hotels—and he wasn't drunk. That is called a lucky break. It is a cabman's dream and happens once in a lifetime.

III

The Philadelphia cab-drivers come from all walks of life. The majority are under thirty, although there are some gray-haired regulars who have been in the game from the time of the hansom. Many are married men and have families to support. They are independent fellows, made more so by the nature of their work. The freedom that their work allows is their strongest argument for the job. A more motley and yet more united group would be hard to find. A fight, and you are sure to find the Yellows there en masse; a flat tire, and they are on hand to help one another. Comradely, good fellows, rough, good-natured, dirt-slingers, jack-handle wielders, yarn-spinners.

You can always tell a new man by the way he wears his uniform, by the way in which he pulls up at a stand. There was something about me at first that the observant eye of a regular caught. I could never understand what they had against the student unless it were a dim feeling of class distinction. Those of us who worked among them were not highbrow. We took our jobs seriously—perhaps too seriously. At any rate, in a week I had assimilated the language and could bandy words and hold my own in slang and curses. In about two weeks I had succeeded in hiding the student. I could make a neat turn into a stand, hop unconcernedly out of my cab, approach the group, and say, "Hello, fellows! How are they rollin'?" and listen to their stories with a straight face. I became one of them.

Those stories. In times of idleness—there were plenty of them that summer—we would collect at the stands and street corners, outside of cafes, theaters, and railroad stations. Sitting on soap-boxes, curbs, steps, someone would pull out a pack of cigarettes.

"Pack out!"

"Hey, kid, gimme one of your sticks."

"I'll tell you a funny one . . ."

Anyone at all might begin. Stories of drawn-out rides for strangers, "rollin' up a bill," drunks, crooks, lucky breaks, women. Once begun, they flowed on like a river. There was one man, a Southerner, who in a racy Southern drawl could tell stories for hours. We would hear the crunch of his brakes and his once-upon-a-time drawl at the same moment. I heard enough stories, real and imaginary, to keep a proletarian de Maupassant at work for a lifetime.

The cabman is independent in other ways. If a customer does not suit him he will turn him down. He will collect the last penny of his fare at any cost. He will not stand for "high-hat stuff" from aristocrats. He is ever ready to use his jack-handle to get rid of pests, crooks, and other undesirables. He will step in where a cop would be afraid to poke his club. Living by the street, he knows its lingo, its manners and morals, its rough-and-ready ethics. He has met people—from gangster to actress. Whether it be before a Washington Avenue gat-toter or a college professor, he preserves his dignity and self-respect. He knows the city—its speak-easies, gambling joints, houses of ill-repute, street-walkers, milkmen, breadmen, dicks.

People who have used cabs tell me that a cab-driver looks so unapproachable and straight-faced that they are afraid to speak to him. To look that way is a part of his business. There are many things that a cab-driver must not see. Strange happenings in the back of his cabs. Mysterious night journeys. All kinds of people. But those very people should hear their straight-faced, eyes-front driver talk to his buddies in his moments of idle waiting. He has seen everything. And there is hardly anything new that happens. One runs the whole gamut of such affairs in a few weeks' time.

I was on night shift. I saw the night life of the city. I had worked at night before, as a newspaper-carrier; but then I saw the breadman, the milkman, the people going to work, lunch pail in hand, wiping the sleep out of their eyes, grim, hardened to work. This summer I saw the pleasure-seeker, hardened to rum, women, and gambling.

I "played" regularly, after 1 a. m., the busiest street intersection of West Philadelphia. On the second story of one corner building was a large gambling joint. A few doors along, a saloon. A door or two on the other side, a cafe where drink and women were for sale. Two girls also "played" that corner regularly. Every night they were there and every night they were "picked up," sometimes by cops, sometimes by smart men in automobiles. Many a girl was transferred from a private car on that corner to a cab to be taken home. Men have stepped into my cab to go home and have picked a companion out of the street. I have had to lift drunks out of my cab who were so powerless that they could not open the door. During the day this corner is the business and trading center for the respectable families of West Philadelphia. These things do not happen once a week, or even once a night, but all night long in all parts of the city.

IV

This evening I have arrived early at one of the outlying boxes to catch the theatergoing crowd. Two cabs are in ahead of me and soon three more line up. We lean against the wall idly smoking cigarettes, listening now to one, now to another of the drivers "putting their line across." We never miss a detail of what happens on that corner. A cab-man's eye is alert, sharpened by the continual lookout for possible riders and by a forced lazy observation that comes from much loafing on street corners.

Business is dull. It is already 7:30 and only one cab has moved. Someone remarks that it looks like rain. We all cheer up. Rain means business.

"Yes. And now we'll get them damn rainy riders that always leaves you flat."

Thoughts of rain lead to yarns of emergency calls at breakneck speed over wet streets; or queer birds one gets when it rains. The inevitable symposium has begun.

"That's nothin'. Listen to this one."

The box is becoming "hot." I am now first out. I lean against the box beside a middle-aged driver who has listened to all that has been said. He looks at me sidewise:

"Yes, you meets all kinds of people in this business. Gee, the kinds of people I've seen—there's no telling what you're hauling. I've seen so many things and different kinds of people—dammit, I wish I could write and put it all down."

"Have you tried?" I ask him.

He blushes, looks at his feet, and says, "Aw, no!" Pause. "But, you know, I like to read. I can sit down and read all day long. Some of those stories in *Adventure* and *Saturday Evening Post* are damn good stories. And I got a set, I forget the name of it, *Collier's* gave it one year, Harvard something, that's got damn good stuff in it."

"You know," I said, "there is a guy who used to wish that he could write—he saw so many interesting things in life. So at night, when he came home from work, he used to sit down in a corner of his home and write down his thoughts and what he had seen. He would write every night. Now he's one of the best writers we've got. It's not so hard as you think."

"Yes, I guess it's not hard to write, but it's damn hard to make it good reading. Well, here goes your ring, buddy; go get it!"

I find it hard to reflect the psychology of the cab-driver. Perhaps a few months of acquaintance are not enough to get at the spirit that makes a group of workers out of an otherwise pied collection of men.

What difference does Plato or Aristotle make to a man who, occupied with his work for at least twelve hours, sleeping eight hours, has four hours left to dress, talk to his wife and children, and enjoy himself? As I go back to school that man is on my mind. During my few months of work among the men of the street I have learned as much as in my three years of college. I am tickled to death when a page of "The History of Aesthetics" catches on a callous. I love to squeeze the feminine hand of a student or professor in my crank-hardened grip. But to feel another palm, as hard, as calloused, in mine is one of the most beautiful sensations I have had.

What Made These Women "Modern"?

The tenth article in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, will analyze these articles for The Nation, *in an attempt to discover the underlying causes of the modern woman's attitude toward men, marriage, children, and jobs.*

The Mortgage Bond Industry

By HENRY S. VILLARD

SKYSCRAPER offices, apartments, and hotels, going up overnight, have brought us face to face in the big cities with problems that have suddenly become of acute importance. The first deals with the frenzied financing of these new structures; the second frames the question, Is there an economic need, or even an economic place, for them?

Close on the announcement by Franklin D. Roosevelt, chairman of the American Construction Council, that six mortgage-bond houses had agreed to adopt definite rules of procedure in their business, has come the ultimatum of Attorney General Albert Ottinger that yet more drastic regulations must henceforth be observed. Mr. Ottinger's proposals, based on a report by Keyes Winter of the Anti-Stock Fraud Bureau, are designed to check up the legality of methods in many bond houses of mushroom growth. And a glance at the tremendous building activity which at present grips the United States—New York in particular—gives confirmation to a warning recently uttered by S. W. Straus, president of the bond house of that name, that we are near the saturation-point in certain lines of construction.

It is estimated that seven billion dollars were spent last year for new building in this country, of which nearly one billion were taken up in real-estate bonds. This represents a phenomenal increase in speculative enterprises, such as office buildings and the latest luxury of the twentieth century—the apartment hotel. In 1926 the amount put into bonds alone, according to Mr. Straus, was double what it was three years ago.

The magic spring from which the money flows to finance these properties is the mortgage-bond house—a *nouveau-riche* cousin of our building trades, begot by the marked acceleration in late years of American "progress." Formerly the savings banks, the trust companies, the insurance firms furnished the funds for building ventures, finding such mortgages comparatively favorable in interest return and with inconsiderable principal loss. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, for example, is said to have $500,000,000 outstanding in city loans. But today the bond house is so arrogant a factor in real-estate financing that it is rapidly becoming the first resort in this field and threatening materially to narrow the mortgage channel as an outlet for the deposits of banks and the assets of insurance concerns.

The first-mortgage real-estate bond was brought forth for the purpose of tapping a new vein of capital to erect the bigger, better, and more expensive buildings we see going up on every side. Instead of obtaining funds by the old-fashioned single mortgage method, in which conservatism and safety played restraining hands, it was found far easier to divide up a large mortgage into bonds of $100, $500, or $1,000 denomination and sell them to the eager small investors in the cities and the hinterland alike. The company which underwrites the bonds advances the loan to the builder, and appropriates for itself as fat a commission as possible. And thus the trouble begins.

Mr. Ottinger's investigations, following the receivership of G. L. Miller and Company last year—who were said to have underwritten $65,000,000 in bond issues since 1920—has brought into the spotlight a number of practices which should be perturbing to the innocent buyer of the "baby bond."

First, there is the danger of over-appraisal. The New York law states that all property shall be worth at least 50 per cent more than the total amount of the mortgage. The old type of loan adheres more or less strictly to this standard. But the joker rampant in the bond industry lies in the *basis* of appraisal. To facilitate the birth of a bond issue at a good figure, it is not difficult to secure a higher valuation of one's property by paying a slightly higher fee to a more obliging concern.

Again, the anticipated earnings of a building are often overestimated. Because the tenants can move quickly, the worth of an office building is likely to fluctuate; yet bond buyers show such a preference for this particular form of investment, that to keep up with the demand there is an endless succession of these projects. The usual conservative mortgage of former days dealt instead with a residence—obviously sound, substantial, and finished.

A greater menace, however, lies in the prodigious extent to which this bond-selling business has grown. So profitable has the floating of mortgage bond issues proved that a host of organizations has sprung up to lure the investor who believes instinctively in the safety of a "good building loan." An army of high-pressure, highly paid salesmen is employed; and to keep these men busy earning their commissions of 2, 3, or 4 per cent, there must be an unfailing supply of new issues. An institution organized for this competitive selling game has a large overhead expense—at least three times the sum of the salesmen's commissions, according to an official of the Straus company—in the form of advertising and maintenance of the branch offices which sometimes dot the country from coast to coast; so that the salability of a given issue may become the first consideration instead of its security. Thus an enormous artificial stimulus is given to the building trade.

The anxiety of bond houses to manufacture enough bonds, lest the overhead eat up the gain, has created another peril. Contractors as well as architects are tempted to produce hasty buildings which are not sound in structure, location, or arrangement. Often the promoter or contractor steps out after collecting his profit, leaving the bondholders to shoulder any further burden. A recent article in the *Annalist* pointed out that bond houses have only a moral obligation for the repayment of principal and interest on the mortgages which they compete to sell. If the building proves faulty or non-profitable, the investor is "stuck."

This scramble to create and sell bond issues is of recent origin. Since the close of the war and with the start of our era of "prosperity," the American public has displayed an amazing tendency to buy "on expectancy." The old conservative mortgage invariably covered completed property. But the speculative element of high interest return on these bonds which are "built to sell" has at-

tracted a huge class of investors who do not stop to weigh the future of buildings which are yet to be constructed. Some firms proclaim that they have had years of experience without loss to investors; but if one stops to think, that is no gilt-edged guaranty. Some companies which over a long period conducted their business in a conservative manner have in the last few years been operating at top speed under methods which may well be questioned. Attorney General Ottinger has stated that this bond type of financing did not exist prior to 1916.

"No one can pass judgment upon a loan secured by a large apartment or office building if he has only the meager information that it is possible to place before the buyer of the $100 bond," a well-known surety official writes in the *National Real Estate Journal*. Furthermore he warns that "the amount of poor mortgages now in existence . . . has reached such large proportions that great caution is necessary."

Not all real-estate bonds are dangerous. There are many investment bonds on the market conforming to strict loaning principles; there are many surety companies whose function it is to undertake the responsibility of a given issue; there are many houses that offer such protective devices as a separate guaranty at one-half of one per cent premium. It is the common or garden variety of bond, financing highly speculative enterprises like apartment hotels, theaters, and office buildings—construction and success of which rest in the future—which offers the commonest pitfall.

There the bait of interest at 6½ per cent, 7 per cent, or 7½ per cent entices the bond-buying public. Not infrequently a company will use the proceeds of its sale of bonds to pay the interest and sinking-fund charges, long before the structure is earning enough to carry its own mortgage. The more bonds issued, the more buildings can be started before earlier ones are completed; and the more buildings started, the more bonds can be issued. Thus the vicious circle produces a frantic and insecure building program.

Up to a certain point, an increase in building is indicative of healthy growth and prosperity. But when we approach the margin that separates a highly developed community from one that is overbuilt, and in some cases faultily built, it is time to check the pace. Many new skyscrapers in New York City, like the French and Delmonico buildings on Fifth Avenue, are finding it difficult to rent their vast space. This phase of the business is beginning to worry the bond houses themselves. An oversupply of space will tend to slow up the bond market, so that the goose that lays the golden egg is in danger of being strangled. For this reason there are many who join in Mr. Straus's view that we need a temporary lull—a six or eight months' breathing spell to catch up with the construction already available.

And Manhattan, with its overcrowded streets, should be the first of all localities to wonder whether there is an economic *place* for more skyscrapers—unless our mode of life is to be radically altered in the near future.

He Who Gets Slapped at Geneva

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

IF a journalist can walk right up to the head of a government in the hall of the League of Nations and give him a resounding slap in the face, no country's dignity is safe. Since Count Bethlen, Premier of Hungary, got patriotically slapped last June by an ardent young Republican, the hospitable doors of the League "palace" have been strictly guarded. The back gates of the old hotel in the park on Lake Geneva are closed, and at the front door you state your business. When the great ones come to Geneva, the screws are put on tight and every card of admission is severely scrutinized. For who knows who may be the next to get slapped?

In the face—literally—of grave international complications the highest Swiss trial court which has just sat with ponderous weight at Geneva vindicated the honor of Switzerland as a safe place of resort for dictators. A jury of twelve men found Ivan de Justh, 28-year-old Hungarian Republican exile, guilty of an outrage and bad treatment ("l'outrage et les mauvais traitements") against the head of a foreign government on Swiss soil. The court of three old judges by a vote of two to one agreed that a law of 1853 could be stretched to apply to representatives of governments at the League of Nations, although intended solely to protect diplomats accredited to Switzerland. The ardent young Mr. de Justh, suave and well-groomed—"très élégant" the press described him—was generously sentenced to only the twenty-four days he had served in jail before being released on bail, to banishment from Switzerland for ten years, and to a fine and "emolument of justice" amounting to $160 with costs of about $400. He has paid the fine and costs from his small patrimony rather than appeal, for he regards the slap as worth its cost. And there was no technical error to appeal, anyhow. He has returned to Paris to continue editing the *Free Press* for the thousands of Hungarian Republican exiles, and to his job as secretary of the Hungarian Republican Party. It's a moral victory, of course, like all such defeats.

Considering that the prosecution was formally requested by the Hungarian Government, that it was the first political case ever tried in Switzerland at the request of a foreign government, that it was the first time in thirty-five years that this high federal court had sat in Geneva, that it involved brand-new questions of international law in the relation of Switzerland to the League of Nations—de Justh got off lightly. I asked him what he had expected as a result when he came to Geneva from Paris last June for the express purpose of slapping Count Bethlen. He replied: "I didn't think of that at all. I was willing to take whatever came. I was interested only in making a protest against the dictatorship and terror in Hungary. Afterwards I thought that six months in prison would be about what they would give me." He explained that his act was purely personal. He planned and executed it alone without speaking of it to anyone. He came to Switzerland as a reporter for *L'Ere Nouvelle* of Paris and was, of course, admitted to the League meetings. He stepped up to Count Bethlen as he was coming out into the crowded hall from one of the meetings and slapped his face once, saying: "I

do this for the honor of the Hungarian nation and in the name of the Hungarian people." Count Bethlen ducked into a corner, his hands over his face, evidently expecting more. De Justh made a speech to the astonished crowd and distributed copies of a statement explaining his act. When the astounded onlookers recovered their wits, two of them grabbed de Justh and held him for the police.

This was the undisputed story. The trial, therefore, was brief, covering only two days. Only two witnesses were heard, one testifying to the arrest, and the other, the secretary of the Hungarian legation, as to his official representations. The defense called none because of the certainty of revenge by the Bethlen Government on any who came from Hungary to testify as to the truth of de Justh's charges. The bare, gray courtroom was crowded chiefly with journalists and League attachés. The section reserved for the public in the rear behind a low partition was only partly filled, mostly with working-class radicals, mildly interested in this bourgeois Republican.

One of the gendarmes in the courtroom—all of whom looked like Napoleon in field uniform—unbent to observe to me: "This affair is absurd. Count Bethlen deserved what he got. If it weren't for the Hungarian Government the case would have been settled in the police court with a ten-franc fine. It's a fine spectacle to see dictators so well protected in a republican country." That was the view of the man in the street, but the "responsible" citizenry, whatever their views of the Horthy regime, felt that Switzerland must do her duty to the League.

The case was frankly political. The "common assault" was lost in high international questions. The speeches in court reeked with politics. M. Marius Moutet, of Paris, French Socialist deputy brought in as counsel for de Justh —a most unusual proceeding—made the most of the Hungarian franc forgeries. The whole Horthy-Bethlen regime, with its terror, suppressions, chicanery, and cruelties, was eloquently laid bare. Nor did Moutet fail to point out that when the Russian Soviet representative Vorovsky was assassinated at Lausanne in 1923 by Conradi, a Swiss long resident in Russia, the trial took place before an ordinary local criminal court and the jury acquitted him of "liability," though the murder was admitted. "For a simple slap," cried Moutet, "de Justh is brought before the highest federal court, while for a murder Conradi went before a cantonal criminal court."

The defense endeavored to divide Count Bethlen into two persons—one, the head of the Hungarian dictatorship, the other, the delegate to the League of Nations. De Justh explained: "I admit striking Premier Bethlen, but I had no intention of hitting a delegate to the League of Nations. I wished to strike only the head of the usurpers' government of Hungary." The prosecution observed at this point that de Justh had picked out an occasion at Geneva when Count Bethlen's several positions could hardly be separated. And anyhow it was the same face.

The jury was evidently far more moved by the prosecutor's plea to vindicate the honor of Switzerland among the nations. Said he:

> The League of Nations should be able to count on the protection of the Swiss authorities to accomplish its work of peace in a calm atmosphere of absolute respect. The whole country is interested in a verdict which will make new law, and is of the highest importance from the viewpoint of our international relations.

The jury had only to decide the facts and in half an hour brought in a unanimous verdict of guilt. The judges, with one dissenting, agreed (1) that representatives to the League of Nations are guaranteed the same protection as diplomats accredited to Switzerland by virtue of an article of the compact which provides that "representatives of the members of the League and its agents shall enjoy diplomatic privileges and immunities in the exercise of their functions"; (2) that the old laws of 1853 applied because the Hungarian Government had officially requested the prosecution and had shown that it granted reciprocal protection to Swiss representatives in Hungary; and (3) that there were extenuating circumstances for de Justh in the fact that "his act was disinterested and that he had obeyed patriotic motives."

So it is now clearly Swiss law that any official personage who is slapped, however patriotically, at the League of Nations will have the satisfaction of invoking the power of the highest court; that the buildings of the League are not "extraterritorial" but subject to Swiss law; and that the country is safe for all dictators—except Russian.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter's recent comment that "nobody loves an automobile" has brought to him, as he knew it would, several letters of dissent and, much to his surprise, one note in agreement. M. H. W. writes in this wise:

> Our first car was an old Pierce-Arrow. It had a right-hand drive, no door for the front seat, and tires that felt their duty so keenly that it took an hour to change one of them, with all the small boys of a town about to offer encouragement. We used to put Methuselah's top back and pile in ten strong, some perched high on top of the back seat, while those below hung on to their legs to keep them from blowing away. We sang lustily as we sped under friendly trees in the evenings. We ate innumerable hot dogs in new picnic places. Do you wonder that tears were shed when Methuselah departed?
>
> There's no accounting for tastes. Take my brother-in-law's dilapidated Ford, for example. All the children loved it. It was amazing to see how, at a gathering of the clans, they preferred it to all its powerful, bran'-new, shining relatives standing near. They raced in and out of it in a steady stream. They poked their heads up through a hole in the top. They pressed every pedal and moved every available piece of apparatus. They rocked it from side to side. The clean cars stood near, disdainful, but envious.
>
> And now I come to Ebenezer, who at this moment is gazing at the back wall of a barn with a sense of melancholy neglect that sends a pang through me now and then. He—notice the pronoun, Mr. Drifter—is my first and only car. I think even you would have developed some sort of affection for him if you had seen the way he climbed mountains, sped through dust storms, dashed through mud holes. And if you had gone camping with him you couldn't have withheld your admiration. We were dependent on no hotels or tourist cabins. Ebenezer provided us with a bed. And after a car has enabled one to see Mount Shasta from the Siskiyous, and to gaze upward into the forbidding beauty of the redwoods, how can one *help* but love it?

* * * * *

FROM the heart of New York City comes this word:

> The fault lies not in the machine but in the owner. Automobiles are loved, but only by those who know and understand them. First, as to the average car-owner. What does he know? Pressed, he can tell you that his car has six cylinders, an oil filter, certain refinements of car-

buretion and ignition. But that space under the hood is still the home of mysteries to him, on the rare occasions when he peers into it. Of the beautifully interdependent functioning that goes on under his feet he is worse than ignorant; he is complacently acceptant.

The modern car has clean lines: the radiator goes up high and thin, with something of the look of a deep-chested thoroughbred horse and something of that suggestion of strength and speed and endurance. It has taken only a quarter of a century for the automobile to evolve from the high-wheeled horseless buggy to the form that exactly suits its function. What America has almost done in architecture and native music has been successfully created in the automobile—a new form and a new beauty.

And yet, admitting this, one does not truly love mere beauty. It is personality, individuality, that hold the affections. Like a new-born baby, a new car is seemingly vacuous and uninteresting.

If you would love your car, then buy it second-hand. It will be a fully developed entity, and someone else will have paid the high price and reaped the meaningless rewards of auto-snobbery and trouble-free driving on smooth pavements.

I have owned cars, and I have sold old ones to buy new. But each time an old car trundled down the street toward the resale shop and the ultimate junkman I have experienced the shame and self-reproach of a father who sells his child to slavery. Always the new car was an interloper for a time, until I could forget the old and become engrossed in the study of a new personality.

* * * * *

FINALLY, the Drifter appends a word of sympathy from a correspondent signing himself either "The Connecticut Hired Man" or "The Connecticut Fired Man," it's impossible to make out which:

> Your answer's in a summer evening down by the dock; by the roundhouse on a crisp blue winter morning. The little yawl dipping and nodding to the lazy swell, anchored at rest yet full of life, anticipation of adventure just around the headland; the engine standing shiny and glossy like a well-bred horse, steaming like a dragon, rumbling and thumping. In a cold cement tomb sits your automobile—no gentle rocking there, no clanking action, just tin and iron, dust and greasy oil. Dust and mud, effort and aching spine. Stops for this and for that. More oil—more grease. Oblivion!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Church and School

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Hays says in *The Nation:* "Through this method the child, as recompense for going to church, avoids one half hour of school." Is church so much pleasanter than school that the substitution operates as a bribe? If so, ought not the school-teachers to spend the religion half-hour in attending the children's church to learn how to make teaching attractive?

Ballard Vale, Mass., February 9 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

The Bishops and the Knights

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Pastoral Letter of the American Bishops on the Mexican situation must have been sent to your office; it is not a secret document. After all, it is the bishops who speak for the church, not the Knights of Columbus. I hope you will find time to examine the pastoral. It may be good for what ails *The Nation*, the apparent conviction that there is no truth among us. The Catholic church in America does *not* want war with Mexico, any more than the two groups you so happily choose to mention together, "the Methodists and Masons." The church in Mexico does not want war with the United States. Even the Knights of Columbus do not want war—with anybody, that finely cultivated and tolerant Senator from Alabama to the contrary notwithstanding. This has been the church's attitude from the beginning, in spite of the inevitable few hot and empty heads here and there. And, by the way, that yarn about an archbishop at the head of a rebel army in Mexico is good copy—but it's not true.

St. Paul, Minnesota, February 1 BERNARD VAUGHAN,
Editor the *Catholic Bulletin*

The Catholic Church in Mexico

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is true that the Pastoral Letter of the Catholic Episcopate of the United States on the Religious Situation in Mexico said that "Christian principles forbid the church founded by the Prince of Peace to take up the sword or rely upon such carnal weapons as the inflamed passions of men would select." But what men say and what they do is often, sad to tell, very different.

I am afraid that Mr. Drees who quoted the pastoral letter to you has not read either the history of Mexico or of other countries in which he will find incontrovertible evidence that the "church founded by the Prince of Peace" has either used the sword direct or blessed it in the hands of its champions. He will also find that it has frequently "relied upon such carnal weapons as the inflamed passions of men would select." It is true that some noble men within the church have rebuked its hierarchy for such abuse of the teachings of the Prince of Peace, but it is also true that they have suffered at its hands for their loyalty to the teachings of the Nazarene.

In Mexico the hierarchy in the past have blessed the sword of its defenders and excommunicated faithful priests who dared to champion the poor and the oppressed. Fathers Hidalgo and Morelos were not only excommunicated but put to death for this, a crime in the eyes of the hierarchy. There is no record that the hierarchy was ever rebuked for this.

Does your correspondent know nothing of the praising by the hierarchy of the sword "of the ever-victorious Santa Anna" in the middle of the last century; of the backing by the hierarchy of the unspeakable Huerta, whom the late President Wilson refused to recognize because of his murderous record; of the actions of the Archbishop of Guadalajara in support of General Estrada in the de la Huerta revolt in 1923-1924?

Has your correspondent never read the statement of Judge Talley, the president of the most influential lay society of the Catholic church in the United States, rebuking the Government for its failure to lift the arms embargo? Has he failed to read the utterances of the Archbishop of Baltimore in the beginning of what has been misnamed "the religious controversy in Mexico"? In reality religion has little to do with the present controversy, which is between the Government of Mexico and a hierarchy which the records of history show has opposed every step toward democracy, whether in the days of Juarez or today, when the producing masses of Mexico are struggling through peaceful political action to raise their standard of living.

In conclusion I would draw your attention to the fact that the pastoral letter came only when an aroused public opinion in the United States gave warning that the powers of the Government must not be placed at the service of any church hierarchy. I would also recall the saying of the Carpenter of Nazareth: "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Mexico City, February 12 CHARLES W. ERVIN

A Victory for Force

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Since I acted by request of the Citizens Committee as chairman in two public attempts by that committee to bring about negotiations between employers and their striking employees in the paper-box makers' industry I feel a duty laid upon me to make a public statement on the termination of the struggle by the temporary defeat of the strikers.

In no spirit of partisanship and simply on the basis of the facts it must be recorded that the employers throughout the strike showed a contemptuous disregard for public opinion. Throughout the larger part of the eighteen weeks' struggle the workers were willing to negotiate. It was the employers who were determined to fight the thing through to the end. Their utmost concession was a reluctant consent to the appointment by the Mayor of a fact-finding committee whose existence, they stipulated, did not involve recognition of the union and whose conclusions they were not bound to accept. And even these concessions came too late to be of service. The workers lost their strike because the employers had the advantage of position and financial power.

Such a victory by the employers settles nothing. It increases bitterness. It remedies no basic cause of trouble in the industry. Wages and working conditions are still subnormal according to official documents of the State Labor Department. It is not a matter of indifference to the public that this should be so. Nor should those men and women in the community who sought to substitute negotiation for force see the failure of their efforts without recording their solemn protests. The hope of peaceful social progress depends upon an increase of industrial self-government and a steady improvement of conditions in those subnormal industries where conditions are worst. Both these desirable ends have been temporarily thwarted by the course of events in the paper-box makers' strike. A public which is powerless to take other action may at least be informed of the facts in order that it may render its moral judgment against a repetition of this sort of thing in the industrial life of the community.

New York, February 28 Jacob Billikopf,
Impartial Chairman, Men's Clothing Industry

Capital Punishment

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We are informed, by the press, that Mr. Henry Ford is strongly opposed to capital punishment. We are also informed that the same gentleman has amassed a fortune, estimated at two billion dollars, by the manufacture of automobiles. Yet Mr. Ford is aware that automobiles, owing to their excessive, unnecessary, and homicidal speed (which is, in fact, illegal) are inflicting capital punishment in this country every year upon more than twenty thousand guiltless persons, one-third of whom are innocent and helpless little children.

If Mr. Henry Ford really objects to capital punishment he should reduce the speed of his automobiles to a safe and reasonable limit, and induce other manufacturers to do the same.

Denver, Colorado, February 14 Bertrand Shadwell

Civilized Arkansas

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Arkansas House, after a hot debate, barely passed the anti-evolution bill pending in the legislature; but early the next day the Senate promptly killed it without debate and without a roll call.

The *Arkansas Gazette*, the leading newspaper of the State, rendered conspicuous and invaluable service in this fight for intellectual freedom.

McRae, Arkansas, February 14 Clay Fulks

The Training School for Jewish Social Work offers a fifteen months' course of study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

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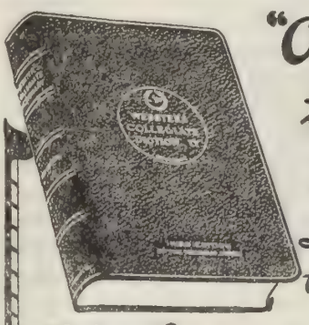
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Books, Music, Plays

First Glance

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY'S "The King's Henchman" (Harper: $2) has neither the form nor the force of her three earlier plays, though two of those were slight and the third was college-Elizabethan. The fault may lie with the fact that Miss Millay in the present case had to write with both eyes on the operatic stage, had in other words to perpetrate a libretto for Deems Taylor to compose by; or it may lie elsewhere. At any rate "The King's Henchman" is not much of a play, except in certain spots which I shall speak of.

The story cannot be believed. That is the first drawback, and I suspect that the weakness is not in the material as such. In some other form or through some other telling it could have become credible; a ballad, written by Miss Millay herself, or a full-length tragedy by Shakespeare might have been decidedly effective. Either a very spare handling, with bright emphasis on a few picturesque details, or a very rich handling, with plenty of space in which to motivate the fatal action, was necessary. Miss Millay, forced by opera to set a full stage and start great things going, is prevented by opera from showing that she knows anything important about human nature. The first half of the piece is the better half because there we are simply being introduced to the people and hearing them talk; and they talk fetchingly—quite indeed as if the last thing their creator knew was that tragedy lurked a few hundred lines ahead. King Eadgar's farewell to Aethelwold at Winchester, with the all-night feast that preceded and glorified it, is surely fine, and so is the first misty meeting of Aethelwold and Aelfrida in Devon, with Maccus, the "bearded nightingale," standing among the trees. But then come marriage and eventually the necessity of action; then comes Eadgar down from Winchester to see this foster-brother of his who, sent to woo Aelfrida for Queen, has stayed with her there "in the eaves of the earth." In all this latter part the plot speeds up beyond believing; decisions are made, minds are changed, death arrives without proof or warning; the opera has not given Miss Millay room to turn her genius around in, and so she gives up. The problem is introduced but never faced. To have faced it and solved it would have been perhaps to write a great play.

In the first act, and occasionally elsewhere, I thought of Shakespeare. There are a dozen lines or groups of lines in which Miss Millay is witty—in the poetical sense—as no other living poet can be. When she is free from the responsibility of conducting persons through the maze of tragedy, when she can be the lyric poet she is, she can, for instance, make Eadgar call the middle-aged bard Maccus a bearded nightingale. Archbishop Dunstan says quietly to his scoffers:

> The Church of God is not a candle.
> Blow on.

Maccus says:

> My heart hath a stone in its shoe.

And Aethelwold:

> I could do mousily by a crumb of cheese.

"And forth he went," says Ase of one Thored, "buzzing like a fly in a crack." Aelfrida after a winter of marriage chides Aethelwold:

> I see thee go forth into the wood to hunt,
> And come home like a baby with a wilted blossom in thy fist.
> Thy helmet is a house for spiders,
> And thy saddle is cold.
> Where is that Aethelwold
> That was the King's darling,
> And the dread of the Dane,
> And my true love?

And so on, in longer passages still more deeply dyed with felicity. The play abounds in uniquely lovely lines. But a play is not composed of lines any more than a poem is composed of words. There is abundant evidence here that Miss Millay is a surpassing poet; she has not in this case written a surpassing poem.

MARK VAN DOREN

Professor Quixote

Main Street and Wall Street. By William Z. Ripley. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

PROFESSOR RIPLEY—who once taught me the art and economics of railroading—has mounted a white horse, clapped a visored helmet over the merry twinkle of his eyes, encased himself in chain mail, taken a lance new sharpened from the hands of Mr. A. A. Berle, Jr., a mace from Mr. Alexander Dow of the Detroit Edison Company, a sword from the collection of Woodrow Wilson, and with spurs—perhaps provided by Mr. Ellery Sedgwick—has ridden horse and accouterments down Brattle Street, along Massachusetts Avenue, and so into State Street, and, gathering clangor, clean through the offices of the American Woolen Company, Willett-Sears, the Waltham Watch Company, the New England Power Company, and the Boston Edison Company—and so, amid an ever-growing shower of inkpots, ledgers, blackboards, adding machines, and ticker tape, along the Boston Post Road with excursions, in full regalia, into the Connecticut River Power Company, the North Adams Gas Light Company, the Associated Merchants of Connecticut, and so down Broadway to Wall Street with a frightful carnage among office breakables in the local headquarters of the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, the United States Rubber Company, the National Biscuit Company, the Studebaker Corporation, the Botany Worsted Mills, the North American Light and Power Company, Cities Service, Dodge Brothers, Incorporated, and come at last to rest, the twinkle still in his eye but with a resolute lance (resharpened by Mr. Berle en route) bedecked with the bisected annual reports of great corporations leveled (not for nothing have I read Henry James), leveled, I repeat, full at the main entrance of what might be termed, for want of a better simile, the Religious Center of the Republic, the New York Stock Exchange. . . . [Five minutes for refreshments.]

From within this awful shrine, in the face of that undrooping point, come sounds denoting terror, remorse, renunciation, and the whirring squeak of a vigorous vacuum cleaner—which all goes to prove what we Harvard men can do when we get our dander up.

All the world knows how a couple of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* swept the financial centers of the country, put their author and his opinions into the headlines and the editorials of every newspaper, and finally forced the governors of the New York Stock Exchange to contemplate, if not to make, drastic revisions in the rules covering the issue of no-par-value and non-voting common stocks. These articles, greatly expanded, documented to the hilt with specific cases, have been made into a book. Perusing its sprightly pages, and skipping but few of its learned citations, I attempt to get into focus just what it was that broke so much plate glass, and splintered so many swivel chairs, along State and Wall streets.

Corporation financing, particularly since the war, is charged with the following high crimes and misdemeanors:

> A growing limitation upon the time-honored right of stockholders to participate in future issues of securities. The gravy, if any, is swallowed by the insiders.
>
> Insiders are arrogating to themselves sole right to issue new securities, often with priority over existing issues.
>
> The unrestrained right of management to dispose of new shares upon any terms it likes.
>
> Power to sell the assets or to enter into new corporate relationships without let or hindrance.
>
> The attempted exemption of directors and officers from liability for their corporate acts.
>
> Absurdly inadequate financial reports, and the muzziest sort of treatment accorded to the central problems of adequate reserves for depreciation and obsolescence.
>
> A pyramiding of intercompany securities through tier upon tier of holding companies—particularly in public utilities—that makes accurate accounting a farce, the wayfaring stockholder a powerless dummy, State corporation laws a joke when not a positive source of corruption—witness Illinois: rate regulation an incipient scandal, and any attempt to secure a true financial picture of the whirling tower of Babylon, a dream and a delusion.

In brief, the fat boys, no longer content with their ancient perquisite of milking the public, are now engaged in the dizzy and lofty job of squeezing their own stockholders dry! Whatever else it may be, it is evidence of an utterly sublime nerve. By means of the no-par-value device, non-voting common stocks, the series A, B, and double B, cumulative, participating, first, second, and third preferred—by means of a mouthful of succulent and appetizing words, Main Street buys the lot, bewildered by a show of learned terminology and beautiful engraving, while Wall Street, not out a penny, hangs on to the Series Q Management shares which control the whole works.

Owning no stock, I cannot weep with Professor Ripley at the fate—still largely prospective; it will take a business depression for the dirty work to find its stride—of the lay or garden stockholder. But I can admire the consummate skill with which he gathers his facts and states his case.

To develop that case in any detail is beyond the limits of a book review. The reader is urged to seek the original source. He will find it richly rewarding, whatever his political views. But if a summary is permissible—and I am not at all sure that it is—I would summarize the situation which Professor Ripley attacks in the following terms. Be it remembered, this is my summary and not his.

One can buy a business to operate it, and so achieve something in the nature of a public service; or one can buy it to sell again, hopefully at a profit, thus achieving nothing but confusion and rising costs. City real estate is now largely dominated by the latter motive—the gambler's motive. More and more great corporations, such as combinations of public utilities, are coming under the speculative technique. This in the face of the fact that there is very little risk, relatively speaking, in public utilities. In the place of the hard work which is so often necessary to make a concern pay handsomely by virtue of operating it well, how much easier to get control of it, make the public pay the purchase price through non-voting securities, and then retain all the profits of a resale by means of the Class Q Management shares which have cost you precisely nothing? Or hang on to the management shares and experiment with the fine art of milking subsidiaries? Of $1,500,000,000 of public utility securities now outstanding in the hands of the public, the control of the whole investment lies in the hands of a few Class Q gentlemen "who have paid not one cent for their holdings." A prettier way to eat one's cake and have it, too, it would be difficult to imagine.

Professor Ripley draws a telling parallel between the railroads a generation and more ago and the light and power industry today. The railroads went through a series of financial nightmares engineered by those great captains of industry who knew how to turn ten honest pennies by wrecking a road for every penny to be gained by soberly operating one. The terminology is incomparably more elegant today, but precisely the same up-and-coming forces are at work. Before the people of the United States—aye, even before the stockholders of the several companies—shall benefit from the magnificent new technique of giant power and its by-products, the insiders are determined to put such a load of securities on the whole fabric that all the benefits will be drained into their particular pockets. They will collect from their strategic position all that the traffic will bear in cold cash, and then, happily, get out from under before the inevitable day of reckoning and reorganization and squeezing out comes. In later years they can write success stories for the *American Magazine* setting forth how pluck and perseverance wrecked a magnificent engineering achievement, ruined a million minor stockholders, and loaded the electric light and power bill of every consumer with waste and loss for a generation.

The author's lance is leveled at no windmill but at a real, live, fire-breathing dragon. If he can slay it, he will save the American people a very considerable number of billions of dollars in the next decade or two.

A bespectacled professor on a horse in the middle of Wall Street. Shall he stand alone?

STUART CHASE

Study of a Sensitive Boy

Little Pitchers. By Isa Glenn. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"LITTLE PITCHERS," Miss Isa Glenn's most worthy successor to her novel of a year ago, called "Heat," is a tragedy seen through a veil, a veil that has been arbitrarily rent in several places by the astute and sophisticated maturity of the author. To be precise, the veil is the mind and somewhat limited comprehension of young Michael Clendenning and the tragedy is the acrid and unequal struggle of his father and mother to maintain their married relationship in spite of an obvious spiritual incompatibility. The book, therefore, resolves itself into a long series of bickerings, fragmentary recriminations, broken accusations, and dimly comprehended gestures that impinge on the sensitive and somewhat foggily mystic-minded boy. The device is dangerous, for it is apt to lead into extravagant presentation, the implantation of a maturity of comprehension in the child, for instance, that should not be there, or, on the other hand, an incompleteness of texture due to an over-insistence on the juvenility of the mind through which the subject is perceived. It is a distinct vindication of Miss Glenn's technique to point out, then, that she does not fall into either morass but pursues a careful intermediate path. The reader is impressed with the fact that he is seeing or hearing nothing that has not been seen or heard by Michael, and he is also amply enlightened regarding the most subtle shifts of the relationships between Lucy and Peter Clendenning.

It is possible that Michael is an ultra-sensitive boy, but, even so, there are ample reasons for this sensitiveness. He has been dragged over half the world, for his father's labors lead him into the tropics, and he has necessarily l d a somewhat lonely life that forced his mind in upon itself. Amid the sophisticated scenes of Rio, where even the children, apparently, discuss illegitimacy with the sangfroid of the most blasé adepts, he achieves what might be called a juvenile maturity that is, however, never vicious but always somewhat innocent and wide eyed. This portion of the book is splashed with excellent color and proves again what readers of Miss Glenn's "Heat" already knew —that she is extraordinarily able in the depiction of tropic atmospheres, managing always to inject into her chapters the very feel and texture of the free, sprawling, semi-vicious, sun-heated, dirty cities of the tropic belt. It is here, too, that her characterization is at its best, such entirely delectable creations as the Mimi-Lala-Elizabeté group, for instance, standing out in pure comedy relief and yet impressing its reality on the reader.

The major (and, indeed, the only) problem in "Little

Pitchers," that of the complicated relationship between Michael's parents, remains unresolved to the end, for, after all, death resolves nothing but is a mere begging of the question, an arbitrary gesture to force a conclusion. Yet the justification for such an ending should be obvious enough. There is, in reality, no meeting-place for Peter and Lucy, since their minds move in different orbits. Lucy's looseness of behavior is as natural to her as self-preening is natural to a cat, and Peter's perplexed and somewhat trite protest is a sure index to his character. Although a superficial examination may place Peter higher in the moral scale it is obvious that he is not so likable a personality as Lucy. He is a little heavy, a "woman's-place-is-in-the-home" type of man. Michael, it is to be feared, is somewhat of a childish replica of him. Lucy, on the contrary, is a woman of instincts and vanities commingled of sensuous and sensitive substances. She loves life more than duties and it is this more than anything else that drives her into the various illicit affairs with rather unworthy men. Miss Glenn has drawn this type with an unclouded reality, and, because it is so well drawn, "Little Pitchers" takes its place among the season's distinguished fiction.

HERBERT S. GORMAN

A Pressed Flower

All Summer in a Day. An Autobiographical Fantasia. By Sacheverell Sitwell. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

"All Summer in a Day" is in the tradition of English introspective literature. It treats much that is trivial or intimate without the salacity of confession we are accustomed to call French, without the frantic anxiety for sympathy we term Slavic, and without the matter-of-factness of the American. Nevertheless, in the fruitful field of the "Religio Medici," "Confessions of an Opium Eater," "Essays of Elia," and "Winterslow" Mr. Sitwell's fantasia ranks at best as a very low shrub. Nourished on a more positive character—for good or for ill—it might have risen somewhat, but only when steadied by some sense of the architecture of writing could it have really achieved altitude. Construction above all other qualities it lacks; its author appears to depend more upon a vague lyrical response from his readers rather than upon their understanding.

A mood he does achieve, and in passages we are apt to forget the disjointed English of the whole—passages that somehow flower exotically in a room whose blinds are drawn. There are moments when one feels at home, entertained by a sense of recognition and a familiar sadness, as of rain sounding on the sky-light. Both the lush somnolence of the sentences and the quick entry and exit of pasteboard people in one attitude or another create this sadness. It is not without its pale beauty when undiluted by the author's comment, and one may even be led to feel that the book has lasting images, substantial experiences rendered with art by one who is intrinsically a poet; and here and there is a sentence valuable for its sound.

The insignificance of the content and the relaxation of the style, however, are too great a strain. We have come to expect little else from the younger and polished literati of England, and if sociology points to an aristocracy that lacks a *raison d'être*, criticism should take the clue and call men with more vital backgrounds to the task, plus the privilege, of expressing the period. Only in the face of a book like "All Summer in a Day" is the passive and craven character of contemporary criticism apparent. In Crocean fashion we refrain from criticizing books for what they are not; but when books throw us insidiously, as an excuse for continued existence, only the sensationalism of an acute animal, it is high time to criticize those books adversely for what is not in them. Yet when criticism does take the offensive, "All Summer in a Day" with its "degree of immortality that a flower possesses pressed between the pages of a book" will be found comparatively only a minor offender.

JOHN WALDHORN GASSNER

Young China

The Youth Movement in China. By Tsi C. Wang. New Republic. $1.

WHERE else are youth so young, so full of the springtime of the world, and yet so old, so burdened with a sense of their responsibility to the world, as in China today? Where else, indeed, are youth so important?

There, in a sense, a generation is being sacrificed on the altar of progress. There are no middle-aged men in modern China. There are grand old men, survivals of the old regime; and young men, fresh from Western education. The old men cannot adapt themselves to the swirling changes; the young men are forced to act beyond their capacities. "It is unfortunate for men of talent to be born in China today," Hu Shih said to me once, "they get too far too easily; they are pushed rapidly to responsibilities beyond their powers—and they are done. Wellington Koo would have made a splendid permanent under secretary of the Foreign Office—he is made Prime Minister; Wu Pei-fu an excellent division commander—he has to try to be a generalissimo; two years after I returned from America a newspaper straw ballot declared me one of the twelve greatest living Chinese! When you have made a reputation you have to do one of two things: live up to it or live on it. In the first case, you are ruined physically; in the second you are ruined morally and intellectually. You try to be a great man; you try to do too many things—and you break."

Boys out of college perforce assume jobs fit for men of mature years; college students do the work done in the West by men in their thirties; and mere high-school lads do a task of political agitation for which we would consider college men unripe. They do it badly enough; but there is no remedy; the twentieth century will not wait, and the work has to be done. The foreigners, safe in their compounds, complain that the boys are losing their schooling; but the students know that they are making young China.

An old Chinese maxim said "Be old while you are young." In the West, Chen Tu-shu told his Peking students, we say "Stay young while you are growing old." Chen, like many Chinese, exaggerated our virtue, but it was a lesson old China needed. Without the iconoclastic students Sun Yat-sen's long years of revolutionary activity would have been vain; the students poured their souls and blood into the Second Revolution that seemed to fail in 1913; and it was the students of Peking who, in 1919, overturned a rotten and corrupt government, aroused a sodden nation, and forced a surprised delegation at Paris to refuse to sign the Treaty of Versailles which confirmed Japan—for three short years—in possession of the sacred province of Shantung. It was a group of just returned students who, in the preceding two years, had laid the foundations of a greater revolution by exalting the spoken language of the people, decrying the artificiality of the old written language of the scholars, thus opening the way for a great germination of mass education. It was a student demonstration in Shanghai which, silenced for a minute by police guns, touched the spark that set the Chinese nation aflame in 1925 with a fire which is still scorching the proud British Empire. It is in the mere children who leave their classes for what seem futile patriotic parades that China's hope lies. Where in our discouraged West would a student deliberately break his finger to write in blood "Save our Tsingtao"; and where else would that gesture seem a holy act and arouse millions to determination?

The Iliad of the Chinese student movement has yet to be written. Dr. Wang's little book is a stirring, turgid outline of its genesis. It follows the record of the first foreign students, the era of translations, the Literary Renaissance, the anti-religious movements, the triumphant Peking movement of 1919. Apparently Dr. Wang left China in 1922, and his story is not brought to date. The Shanghai movement is hardly touched

upon; the interrelation of the student and labor movements is barely hinted. His book lacks evidence of the most elementary editing—Hu Shih's name, for instance, is spelled in four different ways; other names are almost as erratic, and the proofreading is wretched. Yet somehow the springtide of China's youth movement surges across its pages; I began reading late, and could not sleep until I had finished. Translations of student diaries and of pages from Hu's, Chen's, and others' elsewhere untranslated writings convey the passion and poetry and color of the young generation in China. Too many foreign-trained Chinese students lose their roots; they write the history of their own country from foreign sources; in these pages of translation Dr. Wang gives us a kind of telescope through which we can watch the comet-course of this young and inexplicably living China.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

John Bull and Brother Jonathan

The American in England During the First Half Century of Independence. By Robert E. Spiller. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

MR. SPILLER gives us an entertaining summary of the impressions of rather more than a hundred American travelers in Great Britain between 1780 and 1835. The list of names is impressive. It includes writers like Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, and N. P. Willis; scholars like Ticknor, Benjamin Silliman, and Jared Sparks; artists like Benjamin West, Washington Allston, and S. F. B. Morse; and, of course, the envoys—John Adams, Richard Rush, Albert Gallatin, and Martin Van Buren. Only about twenty-five of them actually wrote books of travel, but Mr. Spiller has extracted the opinions of others from diary jottings, letters, and fugitive publications. The record as a whole is vivacious, interesting, and, though too superficial to have much value for the specialist in English social history, informing for the general reader.

It has the merit of throwing nearly as much light upon the American character and point of view as upon the British. This was a period when England was still the mother country, when men of cultivation were naturally Anglophiles, and when Washington Irving could be one month on the hostile Canadian border with his militia regiment and the next month fraternizing on board an Atlantic packet with British officers. Most Americans were deferential. Young James Gallatin, to be sure, remarked that "I frankly don't like England or English customs and manners," and Fenimore Cooper attacked the vices and artificiality of English aristocracy as warmly as he attacked the crudity of American democracy. Numerous travelers complained of the English reserve of manner. But the dominant note was that struck by Irving in his idealizations of English country life, literary scenes, and hospitality. Rush and N. P. Willis took a keen delight in London society. Silliman, spending a year abroad in search of scientific enlightenment, was as much impressed as Ticknor by England's cultural superiority. American business men, like the manufacturer Zechariah Allen, envied the enterprise and energy of the British industrial centers. American artists delighted in the picturesque beauty of the country and the high station accorded to the arts. As America grew toward maturity, however, this deferential attitude was strongly modified.

The amusing incidents which can be caught up in a book like this, the picturesque descriptive bits, constitute its principal charm for the general reader. Royalty received generous attention. Elkanah Watson saw George III go before Parliament to make his memorable acknowledgment of American freedom, and dwelt upon the anguish and despair on the long visages of the American Tories in the gallery; young Gallatin saw George IV come home drunk from a cockfight, fat, redfaced, and staggering. William Austen described Fox—slovenly, unwieldy, ungracious, and shrill, yet irresistibly fascinating—and Rush the "intuitive and brilliant" Canning, while Nathaniel Wheaton listened to Macaulay's first public speech in London, long and loudly applauded. Few Americans failed to invent an opportunity to call upon at least one or two literary lights. It is noteworthy that they sought out the well-established authors of the day, such as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Rogers, and Moore, and paid no attention to figures like Keats. Hannah More and Barry Cornwall were more important in American eyes than Lamb and Hazlitt. Coleridge talked right through every Yankee who knocked at his door, and Wordsworth, with leggings and green goggles, edified them with—as one put it—"sound remark and didactic wisdom."

The volume is in some respects disappointing. These supposedly inquisitive Yankees paid little attention to the lower classes and the industrial revolution; they were not much interested in education or government; they saw little but the upper strata of English society and the outside of British institutions. They were acquiescent and uncritical. But Mr. Spiller has made the most of his material and given us clues to a great deal of buried information.

ALLAN NEVINS

The Emerging Balkans

The New Balkans. By Hamilton Fish Armstrong. With an Introduction by Archibald Cary Coolidge. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THIS book is not, as its title might suggest, a survey of post-war Balkan conditions but a collection of more or less unrelated articles of unequal merit on "a few of the special problems that are troubling, or may at any time trouble, the Balkan peninsula." It lacks organic unity. But this defect, aggravated by the absence of an index and even a short bibliography, is partly made up for by Professor Coolidge's brief, adequate introduction, which provides an indispensable historical background. The author's temper is all that could be desired. He is free alike from strident partisanship for one or another of the Balkan nations and from an attitude of condescension toward all of them characteristic of much of the work of outsiders on the subject.

No part of the globe has undergone greater changes during the last fifteen years than the southeastern corner of Europe. These changes in the southeast, combined with the general transformation of the European map, have resulted, startlingly enough, in a palpable decline of the international importance of the Balkan peninsula. The disappearance of Austria-Hungary, the return of Germany to the Bismarckian tradition of aloofness from Balkan affairs, the withdrawal—however temporary and partial—of Russia from the Balkan scene, the break-up of the system of European alliances, and the creation of the League of Nations, whose dominant members, Great Britain and France, are primarily interested in the maintenance of the Balkan *status quo* and the preservation of peace, have greatly simplified the Balkan situation and robbed the game of *haute politique*, in which the Balkan states were mere pawns, of much of its pre-war complexity and zest. M. Seignobos's remark, indorsed by the author, that "the whole political history of Europe since 1871 has concentrated in the Balkan peninsula," while made in 1896, still held good in 1914, as Serajevo and its aftermath showed; but it would be a gross exaggeration today. Professor Coolidge warns that "the eternal Eastern Question is still with us"; but in a greatly modified and attenuated form.

As regards the outlook for Balkan peace, Mr. Armstrong, though reasonably optimistic, wisely refrains from definite prophecy. But he does record his conviction, which the reviewer shares, that Balkan peace should and will be promoted by the Balkan states themselves rather than by either the Great Powers or that much-advertised combination, the Little Entente. With its population of forty millions and its area of 320,000 square miles, distributed among six sovereign states,

the Balkan peninsula offers sufficient scope for an exclusively Balkan pact of non-aggression. That the settlement of the outstanding differences among the Balkan states must precede this consummation goes without saying. And though there are many obstacles to be overcome, there are distinct signs of a new Balkan spirit abroad—a consequence of the disillusionment of war or of the attainment of national aspirations—which makes the prospects of peace considerably brighter than they have been at any time since the Congress of Berlin. We are witnessing the moral de-balkanization of the Balkan peninsula heralded by such un-Balkan portents as preoccupation with economic interests, a growing realization of the economic interdependence of the Balkan nations, a distinct decline of intransigent nationalism and irredentism, and an unmistakable attitude of sophistication and mistrust toward the European Powers. The Balkan peninsula has lived through—and survived—its age of innocence.

NICHOLAS S. KALTCHAS

Books in Brief

Frederic Harrison: Thoughts and Memories. By Austin Harrison. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

Mr. Austin Harrison has set down a stimulating and at times a vivacious account of liberal tendencies in Victorian England, with particular emphasis upon English positivism, in which his father, Frederic Harrison, was the dominant personality. The family note is entirely absent. The volume moves forward with a singular justness of tone. Clearly Mr. Austin Harrison is not a positivist himself; he has too much humor. And he has too much historical imagination to decry the intellectual milieu of the Oxford men. The age produced a fighting sociology and a fighting science whose implications we are still struggling with. But in the meantime it left many gifted men in an impasse, spiritually with the theologians, intellectually with Huxley, Clifford, and Tyndall. Frederic Harrison was such a man, and his chief reward for his sixty years of effort to acclimatize the philosophy of Auguste Comte in England was the suspicion that he sympathized with Catholicism for the plain reason that he did not sympathize with Protestantism. Thus, even in his heresy, choosing French humanism when the cry was all for evolution, Frederic Harrison was on the unpopular side, and his son leaves him there, with tact and sympathy and a wry smile at the irony of it.

The Culture of Ancient Greece and Rome. By F. Poland, E. Reisinger, and R. Wagner. Little, Brown and Company. $6.

This volume has definitely solved an "outline" problem of long standing; how to present to the semi-lettered multitude the splendors of classical antiquity in one moderately sized volume. We are presented here with a concise and penetrating study of the life, thought, and culture which have come down to us from Greece and Rome—a study intended for plain people who have neither time nor opportunity for specializing study. Outstanding features of the book are the many and excellent illustrations and the references to the latest literary and archaeological discoveries.

Homes of the Freed. By Rossa B. Cooley. The New Republic. $1.

Negro Illegitimacy in New York City. By Ruth Reed. Columbia University Press.

Here are two books about the Negro woman, as amazingly different as two books on the same subject can well be. The first is a vivid and moving account of the struggle upward toward homes and common decency as exemplified in the Carolina islands; the second is a description of a group of Negro mothers living in a furnished room in the city, with a man who may or may not be the husband, who may or may not be the father of the children. In both books we see Negro women caught in problems which are theirs both as women and as Negroes, working out these problems through the assistance of white agencies. "Homes of the Freed" has some significance as a sociological document but most of all it is an idyl; it has about it the naive charm of simpler and earlier days. Persons who like mental shocks might read it along with "Nigger Heaven." There is nothing idyllic about Miss Reed's study of five hundred Negro mothers. On the whole they show attitudes and attempts at adjustment to a difficult situation which are in no way distinctively racial. The economic independence of the Negro woman appears to be a phase which passes as the husband's earnings increase, while among the well-to-do cultured class Miss Reed finds standards of family life characteristic of the Puritan era.

The Wives of Henry the Eighth. By Martin Hume. Brentano's. $4.

Mr. Hume will have it, in flat contradiction of Froude, that Henry's two beheaded spouses—Ann Boleyn and Katharine Howard—were both guiltless victims of royal tyranny. Not the least amusing and instructive parts of the volume are the portraits of Henry's six wives, done in the staring, pop-eyed, Holbein and Frans Hals manner. If the portraits (both contemporary) of Ann Boleyn and Katharine Howard are faithful presentations, Mr. Hume has won his argument against Froude, and the ultimate verdict of history, confronted with such startling homeliness, must be: not guilty.

Desert: A Legend. By Martin Armstrong. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

In the year 420 A.D. Palladius, bishop of Helenopolis, finished his "Book of Paradise," perhaps the oldest and surely the most suggestive account of the early Christian ascetics. This book is a mine not only of information but of romance, and Mr. Armstrong has done well to sink shafts in it and stope out the contents of its rich veins. Moreover he has worked upon Palladius's precious ores with an artist's imagination, carving them in lovely patterns and adding here and there some rich jewel from his own storehouse. The result is an understanding reconstruction of those curious days when a wealthy young Alexandrian might well abandon the fleshly sophistication of the city to seek spiritual comfort and the salvation of his soul as a lonely hermit in the desert. Malchus's monkly torments and temptations and his various adventures, spiritual and physical, in his difficult pursuit of holiness are both psychologically and archaeologically convincing. Less vivid perhaps are the few scenes laid in Alexandria.

Music

"The King's Henchman"

THE success of "The King's Henchman" has spanned so much of the future for American music that it looms up more important than the work itself. The preliminary interest one can discount by clever publicity and the personal popularity of Deems Taylor, the composer, and Edna St. Vincent Millay, who wrote the libretto. The professional character of the dress rehearsal, the social brilliance of the first-night audience, and the unprecedented box-office receipts for the premiere of an American opera attest merely to this. But a sold-out house greeted the second performance, which means that the public as well as the critics gave their approval. It means, too, that confidence has been established in the American composer where there has never been confidence before—a fact already emphasized by the equally unprecedented act of the Metropolitan in commissioning another opera from Mr. Taylor. Because of this effect upon the public it is less necessary at this period in our musical history that "The King's Henchman" be of great originality and far-reaching musical consequence than that it be a good opera. And this is what Mr. Taylor has achieved.

That a composer should seek his libretto from a poet, as

Mr. Taylor did, is a cause for congratulation in any country—especially such a libretto as Miss Millay furnished. The tale itself has been told too often now to be more than touched upon: Eadgar, King of England, and a widower, "burns" to marry again. Hearing of the beauty of Aelfrida, daughter of the Thane of Devon, he sends his foster brother and dearest friend, Aethelwold, to verify the report. Aethelwold sets off unwillingly, for he knows and cares nothing about women. That night he loses his way in a woods near Aelfrida's house and there meets Aelfrida herself. It is Hallowe'en, and Aelfrida has come to seek "in rune and spell" a lover more to her liking than the country bumpkin her father has selected. The two fall in love, neither knowing who the other is. And when Aethelwold finally does learn the truth, he is so helpless in the power of this magic that he lies to the king about Aelfrida's beauty, and marries her himself. Marriage does not bring happiness, however. Aethelwold is tormented by his treachery to the king; and Aelfrida is discontented with her humdrum existence. Both indeed have agreed to flee to Flanders when Eadgar suddenly arrives on a friendly visit. Seing Aelfrida, he understands all. And Aethelwold, unable to bear Eadgar's noble reproach, falls upon his sword.

This tale undoubtedly bears analogies to Wagner's "Tristan," and Mr. Taylor has treated it in similar mood. The question is, however, whether it can stand such treatment. Miss Millay's characters are far more human than they are heroic. Aelfrida is a vain, shallow creature who might well have saved her husband had she but heeded his plea to make herself ugly rather than to make herself more beautiful, as she did, to greet the king. Aethelwold was quite willing to continue to deceive the king to the very end. Even their love scene lacked the epic passion of "Tristan." "I am lost!—I am swept out to sea!" cries Aelfrida, dazed by this new emotion. And Aethelwold, "Thou—knowest thou aught of love and how it taketh a man? Thinkest thou I am in love with thee?" Eadgar, too, young and personable, is quite human in his desires and affections.

And yet Mr. Taylor has chosen to treat this text heroically. His orchestra surges symphonically with an ebb and flow of passion truly Wagnerian. Strings and brasses, rather than the voices, carry the burden of the drama with little variety. In fact, the voices are too often submerged by the instruments, which was all the more unfortunate, as Lawrence Tibbett, Edward Johnston, and Florence Easton—cast respectively as Eadgar, Aethelwold, and Aelfrida—sang superbly. This may have been partly due to Tullio Serafin, who conducted finely but ruthlessly, as far as the singers were concerned. On the other hand, Mr. Taylor used his chorus with beautiful effect in the first act, where it was punctuated by the solo voices, and in the second act, where it played echo to the lovers. The sighing of the wind through the birch saplings, though too long, was also well presented by the orchestra. And the harp accompaniment to Maccus's song in the first act gave an appropriate atmosphere to the early Saxon setting that might have been utilized again with great relief. A few more pauses would also have been welcome.

It has been pointed out that Miss Millay's libretto was literary rather than dramatic. Literary it was—one of the finest librettos from that standpoint since "Pelléas." But it would be equally true, perhaps, to say that it was lyrical rather than dramatic, whereas Mr. Taylor's score was just the opposite. Even the interpolated "Beggar on Horseback" suffered from this treatment. For the rest, the music was conventional, and distinguished only by a genuine emotional content. Nevertheless, it was this very conventionality that made it acceptable to the Metropolitan and the public, and so paved the way for the "great" American composer. The latter is not yet safe, for only a few nights later one die-hard remarked, "I wouldn't even go to hear an American opera. English and grand opera don't go together." And that was from an American!

HENRIETTA STRAUS

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Drama

Pastiche

DORRANCE DAVIS, author of "A Lady in Love" (Lyceum Theater), has concocted a fairly amusing play, but he has at the same time unwillingly demonstrated how nearly impossible it is to capture a style which no longer has any vital relation to life.

The scene of the piece is London in 1680, and its aim is to recapture the spirit of the comedy of that time. The characters beloved of the Restoration dramatists—the pert miss, the suspicious old husband, and the roistering young blade—are put through their familiar paces and they are made to express themselves in witty phrases of wicked import. The plot consists wholly of a series of elaborate intrigues which reach their climax when the husband is made unwittingly to send the young lover into his own wife's bed, and thus far the imitation is fairly successful. Yet though both the characters and the situations are modeled closely upon their prototypes, the author cannot avoid betraying the modernity of his sensibilities by introducing motives and sentiments wholly alien to the pattern of the Restoration mind. There are times when he plays both wittingly and effectively with the humorous possibilities of anachronism, as when, for example, he makes one of his three ladies of the town exclaim "Gadzooks, girls, the house is pinched"; but it is not of such intentional lapses that I am thinking, for time and time again the illusion is shattered by an incident or an emotional coloring which, to anyone at all sensitive to such things, is as obviously false as the touch of Renoir would be in a copy of a Flemish primitive.

Thus when he makes the young wife in her lover's arms speak pathetically of the torture which for seven years she has endured through the necessity of living with the husband whom her father had forced upon her, he is appealing to a particular strain of sentimental pity which, if not exactly modern, was not discovered until the eighteenth century, and he is using it as an excuse for an adultery which no Restoration comic writer would have thought of as needing any excuse at all. The villainous husband, hoist on his own petard, is made to exclaim at last "Very well then, I will give you a divorce," and it is not mere pedantry to point out that since no divorce was obtainable in England except from an ecclesiastical court until well into the nineteenth century, no Restoration writer would have been able to understand what such a conclusion was supposed to mean. Not only would it have been contrary to any known law but equally contrary to the requirements of the emotional pattern of the audiences as well. "A Lady in Love," amusing though it is, suffers from the defect of all pastiche—whenever it begins to take on life it tends to miss the style which it is attempting. A play written as some other age would have written it is inevitably either a wax-work or full of mental and emotional anachronisms. A first-rate modern play about seventeenth-century London would have to be as far different from Congreve as Shakespeare is from Plutarch.

"Set a Thief" (Empire Theater) is one of those regulation mystery melodramas in which every male member of the cast is suspected of having done the crime in which, as it turns out, most did have a hand. Those who have studied criminology by means of the theater will suspect from the start that the man to whom all the evidence points is not really guilty, and they will suspect it not only because all the evidence does so point but even more because the nice young girl is in love with him. Mystery plays generally reveal a cynical attitude toward most things. The police are crooked and the most respectable looking gentlemen usually unconscionable rogues. But young love is sacred. Ministers of the gospel turn out to be yeggmen, detectives rob safes, and even bankers are cast down; but romance is never destroyed; and the man who is loved by a beautiful girl is never guilty.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Two World Tribunals

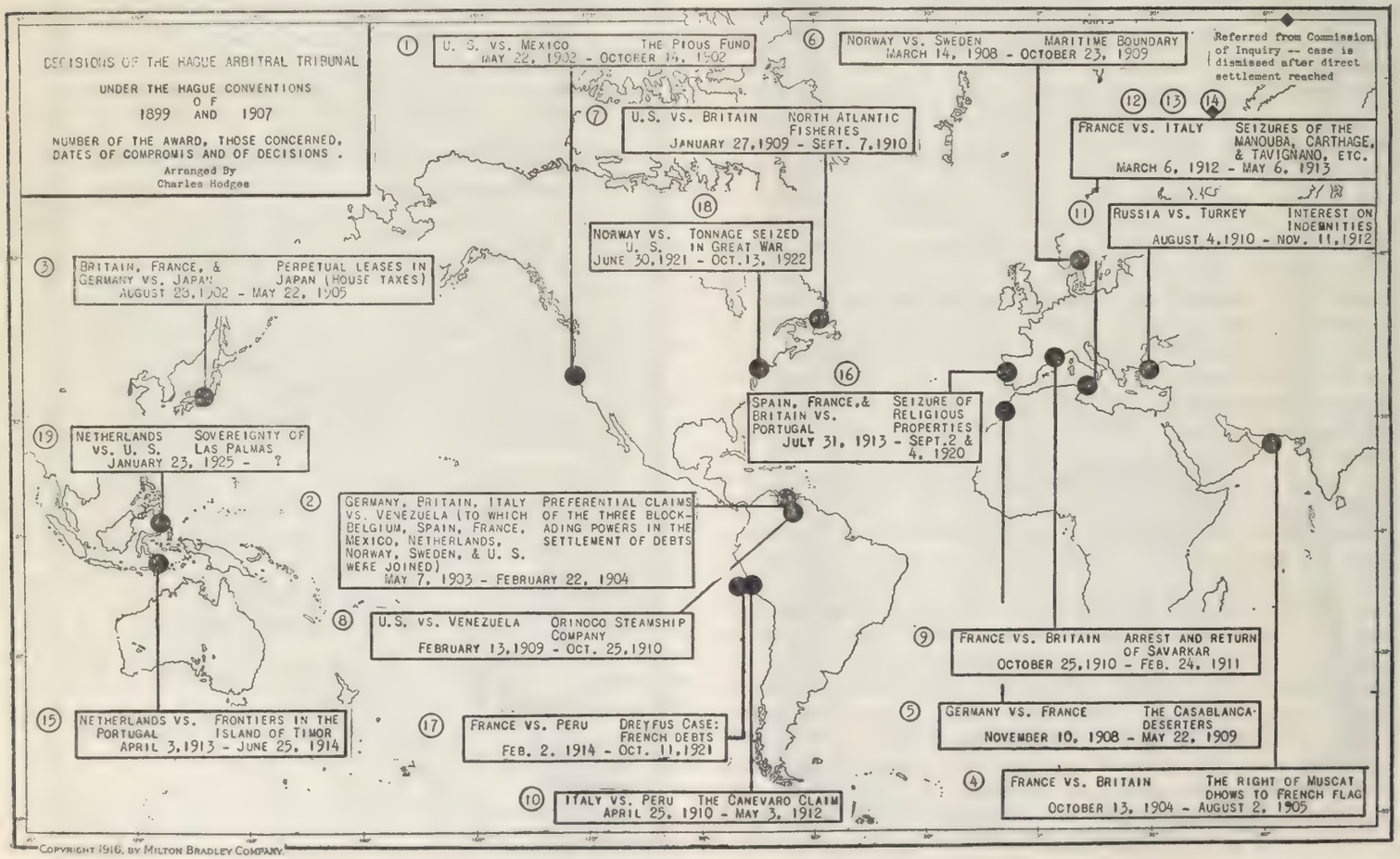
By CHARLES HODGES

WORLD justice today rests upon two tribunals—one the court of arbitral procedure agreed upon at the First Hague Conference of 1899; the other that of judicial settlement established as a result of the Paris Peace Conference of 1919.

For the purpose of setting the picture, it suffices to say that the quarter of a century standing between these two world tribunals is all-important to an understanding of their respective roles. The Hague Arbitral Tribunal represents the culmination of centuries of development in the arbitration of differences between nations. From the days of ancient Greece, where about 75 arbitrations are recorded with the awards of the Amphictyonic Council executed in a ratio of 17 to 3,[1] to the present there has been a steady growth of arbitral settlements by special agreement, general treaty, and tribunal. Indeed arbitration was the battle-cry of nineteenth-century internationalists, who pointed with satisfaction to the negotiation of between 281 and 314 treaties providing for arbitral settlements[2] and some 200 actual arbitrations of differences during this hundred years,[3] every award having been accepted. Moreover, from the launching of the Hague Tribunal in 1899 to the European crises immediately preceding the Great War the number of agreements providing for "compulsory" arbitration in pursuance of Article 19 of the Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes increased from 2 in 1903 to 80 in 1908.[4] In other words, arbitration had won an established place in the world at the time the tribunal was projected at the Hague while its activities were carried on against a background of treaty obligations binding the nations more and more to resort to its procedure.

By way of contrast, the World Court—the Permanent Court of International Justice—which came to be housed under the same roof in the Peace Palace at the Hague stands out as the realization of a judicial project inevitable but new to the life of nations. Instead of marking the end of a century of unprecedented world progress and international cooperation, it appeared at the close of the greatest war of our times. Instead of resting on a long history of cases in which the underlying concepts of its work had been tested, this world tribunal had no more precedent than had the Supreme Court of the United States in 1789 and assuredly not as many favoring circumstances. Instead of facing in a decade a leisurely accumulation of cases which, important as they were, had but little diplomatic dynamite in them, the newer tribunal in the five years of its busy life has had to meet in its advisory opinions and judgments the exigencies of post-war politics, constitutional trail-blazing of world importance, and the administration of a law of nations itself under the shadow of past events.

In a summary way, the post-war work of the two tribunals emphasizes this contrast. The Hague Arbitral Tribunal has 19 cases to its credit.[5] In this figure is included the arbitration of the sovereignty of Las Palmas Islands, lying between the Philippines and Dutch Borneo, to which the United States and the Netherlands are parties; while the work of the Commissions of Inquiry, instituted under the old Hague scheme, is excluded. The Permanent Court



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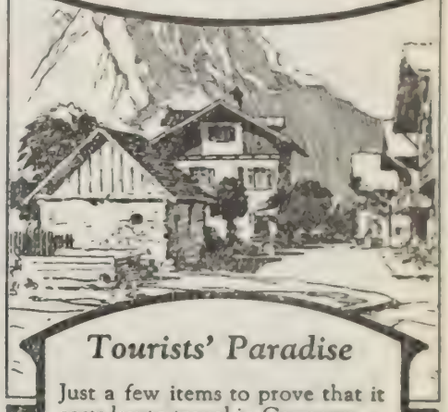
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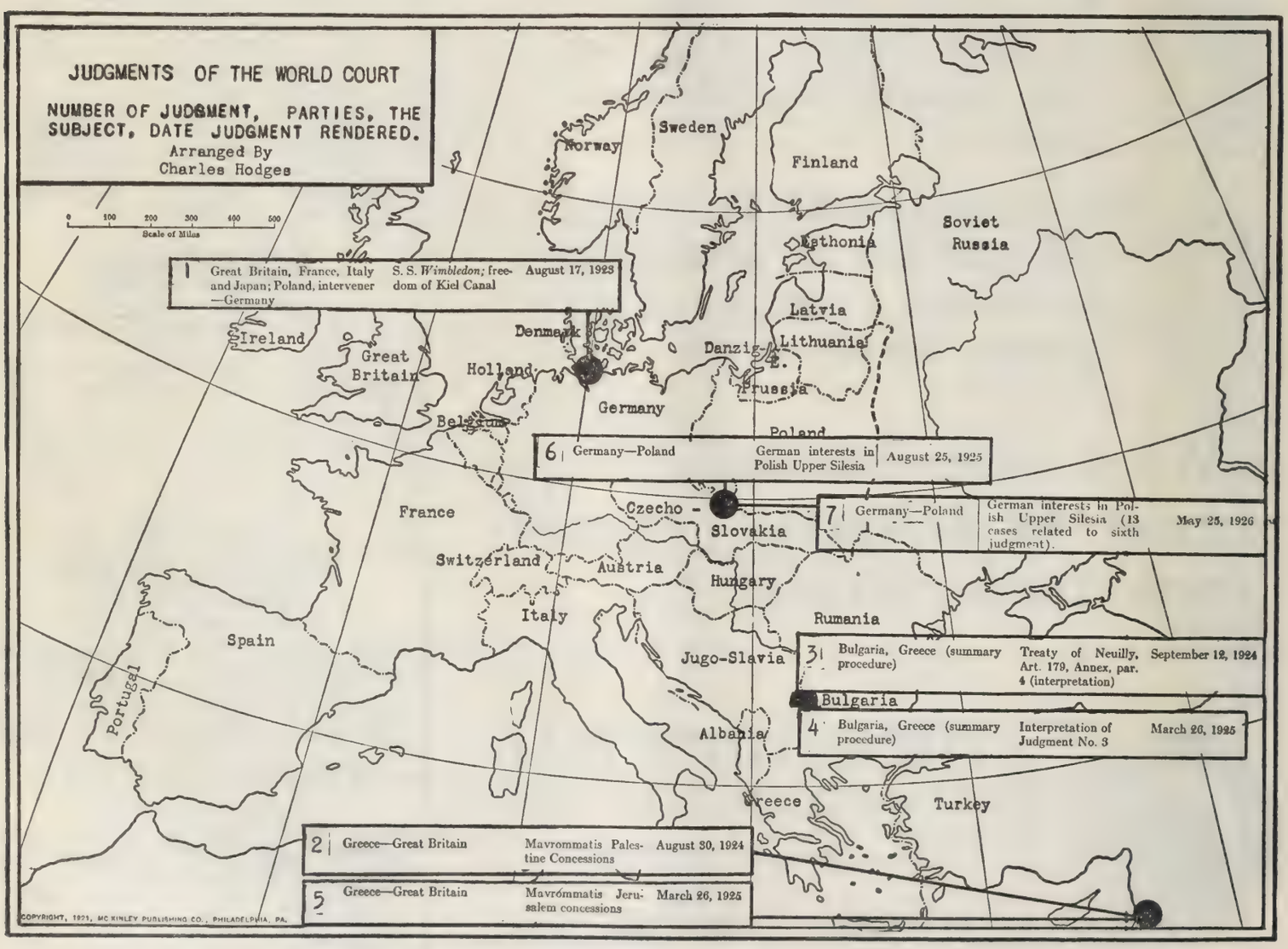
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of International Justice has passed upon 20 cases, including 13 advisory opinions and 7 judgments.[6] All but two of the arbitral awards have dealt with pre-war controversies. Each of them has been concerned of course with disputes of a localized character involving directly but few Powers as parties to the proceedings—more than a single plaintiff has figured in only three instances.

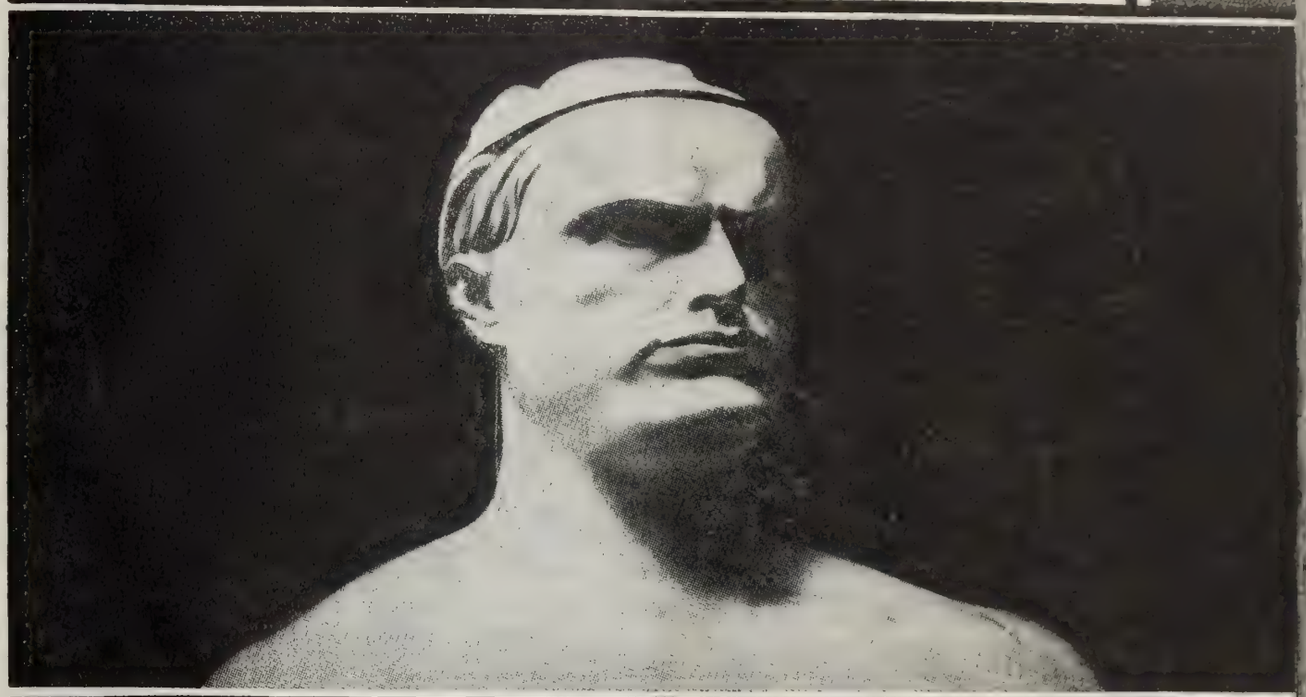
Looking at the geographic distribution of these cases, a notable fact is the absence of any recourse to the World Court from the Americas. Whereas the old Hague Tribunal acted as an arbitral buffer between the Old and the New World, no such prospect presents itself in the case of the Permanent Court of International Justice as long as the United States is outside its judicature. Indeed two of the post-war cases before the Hague Arbitral Tribunal have come through the willingness of the United States to continue its traditional friendliness toward arbitration; this brings the number of cases to which the American Government has been a party to a quarter of the total arbitral settlements. There is every reason to believe that Latin-American recourse to the World Court, not to mention the interposition of the League of Nations, runs counter to the Pan-American purposes of Washington.[7]

So far as the status of the parties is concerned, another sharp contrast presents itself. The older Arbitral Tribunal, by the very nature of its processes, appealed to the Great Powers as a convenient means of settling justiciable questions which in most cases involved nothing more than property interests of a substantial character. The bulk of the awards have been of two categories: the disputes between the Great Powers themselves number 9 while there have been 8 between Great Powers and lesser Powers. Only two cases are on record between the smaller nations during the existence of the tribunal. The reverse may be said to obtain in the World Court. But a single judgment and one advisory opinion have been rendered involving Great Powers alone. One-third of the opinions and over half the judgments have concerned Great and lesser Powers; while in both types of cases, the small nations have found the Permanent Court of International Justice filling a long-felt want since it is permanently constituted under conditions that obviate the heavy direct charges incurred in a resort to the Hague Tribunal. Emphasis, too, may be laid on the fact that one-third of the advisory opinions virtually involve the world as in this number of cases the International Labor Organization with its membership has been a party.

The major part of the work of the Hague Tribunal has concerned itself either with the adjudication of claims regarding property or jurisdiction between states. Four boundary disputes complete the picture. In the cases handled by the World Court property interests were reviewed only in the 2 judgments concerning the Mavromatis Jerusalem Concessions to which Britain and Greece were par-



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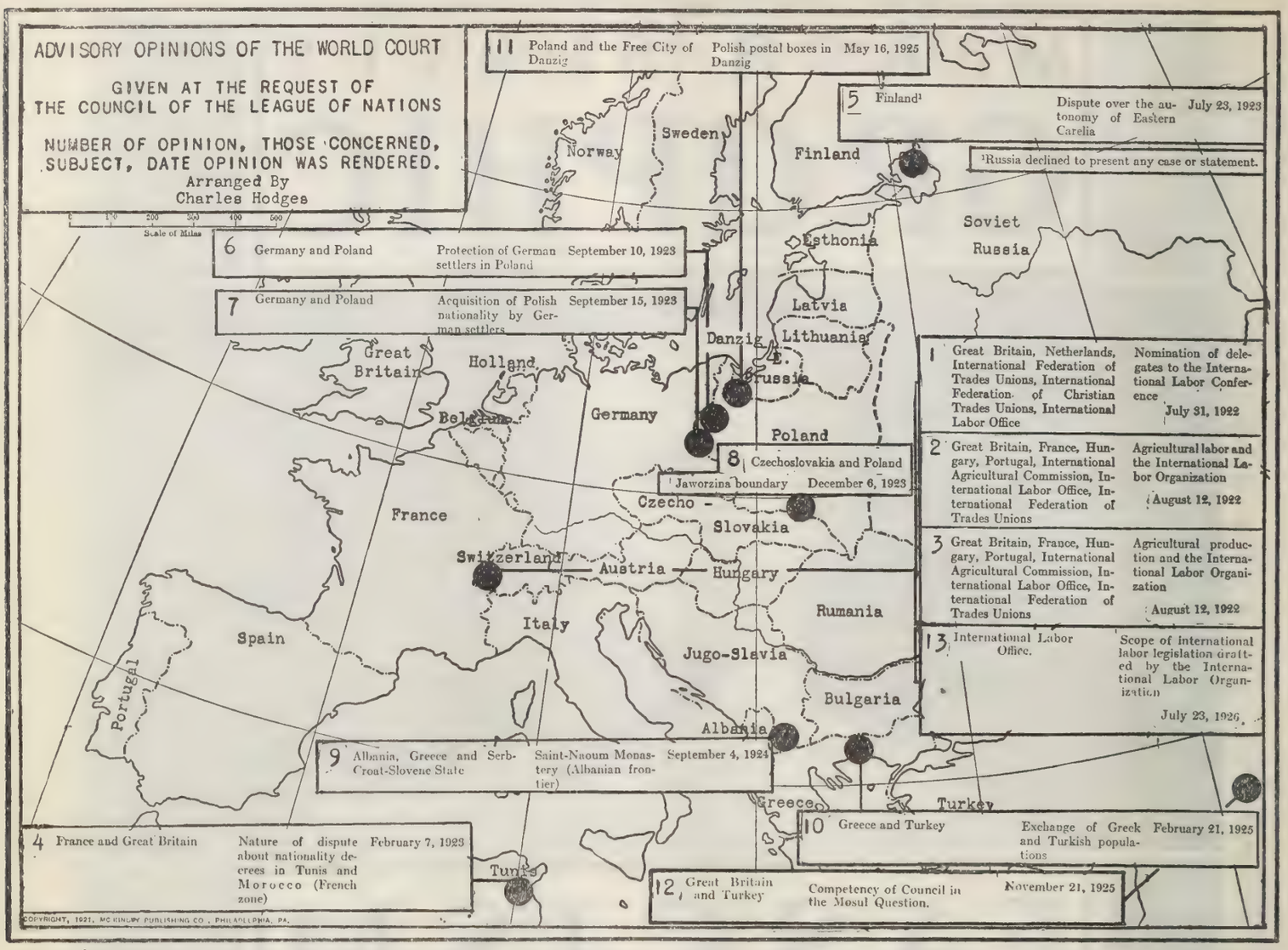
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ties. Four advisory opinions, however, have dealt with boundary questions; while 5 others, to which may be added 5 judgments, have dealt with conflicts of jurisdiction. Once again, the World Court is unique for the group of advisory opinions in which a collective interest prevails—4 such cases have had a general rather than an individual bearing upon the jurisdiction of states and may be said to affect all nations participating in the work of the League.

The accompanying charts graphically illustrate the contrasts in function and status of the two international tribunals described in these paragraphs.

Both have their place in the world of states. They are different instrumentalities, the differentiation of function and machinery being a part of the general growth of a society of states in the direction of the higher nationalism wherein cooperation is achieved through a more and more complete and unified structure.

---

[1] Cf. Phillipson, "International Law and Custom of Ancient Greece and Rome."

[2] Estimates differ, due both to methods of classification and completeness of records used by authorities; i.e., La Fontaine, 281 (1821-1900); Moch, 314 (1822-1909).

[3] Moch, "Histoire sommaire de l'arbitrage permanent," 212; Darby, "International Arbitration," 222.

[4] "Annuaire de la Vie Internationale," 1908.

[5] The Hague Court "Reports" are made public through the International Bureau of the Permanent Court of Arbitration.

[6] Publications of the Permanent Court of International Justice—Series A, "Collection of Judgments"; Series B, "Collection of Advisory Opinions."

[7] The Tacna-Arica dispute and the controversy between Panama and Costa Rica indicate reasons for this view. (1920 and 1921.)

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES worthily celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday by reading the unanimous opinion of the United States Supreme Court that the Texas law barring Negroes from the Democratic Party primaries was unconstitutional. It was a decision in the spirit of Massachusetts in the Abolitionist days of Justice Holmes's youth, when liberty was still a living part of the American tradition. Texas cast 735,186 votes in the Democratic primary of July, 1926, but only 100,617 at the regular election; to claim that disfranchisement at the primary of the dominant party was not disfranchisement was, of course, a mere trick of rhetoric. Justice Holmes said so. The Fourteenth Amendment, his opinion recalled,

> not only gave citizenship and the privileges of citizenship to persons of color but it denied to any State the power to withhold from them the equal protection of the laws.
>
> What is this but declaring that the law in the States shall be the same for the black as for the white; that all persons, whether colored or white, shall stand equal before the laws of the States, and in regard to the colored race, for whose protection the amendment was primarily designed, that no discrimination shall be made against them by law because of their color?
>
> The statute of Texas in the teeth of the prohibitions referred to assumes to forbid Negroes to take part in an election, the importance of which we have indicated, discriminating against them by the distinction of color alone. . . . It is too clear for extended argument that color cannot be made the basis of a statutory classification affecting the right set up in this case.

That is a splendid vindication of the constitutional principles of equal rights for the two races, but it will take a still longer step to establish a practice of anything like equality in the South.

LIKE THE MAKERS OF IVORY SOAP, Alexander Kerensky calculates his percentages minutely if not quite exactly. Ninety-nine per cent of the Russian people, he said upon arriving in New York the other day, are opposed to Bolshevism. From the distance of Paris, where he makes his calculations, it is possible, of course, that the ex-Premier counted some heads twice. His prophecies are as optimistic as his figures; the Bolshevist Government, he says, is bound to collapse because the industrial machine is breaking down. Should prosperity increase, on the other hand, the Soviet regime is still more surely doomed, since "everything that restores the economic force . . . of the country destroys the power of the Bolshevist Government." Heads, they lose; tails, he wins. Such high hope, even at the expense of likelihood and logic, is doubtless necessary for a man whose life is spent in exile planning a return to power and the good old days. His reason for existence would be lost if he were forced to look into the cold face of reality. Fortunately for him he can continue to hide behind his illusions as long as he remains in America, where the Red Menace is a popular myth, where his phantom government is still solemnly believed in, and where he is welcomed by an Assistant United States District Attorney while other political refugees—the Karolyis, for example—are turned away from these shores.

DOUBTLESS THE AMERICAN MARINES who had been cooped up on shipboard in the river off Shanghai were enormously relieved when the order came to disembark and march, drums beating and flags flying, through Nanking Road and out to Jessfield Park. And doubtless the Americans who live in Shanghai under the protection of the British flag were glad to see this visible evidence that the United States stood shoulder to shoulder with Britain in defense of the foreign lives and property centering in Shanghai. Unfortunately, it meant more than that. The Americans stacked arms at the end of the march in Jessfield Park, outside the foreign Settlement boundaries; and while the foreigners who lined the streets cheered, the Chinese stood impassive and silent. To them it meant that America indorsed Britain's action in invading Chinese territory because it happened to be more convenient to do so. Washington may be ever so careful in insisting upon its diplomatic independence, but all that the Shanghai coolie knows is that American troops followed the British along the line of march. Meanwhile—and to a certain degree consequently—the Nationalist movement continues to gain.

HARRY DAUGHERTY found one juryman who felt reasonable doubt of his guilt, but the public long ago made up its mind about Mr. Harding's Attorney General. The story of his interest in splitting the Merton fee of $441,000 in bonds and cash which obtained release of $7,000,000 of German property from the Alien Property

Custodian is only one of scores which have never been satisfactorily answered. Mr. Daugherty's action in destroying the records on a lonely Sunday in his brother's bank told the public all it needed to know. Emory Buckner, the prosecuting attorney, had a harder task to prove conspiracy. Most prosecutors would have given up after the first attempt—especially after the plain evidence that his departmental superiors were hostile to his vigorous pursuit of his sworn duty. But Mr. Buckner stuck. He fought the case through once, against enormous obstacles, and returned to fight again. There have been stories that Thomas W. Miller, the former Alien Property Custodian, who was convicted by the same jury which disagreed about Mr. Daugherty, would now "spill the beans," that he has been "double-crossed" by the Daugherty gang. We shall await his action with interest. Twice he has assured the public that he would take the stand in his own defense; twice he has cowered behind his legal right to evade examination; if he is innocent he should have seized the opportunity to make his statement in the full publicity of the courtroom and have courted Mr. Buckner's attack.

ONE ACCUSED SENATOR, Gould of Maine, was "cleared" by the subcommittee of the Senate Elections Committee just before Congress adjourned. At least, that subcommittee voted that the charges against him, which related to the bribing of a former New Brunswick Premier, be dropped. There is no doubt that $100,000 was paid to Premier Fleming in connection with a railway undertaking of which Senator Gould was the head. Mr. Gould said it was done contrary to his wishes by his associates. The subcommittee observed that the transaction was fourteen years old and had no relation to his election to the Senate of the United States in the year 1926, adding: "It affirmatively appears that the Hon. Arthur R. Gould is a man of good character." The United States Senate has thus laid down the rule that if a "good man" helps to bribe a neighboring government with the sum of $100,000 it does not affect his eligibility for office. Meanwhile we may get new sensations out of Colorado. According to the press reports startling evidence is at hand as to the corruption which led to the election of Senator-elect Waterman of Colorado. That, it is explained, is why Senator Phipps of Colorado fought so bitterly on the side of Reed of Pennsylvania and Moses of New Hampshire to block any further probing into electoral corruption by Senator James A. Reed of Missouri.

SENATOR REED OF MISSOURI and Senator Robinson of Indiana, calling each other liars and talking about garbage, were headline material in America, and a threat of Congressional fisticuffs is always good for the first page. But as sensational dramatists our Solons have to take back step when compared with the Jugoslavs. The opposition in the Belgrade Parliament recently charged the Government with maintaining a White Terror. The Government denied it; the opposition said they would prove it, and prove it they did! Into the Chamber they brought a stark naked victim of third-degree police torture, his body black and blue and bleeding from police beating. Women shrieked in the galleries; deputies yelled; the presiding officer put on his hat and departed. But the Government, it is reported, will have to resign. The method seems drastic; but it might have awakened some of our Senatorial sleepers if Senator Borah had presented to the Senate the corpses of a few of the Nicaraguans who might still be alive but for the Coolidge-Kellogg policy in their country.

"WOMEN ARE THE AGREEABLE or pleasant parentheses of life." Thus Mussolini in an interview printed in the New York *Times*, given to one of the parenthetical sex. That was the beginning of the interview; as it proceeded it gathered momentum, so to speak:

> What should women do? In what field can they shine as man's equal? In anything that is not creative. Women cannot create. In all of the arts, from the beginning of time women have done delicious small things. . . . The power behind the throne? No. Woman is not that. No great man has ever been inspired to greatness by a woman's unseen power. . . . The more virile and intelligent a man is the less need he has of a woman as an integral part of himself. Women are a charming pastime, a means of changing one's trend of thought; but they should never be taken seriously, for they themselves are rarely if ever serious. . . . What more charming, thrilling than the first kiss? What brings a more profound sigh of relief than the last? . . . Left in their proper relation to man they are all that is delicious, adorable, sensuous. . . .

This is one of the most complete statements on an interesting topic that this paper has ever had the privilege to print. It is sweeping, it is all-inclusive, it is incontrovertible—or is it? We confess that we have been rendered slightly dizzy by the Duce's confidence. Is woman a parenthesis? Or is Italy's First Man, on the other hand, a rather rash and tottering exclamation-point?

THE PERSECUTION of George R. Dale has developed into a State-wide fight in Indiana. Because of slashing attacks upon the Ku Klux Klan and corruption in local politics in his weekly newspaper in Muncie, Dale has been the victim of a bitter vendetta, in which the courts have participated by use of their despotic and unregulated powers to punish for contempt. The highest court of Indiana, as previously noted in *The Nation*, laid down the extraordinary doctrine that proof of the truth of statements made in Dale's newspaper could not be submitted as a defense against his conviction for contempt. Dale is trying to get this doctrine reviewed by the United States Supreme Court. In the meanwhile Judge Clarence W. Dearth of the Delaware County Circuit Court has attempted, apparently without a shadow of legal authority, to prevent the distribution of Dale's newspaper, while new charges have been made against the editor. Fortunately Dale's persecution has brought champions to his side. On March 2 the Indiana House of Representatives voted 93 to 1 to impeach Judge Dearth for his attempted suppression of Dale's newspaper.

HORACE LIVERIGHT'S action in acquiring the rights to "The Captive" (which its original producers agreed to withdraw from the stage in order to escape criminal prosecution) has been variously judged. To the militant advocates of "clean stage" he is of course anathema, and to many of the other managers who would like to see the play sacrificed as a sop to the reformers he appears at least impolitic. Yet to us his determination to fight the case through the courts seems precisely in line with the general tactics which have been found most effective in the fight for free speech. We have never advocated the withdrawal of a speaker for any of the unpopular causes because he happened to be the

object of attack on the part of the American Legion or the American Defense Society. We have believed that the only way to affirm rights is to fight for them and we see no reason why this principle should not apply in the case of the theater also. From the commercial standpoint it is no doubt best for a manager to withdraw any play which comes under heavy fire, but from any other standpoint it is best for him to stand by his guns, and Mr. Liveright's fight, which is sure to cost him both money and friends, is evidence of sincere concern for a principle.

VIRTUALLY ALL the leading European authors have signed a remarkable letter of protest against the action of Samuel Roth, editor of the *Two Worlds Monthly*, in reprinting James Joyce's "Ulysses" "without authorization by Mr. Joyce, without payment to Mr. Joyce, and with alterations which seriously corrupt the text." Fuller descriptions of the letter, appearing recently in American newspapers, have contained a complete list of the signatures—we can merely note that among the 160 these are to be found: Arnold Bennett, Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell, May Sinclair, H. G. Wells, André Gide, Paul Valéry, Romain Rolland, Maurice Maeterlinck, Knut Hamsun, W. B. Yeats, "A. E.," Ivan Bunin, Miguel de Unamuno, Thomas Mann, Jacob Wassermann, Benedetto Croce, Luigi Pirandello, and Giovanni Gentile. The protest is surely the most significant one of its kind since the copyright war of the last century, the issue of which seemed to guarantee to European authors a fair share of their American rights. In the present situation there is said to be no legal redress; the American literary public is simply asked "to oppose to Mr. Roth's enterprise the full power of honorable and fair opinion." We hope that this can be made to mean something.

THE LATE IRA REMSEN was president of Johns Hopkins University from 1901 to 1913. Like Harry Pratt Judson, formerly president of the University of Chicago, whose death is also recorded, Dr. Remsen succeeded to the presidency in succession to the real organizer and developer of the university he came to head. Both Daniel Coit Gilman and William Rainey Harper had extraordinary organizing ability; they canvassed the country for scholars with whom to man their great institutions of learning, and their successors had in large degree merely to carry on what had been started—not, however, easy tasks. Dr. Remsen and Dr. Judson were both scholars of the old type who continued to teach throughout their presidencies. Dr. Remsen was a great chemist with an international reputation; it is hardly too much to say that he revolutionized the teaching of chemistry in America, and his textbooks have made his name familiar to untold thousands of students. Dr. Judson's quiet and gentle personality did not suggest the go-getter college president of which we hear so much today, but his university gained by his profound scholarship.

China News

WE have commented before, and may have to comment again, on the extraordinarily bad news service connecting China with the United States. Part of the fault lies in the high cable tolls—due to the Pacific cable monopoly—which makes the cost of long messages all but prohibitive. But more of the trouble lies in the blindness of the correspondents, who often regard themselves rather as partisans of the foreign community in China than as neutral observers and interpreters. The result is that our news from China today is like the news from Russia in the early days of the Soviet Revolution—distorted by a race and class partisanship which blinds otherwise intelligent newspapermen to obvious facts. Until recently we have had the benefit of one correspondent who understood and expressed the Chinese point of view—Thomas F. Millard of the New York *Times*. Now he has been replaced, for reasons unknown to us, by Frederick Moore, late foreign councilor to the Japanese Ministry of Foreign Affairs, whose dispatches have been poisonously hostile to the Chinese Nationalists.

In our issue of January 19 we referred to the fact that in treating the Hankow incident of January 3

> the press dispatches, almost all of British origin (the Associated Press unfortunately depends upon Reuter, a British news agency, for its Chinese news, and the United Press service is inadequate), report that the British soldiers were singularly restrained. The dispatches, however, mention a Chinese demand for apology for the brutality of the marines, while omitting to tell in what the brutality consisted.

We have just received a cablegram from the Nationalist News Agency in Hankow, throwing an extraordinary light on this comment of ours:

> On March 1, in the course of an editorial, the [American-edited] Hankow *Herald* quoted an editorial in the New York *Nation* for January 19. Referring to *The Nation's* remarks about the Associated Press report denying brutalities toward the Chinese in the Hankow incident of January 3, the Hankow *Herald* stated: "The reports which were sent to the Associated Press by its American representative were true to fact. When the Associated Press stated to its member newspapers that the British marines at Hankow did not use violence, that statement was a truthful statement and stands as it was written. There was no violence used. There were no two Chinese stabbed by bayonets."
>
> That several Chinese were stabbed, two seriously, was well known in Hankow and was printed in English-language newspapers throughout China. It was referred to several times by Eugene Chen in public announcements published all over the world.
>
> When the editor of the Hankow *Herald*, who is also the Hankow correspondent of the Associated Press, was taxed with these facts on March 1, and confronted with photographs of the wounded men and reports gathered by the local Commissioner of Foreign Affairs based on records of the Catholic Mission Hospital, he printed a retraction. In the course of his retraction he says: "It is now established beyond doubt that two Chinese were bayonetted on January 3."
>
> This retraction was printed on March 4. Two months after the Hankow affair of January 3 the Hankow correspondent of the Associated Press ascertains the facts!
>
> The *Herald* editorial is also insistent upon the independence of the Associated Press from the [British] Reuter agency in China. While it is true that the Associated Press has correspondents in China it is also true that it works in close cooperation with Reuter throughout the country. Today the chief Associated Press correspondent in China has his headquarters in the Reuter office in Shanghai, while the editor of the Hankow *Herald* is correspondent of both the Associated Press and Reuter.

When judging current events in China—the parade of American marines, the seizure of a Standard Oil launch—it is well to remember that, unfortunately, many of the correspondents are first foreigners and only secondarily newspapermen.

The Dead Congress

THE manner of the ending of the Sixty-ninth Congress has led to much moralizing upon the historic competition between the American Legislature and the Executive, and to much abuse of the Senate because of its failure to pass three supply bills and of the filibuster which marred its last hours. Vice-President Dawes made skilful use of the latter to point a moral in favor of his proposed revision of the Senate rules, and one of the pundits of the daily press says that by his veto of the McNary-Haugen bill Mr. Coolidge "has made of himself a national and towering figure that, at least for the moment, dwarfs Congress."

Every one to his taste! To us the David Reed filibuster about which so much has been said, obnoxious as it was, is but a small price to pay for an unfettered Senate. It was that small license which is concomitant with true legislative liberty. The very fact that so little in the outburst of press criticism has had to do with the House of Representatives is significant. That body, dominated by rigid rules, continues to be subordinate to a controlling clique of the controlling party; the discussion is not whether Congress bulks larger than the President, but whether the Senate does. The day that the Dawes rules are adopted—if ever—will mark the decay of the Senate. There are changes which may well be made by the Senate—or by Congress—without fettering their freedom. Of these the most important is Senator Norris's admirable proposal for changing the sessions of Congress in order to eliminate the "lame-duck" sessions and the wait of a year before a newly elected House meets. This excellent reform, against which no criticism of any kind can lie, has three times passed the Senate and needs only to be passed by the House to go to the States for ratification. It would end a situation which places a premium upon log-rolling and time-serving, and gives the President the opportunity to influence Congress improperly by promises of office to those who have lost their seats. But when all is said and done the retention of the freedom of debate of the Senate is something for which every liberal must fight.

But the dead Congress? Well, its record is about the average, save for one thing. Thanks to Senator Reed of Missouri, it has uncovered intolerable conditions in connection with the purchase of primary elections to the Senate and, despite the efforts of Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, it may exclude others from the Senate besides Colonel Frank L. Smith of Illinois. Probably Senator-elect Vare of Pennsylvania will lose his seat—and perhaps one more beneficiary of corruption. The sweeping decision of the Supreme Court in the Doheny case, the conviction of the former Alien Property Custodian, Thomas W. Miller—these are due directly to the inquiries into crime committed by high officials which were instituted by the Senate, whose function as a watch-dog over the executive departments grows increasingly important with the lapse of years. As for the rest, Congress passed the McFadden bill indefinitely extending the life of the Federal Reserve System and permitting National Bank branches in cities of more than 25,000 where no State laws conflict; the Radio Commission bill; the Prohibition Reorganization bill; the McNary-Haugen bill; the bill prohibiting the mailing of fire-arms except to authorized manufacturers and dealers; and an appropriation of $10,000,000 to exterminate that unwelcome immigrant, the European corn-borer. In addition, Congress accepted the Cape Cod Canal steal—fortunately nullified for the present by the failure of the Second Deficiency bill; authorized three more cruisers and increased the gun-range of certain battleships; wisely increased the salaries of federal judges and extended the Maternity Act for two years; and blundered by passing the Milk Importation bill intended to exclude imports of Canadian milk and cream. The Postal Rates Readjustment bill, the Borah resolution for an investigation of the Nicaraguan-Mexico situation, the French debt agreement, the Boulder Dam bill, the Muscle Shoals bill, the Alien Property bill—these and many others failed of passage.

Throughout its life the Sixty-ninth Congress deliberately defeated the President's wishes at innumerable points. Not in many years has a Congress controlled by a President's party been so contemptuous of the Executive's recommendations. It overruled him in the matter of the cruisers; it denied him the railroad-consolidation legislation for which Wall Street pines, and the transfer of the Philippines from military to civilian control. It again rejected several of his nominations; it utterly ignored his official request for an income-tax refund or rebate and his appeal for reorganization of the farm-credit agencies of the government; it did nothing for the extension of our water resources; it did not give him the single head of our merchant fleet for which he asked; it refused his request to put the Radio Commission under Secretary Hoover; and it ignored his demands for power to deal with the threatened bituminous coal industry.

Of all the recommendations in his message of December 7, last, it acted favorably upon only one and part of another. Most of these recommendations were repeated from the Presidential Message of December 8, 1925; in that session Congress paid no attention whatever to the occupant of the White House. Yet this is the man heralded as a "national and towering figure," as a great and constructive leader, as worthy to rank with Roosevelt and Lincoln and Washington! Other Presidents have quarreled with Congress—to their and the country's advantage. This President is simply ignored.

So now he has Congress "off his hands," as the phrase runs, and all those about him rejoice because he is now free to devote himself to that "vigorous foreign policy" so long scheduled. If he does, those Americans who believe that this government should do unto others as it would be done by will, we fear, have reason to regret that Congress is not in session. Fortunately, the United States Supreme Court having ruled that the Senate is a continuing body, its committees can function during the recess. Especially is it a happy circumstance that William E. Borah remains the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, whether the Senate sits or adjourns. Equally encouraging is the fact that in the next Congress the President will not control the Senate; it may even be organized by the Democrats. It is extremely questionable whether he will "tower" quite as high next winter, but it is certain that Mr. Coolidge will hardly get less from a hostile Congress than he has obtained from one in which his party had large working majorities.

The Cash Value of a Genius

AT bottom the question simmered down to the cash value of Henry Ford in 1913. Behind all the muddling mixture of politics and statistics that was the question at issue in Washington. And it was a question for which no slide rule or logarithmic tables existed. Henry Ford stands outside the calculations of the business-school experts; he is a genius, and geniuses defy rules.

Of course the court was not asked to settle the question in those terms, nor was it a yearning for information as to Henry Ford's 1913 value which led Mr. Mellon's young men to open the recent proceedings. The case had its origin in politics—Senator Couzens of Michigan was attacking Mr. Mellon's policies and demanding an investigation of his department, and Mr. Mellon saw an opportunity to get back at Senator Couzens's pocketbook by questioning the income-tax payments on the profits made by selling, in 1919, the minority stock in the Ford company.

When property is sold for more than was paid for it the profit is of course taxable income. Now, the income-tax law took effect in 1913, and only income received since that date is subject to the income tax. When property bought previous to that date is sold it is necessary to calculate its probable value as of 1913, in order to compute the tax on the subsequent profit. This was the case with the Ford minority stock, which Senator Couzens and others sold in 1919. If any Ford stock had been sold in 1913, the Government would simply have accepted the market rate as the 1913 value. But Ford stock was closely held; none was sold in or about 1913; the value had to be calculated by taking into consideration the general state and prospects of the business. The earnings of the Ford Motor Car Company at that time had been doubling each year for several years, and the annual return on the invested capital was very high. No other automobile company in the country was like it. There were no competitors whose values could significantly be compared with its. Today, looking back upon the fabulous development of the Ford company, we may compute a certain valuation. But our present computation, based upon the subsequent record, might not have been fair in 1913. Henry Ford was the firm's greatest asset; but suppose he had died in 1914, what then? It is not easy to reckon the cash value of an industrial genius.

If the 1913 value previously ascribed to the Ford stock was too high, as the Treasury has been contending, Senator Couzens owes the Government taxes on the extra post-1913 profits which would result from such a reckoning, for the lower the 1913 value the greater the subsequent—and taxable—profit. In this case Senator Couzens suffers a double injustice. Secretary Mellon has reopened the case after a lapse of six years, which is bad enough; furthermore, the 1913 value which was computed in 1919 was set not by Senator Couzens but by Treasury officials! The income taxes on large incomes were then at their highest, and Senator Couzens, knowing that he would have to return more than half his profits to the Treasury, naturally wanted to know on what he would be taxed before he consummated the sale. Indeed, he and his fellow minority stockholders might not have sold the stock at all (thus depriving the Government of any tax whatever) had the Treasury Department not fixed a valuation—the very valuation which the Treasury Department is now attacking! These are considerations of honor and decency with which the court is not at present concerned. It has before it a technical problem—to determine the cash value of Henry Ford, in 1913 regarded as a rather flighty though successful industrial genius, to his firm. To the lay public, however, the case has another significance. Mr. Mellon, by using his control of the Treasury Department to persecute a personal enemy, has degraded the Government and weakened public confidence in the administration of the income-tax system—a serious matter, which may in time react upon his own friends and business associates.

British Trade Unions and the Law

THE general strike of 1926 focused British attention on the legal immunity of trade unions, and the Tory Government has in hand a project to harness them. The sudden strike, the Conservatives say, resulted in very considerable financial loss to many employers who had no direct connection with the dispute in the coal-mining industry. Fifty years ago such action would have been a malicious conspiracy for the restraint of trade on the part of the trade unions concerned, and as such the unions would have been liable for damages to the extent of the injury caused. But various acts toward the end of the last century limited that liability, and after the Taff-Vale judgment in 1902 came legislation which gave the unions their present privileged position.

The Taff-Vale Railway was a small concern in South Wales of whose existence the majority of Englishmen were totally unaware. It was, however, rescued from obscurity by a strike of its employees; the company instituted proceedings against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, and after much litigation obtained damages against the union for losses in traffic receipts caused by the strike. The decision caused consternation in the trade-union world; it had been believed that unions were by statute exempt from such liability, which imperiled the funds of any striking union.

It was this threat to the trade unions which made obvious the necessity of working-class representation in Parliament to press the claims of the unions and to initiate legislation to guarantee their security. The trade unions then decided to rely no longer on either the Liberal or the Conservative Party, neither of which could fully appreciate the gravity of the threat; instead they organized the separate Labor Party, which has now supplanted the Liberals as the second British party.

The unions succeeded almost beyond their hopes when the Trades Disputes Act was passed in 1906. Therein it was declared: "An action against a trade union . . . in respect of any tortions act . . . shall not be entertained in any court"; for the future the unions were not to be held liable for loss of revenue caused by a strike. Another section of the act exempted officials of the unions from prosecution for persuading their members to strike, an act which under the common law was a conspiracy directed toward a restraint of trade, and therefore illegal. Moreover, peaceful picketing was legalized, provided it did not extend to physical force. A clause was inserted, however, that these acts were permissible only if they were "in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute." It was in reliance on these words that the Government asserted last year that the pro-

tection of the Trades Disputes Act did not apply to the unions, other than the Miners' Federation, which participated in the general strike; the Tories held that only the miners were engaged in a trade dispute, and the other unions had a different object. Legal opinion, however, did not generally support this theory, holding instead that the general strike was "in furtherance of the trade dispute" which affected the miners. At any rate, no prosecutions under the act were brought before the courts, and no final opinion has been handed down.

The Osborne Judgment of 1911 was another surprise to the trade unions: it held it illegal for a union to apply its funds to a political object. The effect would have been to prohibit them from taking part in political campaigns by financing candidates for municipal and parliamentary elections; but the Trade Union Act of 1913 remedied this situation, allowing the creation in each union of a special political fund, raised by a levy on all members who did not specifically contract out by arrangement with the secretary of the union. The result of this legislation was to exempt the trade unions from the ordinary application of the common law by legalizing what in another organization would be considered an illegal and malicious conspiracy. The trade unions in England thus occupy a privileged position, and probably this is necessary for their continued existence, but it naturally aroused misgivings among those who regard trade unionism as a dangerous growth.

The first attempt to withdraw the privileges came two years ago, when a Conservative Member of Parliament introduced a private bill to amend the Trade Union Act of 1913, in such a way that instead of containing provisions for "contracting out," the political levy should only be raised from those who "contracted in." The intent was to rely on the inertia of the masses and so to hamper the Labor Party which derives its funds from the individual unions. Mr. Baldwin, who had just become Prime Minister for the second time, while not opposing the bill, said the time was not ripe for its consideration.

A more determined move, however, is now about to be made. A Conservative party congress has asked that the Government revise the laws relating to trade unions, and the Attorney General has announced that legislation to that end will be introduced. It is as yet uncertain what the form of that legislation will be; but many Conservatives look for provisions for a secret ballot of all members of a union proposing to call a strike; for the prohibition of strikes in public services (transport, water, electricity, etc.) and of "sympathetic" strikes—in other words, of a general strike; for the reduction of the right of peaceful picketing; and for some means of recovering damages from a trade union for loss of trade caused by a strike.

The mere prospect of this legislation has aroused a storm of protest from the labor movement. The Taff-Vale and Osborne judgments put new life into the trade unions and into the political labor movement, and the present threat to limit their power may call forth even greater strength. The existing law may be anomalous, but it seems to fit into the current of public opinion—which shifts as conditions change. The unions have not signally abused their privileges, and the Government has produced no substitute for the strike as a remedy for bad labor conditions. The attempt to weaken the unions is likely to help the Labor Party to win the next election, and end in strengthening the unions it seeks to undermine.

Homage to Isaac Watts

IT is no longer possible, or even desirable, to say of Isaac Watts what a pious commentator said in the nineteenth century: "His logical and other treatises have served to brace the intellects, methodize the studies, and concentrate the activities of thousands—we had nearly said millions—of minds." Who now reads "Discourses on the Love of God and Its Influence on All the Passions," or "Essays Toward a Proof of a Separate State for Souls," or "Useful and Important Questions Concerning Jesus, the Son of God"? Probably nobody. But "Mother Watts," as one of his eighteenth-century detractors called him, is nevertheless immortal, and the same pious commentator whom we have quoted knew the reason—though his is not the language we should use today. "To create a little heaven in the nursery by hymns, and those not mawkish or twaddling, but beautifully natural and exquisitely simple breathings of piety and praise, was the high task to which Watts consecrated, and by which he has immortalized, his genius." Watts may be mawkish and twaddling; but his poetry will not die; it is too well written. It has an uncanny felicity, for it is the product of an ingenious and poetically sophisticated mind.

In the new "Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse" David Nichol Smith resuscitates the author of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," "The Psalms of David Imitated," and "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." Now Watts, in spite of the fact that he has appeared in anthologies before, and gloriously resounds every Sunday in one church or another, has generally been held in contempt for his poetry judged as such. But Professor Smith, having plenty of space in which to display him, has displayed a genuine poet—one who has given deathless lines to the English tongue. It matters not that one repeats these lines without seriousness. They are there, they are inescapable, they are part of the language we live. Bernard Shaw, refereeing a debate the other day between Lady Rhondda and G. K. Chesterton on the subject of the leisured woman, simply could not avoid reminding his radio audience that

> Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do.

Lewis Carroll was, of course, a genuine poet, yet we might not have known it if he had not known Watts. The two are very near allied, and it matters little that the later man knew he was writing divine nonsense while the earlier man did not.

> How doth the little crocodile
> Improve his shining tail

is no better than

> How doth the little busy Bee
> Improve each shining Hour

for being a burlesque of it.

> 'Tis the voice of the Lobster: I heard him declare
> "You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair."
> As a duck with his eyelids, so he with his nose
> Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes

is not a bit more beautiful than

> 'Tis the Voice of the Sluggard; I heard him complain,
> "You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
> As the Door on its Hinges, so he on his Bed
> Turns his Sides and his Shoulders and his heavy Head.

We seriously propose a toast to Watts as a poet. But not as a serious poet.

The Haze in Haiti

By RAYFORD W. LOGAN

[*This article was submitted before publication to Major General John A. Lejeune, Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, and to Major General John A. Russell, United States High Commissioner to Haiti. General Lejeune said that "the allegations of the author of this article appear in general to be captious, ambiguous, and unfounded in large part, although I am not in a position to comment in detail." General Russell remarked that "The purpose of this article is obviously to discredit the United States Government and the article is, on its face, so childishly foolish that an intelligent reader could hardly fail to be amused and would wonder at the underlying motive for its publication." Neither General Russell nor General Lejeune made any effort to refute any statement in this article.*—Editor The Nation.]

DURING the seven years that followed Admiral Caperton's seizure of Port au Prince the United States had no clearly defined policy in Haiti. In 1922, however, Dr. Carl Kelsey of the University of Pennsylvania, after a nine months' tour of the former "Black Republic," suggested that the best interests of the island and the prestige of the United States required the renewed declaration that we "try to put the country in a position which would make possible an orderly future development." Since then the Occupation has been digging in deeper every day by the simple process of absorbing the Haitian administrative departments.

Nothing illustrates better this assumption of the operation of the most vital Haitian institutions than the American Service Technique du Département de l'Agriculture et de l'Enseignement Professionnel. For seven years the American Occupation had been telling the world how backward Haiti was in agricultural production. For seven years the Occupation had left Haiti as backward as ever. And for seven years the Financial Adviser had not been able to find money to enable the Haitian administration to increase production or educate farmers. He had even refused the paltry sum of $80 a month to conduct a training section annexed to the primary schools in accordance with the law of July 30, 1919. As soon, however, as the organization and administration of agricultural schools passed under American control the necessary funds miraculously found their way into the Haitian budget. The Financial Adviser allowed the Haitian Service de l'Agriculture $13,114.39 in 1922-1923. He cautiously granted the newly organized Service Technique $17,500 in 1923-1924. The following year he lavished $216,000 and last year $365,600 of Haitian money on this department.

Dr. George F. Freeman of Alabama assumed the responsibility of spending the money, and Mr. Carl Colvin that of supervising the schools. Experts descended upon the island to improve the land and the stock and the people. The plan was admirable; its operation ridiculous. Courses given in English and translated into French are too wasteful even for a people that has no idea of the value of time. The imported pigs and cows refused to mingle with the native stock. But more serious than any general manifestation of inefficiency has been the gross unfairness in the matter of salaries. The recent complacent report of the Financial Adviser boasts of paying only 13 per cent of total salaries to Haitians. It fails to reveal, of course, the injustice of paying a Haitian girl only $35 a month and an American girl doing the same work in the same office $150 a month. Nor does it disclose the unfortunate effect of paying Haitians working for the Occupation more than those working for the Haitian Government.

Neither does the last Bulletin of the Service Technique, in spite of its 145 pages reading like a Florida boosters' prospectus, justify the vast slice made in the budget. There were only 1,316 students in the ten farm schools, three converted technical schools, and the new Central School of Agriculture. The students are, moreover, dissatisfied with the results. Many are attracted principally by the scholarships offered; there is little hope of increased enrolment; the attendance is poor. The veterinarians have not been able to win sufficient confidence from the natives to induce them to bring their animals to the clinics in large numbers. The pedigreed American stock is degenerating more rapidly than it is improving the native stock. Some say that the experts are learning tropical culture from their students.

But it is a comparison between the Service Technique and Public School Department which shows how extravagant the Americans are in spending Haitian money and how economical they are in allowing the Haitians to spend their own money. Haitian teachers working under Americans are generally paid at least $30 a month. The American "expert" teachers accept $300, $400, and $500 a month. Teachers in the primary schools, which are still under Haitian control, receive an average of $7 a month—one-third of the scholarship offered to entice Haitians into the American-controlled technical schools. When they asked for an increase Dr. Cumberland, the Financial Adviser, answered, "I am opposed." Then without consulting the Haitians he endowed them with the Central School of Agriculture. When money was asked to reopen the secondary school in St. Marc he replied, "I am astonished. . . . " When a Minister of Public Education asked for $3,075 a month to establish a men's normal school—even today there is no such building in Haiti—he retorted, "I am surprised. . . . " More recently, when another Minister of Public Education requested a small sum for a boarding department to permit girls living outside the capital to attend the one girls' normal school in Haiti, the answer was, "I am grieved. . . . " But the Financial Adviser was delighted to donate $40,000 of Haitian money to erect an American radio station in Port au Prince.

The most conservative American estimate declares that there are two million illiterate Haitians. In order to wipe out this condition Dr. Cumberland permits the one girls' normal school to continue with its thirty-nine students, and last year finally allowed a normal course for boys to be opened in one of the subsidized Catholic schools. In all he squanders $19,750 a month for primary education and $4,934 for secondary education in academic schools with an enrolment of more than 60,000 students. Even Georgia would be ashamed of such a farce.

Conclusive evidence of this policy of encroachment and blundering appears in the history of the Medical School. Under Haitian supervision professors got $30 a month. The building became so dilapidated that professors and students had to use umbrellas while in class. Unable to resist the temptation of a much higher budget, the Haitians finally permitted this school to be supervised by an American *sanitary engineer*. Immediately $60,000 appeared for a new building, an increase from $80 to $250 for the Haitian director and a corresponding increase for the professors. All of this in order to graduate doctors who will not be permitted to hold clinics in the Americanized Haitian General Hospital. In the meanwhile the Law School, which is still under Haitian administration, remains in its old building, the professors continue to struggle along on their $30 a month and enjoy their moot court without American interference.

The present policy is using starvation as a threat and money as a bait in order to force all Haitian departments under American control. When the Haitian law professors are sufficiently hungry, they too will put their school under an "expert." When the public-school teachers are tired of appearing in rags before their scholars, they may permit public-school education to be supervised by a Mississippi county superintendent. In like manner, the Departments of Commerce, Interior, Justice, and Religion are doomed to absorption by the American Occupation.

Any "orderly future development" of the country undeniably depends in great measure upon the means of communication. No past development has received such laudatory press comments as the American-built roads. No present aspect of the situation causes more deception to the visitor, or holds out less hope for future improvement. Instead of the magnificent macadamized roads which one must inevitably expect after reading any report, one finds dirt roads covered with broken, unrolled stones which the first rain washes away. Streams have to be forded in hundreds of places. The roads are constantly being repaired. Mail is often delayed by impassable roads. The rapid depreciation of automobiles makes traveling unusually expensive. Means of communication with the interior are practically non-existent. The railroad from Port au Prince to St. Marc is a joke, the street car used within the capital a curiosity.

In the midst of such blundering it is refreshing to observe the splendid work of the Marine Medical Corps. Many doctors in remote country districts are unselfishly devoting themselves to improving sanitary conditions and to eradicating yaws, a disease closely akin to syphilis, if it is not really syphilis. Nothing but praise is due these men who are showing what can be accomplished by really efficient officials, imbued with a sympathetic spirit.

If the operation of the administrative departments is resulting in confusion, the social and economic life is degenerating into chaos. Misery stalks throughout Haiti; starvation is threatening the masses; the "elite" is in many instances living beyond its means. The most tangible evidence of this misery is the continued and increased emigration to Cuba. Over two hundred thousand Haitians have definitely deserted the coffee fields for the sugar plantations across the water. Agents still round up laborers as in the halcyon days of European emigration, pay the emigrant tax of $9.85, and ship them to Santiago. In the region of Les Cayes women are doing road work for the American Travaux Publics. A plantation that formerly produced seventy-eight sacks of coffee now produces only eight. Since the vast majority of emigrants are men, the question of marriage is rapidly becoming an almost impossible problem. One distinguished diplomat, a man of moderate expression, declared that "It is really a slave trade that the American Occupation winks at and even encourages." For 5 per cent of this emigrant tax, just as of any other tax, fattens the expense account of the office of the Financial Adviser. No phase of the Haitian situation demands investigation more than this emigration scandal. One wonders how this "orderly future development" will be possible when almost 10 per cent of the total population has already been forced to seek a doleful existence in a foreign country.

A stupendous increase in the cost of living menaces those who remain. On the surface there is apparent wealth. But automobiles, traffic cops, one-way streets, and parking signs will not pay the mortgages which have permitted many Haitians to buy their cars. An augmentation of 19 per cent in the salaries of government employees is not sufficient to meet a doubling in the cost of living. Then what about the ordinary laborer who has not had this petty increase?

His situation is described by M. Dantes Bellegarde, an authority on social questions, in the July-August Bulletin of the Haitian Chamber of Commerce.

The best paid laborer earns thirty cents a day, or in a year with 294 working days, allowing three weeks without employment		$88.20
Food, alcohol, and tobacco, at $0.20 a day	$72.00	
Rent, $1 a month	12.00	
Clothing for the year	2.00	86.00
Bank account at the end of the year		$2.20

His food is at best a little codfish or rice and red beans. Meat at twenty-five cents a pound is obviously as rare as in a vegetarian's diet. It is a not uncommon sight to see a worker satisfy himself for his noonday meal by sucking some sugar cane or drinking a little rum.

In the sordid shack which he rents on the water's edge "there is no ventilation, no sunlight; the most revolting promiscuity assembles every night in one room men, women, and children, the sick and the well. When a contagious disease breaks out in these miserable agglomerations, it develops rapidly and soon spreads to the rich sections." His clothing is frequently a flour sack. It is easy to imagine the condition of the food and raiment of the $7-a-month teacher. It is not surprising that tuberculosis increases.

Disregarding this situation, the Financial Adviser forced through a new tariff law which has resulted in still higher prices. Foodstuffs particularly are more expensive. Codfish, one of the principal elements of the poor people's diet, is now taxed six cents a kilogram. The most unfortunate augmentation, however, falls upon flour. Haiti produces no wheat, but consumes an amazing quantity of bread. In 1923-1924 Haiti imported 41,329,095 kilograms of wheat. Yet the Financial Adviser raised the duty from $.028 to $.040 a kilogram. The tariff on butter, of which 290,361 kilograms were imported in 1924, has gone up 57 per cent, pure lard and cottoline 83 per cent. As a result, the factory of Saint André, profiting by the driving out of its competitors, has already increased the price of this product. Salt fish suffered an increase of about 25 per cent, ham 54 per cent, smoked fish almost 100 per cent, and salt meat 341 per cent.

But the most incredible innovation is this Haitian

tariff strikes from the free list agricultural implements and schoolbooks. Neither are produced in Haiti. No comments could possibly make more evident the present muddle and mess. The new tariff protects industries that do not exist and cannot be developed. It increases the revenue, although one of the proudest boasts of the Financial Adviser is the fact that the interest on the American loan lies snugly—and idly—in the National City Bank six months before it is due. His whole aim is to be able to report, as he recently did, that the revenue for the last three months was so many million gourdes higher than for the corresponding period last year. The next report should show an even greater increase. But it will not show how many more Haitians are enjoying meatless and fishless days, how many children are not in school, or how many more farms have been abandoned.

Judged from the present situation then, the "orderly future development" of the island means absorbing Haitian administrative departments, lavishly spending money on American experts of dubious value, dividing Haitians into those working for the Occupation and those working for the Haitian Government, driving out the population, impeding academic education and agricultural development, raising the cost of living, lessening American prestige, and increasing Haitian hostility. The British mess in Mesopotamia is paralleled by the American haze in Haiti.

These Modern Women

Mother-Worship

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the tenth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for March 30.*]

THE story of my background is the story of my mother. She was a Middle-Western girl, youngest, cleverest, and prettiest of six daughters—children of an Irish gunsmith and a "Pennsylvania Dutch" woman of good family and splendid character. The gunsmith was a master of his trade but a heavy drinker, always ugly and often dangerous. My mother got away from home as soon as she could. After a year in a nearby coeducational college she taught school for a while and then married. The man she chose (for she was the sort of girl who has many chances) was a penniless but handsome and idealistic Yankee divinity student whom she met during that one college year. When he had secured his first parish, they were married.

For about eight years, during which there were four different parishes and four children were born, my mother was a popular, active, and helpful minister's wife. Then my father, who had always struggled against ill-health, suffered a complete nervous breakdown. He was forced to give up his church and his chosen profession. My mother had to support the family.

She began by teaching English literature in a girls' school. Before long she was giving Sunday-evening talks at the school. Then she began to fill outside engagements and finally she became a sort of supply-preacher to nearby country churches. About the year 1890, though she had had no theological education, she was ordained as a Congregational minister and called to be the pastor of a fairly large church in a well-to-do farming community. After three or four successful years, she and my father (who by this time had lost a good bit of money trying to be a farmer and a grocer but had begun to regain his health) were called as associate pastors to a big liberal church in a city of 40,000. It was my mother's reputation as a preacher that brought them this opportunity and she proved equal to the larger field. In time my father's health improved so that he could carry his share of the work, but my mother was always the celebrated member of the family.

I have a vivid memory of my mother when I was six years old. We are standing, my brother and I, in front of a run-down farmhouse on the edge of the town which had become our home. We have just said goodby to our mother and now we are watching her trip off down the hill to the school where she goes every day to teach. She turns to smile at us—such a beaming smile, such a bright face, such a pretty young mother. When the charming, much-loved figure begins to grow small in the distance, my brother, who is younger and more temperamental than I, begins to cry. He screams as loud as he can, until he is red in the face. But he cannot make her come back. And I, knowing she will be worried if she hears him, try to drag him away. By the time I was ten my mother had become a preacher.

Life was never ordinary where my mother was. She was always trying something new. She had an eager, active mind, and tremendous energy. She was preeminently an initiator. From the time I was thirteen we spent our summers like most middle-class, small-town American families, in a cottage beside a lake. And our life there, I suppose, would have been much like the life in thousands of other such summer communities, except for the presence of my mother. For one thing, she organized a system of cooperative housekeeping with three other families on the hillside, and it lasted for years. A cook was hired jointly, but the burden of keeping house, planning meals, buying meat and groceries from the carts that came along three times a week, getting vegetables and fruit from the garden, collecting the money, keeping track of guests, and paying the bills, shifted every week. At first it was only the mothers who took their turn at housekeeping. But as the children grew older they were included in the scheme, boys as well as girls. Toward the end we had all the fun of eating in a big jolly group and only one or two weeks of housekeeping responsibility during the whole summer.

We used to have Sunday night music and singing for the whole hillside at our cottage, with the grown-ups in the big room, and the children lying outside on the porch couches or off on the grass. We had "church" Sunday mornings, too, in our big room; after all we were the minister's family. But it was a very short informal "church" followed

by a long swim, and any one who wanted to could preach. We took turns at preaching as well as at keeping house, and we could choose the subjects of our own sermons.

Then one summer my mother started "symposiums." Once a week the mothers and older children and any fathers who happened to be around would gather on somebody's porch, listen to a paper, and then discuss it. I read a paper on "Woman" when I was fifteen, and I believe I was as wise in feminism then as I am now, if a little more solemn.

"The trouble with women," I said, "is that they have no impersonal interests. They must have work of their own, first because no one who has to depend on another person for his living is really grown up; and, second, because the only way to be happy is to have an absorbing interest in life which is not bound up with any particular person. Children can die or grow up, husbands can leave you. No woman who allows husband and children to absorb her whole time and interest is safe against disaster."

The proudest and happiest moment of my college days was when I met my mother in New York, as I did once a year, and went with her to a big banquet in connection with some ministers' convention she had come down to attend. She always spoke at the banquet, and she was always the best speaker. She was gay, sparkling, humorous, intimate, adorable. I would sit and love her with all my heart, and I could feel all the ministers loving her and rejoicing in her.

Almost always it is painful to sit in the audience while a near relative preaches, prays, or makes a speech. Husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, and children of the performers ought to be exempt from attending such public functions. My brothers and I always suffered when father preached, although, as preachers go, he was pretty good. At any rate he was beautiful to look at and had a large following of enthusiastic admirers. But when my mother preached we hated to miss it. There was never a moment of anxiety or concern; she had that secret of perfect platform ease which takes all strain out of the audience. Her voice was music; she spoke simply, without effort, almost without gestures, standing very still. And what she said seemed to come straight from her heart to yours. Her sermons grew out of her own moral and spiritual struggles. For she had a stormy, troubled soul, capable of black cruelty and then again of the deepest generosities. She was humble, honest, striving, always beginning again to try to be good.

With all her other interests she was thoroughly domestic. We children loved her cooking as much as we loved her preaching. And she was all kinds of devoted mother, the kind that tucks you in at night and reads you a story, and the kind that drags you to the dentist to have your teeth straightened. But I must leave her now and try to fill out the picture. My father, too, played a large part in my life. He was a generous man, the kind of man that was a suffragist from the day he first heard of a woman who wanted to vote. One evening, after mother had been teaching for some time and had begun to know her power as a public speaker, she came to him as he lay on his invalid's couch.

"John," she said, "I believe I could preach!"

"Mary!" he cried, jumping up in his excitement, "I *know* you could!"

This was in those early days when he had given up his own career as a minister, when he had cheerfully turned small farmer and had begun, on days when he was well enough, to peddle eggs and butter at the back doors of his former parishioners. From the moment he knew that my mother wanted to preach, he helped and encouraged her. Without his coaching and without his local prestige, it is doubtful if she could have been ordained. And my father stood by me in the same way, from the time when I wanted to cut off my hair and go barefoot to the time when I began to study law. When I insisted that the boys must make their beds if I had to make mine, he stood by me. When I said that if there was dishwashing to be done they should take their turn, he stood by me. And when I declared that there was no such thing in our family as boys' work and girls' work, and that I must be allowed to do my share of wood-chopping and outdoor chores, he took me seriously and let me try.

Once when I was twelve and very tall, a deputation of ladies from her church called on my mother and gently suggested that my skirts ought to be longer. My mother, who was not without consciousness of the neighbors' opinions, thought she must do something. But my father said, "No, let her wear them short. She likes to run, and she can't run so well in long skirts."

A few years later it was a question of bathing suits. In our summer community I was a ringleader in the rebellion against skirts and stockings for swimming. On one hot Sunday morning the other fathers waited on my father and asked him to use his influence with me. I don't know what he said to them but he never said a word to me. He was, I know, startled and embarrassed to see his only daughter in a man's bathing suit with bare brown legs for all the world to see. I think it shocked him to his dying day. But he himself had been a swimmer; he knew he would not want to swim in a skirt and stockings. Why then should I?

Beyond the immediate circle of my family there were other influences at work. My mother, among her other charms, had a genius for friendship. There were always clever, interesting, amusing women coming in and out of our house. I never thought of women as dull folk who sat and listened while the men talked. The little city where we lived was perhaps unusual. It was the home of six or seven distinguished persons, and not all of them were men.

In this environment I grew up confidently expecting to have a profession and earn my own living, and also confidently expecting to be married and have children. It was fifty-fifty with me. I was just as passionately determined to have children as I was to have a career. And my mother was the triumphant answer to all doubts as to the success of this double role. From my earliest memory she had more than half supported the family and yet she was supremely a mother.

I have lived my life according to the plan. I have had the "career" and the children and, except for an occasional hiatus due to illness or some other circumstance over which I had no control, I have earned my own living. I have even made a certain name for myself. If I have not fulfilled the promise of my youth, either as a homemaker or as a professional woman, I have never wavered in my feminist faith. My mother has always been a beacon to me, and if today I sometimes feel a sense of failure it may be partly because I have always lived in the glow of her example. In their early struggle for survival against narrow-minded and prejudiced parents some of my contemporaries seem to have won more of the iron needed in the struggle of life than I got from my almost perfect parents.

Toward Lower Electric Rates

By MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

THE question of getting light and power cheaply, of securing for the public the greatest possible advantage from the technological improvements in power engineering, has certain immediate possibilities. Many of the power and light companies are making profits large enough to warrant a considerable reduction in rates. Some are reducing voluntarily: the recent half-cent cut of the Brooklyn Edison is said to mean a $1,500,000 yearly saving to Brooklyn consumers. Sometimes these voluntary reductions are made to forestall a rate case and are far less than the limit of possible reduction. In Baltimore, for example, the local company, the Consolidated Gas and Electric, reduced rates $875,000 in 1925. The gracious gesture of the company did not mislead either the citizens or the industrial consumers into believing that they were obtaining all that was their due, and the Public Service Commission instead of gratefully approving this reduction initiated a thorough investigation resulting in a recent order for a further reduction of $1,000,000 a year in rates.

This growing and increasingly concentrated industry with its greatly improved technical efficiency is forcing two questions upon the people of this country. The first is, How can we protect our future from the complete dominance of a power alliance?

Senator Norris considers the Muscle Shoals project from this angle. He wants to keep it as a yardstick by which the rates of the privately owned power companies can be measured. Governor Smith in New York State, backed by the Public Committee on Power, is determined not to let the St. Lawrence power be alienated from the State for fifty years or longer. In Pennsylvania Governor Pinchot's Giant Power Survey mapped out plans for the protection of the interests of the small consumers in the future development of the industry. Other States are still trusting to regulation and to the efficacy of municipally owned plants in exerting a wholesome influence toward lower rates in the surrounding communities.

The second question which the power industry is forcing upon the public is more immediate: How can we secure today and tomorrow the low rates to which we may have a just claim? The figures collected by the *Electrical World* in its January 1, 1927, issue offer a basis for a few deductions about the rate-reduction policy of the power industry. We see that in 1926 it was selling its energy at a price per kwh about 6/10 of 1 per cent lower than four years ago, whereas in that time the operating expense per kwh has decreased 4.25 per cent and the average interest paid on new loans is more than 10 per cent less than in 1924.

The power, as distinct from the lighting, consumers received their energy at an average price of 1.47 cents in 1923 and of 1.29 cents in 1926, a reduction of over 12 per cent. The lighting consumers, on the other hand, paid an average of 7.1 cents per kwh in 1923 and in 1926 paid 7.36 cents, an increase of 3.7 per cent in those four years. Not only has the large difference between lighting and power rates been retained, it has been increased. If the average revenues from lighting customers had been kept the same per kwh as they were in 1923 it would have meant a saving of approximately $38,000,000 to the lighting consumers of the country in 1926. If the lighting rates had been reduced from 1923 to 1926 as much proportionately as the power rates were reduced in that time, a matter of over 12 per cent, it would have meant a saving to the lighting consumers of over $120,000,000 in 1926.

A few years of such a policy of giving all the benefits of the technical advance of the industry to the large consumers of power instead of to the small lighting consumers will cost the latter a pretty sum. Most of the State regulatory bodies concern themselves only with seeing that the power companies do not exceed a fair return on their "capital" and leave untouched the question of the amount of return gathered respectively from the small consumers and the large. The large power consumers can always threaten to build their own plants and furnish their own power, and so obtain comparatively low rates. The small consumers of electric lighting current are in no position to make such a threat. The electrical industry has been curiously inept in its attack on the domestic problem. While the number of domestic consumers has been vastly increased, the average quantity of electricity used per consumer has almost stood still. The Pennsylvania average is still only thirty kwh a month. The lowering of rates invariably brings increased use; in fact, low rates are the only route to any comprehensive scheme of domestic electrification.

Instead of leaving the matter of domestic rates to the public service commissions, which act on their own initiative much more rarely than was anticipated by the public when commission regulation was first brought about, interested groups might well consider the possibility of challenging directly the present city domestic lighting rates of the companies. The Baltimore case, mentioned above, where a reduction of $1,000,000 was forced after the company had made a voluntary reduction of $875,000, is interesting in this connection. The Consolidated Gas and Electric had an annual surplus of $3,000,000 in 1923, $2,000,000 in 1924, and $3,000,000 in 1925. The State of Maryland has a "People's Counsel" whose function it is to take care of the public in cases of this kind, and Mr. Clarence W. Miles, then counsel, started the investigation. The small consumers were supported by the powerful Industrial Consumers Association, which was trying to bring new industries to Baltimore and wanted cheap power as an inducement. Members of this group were particularly annoyed by the fact that the "coal clause" in their contracts (giving the power company the right to raise rates when the cost of coal exceeded a certain figure) had resulted in the company's collecting $4,935,668, while the *whole* cost of all the coal used to generate power had amounted to only $4,869,243. Another factor to which they objected was what is known as a "ratchet" clause in the contracts under which, in case the demand went up for even a short time, the consumer had to pay for that demand to the end of his contract.

The principal electrical expert was Major Clayton W. Pike, a prominent consulting engineer of Philadelphia, president of the Engineers' Club, and at one time chief of the Electrical Bureau of Philadelphia. He effectually disproved the company's claims that its new residence rates were lower than in other cities, that its power rates were

also lower, and that it could not give still lower rates without jeopardy to its property interests. Its surplus in 1925 was 26 per cent of the fixed capital. It was able to secure its capital at a low cost ($15,000,000 was obtained in 1925 at 5.86 per cent). Forty-five per cent of its power was bought from a hydroelectric company at low rates. Baltimore wages and taxes were low, and the company obtained high-grade coal at a very low cost. He was also able to show that the demand charges were higher than in other cities such as Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Washington. On the basis of these facts the commission ordered the further reduction of rates mentioned above, of which the residence and commercial consumers got the major benefit—$650,000; the small industrialists, $165,000; and the large power consumers, $140,000. An annual revision of the minimum demand guaranteed by the consumer was also established by the commission.

The company accepted the decision and is endeavoring by even better management and expected increase in business to make up for the lowering of the rate schedules. Its credit has not been impaired. It has just floated an additional $7,000,000 loan at 4.90 per cent.

Until regulation is an automatic procedure, that is until the past investment is fixed by contract as a definite figure and new investment held down to actual net cost as is done in the Federal Water-Power Act, the consumers stand little chance of getting their due benefits from the industry. Rate suits brought by interested groups of citizens may help, especially when the suits are adequately financed so that legal and technical experts of ability and sufficient experience in these cases can be obtained. But even in them we shall see such absurdities as the New York Edison claiming, as it does at present, that $7,250,000 shall be capitalized and rates shall be paid on it because that sum would be the "reproduction cost" of training its several thousand employees in case the present staff were to die off and a new one had to be trained. It claims this in spite of the fact that these training expenses have already been paid for by the consumers of light and power. The power industry is much more awake to its opportunities than are the consumers. But the multiplying evidences of interest in such water-power developments as at Boulder Dam, Muscle Shoals, and on the St. Lawrence presage a new day.

Dawes or Coolidge?

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, March 2

THOSE who three months ago recognized the paretic condition of present party leadership and predicted so far as legislative achievement is concerned complete futility for this short session of the Sixty-ninth Congress, now find themselves fully sustained. At the start the Presidential politics of the session appeared the only phase upon which to base speculation. At the end that is clearly the only aspect worth reviewing. Looking back, three things stick out as developments on the Republican side of the fence which seems the only side on which the discussion can be practical rather than academic. One of these can be quickly dismissed—the sad sagging of the Longworth boom. Flat and shriveled, it is now revealed as a joke, a windy nothing that floated around Washington, got a certain publicity through friendly or flattered correspondents, but was never taken seriously save by the small group of back-slapping, cloudy-minded, convivial Congressmen of the "Sweet Adeline" type, who proudly pound their hairy chests and proclaim that "Nick is a regular guy and we're going to make him President." Nothing much happened to the Longworth boom during the session except that it was thoroughly sized up.

The second development was the extraordinary way in which Mr. Dawes, breaking all Vice-Presidential precedents for a hundred years, has succeeded not only in making himself a real force in the Senate, exercising in that body vastly more influence than the President, but has achieved a political position so strategically pivotal as to cause a considerable number of detached persons to regard him as being the best chance of any for the Republican Presidential nomination—provided the good Calvin concludes, as is now held probable, that in the matter of a third term the American people are concerned with "the substance, not the form." Exactly what Mr. Dawes has done at this session is not generally grasped. For one thing his really agreeable personality plus unquestioned efficiency and impartiality as a presiding officer has endeared him to the Senate as a whole, largely wiping out the memory of the ridiculous clowning and bad taste of his inaugural address two years ago. Even if that were not true the extraordinary way in which the Senate filibuster and its terrific sacrifice of public business justified his fight on the rules would have been enough. For another, he is the first Vice-President of this generation to take an active part in legislation pending in the body over which he presides and the first since Calhoun to take that part on the side opposite the President of his own party. That is exactly what, with amazing effectiveness, he did on the McNary-Haugen bill, to which Mr. Coolidge and his Cabinet were strongly opposed. It was Dawes who engineered the combination between the farm-relief forces and those behind the McFadden-Pepper branch banking bill, which enabled both to go through and without which it is conceded neither could have been passed. A slicker political deal—or one more entirely incongruous—has not been made in or out of Congress in a long time. Dawes did it. As a result the great farming organizations and the Corn Belt element generally look on him as a friend and champion, second only in their hearts to Lowden and the legitimate political heir of that genial gentleman should one of the various reasons cited against his candidacy prevail. On the other hand, the banking interests to whom the McFadden bill was vital not only feel deeply grateful to the Vice-President for putting through in a single session a measure one-half of which they would have been delighted to get in two but consider him one of themselves, which of course he is no matter how progressive he may seem in the farm-relief line. At heart he is as conservative as Andrew Mellon, as reactionary as Reed Smoot, though not as dull. The fact is that he comes out of this short ses-

sion as Reed of Missouri did out of the long one last year, the only figure in Washington with an enhanced political reputation and an improved political position. He also comes out of it with the cold dislike entertained for him by Mr. Coolidge since the day he was inaugurated enormously intensified and increased. It is not too much to say that the good Calvin has for his Vice-President the same sort of affection that he has for a mad dog or the measles.

The third development of the session has been a strengthening of the belief that Mr. Coolidge will not be a candidate to succeed himself. There is nothing definite to hang that on; but it is clear that the risk involved in the third-term attempt is increasing not decreasing. It is, however, true that at the close of the session the passage of the McNary-Haugen bill rather helped Mr. Coolidge than hurt him. The idea that it put him in a hole is a joke. It pulled him out. It obscured completely the abject failure he had again made as a leader of his party and glossed over the glaring fact that scarcely a single one of the many recommendations made in his message last December had been acted upon. It gave the Administration publicity agencies a chance to beat the drums and proclaim that in vetoing the McNary bill Mr. Coolidge had single-handedly performed an act of unparalleled bravery, courageously ignoring the possible political consequences to himself and saving his country in a critical hour.

Perhaps he did and perhaps he is the unflinching and heroic soul pictured by the propagandists. It may not, however, be out of place at this moment when the congratulatory telegrams from applicants for positions on the new radio board are still pouring in, and when the national bank presidents, whose bill he signed, "thank God for Calvin Coolidge"—as they should—it may not be amiss while all this is going on to point out, merely in the interests of accuracy, certain salient facts.

While not detracting from the credit due Mr. Coolidge for his action, it ought to be possible, without being regarded as depraved, to say that he did not stand alone and unsupported in this matter of the veto. It is hardly in accord with the facts to picture him a solitary figure with calm, steadfast eyes facing great odds, taking vast risks, caring little for himself so long as he saved his country. There were, for instance, pushing him kindly but with great firmness toward a veto certain public officials close to the throne and not without influence, certain institutions not generally considered impotent, certain reasons not wholly divorced from politics.

For example, it was too plain to escape any Washington observer capable of a detached judgment that if he should do other than veto the bill Mr. Coolidge would render it ridiculously impossible for at least three members of his Cabinet to continue in his Administration.

One of these was the august Mr. Mellon, who a fortnight ago publicly assailed the bill as unsound, unworkable, and bad. Another was the erudite Mr. Hoover, who two years ago made no secret of his conviction that the principle of the bill was economically wicked and its theory vicious and menacing, and who from the start has been its most formidable opponent. The third was the earnest Mr. Jardine, who because of his agreement with Mr. Hoover and his generally unsympathetic attitude toward the bill was burned in effigy out in Iowa and denounced in several other States.

Leaving aside Jardine, the idea of Mr. Coolidge approving a proposition so abhorrent as this one to Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover is manifestly absurd. Except in the matter of political appointments in which they are uninterested, not since Mr. Coolidge has been President has he once failed to act in accord with the judgment of these two men—for which he deserves credit. Take away from him their support and he would collapse like a toy balloon.

Then there were the newspapers. Since Mr. Coolidge entered the White House he has had a more solid press support than any other President. Frequently he has through the Spokesman expressed his appreciation. It would be strange indeed if he did not feel it. So far as this bill is concerned, outside of Iowa at least 98 per cent of the newspapers, daily and weekly, were strongly opposed. Not only that, but east of the Mississippi River 100 per cent of the great metropolitan newspapers were opposed to it. Not only that, but the Republican organs of most weight and influence were violent in their opposition, denouncing the bill as an offense against decency, a brazen raid on the Treasury, a radical makeshift ruinous to the country, and so forth.

After its passage the leading newspapers of the East redoubled the violence of their attack and declared anything but a veto on the part of Mr. Coolidge unthinkable unless he chose completely to stultify himself and turn traitor to his friends, which was certainly true. Now it is even harder to conceive of Mr. Coolidge bucking this sort of press opposition than it is to conceive of him hitting Mr. Mellon, Mr. Hoover, and Mr. Jardine in the eye.

And finally there were the banks. The antagonism of the great banking and business interests—whose support Mr. Coolidge has consistently had since the appearance of the first Mellon bill nearly four years ago—to the McNary-Haugen bill was as uncompromising and intense as their advocacy of the McFadden branch banking bill was ardent and sincere. Mr. Morrow was against the bill, and it is believed by those best posted that he did not conceal the fact from his White House friend. Neither did others of the Amherst group.

Even more ludicrous than thinking of the courageous Mr. Coolidge smacking Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover in the face, and even more comical than imagining him ignoring the almost solid sentiment of his unprecedented press support is the thought of his pushing against the weight of the great New York banks, which as Senator Reed, Missouri, pointed out the other day are not only more influential in this Administration than ever before but are actually part of it.

Mr. Coolidge ought to have credit for following Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover—particularly Mr. Hoover—on this bill. He ought to have credit for taking his convictions from them instead of from others not so sound. He ought to have credit for realizing that the political threats of the farmers are not as serious as they sound. He ought to have full credit for these things, but when it comes to giving him credit for political heroism and pinning on him medals for bravery it isn't very clear, if you know the facts.

But then, who cares about the facts? The fact is that if he had done anything else there would not be enough left of him politically to sweep up in a corner and strike a match to. That is a fact, but it won't convince those who want to think him a hero.

In the Driftway

WHENEVER the Drifter feels blue or out of sorts with himself he visits the safe-deposit company where he has a small box in an immense and imposing building. It is the only place accessible to him where he is made to feel important; as an elixir and tonic for his self-respect it has no equal. At its entrance stands a massive guardian, neck stiff and head thrown back, wearing a uniform as perfectly fitting and free of wrinkles as the suits in the advertisements. Just as the Drifter is about to take off his hat and prepare to be finger printed, the impressive guardian bows deferentially and swings the revolving door for him to enter. Inside the Drifter brushes elbows with ladies loaded with more furs than the entire output of the Arctic Zone for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1870. He passes on to a door of iron latticework and presses a bell-button. Instead of waiting five minutes for an office boy to slouch up, shift his gum from right to left jaw, inquire negligently "Whadda *you* want?" and then disappear for a quarter of an hour, the Drifter marvels as a young man approaches briskly, smiles, unlocks the door, and murmurs a polite greeting. The young man unlocks another door, steps aside for the Drifter to pass first into the sacred vault, and then both approach the rows of boxes. The young man always remembers the Drifter's number (which is fortunate, as the Drifter rarely can). The young man clicks the lock; the Drifter clicks it after him and withdraws the metal box. "It's nice weather we're having," observes the young man with an almost reverent glance at the box containing nobody knows how many thousand dollars' worth of bonds and other securities. Nobody knows how many is right—luckily for the Drifter. The deference paid to the holder of a safe-deposit box lies right there. He must have thousands and he may have millions. His is the Box Nobody Knows.

* * * * *

IT is otherwise in a bank. There the teller knows how puny is the account of the Drifter, and looks at him pityingly. It is otherwise in the neighborhood grocery store. The Drifter does not stalk in, choose goods right and left without considering the price, and then sail out, ordering his purchases to be charged and delivered. He is not the Man Nobody Knows. He is known to all too well as the Man Who Buys Ten Cents' Worth of Cheese and a Nickel Box of Crackers and Carries Them Home Under His Arm.

* * * * *

BUT in the safe-deposit vault we millionaires are all equal. A man who has only four or five petty millions is as good as Henry Ford. We must all be men of substance or we wouldn't rent boxes to keep our securities in. If the safe-deposit company ever takes to using X-rays, the Drifter's name will still begin with D but it will end with Ennis. Happily this time has not arrived, so the young man who has a glance almost of reverence for the Drifter's box leads the way to a private room, and then silently withdraws. The Drifter shuts and locks the door behind him and sits down at a desk half as large again as any he usually works on. There is no dust to be blown off, and a clean blotting pad gazes at the Drifter instead of one stained and grimy and turned up at the edges. The penholders contain new points which will actually write; the ink in the wells is still liquid. The Drifter, who is more accustomed to the facilities offered in post offices, sits down and scribbles his name several times just for the pure pleasure of it. He glances appreciatively at the shears for clipping coupons. He wishes he could work every day in a room like this, silent, comfortable, well-equipped—and locked. Sometimes it occurs to him that he might do so. The employees would respect him the more highly, believing that it took him all of every day to clip his coupons.

* * * * *

AFTER ten minutes' pleasant reverie the Drifter opens the door of his private office, calls the young man, and puts away the safe-deposit box—without opening it. Why should he? He doesn't want anything that it contains: some old manuscript, a few mussy memoranda, a $500-bond of a real estate company that went into bankruptcy ten years ago, the receipt for a cemetery lot, some postage stamps left from the Drifter's last trip to Europe, and a few articles of greater value belonging to friends of the Drifter who have no safe-deposit box.

* * * * *

THE Drifter steps into the street a better and nobler man. The thermometer of his spirits and self-respect has risen forty degrees. If the Drifter is ever poorer than he is today, he will take his butter without bread and his sugar without coffee, but he will guard religiously those articles upon which depends his self-esteem. He will keep his evening clothes and his walking stick until the last—and his safe-deposit box even after that.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Gesegnete Mahlzeit!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every once in a while you come over here with an editorial or a Driftway on pie for breakfast, hog and hominy, corn on cob. But where, outside Germany, is mealtime—Mealtime—sublimated into a greeting? Where else does one say *Mahlzeit?* inquiringly to the others at the lunch table and, having heard a cordial *Mahlzeit* in response, feel at once accepted? Where, outside Germany? Where else do faces kindle into smiles any time between eleven in the morning and two in the afternoon, or between four in the afternoon and eight in the evening, at the greeting *Mahlzeit?* Caviare in Leningrad; muktuk, i.e., whale skin, at Point Barrow; *pâté de foie gras* in Paris—yes, and oysters at Lynn Haven, but where, outside Germany, do you have "Mealtime" as a greeting? *Mahlzeit!*

Hamburg, Germany, February 10 E. J. WARD

Keep the Schools Clean

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The campaign against militarism in education during the year 1926 was marked by the following indications of progress: (1) Discontinuance of bayonet combat in R. O. T. C. and C. M. T. C. by order of the War Department; (2) revision of at least two standard manuals of military training, deleting many passages of barbarous and objectionable character; (3) removal of all military training from the Cleveland high schools, R. O. T. C. from Hampton Institute, compulsory drill from Boston University and the College of the City of New York; (4) introduction of bills in both houses of Congress for the elimination of compulsory military training from non-mili-

tary civil educational institutions; (5) disapproval of compulsory drill expressed by President Coolidge, Federal Council of Churches, American Federation of Labor, the Presbyterian, Northern Baptist, and Disciples' national conventions, the National Council of Jewish Women, and about fifty other church and educational groups in various States; (6) the formation of State citizens' committees opposed to militarism in Nebraska and Massachusetts; and inauguration of a campaign in Great Britain by the British National Council for the Prevention of War to get the War Office out of the British schools.

On the other hand, the year saw: (1) The introduction of Naval R. O. T. C. units in Harvard, Yale, Georgia University of Technology, University of California, University of Washington, and Northwestern University; (2) the initiation of the Munitions Battalion; (3) interference with free speech for peace in a number of colleges.

The Committee on Militarism in Education, which is carrying on a national campaign of education, needs $15,000 to do its work this year. It is an independent committee including in its membership David Starr Jordan, President Arthur E. Morgan, Manley O. Hudson, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, John Nevin Sayre, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Charles M. Sheldon, Wilbur K. Thomas, and William Allen White. It can be helped by sending to it at 387 Bible House, Astor Place, New York City, names and addresses of those on whom the committee may count; or by sending a contribution, however small, to carry on the fight against the process of militarization, which, unless stopped, will destroy all hope of making America a leader in establishing world peace.

New York, February 17 GEORGE A. COE, Chairman
THOMAS GUTHRIE SPEERS, Treasurer

The Disappointed Censor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Miss Gaffney's sardonic suggestion in the February 16 *Nation* for the labeling of "admittedly abnormal, tainted, diseased authors" reminds me of an experience I had as a library worker. In prehistoric times we had in all the branches of a large city library a small cupboard, where books which the library staff considered dangerous to the morals of the young were kept under lock and key. This tainted cell was known as the "locker" and in it were such books as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and other classics with which we now like our flappers to consort. An ancient spinster, with snooping manner, visited the library once a week, looked surreptitiously about, and breathlessly whispered a request for a book from the "locker." When she had exhausted the supply we, with the worthy aim of keeping up our circulation figures, planted innocent books with the guilty. Thus she borrowed "Marius the Epicurean." She kept it out two weeks and returned it with a mournful gesture. "I've read it from cover to cover," she wailed, "and I can't find a thing in it."

New York, February 14 MARY B. GILSON

Literary Ballyhoo

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For generations your periodical has been the most consistent foe of moral and intellectual goose-stepping. Times without number you have taken up the cudgels against efforts to rotarize, babbittize, and moronize *homo americanus*. Now you seem to be surrendering to literary standardization.

The Japanese have a national organization, the Society of the One Idea. The idea is loyalty to the rulers and their decrees. To be strictly *kosher* it is necessary to accept without question all the standards and judgments of those whom Providence has ordained to rule the Yankees of the East. Now suppose a son of the Sun objects to the particular brand of cigarettes ballyhooed as the One Idea, complaining "These cigarettes are not mild, neither do they satisfy, and I refuse to be nonchalant about it." In steps the one-idea society. "We know the kind of cigarettes our citizens should smoke. We are experts in selecting smokes to suit the national tastes."

To be sure, Germany has book guilds—inevitably so. It is part of the *katzenjammer* of Prussian regimentation and goose-stepping of other days. Your comparison to subscribing for magazines falls down; when a year's subscription is paid for *The Nation*, we know in advance that its columns will not be filled with aesthetic news from Hollywood or the confessions of a heart-breaker, and a subscription to *Snappy Stories* does not go with the expectation of a foreign relations section or politico-economic essays.

When we permit others to select books for us, adult infantilism is the result; the cultural loss is marked. The only gain is an increased membership for the Society of the One Idea.

Detroit, Michigan, February 26 BEN BLUMENBERG

The New Modernism in Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Ohio State Bar Association recommends the passage of a law "making it an offense to libel the dead," with a fine of $500 and a six-month jail term for violators. In its recommendation the Ohio Bar Association says: "It is becoming more and more a matter of shame that deceased persons who held high offices and positions of trust should be held up by malicious, false, and libelous statements to the ridicule of the world."

This is due to the publication of W. E. Woodward's book on George Washington.

Cincinnati, February 10 NICHOLAS KLEIN

Michigan on the Brink

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Michigan stands upon the very brink of a chasm of barbarism. In our churches and local press, clamorings gurgle forth acclaiming capital punishment. Before our State Solons are various bills for the introduction of this legal-murder law. Protests, arguments have come against this evil thing from our prosecuting attorney, Robert Toms, from Dr. Arnold Jacoby, City Psychiatrist, Judge Murphy and Judge Jeffries of the Recorders Court, the Hearst paper the *Times*, and from such liberals in the church as Reinhold Niebuhr. But apparently our citizens are hungry for blood and for reprisal against crime with crime.

Detroit, February 19 HAROLD AUER

Broadcasting a Coney Island Hope

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Most of your readers will remember John Howard Lawson's "Processional," one of the thrilling classics of the modern American stage, new in technique and in content.

The New Playwrights Theater has been formed to present a program of plays of this kind. Mr. Lawson is one of the playwright-directors; others are Em Jo Basshe, author of "Adam Solitaire"; Francis Edwards Faragoh, author of "Pinwheel"; John Dos Passos, author of "The Moon Is a Gong," and lastly, the present writer.

We have the faith that there is a new generation of strong young writers who feel keenly the chaos, the wild humor and melodrama, the Dostoevskian darkness and Coney Island hope of our mad America, and who if given a theater will produce modern American plays for that theater, and not copies of

Chekhov, Shaw, Ibsen, or others of the great and dead. We have the faith, too, that immersing oneself in one's own environment is the surest way to produce plays that will be more vital and amusing than the dreary stupidities of the commercial theater or the dreary introspections of the intellectual theater.

We issue a special invitation to *Nation* readers to come and see us; this theater has been created for them, as much as *The Nation* is created for them.

New York, February 23 MICHAEL GOLD

African Art in America

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Every person—critic or art lover, professional or amateur—has the right to his own reaction as to the aesthetic value of the Blondiau-Theater Arts Collection of African Art as a whole or of the objects individually. But we cannot concede without challenge Mr. Munro's presumption, in your issue of March 2, to dogmatize about Negro art in general, using this collection as his text. So, although we have been excommunicated in one anathema's breath in the good company of the British Museum, the Congo Museum at Tervuren, and "most of the German museums," we must still protest that Congo art is representatively African and the Blondiau Collection more representative of its range and types than any other ever exhibited in America.

The obvious ethnological character of much of the Blondiau Collection, to which Mr. Munro takes such exception, is its best certification. Certainly it is at least as legitimate a modern use of African art to promote it as a key to African culture and as a stimulus to the development of Negro art as to promote it as a side exhibit to modernist painting and to use it as a stalking-horse for a particular school of aesthetics.

Mr. Munro's arbitrary distinction between art and handicraft is a vicious misinterpretation of African art. The distinction did not exist in that culture itself, and recognition of that fact is basic in the competent study and appreciation of African art. If the distinction were insisted upon as Mr. Munro makes it, more than half the plates of his own book on "Primitive Negro Sculpture" would have to be eliminated. If ours were only "African copies," as Mr. Munro insinuates, they would at least show the principle and exhibit the characteristics in question. Of one thing can we be thankful—that your reviewer has not accused the Blondiau Collection of being "made in Paris."

New York, March 1 ALAIN LOCKE

Who Helped the British Miners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: According to the Secretary of the British Miners Federation the workers of many countries contributed to the relief of the striking British miners. But the other contributions were insignificant compared with those made by the workers of the Soviet Union (61.2 per cent of the total).

The exact figures were recently published as follows:

Soviet Union workers	$5,750,000
Amsterdam Federation of Trade Unions	295,720
American Federation of Labor	80,620
Other workers of the United States	100,000
British workers	2,152,825
Women workers of all countries	791,980
Miners of all countries	250,000
Total	$9,421,145

It is not a question of blame. The German worker from his starvation wage can make very few contributions. The Russian workers, on the other hand, 100 per cent organized, facilitated by the state machinery, better paid than the workers of Germany, were able to make much greater contributions.

Brooklyn, N. Y., February 21 ELLA G. WOLFE

Georg Brandes in 1919

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Spending a week in Copenhagen in February, 1919, I called on Georg Brandes. I found him wrought up over the general temper of the Allies since the armistice and the sorry prospects for a reasonable peace. He was well-nigh in despair, for he saw the Allies in no frame of mind to act with wisdom and moderation. I recall his hot indignation; his keen eyes flashed as he leaned over his desk toward me and denounced the chief Allies for continuing the war upon Germany after the preliminaries of peace had been signed, by refusing to allow provisions to be shipped into Germany for the relief of its starving people.

My interview did not find favor in certain editorial quarters; so the readers of *The Nation* had a little "scoop"; it was printed in your issue of May 17, 1919.

Observing an unusual display of flowers about Brandes's study I made some remark about it; he replied: "Yes, it is my birthday, and my friends have remembered me. But Mr. Dreher, there is no pleasure in being seventy-seven years old." Yet he was not willing to enjoy the little prerogatives of age. He accompanied me to the street to meet his two little grandchildren for a walk. I offered to help him draw on his overcoat; he declined with decision.

Arrived on the street, the youngsters—a boy and girl of eight or ten—came storming to meet us, highly elated at sight of their grandfather. And he was as transformed; such beautiful, heartfelt joy in children I have seldom witnessed.

Amherst, Mass., February 26 WILLIAM C. DREHER

Lucy Salmon

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall not forget my first meeting with Lucy Maynard Salmon when, as a younger woman, I said somewhat timidly "Miss Salmon, I must tell you that I am a radical," and her spontaneous and anything but timid reply: "My dear, I have been a revolutionist all my life." She may have been in this world seventy years, but they only made her, as Oliver Wendell Holmes once said of another, "seventy years *young*."

It was but four years ago that Miss Salmon, notwithstanding her weight of responsibility as professor of history at Vassar College, brought out the two great volumes, great in important usefulness as well as in size, "The Newspaper and the Historian" and "The Newspaper and Authority." It was her object to discover, if possible, the advantages and limitations of the periodical press as historical material. Her reading and her scholarship were both on a large scale, for she took up newspapers—daily, weekly, and monthly, their news, their editorials, their advertisements—and showed their contribution from Greece and Rome down through the account of the battle of Waterloo to the Great War. Yellow journalism, religious journalism, biographical interviews, cartoons—all came within her ken. She proved the importance of the books, pamphlets, and papers which accumulate in any old house; they should not be destroyed but sent to some college where they could be carefully examined and used.

Miss Salmon's sympathies with progressive causes remained vivid to the end of her life. In 1925 a committee was formed to defend Senator Wheeler. Some professors were too academic to lend their names as members. Not so Miss Salmon—by return mail she gave the use of her name and sent with it a contribution to the Defense Fund.

Baltimore, February 23 ELISABETH GILMAN

Books and Plays

The Eternal Mercy

By S. BERT COOKSLEY

A little sadly at first she remembered
  The small room and the hour
When for a moment every dream slumbered
  And tears were a white shower.

She went into the fields and desired
  A knowledge of all things
Inoffensive; the triple-spired
  Lily and blue spider wings.

And so one day, quite without her knowing
  How such things come to pass,
She was watching a tall dark boy and blowing
  New dreams over fresh grass.

First Glance

THE publication of the collected "Autobiographies" of William Butler Yeats (Macmillan: $2.50) completes a six-volume edition of the author which promises to be final. Like his compatriot George Moore, and like Henry James, Mr. Yeats is afflicted with the disease of rewriting, so that one cannot feel exactly safe in the possession of these six green books which it has taken years to polish and reprint; but here at any rate is one edition of the flowing-minded Irishman, and it may very well be the best. The poems early and late, the plays in verse and prose, the stories and articles and essays, and now the memoirs are all at last available in compact form.

"Sometimes when I remember a relative that I have been fond of, or a strange incident of the past, I wander here and there till I have somebody to talk to." So Mr. Yeats wrote in the preface to the first of his autobiographies, "A Reverie Over Childhood and Youth," in 1914. It is obvious that memory has been the mother of Mr. Yeats's muse, first and last—not only when he wrote memoirs, where the fact would be taken for granted, but when he thought about Ireland, considered how much poetry lay in its antiquity, wrote poems and plays himself, or in any way made use of his mind. But here in the memoirs the process whereby memory in him becomes literature is perfectly exposed. I do not mean that it is easily to be seen. Study would be necessary in order to master all the details of the mechanism—and such a study will undoubtedly be made. I am simply convinced that in the "Autobiographies" we have the evidence, charmingly beclouded though some of it may be.

Mr. Yeats like Mark Twain, and surely the two are alike in no other respect, has the power of remembering anything whether it happened or not. Doubtless many of the moods and meetings recorded in the "Reverie" and in "The Trembling of the Veil" are incorrectly recorded, and doubtless some of them never had existence outside these books. Mr. Yeats is so willing, in his bewildered way, to admit the possibility of error with regard to dates, streets, names, and even identities that we are forced to suspect him guilty of invention with regard to certain whole events —and I have heard the suspicion is amply justified. But it makes no difference, unless indeed it makes the book even more beautiful than it would otherwise have been. The "Autobiographies" should be read as a history solely of the author's mind, and then not by any means as an accurate history. They set down many things he saw; they set down with equal particularity the things he wishes he had seen or thinks he did. One sentence near the beginning of the "Reverie" is surely significant. At Sligo, he writes, "all the well-known families had their grotesque or tragic or romantic legends, and I often said to myself how terrible it would be to go away and die where nobody would know my story." In this world, I fancy, Mr. Yeats is one who thinks how terrible it would be to die and leave no story. So he has left one, and though it is not his story purely, it is a story and it is beautiful. Out of the mist of his symbol-haunted mind steps here not only a clear, firm image of himself but a long procession of other men—J. B. Yeats his father, William and George Pollexfen, York Powell, William Morris, John O'Leary, Edward Dowden, W. E. Henley, Oscar Wilde, Douglas Hyde, Lionel Johnson, Aubrey Beardsley, Macgregor Mathers, and Edwin Ellis, to name only some of them. The "Autobiographies" are important for other reasons than this gallery which it contains; but it may well remain a question whether Mr. Yeats has created anything more permanently interesting.

MARK VAN DOREN

Mr. Babbitt's Spiritual Guide

Elmer Gantry. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WITH "Elmer Gantry" Mr. Lewis returns to the practice of his own particular trade. In "Arrowsmith" he turned aside in an effort to achieve certain qualities, characteristic of the conventional novel, which his detractors had declared outside his range, and in "Mantrap" he demonstrated that he had not forgotten the requirements of merely popular fiction. The new book is in every way a companion volume to "Main Street" and "Babbitt." In it the author, sure of the tested effectiveness of a certain technique, and with a zeal undiminished by success, turns his attention to Mr. Babbitt's spiritual guide and adds the third member to his impressive trilogy devoted to the most grotesque aspects of American life. What "Main Street" was to the small town and "Babbitt" to the business man that, neither more nor less, is "Elmer Gantry" to the vulgarest contemporary type of pulpit-thumping materialist.

The book begins with its hero, a coarse young giant, happily engaged in a street fight and in that most blissful condition to which a powerful young man can attain—"unrighteous violence in a righteous cause"; it carries him through his muddled conversion in a denominational college, through the ups and downs of his checkered career as pastor and evangelist; and it ends with his triumphant vindication at the hands of an enthusiastic congregation from the latest of the many near-scandals which threatened his career. Too unreflective ever to know himself, too incapable of thought ever to be really a hypocrite Elmer is honored and beloved of most of those with whom he comes in contact because he is made of the same coarse clay as they, because no learning, no integrity, and no spirituality sets him apart from those to whom he is paid to minister. He is the type most fit to occupy the pulpits supported by materialists like himself to whom the church is half the defender of petty privilege against subversive forces and half the instrument through which a nominal respect may be paid to virtues inconvenient to practice; and to Elmer himself the pulpit is quite as useful as he is to it since, by virtue

of the license which permits him to mount it, he is enabled not only to taste the intoxication of an orator's power but to enjoy as well an income and a position which the mediocrity of his will, the fundamental meanness of his character, and the shallowness of his brain could not have earned for him by any other means.

Mr. Lewis is careful not to leave his picture unrelieved. He does take pains to indicate that every one of the few civilizing influences which the boy Elmer had ever received—the most rudimentary forms of art, music, literacy, learning, and ethical idealism—had been, in his experience, connected with the church, and he allows to appear momentarily upon the scene certain ministers of a higher type. But in the book it is everywhere darkness that prevails. Elmer himself has not a single quality which goes to the making of a decent man. He is heartless, treacherous, and cruel; he has nothing resembling even the puritan virtues except the vices of vindictiveness, phariseeism, and hypocrisy into which they can turn; and his career is an indictment of the church as a whole at least in so far as it shows how the mechanism of the church permits the rise of such a man and demands of its servants no qualities which viciousness cannot convincingly imitate. "Elmer Gantry" is as good as "Main Street" and "Babbitt" and it is good in exactly the same way. Here again, as in the two books which made Mr. Lewis's the best-known name among contemporary American novelists, is a completeness of documentation not less than amazing, a power of mimicry which, so far as I know, no living author can equal, and a gusto which, considering the meanness of the material, is all but inexplicable. No mere study, however painstaking and devoted, could make possible the intimate ease with which Mr. Lewis handles the material or the completeness with which he fills in the details of every picture. He seems to know the life he is describing with a thoroughness which could only come from his having in a real sense lived it; the contagious rapture with which he pours out his scenes is the only thing which can keep one from entertaining a profound pity for a writer compelled to do anything so dreadful. Some strange twist in Mr. Lewis's character has enabled him to take a joy in examining, almost participating in, mediocrity at its most grotesquely intolerable moments, and has enabled him, miraculously, to make it interesting to others too.

In one respect at least "Elmer Gantry" is superior even to its companion pieces, for up to the last seventy-five pages (which are distinctly less interesting than the rest) it has a greater variety of incident and a more sustained interest than either of the other two. In both "Babbitt" and "Main Street" there was a certain static, descriptive quality. The picture unfolded without developing new interest, and there was no continuous, steady march of incident, while in the new book there is a progressive plot which never, until it has almost reached its conclusion, shows any signs of flagging. There is, besides, an exposure of Elmer's character which goes further, perhaps, than anything else to justify Mr. Lewis's method—an exposure which seems detached, unhurried, relentless; too calm and too sure to seem to spring from hatred or malice, but inspired by a rage which a confidence in his power to describe has calmed.

"Elmer Gantry," with its innumerable incidents and its many ramifications, is indeed a structure far more impressive than most satires, a sort of cathedral in which every stone is a gargoyle; and though there will be many who will not be able to read it without the Devil's question, "But is it art?", it is not likely that any review will answer that question definitively. At least it can be said that Mr. Lewis has done something that no one else is capable of doing. In a manner that seems to be merely the almost too literal truth but which manages nevertheless to contain its own criticism he has, in three books, recorded a reign of grotesque vulgarity which but for him would have left no record of itself because no one else could have adequately recorded it.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Note on the Labor Talmud

The Government and Labor. By Albert R. Ellingwood and Whitney Coombs. A. W. Shaw Company. $6.

THE classic in economic legislation is still the Book of Leviticus and its rabbinic exegesis. One can hardly imagine a greater cultural disparity than that between the theocratic feudalism of the ancient Jews and our own syndicalist plutocracy. But the sovereign technique of transmuting wrongs into rights is sufficiently alike in both systems to render comparison illuminating. First comes the law. Then comes its sophistication under the widely discretionary scholasticism of the judges, who expand the sacred texts into endless Mishnas and Gemaras. This growth of a judicial Talmud is really more or less inevitable, for the sufficient reason that legal principles, no less than others, must pay interest to the keepers of the culture under which they are obliged to function. Finally, the executive transubstantiates all this rabbinics into the realities of government, whose justice is finely balanced by a just appreciation of the respective powers of the litigants; by and large and on the whole.

This tendency naturally leads to an ever-widening gap between the basic jurisprudence and its equitable distribution, especially in those phases of the law which deal with the challenge of work to avarice. The only way to bridge this "cultural lag" is by rationalization, whose awareness and subtlety varies with the wisdom of the judges, the mental age of juries, and the expensiveness of counsel. Under this juridical mechanism the vested interests, as the *de facto* guardians of order, are more or less entitled to the *de jure* benefits of doubt. Doubt leads to controversy, controvery to debate, debatableness to further doubt with accreted benefits to the vested beneficiary, if not in judgment at least in the loopholes for its evasion. The process as a whole is a continuous refinement in the egalitarianism of the opportunities for those who have them and those who don't. In labor law especially the all-important thing is the nicety of ritual, a nicety only now and then marred by the police.

Of course the development of such a ritual is rather a hair-splitting and complex business. Labor law has probably less intrinsic reason for technicality than any other branch of law. Yet its lingo is constantly intricated into the precisionist turgidity which tends to balance rights primarily on wit. Hence the growth of this ritual into a rabbinics, compared to which the Hagiographa are a collection of simple homilies. The best way of teaching it, as all rabbinics, is by the case method; for it is not so much a matter of principles courageously revaluated as a matter of precedents redoubtably interpreted which determines the relation of work to profit under modern capitalism.

Doctors Ellingwood and Coombs performed an important service to the student of law, labor, and reform. With emphasis on the case method they fine-combed, bowdlerized, synthecized, and summarized the whole field of labor law into the most competent outline in the market. In the best Talmudic fashion they take up each major division of the labor law synoptically. Then they print the most significant texts of the laws. These they adumbrate at length with the sayings of the wise men on the bench or elsewhere authoritative. Here and there they permit themselves a historic or interpretative interpolation, sagely relevant. And at the end of each chapter they posit whatever conundrums and likely quibbles logically flow from it for further caviling by aspiring Levites. Like all outlines, so fashionable today, it is essentially a crib. But unlike the usual outline-crib, it is so competent that the tyro, the pundit, and the intelligent man can all profit from its availability on their shelves.

If in doubt about the legal theory of employment, read what happens to "wilful" workers in the first chapter. Or if hazy about the doctrines of labor conspiracy and the restraint of trade, look up the discussion on the legal status of the

labor union—in conjunction with the fifty pages on the injunction, whose use in effect denies the legality of labor when it finds it necessary to function for the purposes for which it is organized. The employers, on the other hand, seem to have a much smoother time in the use of their weapons—the lockout, the blacklist, and the anti-union contract. With majestic impartiality the law does not care how capital and labor disagree, provided no property rights, no matter how recondite or potential, are ever threatened. The chapters on social legislation give an excellent gist of it. Unfortunately the scope of their task precluded the authors from gauging the paucity of the reform accomplished by social needs.

To some the value of this book will be enhanced by a recommendatory note from the pen of Rabbi Yehokhanan ben Yehokhanan Commons, head of the Wisconsin Labor Talmud Torah and the greatest theoretical exponent of the doctrine that labor's best remedy against judge-made law is its "nonpartisan" vote for some more Republican and Democratic judges.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

The Father of the Little Theater

Antoine and the Théâtre-Libre. By Samuel Montefiore Waxman. Harvard University Press.

AS the first book in English on Antoine's notable experiment, Professor Waxman's account of the stormy fortunes of the Théâtre-Libre fills a real void in our dramatic literature. The importance of the work carried on by that "most consistent rebel" of the French theater, under difficulties that would have been fatal to a man of less courage and determination, has only begun to be acknowledged. For it was André Antoine who not only created a series of permanent reforms along naturalistic lines but introduced to the world masters of such caliber as Curel, Porto-Riche, Brieux, and from abroad, Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Tolstoi.

From 1887 to 1893 the Théâtre-Libre was a bold factor in French drama, producing plays that for the greater part were so ultra-realistic in genre as to call forth the most unmitigated criticism. Seeking ever the foreign, the unusual, or the new, Antoine presented his subscribers with a menu not always digested even by their "hardened stomachs" and openly revolting to members of the Conservatoire and supporters of the Sardouesque tradition of the "well-made play." Because he occasionally included, among his pessimistic—often sordid—productions, subjects of a mystical, symbolical, or poetic nature, Professor Waxman refuses to classify Antoine as belonging to any naturalistic school. Rather he assigns him a place as a protagonist of the "free" or "unconventional" drama, though it is difficult to elaborate this distinction when one remembers the intimate relation of Zola and Henry Becque to the "comédie rosse," and Antoine's indulgent attitude toward *vraisemblance* at the expense of the happy ending.

Antoine's sincerity, in his varied role of actor, director, or producer, is the outstanding memory of the Théâtre-Libre. Never does he consider the commercial aspect. "He is the most glorious financial failure of the contemporary stage." Instead, his labors secured recognition for playwrights who later became famous; he did much to abolish old conventions of *mise-en-scène*, of diction, of movement. Not only was his influence afterward apparent among authors like Georges Ancey, Jules Lemaître, Brieux, and Hervieu, but it was his inspiration that led to the Freie Bühne Theater in Germany, the Independent Theater in England, and in this country the host of "little theaters" that have sprung from present-day offshoots of the Thèâtre-Libre in Paris.

Professor Waxman has contributed the fruits of a personal acquaintance with Antoine to his chronicle of the Thèâtre-Libre. His limitation to that and a few other sources proves there is yet a wealth of untouched material bearing on this interesting theatrical laboratory.

HENRY S. VILLARD

A Source of Innocent Merriment

Gilbert and Sullivan: A Critical Appreciation of the Savoy Opera. By A. H. Godwin. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE real trouble lies with Sullivan's golden music. You hear timid bobbies lament their highly nervous state and overlook the plain fact that Gilbert is calling policemen cowards. You are seduced by the orchestration of "Princess Ida" and so think it very quaint of Gilbert to call soldiers idiots. You sit hilarious at "Ruddigore" wherein Gilbert calls sailors poltroons afraid of the French. The landlubber admiral parodied in "Pinafore" went to the show and had the time of his life, and for fifty years the English have enjoyed Gilbert's cold and cynical ferocity as a source of innocent merriment. It is partly his own fault for writing lyrics so suave in courtly grace and so turned in beautiful refinement. He never squashes your head with a knobbed club. He pinks you with a flourish of swordsmanship so delicate that you hardly care if the blade wears poison.

Even so the real trouble *does* lie with Sullivan's golden music, which changes the sting of Gilbert's barbed words into a sweet and fair radiance. There is no other world in art so enchanted as that created by Gilbert and Sullivan and no world so cruel and heartless and no world so filled with pure laughter. Once you are caught into the shining net of the wit and the music you just can't reflect soberly on the fundamental corruption of the society which parades its meanness and selfishness with so infinite a charm. Here go bought politicians and brainless peers and unscrupulous statesmen and scheming lovers and lustful old maids and cringing warriors admitting their shames with an impudence so engaging and polished and genteel that you find yourself laughing genuinely the laughter of absolute innocence. The world at which you're laughing is no world of innocence. There never were any characters so exact in their knowledge of their own corruption as the characters of Gilbert. It is of course the world of Philistia and no more; but it is a very complete domain and the men and women know just what they are up to in all their really nasty ways. The people themselves are most distinctly *not* nasty: they are irresistible and wholly fetching. They are so well-bred, they make vice so attractive, they admit their sins in language such as only ladies and gentlemen employ. When Gama says: "Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man! And I can't think why!" he knows quite well why: he's not fooled for one minute. Like all of Gilbert's greatest creations he's quite a horrible old man; and you take him to your heart.

It is a world of exquisite aristocracy in words and music; and therein lies the explanation of the whole paradox. You can pardon a gentleman doing and saying things no gentleman would do and say in a way that only a gentleman would do and say those things. You wince and cry out at Swift's savage remarks about the general nobility of mankind. You laugh and cry out in joy at Gilbert's no less savage remarks about the English. (All the time you mustn't forget that no one except Gilbert had a Sullivan to turn your heart to water while he runs you through with a rapier.) It is therefore easy to understand why all the books on Gilbert and Sullivan display such a lamentable stupidity in their estimations of Gilbert's art. Like all the rest of Anglo-Saxon mankind these authors have had their brains softened with joy. They can not see the Gilbert technique as anything but an exhibition of good-natured satire. They never mention Aristophanes, whose verses are Gilbert's in more than just rhythm and whose cold philistine soul is the soul of Gilbert. They are not critics with the duty of defining in exact and subtle terms the nature of Gilbert's world. They are men ravished by the beauty of a woman whose haunting voice may distil the unknown sinister poison of the lotus flower. What else can you expect? In the theater the rest of us are as bad. It isn't a theater; it's a magic temple and we are worshipers taken with a divine frenzy.

The latest commentator on the Savoy is just as feeble and moon-struck as the authors of Gilbert's "Life and Letters." In passage after passage you can hardly believe your eyes; and yet all the books go in just the same old way. "Gilbert and Sullivan is the heritage of the average man, the man who has no poses or predilections, the man whose simple craving it is just to be lifted out of the cares of the day." Even in the theater and under the spell of the opera you can hardly be excused for that kind of remark! Gilbert and Sullivan as the nirvana thoughtfully provided by the genius of art for the tired business man! But just listen to this one: " 'England is the greatest, the most powerful, and the wisest country in the world,' declares one of the Anglophiles in the lotus-land of Utopia. As a plain statement this does not seem to stray very far from platitude . . . the compliments are 'put on too thick' for the average Englishman. So far as it is irony—and probably the dramatist meant it for that—" But enough, quite enough. Probably the dramatist meant it for irony! Mr. Godwin assures us quite solemnly that Richard's song in "Ruddigore" is filled with the anti-French sentiment of the day. It's the song where Gilbert is plainly enough showing up English sailors as cowards. Then in reference to Goldbury's song in "Utopia" (a perfectly ruthless and altogether delightful attack upon the brainless English girl) Mr. Godwin concludes: "Gilbert, . . . a man with a zestful, robust faith in his own age, his own world, and his own people." After that you're about ready to quit; and the known fact that Gilbert himself led a satisfied Tory life has nothing to do with the case of his art.

In his commentary upon Sullivan Mr. Godwin is equally feeble. He makes a number of nice amiable remarks about the beauty of the music and the parody involved in a few songs. Here it's just that Mr. Godwin obviously knows really nothing exact about music, and therefore can hardly show that while Gilbert is showing up Philistia Sullivan is having no end of fun with the Italians and particularly with the musical conventions of recitative and melodramatic writing in grand opera. Herein Sullivan is as supreme a humorist as Gilbert without being in the least way unpleasant. Mr. Godwin asks us to accept the trio of Gama's sons in "Princess Ida" as "written in the best Handel manner," though how Sullivan can use a "Handel manner" to parody the Giant-motive from "Rheingold" is beyond my understanding. To be told that the music of "The Yeoman of the Guard" is "English" doesn't help in the least; and indeed the whole book helps us just about that much to estimate Gilbert and Sullivan's place in art. One wishes there were some way of inducing a real critic with a cold brain and a warm heart to do for Gilbert what a merely good-natured man cannot possibly do.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Cosmic Evolution

Cosmic Evolution. By John Elof Boodin. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

IN Professor Boodin's view "it ill befits mind to despise matter. And it ill befits it to despise itself by making itself a function of something lower than itself." The besetting sin of bifurcation involves us in absurd paradoxes, by leading us to separate in our thought things which in reality are inseparable. When the materialist undertakes to account for mind merely in terms of matter, or when the more recent advocate of emergent evolution tells us that mind somehow emerges from matter, both of them neglect to take due account of the cosmic whole. Really to understand how B is caused by A or emerges from A, we must consider not only A and B, but also the controlling field apart from which they are merely abstractions. It is the cosmic *plus* which makes motion, evolution, progress possible. "There is no reason for regarding the higher levels in the universe as secondary to the lower," says Professor Boodin. "While the lower furnish the body or instrument to the higher, the latter furnish the vitalizing and orderly touch to the lower. They are thus interdependent."

The central idea of the book is thus suggested by the adjective in its title. In dealing with his fundamental issues Professor Boodin has surveyed the whole sweep of contemporary scientific thought. Part I, Interaction and Cosmic Evolution, develops the idea that "cosmic influences, cosmic energy patterns covering the whole range of evolution are communicated to all parts of the cosmos, but the responses are various according to the stage of adaptation of the various parts." In Part II, Human Nature and Cosmic Evolution, the advance of modern neurology, psychology, and sociology is examined with a view to reaching a more intelligent theory of mind, the minded organism, in its cosmic setting. The last part of the volume, Relativity and Cosmic Evolution, contains a philosophical interpretation of the work of Einstein and his colleagues. The theory of relativity shows that even for the abstract purposes of physics and astronomy it is necessary to take account of time as well as of space, and that the fundamental type of reality is history, the adaptation of parts striving to get into rapport with the larger whole.

A work of this sort, reaching out into a dozen fields of special scientific research, is bound to be, in some detail or other, subject to a specialist's criticism. But Professor Boodin's strength is in the incontestable sanity of his main thesis. His book is informing and stimulating, and it has distinction of style. The poetic flights which enliven his cosmological speculation show that a philosopher can use his imagination just as well as a modern physicist. In the spirit of Giordano Bruno, Professor Boodin has undertaken a philosophical synthesis of contemporary knowledge of matter, life, and mind; the result is a cosmology which negates the materialism of so much current speculation, a philosophy which takes the higher categories and values seriously, and in which the term God does not require quotation marks.

RADOSLAV A. TSANOFF

Books in Brief

Spell Land. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

The power which has since matured and borne fruit in a succession of notable novels by this author is discernible, though tentative and erratically applied, in this early work, now published in America for the first time.

The Blind Ship. By Jean Barreyre. The Dial Press. $2.50.

Imagine a ship with all of its crew gone blind and, for a desperate space, the cook in command with no knowledge of navigation. The Sea-Shine is a three-master, plowing the high seas, her canvas bellying to the wind, wandering aimlessly with no "iron mike" (gyroscope) to guide her along her proper course. The tale is well told. Its best quality is forthrightness but, in view of possibilities, it may be said to lack invention.

Tomorrow Morning. By Anne Parrish. Harper and Brothers. $2.

When Anne Parrish wishes to preserve an impression of American life, she does it without first running the ingredients through a colander. Pulp, seeds, and all go into her family-size jars, and are sealed with care. In one way, of course, she thus keeps the full flavor of those lives with which she deals, and that is of first importance. But at the same time her story is inclined to be somewhat too burdened with irrelevant detail and talk without momentum.

Green Forest. By Nathalie Sedgwick Colby. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

This is not a forest primeval—either of the imagination or of the emotions. Rather is it a domain of subdued light and disciplined vistas, divested of all the underbrush of crudeness and carpeted with the russet leaves of metaphor. Mrs. Colby has set down her story in a pattern of studied impressionism—

swift and successful except in the spots where she has over-experimented with verbal acids. Some of her thrusts are deliciously right—"It was fortunate that Suzette had been born in wedlock, for it would have been difficult to tell her she was illegitimate"; others are palpable misses.

Birth Control Laws. By Mary Ware Dennett. Frederick H. Hitchcock. $2.50.

It is a crime in America for a mother to tell her daughter how to postpone the advent of her first child. Mrs. Dennett for years has been trying to induce Congress to change the law; in this book she tells the long story of her struggles to persuade politicians to vote in public as they talk and act in private. To many people her summary of the state of the law will be a revelation of unconscious barbarism.

Sutter's Gold. By Blaise Cendrars. Translated by Henry Longan Stuart. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

If you are one of that small and select group of couturiers who know the styles even before they are created, you will say that Blaise Cendrars is the greatest living French poet. In this work, his first done into English, he presents a tragical-comical-historical pastoral of American frontier life. If Dreiser's book was the American tragedy, this is surely the American comedy. There is the same pervasive motif of dollar-chasing, but the denouement instead of being moving is merely grotesque. Johann August Sutter, whose sole monument is Sutter Street in San Francisco, hobo, thief, forger, and slave-trader, the greatest pastoral patriarch since Abraham (saving the late Senator Clark, who also laid claim to that title), the first American multimillionaire, and the leading pioneer of the Pacific Coast, was ruined by the discovery of gold on his land for the simple reason that all the riff-raff of Europe and America—vagabonds just like himself—descended upon his fabulously prosperous and fabulously extensive ranch and helped themselves to gold, land, produce, live stock, and everything else that was not tied down, and most of the things that were. Whoever Sutter hired to defend his property, including United States troops, found it more profitable to desert and dig for gold too. This was the gold rush of 1849. There are several ways of treating this spectacle of the plunderer plundered, of the revolutionist revolutionized against. One is obviously with a loud guffaw. Cendrars has chosen to treat it as a medieval idyl, in which Sutter's convoys of forced labor are passed lightly over, his bees and flowers are emphasized, and the serpent that poisons this picture-book Eden is simply gold. One can only say that he has done this particular job as well as it could conceivably be done.

Människor Jag Mötte. By Annie Wall. Oslo: H. Aschehoug.

A collection of unilluminative anecdotes about important personages, written in a delightful Swedish by a well-known and charming woman.

Drama

A Jesting Pilate

LUIGI PIRANDELLO'S almost obsessional preoccupation with a single theme is hardly less striking than the variety which he manages to achieve while remaining always concerned with what is essentially the same problem. Each one of the plays which have made him known to Americans turns upon the same metaphysical difficulty—that of distinguishing between reality and appearance—and yet, despite this sameness, the effect is by no means one of mere monotony. What was largely comic in "Right You Are If You Think You Are" becomes dramatic in "Six Characters," grotesque in "Henry IV," and starkly tragic in "Naked." "In Pirandello," said an Italian critic, "metaphysics becomes poetry," but that is only half the truth, for it becomes comedy and tragedy as well. Having withdrawn himself from that "real" world in which men live by virtue of pragmatic sanctions alone and taken up a position in a realm of mingled fancy and logic, he has found there the possibility of an emotional variety comparable to that of the "real" world which he abandoned. Logic, like fate, is capable of tricks which are now amusing, now ironic, and now terrible.

Pirandello has not always been fortunate in the productions accorded him here, but he could have no complaint to make of the treatment which his "Right You Are If You Think You Are" is receiving at the hands of the Theater Guild company in a series of special matinees at the Guild Theater. For the play, a gossamer comedy, is handled with a delicate skill which leaves its intricate pattern beautifully intact. In it a group of provincial busybodies endeavor to penetrate the secret of the mysterious way of life adopted by three newcomers among them. Each of the three offers, upon demand, a different explanation; and because of an intricate series of circumstances the inquisitive villagers find themselves absolutely incapable of deciding where the "truth" lies and hence are absolutely at the mercy of the jesting Pilate of the piece, who mocks them with the familiar Pirandellian moral. Any one of the three or all together may be "right," every person or event is as many different things as he is thought to be, and if truth as distinguished from appearance exists then it is something which the human mind can never experience. Though a tragedy is involved in the central situation it is upon the comic aspects of the gossips' bewilderment that attention is focused, and the metaphysical difficulties of their predicament are unfolded in Pirandello's lightest and adroitest manner. Like a toy balloon, the paradox bounces gaily back and forth during three acts and then at the end, when it seems about to be firmly grasped at last, it escapes entirely while the delighted gaze of the spectator sees it disappear into the blue. To make two hours and a half of metaphysics genuinely amusing is no small task, but the company, headed by Reginald Mason, Laura Hope Crews, and Helen Westley, has succeeded in making logic sparkle.

The method by which Pirandello makes his conceptions dramatic is twofold. It consists, first of all, in objectifying in concrete situations the most ideally complete paradoxes which ingenuity can conceive; and second, in creating characters who feel metaphysical dilemmas not merely as intellectual exercises but as profound emotional experiences as well. Nor is it, perhaps, mere accident that in the case of the four plays mentioned above the order of composition corresponds with the order of increasing intensity. "Right You Are If You Think You Are" was written first, "Naked" last; and between them lies the progress from sportive dalliance to the agonized despair of the mind veritably lost in an intellectual morass. Metaphysical subtleties have a way, sometimes, of taking their revenge—the game grows earnest, and the toy turns to a weapon of self-destruction. Delighting to bewilder others, Pirandello has at last bewildered himself and is in danger, like some of his characters, of dying of a paradox.

In Frank Craven's "Money from Home" (Fulton Theater) a discontented country girl inherits some money and goes to town for a spree. There a crook scrapes an acquaintance with her under the impression that she is wealthy, and when he finds that she is not decides that he will marry her and reform. It has a good deal of mild, innocuous humor, but its chief effect is to provoke the question "What of it?"

"What Ann Brought Home" (Wallack's Theater) is the play about the dumb young man in the village who turns up with an option on the land which the great power company must buy just at the moment when even his young wife is beginning to lose faith in him; "Window Panes" (Mansfield Theater) is the one about the lowly and mysterious stranger who turns out to be either Christ or somebody very much like him. The first is entertaining enough, the second pretty distressing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

Unemployment in France

STABILIZATION of the franc has brought with it in France an unemployment crisis of exceptional severity. We print below a series of statements dealing with this crisis from various points of view.

Poincaré Faces the Crisis

Facing a storm of criticism in the Chamber of Deputies on February 5, Premier Raymond Poincaré made the following statement of his policy, taken from the *Temps* (Paris) of February 6:

The economic difficulties of today have been inevitable for some time past. To attribute them to the financial policy of the Government is a strange abuse of "post hoc propter hoc" reasoning. These difficulties have been stated by all competent observers, especially by the experts, who even maintained that the crisis would be much more acute if the franc were allowed to depreciate any more. . . .

France, cruelly impoverished by the war and the heavy cost of rebuilding the devastated regions placed upon her as a result of Germany's long default, has nevertheless enjoyed for a certain period an illusory ease which, sooner or later, was bound to disappear. This artificial prosperity she owed to inflation. Even during the war France was forced to issue an enormous amount of paper money to meet expenses which were essentially destructive and sterile—sterile from an economic point of view.

Since then, in 1925 and in the early part of 1926, various issues of bank-notes had to be provided to meet payments on the National Defense bonds. Today the defense bonds, far from lacking subscribers, are sought after with an eagerness which we have recently had to discourage. These successive inflations for which, as a Senator, I could never bring myself to vote, are a burden upon us today. They have decreased the purchasing power of money and brought about a rise in prices. They have depreciated the franc, and they have upset our whole economic structure.

This sad spectacle has been described a hundred times: feverish business activity, scorn of saving, haste of merchants and manufacturers to purchase materials abroad, and persistence in carrying to extremes their policy of inaction.

As long as the disastrous effects of inflation last, stocks go up, land purchases increase, and, on the other hand, home prices drop in relation to the international market. Industry is induced to concentrate somewhat arbitrarily on exports; it is none the less forced to purchase its raw materials abroad on a gold basis, so that it sells at a loss and the country is deprived of its products, as has been so often pointed out.

At the same time, foreigners rush in to the countries where the exchange is low: that is how the English unemployed can come and rest on the shores of France, how the Americans can buy French land and houses, and how part of our national heritage comes to be subject to progressive denationalization.

Paper prices increase even more as circulation grows: this is what professors of law and political economy call the quantitative theory. The example of the neighboring countries that have experienced this excess of paper money only goes to confirm this theory; doubtless there is no absolute parallel between the curve of circulation and the curve of prices, but there is a reciprocal action and reaction.

Thus at the basis of everything lies inflation—dangerous, fatal inflation—the arbitrary creation of purchasing power, and there is no trick, however ingenious, that can destroy this historic truth.

Is it possible for a phase of readaptation to follow this phase of inflation? When the symptoms of this healing crisis appear, I do not deny that it is the task of the Government to check the transitory effects, especially in the interests of the workers, who are its innocent victims.

It is necessary, therefore, to look the facts in the face, without exaggerating them for party reasons.

What, then, has been the action of the Government? Let us first repeat that of all the nations that fought in the war, France is perhaps suffering least from unemployment: the difficulties that we are going through are only an extension, elsewhere more acute, of what is occurring in all of Europe.

In England the number of unemployed has never sunk below one million; in Germany the crisis has developed in proportions which have exceeded the most pessimistic forecasts: on December 15 there were one and a half million registered unemployed, and on January 15, 1,765,000; it is furthermore incorrect to assert that the German crisis is a result of the ending of the English strike; it was even more acute in 1925, when the number of unemployed exceeded 2,000,000.

At home we have to deal with only a few tens of thousands of unemployed: the official figures show 56,269 registered unemployed, approximately 42,000 men and 15,000 women. I know that M. Ernest Lafont stated that there were in addition to this number many unemployed who were not registered; but in the last few days there have been less and less, owing to the recent vigorous campaign which has been carried on to get the unemployed to apply for relief; I, for my part, do not criticize this action, which might be interpreted in other ways. In any case, we are far from the figures of 1921, when we had 91,000 registered unemployed. . . .

Before the war the number of unemployed was always in excess of 100,000, sometimes reaching twice that number. Now, the war cruelly diminished our population, which decreased by 700,000, in spite of the return of Alsace and Lorraine; but the working population has increased, and the number of foreign workers has, since 1913, risen from 680,211 to 1,480,000. Furthermore, many people of small incomes and women who were not accustomed to manual labor have had to seek employment which they would not have wanted before the war.

How has industry adjusted itself to this influx of labor? The reconstruction of the devastated regions has called for a large working force. Then in 1925 and 1926 the purchasing power of the foreign market was provisionally increased because of the lowering of the franc, despite the risk of a sudden contraction as soon as financial devalorization should set in.

We have no longer—thank God!—the sedative of inflation, and the devastated regions are using less labor, although the reconstruction work is not yet completed. And because merchants and manufacturers stocked up with materials in 1925 and 1926, consumption is reduced today.

For this ill, they say, there is a remedy: stabilize, and stabilize at once! . . .

At the moment I have only this to say: Without compromising the future, without mentioning any date, without setting down any amount, without disregarding in any way future possibilities or the freedom of action of the Government, I consider it desirable, extremely desirable, to maintain, as long as possible, a de facto stabilization, such as exists today, to allow French industry—and by "industry" I mean employers and workers—the time and the means to readapt itself to the new economic circumstances. [Applause from center, left, and right.]

The fact remains that we have at present a surplus of labor, thanks most of all to the foreigners who have come to France. It is impossible for us completely to absorb this foreign labor and it will be still more so in the future. It is still useful in the mines, in agriculture, and in the devastated regions, and even if this were not true we would not think of eliminating it in any brutal way. Nevertheless, it is a paradox to have such a large number of foreign workers in France

when so many Frenchmen are looking in vain for work.

Last week 146 foreigners came here, 97 of whom have received work. It is true that during the same time 2,293 foreigners left the country. But in Paris alone there were 2,000 unemployed foreigners receiving state aid. That is natural, but it should be only temporary. . . .

The reestablishment of passports, which we considered, aroused much uneasiness, almost indignation, in friendly countries, especially in Belgium, and we decided that it was better to notify foreign governments to warn their nationals of the discomforts that they might experience in France. This, however, is not enough. It is probable that in the future we shall not be able to employ the full number of foreign workers who have settled in this country. We must, then, continue to provide for the gradual return of foreign workers, by giving them transportation facilities.

All that does not relieve us of the duty of assisting the unemployed. It was only during the war that a national unemployment fund was created, and I consider that great progress has been made in that respect. In December, 1926, state aid was fixed at 33 per cent of the allowance granted by the departments and communes within limits which the decree of December 28 raised from 2.25 to 4.50 for each person unemployed. For the whole family, the total allowance, of which the state guarantees one-third, cannot exceed 12.50 francs. Of course, the department and the commune can grant more. . . .

A Moderate Labor Analysis

Early in the crisis the General Federation of Labor, the Right-wing trade-union organization, made an investigation of the situation. The results are shown in an analysis which appeared late in January in *l'Atelier*, official organ of the General Confederation of Labor. The following is a summary of this statement:

Unemployment Statistics. The official figures do not begin to cover the situation. They refer only to the number actually receiving unemployment doles, which represents but a small proportion of those out of work. This is due to the following causes: First, application for relief is made only as a last resort. This is due partly to the small amount granted—a maximum per family of 12.50 francs (about 50 cents) per day, partly to the red tape that must be gone through in order to obtain it, and partly to the rigid requirements which appreciably limit the number of those eligible. Second, lack of appropriations. Relief is a matter of local option—the state only guarantees one-third of what is provided by the local authorities. On December 30 only 8 out of 31 departments had funds available, and only 41 municipalities out of 233.

But granted the inadequacy of the unemployment figures, their rapid increase, 600 per cent in one month, gives at least an indication of the acuteness of the crisis.

Industries Affected. The industries that have been hit hardest are the following: metal, hide and leather, wood, clothing, building, foodstuffs, transportation, office workers, and day labor. The metal industry is the most seriously affected, excepting naval construction, where the crisis is only beginning to be felt. The crisis is particularly evident in the food industry, because it comes at a time of year when it is usually at its height. Spice sales in Paris have fallen off 50 per cent. Paris hotels have discharged 15 per cent of their employees.

Partial Employment. While reduction of hours is no doubt preferable to no employment at all, it must be recognized that this can be carried so far as to bring wages down below the bare subsistence level. Therefore the increase in "partial unemployment" should be met with the demand that the relief system should be applied here, of course without prejudicing the steps taken to bring up to a reasonable level the allowance for those who are totally unemployed.

Comparison with Past Conditions. It has been said that this crisis is less acute than that of 1921, when the number of registered unemployed reached 91,225. But this assumes that the present crisis has reached its limit, and there is no justification for such an assumption. Furthermore, the 1921 crisis came at a time when prices were at a low ebb. Even though wholesale prices have dropped since the adjustment of the exchange, retail prices have been rising steadily. "The cost of living, then, has increased just when general economic conditions, far from permitting an adjustment of wages, are bringing a reduction, if not a total deprivation, in their [the workers'] very means of existence." Furthermore, the cause of the 1921 crisis was very different. "It was a reflection of world-wide depression due to underconsumption, which, with the liquidation of stocks in expectation of a rise, resulted in an abrupt lowering of prices." Since then unemployment figures have been as follows: January, 1922, 10,000 registered unemployed; January, 1923, 2,600; January, 1924, 1,200; January, 1925, 700; January, 1926, 705. The most alarming aspect of the present situation is that it is developing at a much faster pace than the crisis of 1921.

While the character of French industry—which is not so highly developed as in England and Germany, for instance—makes it less susceptible, generally speaking, to industrial crises, this has been partly offset by the influx of foreign labor.

Final Analysis. There are some who claim, as does M. Poincaré, that the nature of this crisis is accidental and transitory, that it is not due to the present financial situation. They consider it the natural result of the shift in the value of the franc during the first part of the last year. There is undoubtedly some truth in this position, especially with regard to the clothing industries. Purchases were made in excess of needs while prices were low, and relative stabilization resulted in a restriction of purchases. But there is a most important factor which cannot be ignored: the continued increase in the cost of living has decreased purchasing power.

If this were the only other factor we still might consider the crisis as transitory, provided that prices should fall again as much as is expected. It is not only the individual consumer who is holding off for this drop. Merchants and manufacturers also overstocked when prices were low, and the result has been frequent cancelations of orders.

Foreign trade has been seriously affected. France has lost the advantageous position she held when the franc was low. Stabilization has not only reduced the margin of this advantage but in some cases brought the price of French exports above other prices in the world market. Hence, a cancelation of foreign orders as well as a falling off of the demand for French products. This in itself points to the probability of an accentuation, rather than an alleviation of the crisis.

Remedies. The Confederation calls for the following measures to remedy the situation:

1. Adjustment of allowances granted to the totally unemployed, based on the subsistence needs of the unemployed workers and their families; increase for this purpose in the quota provided by the state, and simplification of the administrative formalities that have been imposed;

2. Extension of this relief to the partially unemployed, who are more numerous, and who have hitherto been refused aid;

3. Large-scale organization of public works, in proportion to the labor available, and immediate appropriations for this purpose of credits from the 1927 budget, these credits to be used to carry out a systematic program for rebuilding and improving national equipment;

4. Regulation of the employment of foreign labor in France, not by arbitrary repressive measures to which the labor organizations could not agree but by providing them with some work which would not be prejudicial to the interests of the French workers; also through the stopping of immigration, except for employment which is absolutely justified;

5. Strict enforcement of the eight-hour day; prohibition of evasion except under exceptional circumstances, or in cases where it is proved that the labor necessary for indispensable and urgent work is not available. . . .

Left Labor Demands

Early in the crisis the United Federation of Labor (the Left groups) issued the following statement and program, which we reprint from *La Révolution Proletarienne*, a Syndicalist-Communist bi-monthly, for January:

When unemployment is developing rapidly, bringing misery and privation into the homes of the workers, the Federation recalls that it has constantly warned the exploited masses of the imminence of the crisis and denounced those who are responsible for it.

Finance and Big Business, served by the successive governments, during and after the war piled up huge profits from the labor of the working class. The governments, from Poincaré's War Ministry to the Poincaré-Herriot Unemployment Ministry, by borrowing and inflation, made the French franc the victim of international speculation. To cover the expense of these operations a muzzled Parliament voted without protest taxes which, a dead weight on the poor, were light for the rich.

The plunderers of finance, after gambling with the lives of the workers when the franc was low, piled up millions in the revalorization, which is one of the causes of the present crisis.

The captains of industry, in spite of their loud complaints, are rejoicing at the economic crisis, and aggravating its effects by premature and uncontrolled dismissals. They hope thereby to corner a still larger share of production through the dissolution of the less favored companies. They are also trying to bring about a lowering of the cost prices by forcing a proletariat faced with unemployment to accept wage reductions.

This policy causes an unparalleled increase in the burdens of the working class, a continual increase in the cost of living, and famine wages. This is not enough for the capitalist exploiters—by unemployment and hunger they must still further prejudice living conditions, already insufficient and precarious.

The Federation appeals to the workers to take up the challenge. Already, in their various organizations, immediate steps have been taken, but general, coordinated, and vigorous action must be started.

The struggle of the united organizations against unemployment will be based on the following program, which sums up the most necessary demands:

1. Organization of unemployed by the local unions in cooperation with their national unions;
2. Right to work for everyone;
3. Workers' control of production to combat dismissals by employers with a view to reemployment under worse conditions;
4. Strict enforcement of the eight-hour day, without exception, of the 44-hour week (or less), without decrease in wages;
5. Observance of the weekly rest day, which has been ignored in innumerable cases;
6. Prohibition of shut-downs; opening of public works;
7. Cessation of the mass immigration organized by the employers and officials in order to develop competition in the labor market;
8. Payment of relief to the unemployed on the basis of a living wage permitting them and their families to live;
9. Exemption of the unemployed from all direct taxes and from the payment of rents.

A Communist Proclamation

When unemployment first began to assume alarming proportions, the French Communist Party issued a manifesto, which we reprint in part, from *l'Humanité* for December 25, 1926.

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Workers! . . . There is an effort on foot to line up the workers against each other, skilled against unskilled, French against foreign and colonial workers, women and young workers against adults, reformist against revolutionary workers, employed against unemployed, etc. They are all asked to accept, "for the sake of the common good," the consequences of "stabilization." This "stabilization" has found adherents in the person of Jouhaux [secretary of the Right trade unions], who is officially supporting it, and among Socialist leaders who are singing the praises of a policy of "watchful waiting."

If the unemployment becomes general, more radical measures must be obtained. Jouhaux has talked of public works. As if it were a question of that! Workers' quarters must be built, crowded districts must be made sanitary, transportation facilities, facilities for workers must be developed, additional relief and hygiene establishments must be provided, etc.

Let these most urgent works be started, let the workers control their execution, and there will be no more unemployed.

Let us obtain: The eight-hour day; no reduction in wages; a living wage for the unemployed; equal wages; the right to organize and the right of asylum for foreign workers; control of employment and dismissal; control of immigration; progressive taxes on the capitalists; every measure necessary to make the capitalists pay the costs of the crisis, and to enable the workers, peasants, and small tradespeople to escape the terrible dangers which beset them.

And in the present struggle let us prepare for the decisive battle from which will emerge the government of the workers and peasants which alone is capable of bringing victory to working-class "rationalization," that is to say, socialism.

THE UNEMPLOYED SAID:

In preparation for the demonstration which was staged the day of Poincaré's speech before the Chamber, in which many thousands of workers took part, the Central Committee of the Unemployed, under Communist inspiration, issued the following statement, which we reprint from *l'Humanité* of February 2:

For several weeks the unemployment crisis has been causing great suffering throughout the country, particularly around Paris.

Business after business has been affected, and the army of unemployed is increasing every day.

In the face of the misery in the homes of tens of thousands of workers, the Poincaré-Herriot Government of the national bourgeois union, allied with capitalism, has so far refused to take any measures likely to offer a possibility of livelihood to the unemployed workers and their families.

Cynically, Poincaré said in the Chamber of Deputies that "The discussion on unemployment may last a week or two more —the unemployed will be no worse off for that." These words reveal the attitude of one of those who were chiefly responsible for the world slaughter of 1914-1918, who by his present policy is causing another wave of distress and misery to sweep over the working masses. He wants to starve the workers and make them bear the brunt of the present situation.

In many places the unemployed, organized in their local committees, have already gone into the streets in demonstrations to show that they want work or bread.

That is not enough. The unemployed should meet the insulting allowance of 4.50 francs, which is sparingly distributed to heads of families, with the following demands:

1. Relief for all unemployed workers, without regard to age, sex, or nationality;
2. Work, with guaranty of a normal wage;
3. Indemnity on the basis of a living wage, namely 25 francs per day, which is the minimum necessary for nourishment (the contribution of the state, which is still 33 per cent, must be increased to 75 per cent); immediate increase of the present allowance to 15 francs;

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6. Exemption from taxes, free medical care, distribution of food by municipalities with the cooperation of the state;

7. Allowance for the partially unemployed;

8. Observance of the eight-hour day without exception or compensation;

9. Free meals at the school canteens for children of unemployed workers.

Unemployed workers! You cannot obtain these demands except by resolute action and by coordination of all efforts. The Central Committee, directly responsible to the unemployed, appeals to you today to hold demonstrations in all your districts. You must respond to its appeal.

[The appeal then calls for local parades and a central delegation of all local committees to go to Parliament to submit to the Chamber of Deputies the statement of the demands of the unemployed.]

The Government responsible for the crisis will be driven to the wall. It is to show this Government that you are not willing to starve in the face of the insolent luxury of the bourgeoisie, that you are to demonstrate before the city hall.

Work or bread!

Unemployed workers, be at the city hall at 3 p. m.!

Contributors to This Issue

RAYFORD W. LOGAN is a professor in Virginia Union University.

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LESS THAN EIGHT YEARS AGO some Germans arrived in Paris officially to represent their country at the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. They were confined behind barbed wire like beasts in a menagerie. No one welcomed them; no one offered to associate with them; sullen crowds watched them exercise behind their bars. Now, in March, 1927, we have the extraordinary spectacle of another German presiding over the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations—presiding over the successors of those Allied statesmen who thought barbed wire and non-intercourse the wise and manly way to treat a beaten enemy. We confess to having been unable to read of Dr. Stresemann's presiding at Geneva without a thrill of satisfaction that the wheel of time has turned so rapidly, that the new spirit of Europe has found cooperation a better and more Christian way than abuse, hatred, misrepresentation, and ostracism. So far as the League of Nations is responsible for this change or has been the medium for it, we salute it. But the action of the Council itself as to the Sarre and the relations of the German minority schools in Upper Silesia was another triumph of compromise. Dr. Stresemann presided—but the question now is whether the settlement of the Sarre by which a new frontier force of 800 men is to be created to take the place of the French garrison may not cost him his prestige at home. Even Briand made jingo speeches about the enforcement of the much-breached Versailles Treaty for home consumption, and no one brought up the question of getting the remaining Allied troops out of Germany—a member of the Council with the troops of other members quartered on her soil! This remains a crime.

UNOFFICIAL AMERICANS in China have an instinctive sympathy with the Nationalist uprising of which the officials and newspapermen seem incapable. Hundreds of missionaries have refused to heed the panicky "orders" of their consuls to abandon their posts. Canton Christian College, for instance, has just transformed its constitution and become, essentially, an American-subsidized Chinese university. It will have a Chinese president and a Chinese majority on the board of directors; long before the storm surprised slower-moving bodies it made religious instruction elective. The physical property remains American, rented to the Chinese board at one dollar a year. Mission schools which thus follow the national pulse of China remain open, splendidly useful examples of the best that America can give, when stiffer-backed, more consciously foreign institutions close or even suffer mob violence.

THE WISH IS OBVIOUSLY father to the thought in much of the cabled reports of splits within the Chinese Nationalist Party. It has, of course, factions, as has any party, but there is no such opposition between Bolshevik extremists, led by Eugene Chen and Borodin, and moderates, led by General Chiang Kai-shek, as the correspondents would have us believe. The opposition is rather between military and civilians. But Chiang himself is deeply imbued with Sun Yat-sen's democratic principles, and has always been ready to establish civil rule in the wake of his victories. And Borodin, Communist though he is, understands so thoroughly the importance, from both the Chinese and the Russian points of view, of maintaining the integrity of the Kuomintang and of the Nationalist organization that he would certainly use his influence in behalf of the conservative elements if he thought that necessary to avoid a split. Meanwhile Borodin's wife, returning to Hankow after putting their son in a Shanghai school—presumably an American school; Karakhan sent his children to an American school in Peking, for they are the best in China—has been taken from a Russian ship by the Northern generals and is held prisoner in Tsinanfu. This appears to be the most serious damage yet done to a foreigner by China's civil war—but it has not yet led Soviet Russia into landing a "defense force" of 15,000 men on Chinese territory.

FOR BLAND, SMILING, arrogant let-not-thy-left-hand-know-what-thy-right-hand-doeth business we know of no superiors to the experts in the United States State Department. Mr. Morgan, chief of its Latin-American Division, recently appeared before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate. He evaded questions as if he were an oil magnate under cross-examination. He behaved as if the people of the United States had no business inquiring how he and others of their hired men did their work. And when facts do leak out the State Department fact-wrecking crew hastily gets into action. Lawrence Dennis, ex-chargé d'affaires of the United States at Managua, is returning aggrieved, it is said,

because Mr. Kellogg first instructed him to have Diaz elected President of Nicaragua, and then, after Mr. Dennis had arranged that little matter, declared that the United States was not intervening in Nicaragua and was a non-partisan neutral. The esteemed Washington correspondent of the esteemed New York *Herald Tribune* thereupon visited the State Department, and filed a dispatch stating first, that the instructions which reached Mr. Dennis must have been forged in Mexico, and second, that "the suggestion that the State Department had unduly interfered in the internal affairs of Nicaragua has caused a sensation in diplomatic quarters." Perhaps it did—when we began large-scale meddling, about 1909. Mr. Dennis, the *Times* correspondent noted, with, we hope, conscious wit, is of "a forceful type unusual in the diplomatic service." And then, on the heels of this flurry, came the exclusion of Senator King from our own little private republic of Haiti.

HAITI, SOME OF OUR READERS will recall, was occupied by American Marines in 1916, and the marines are still there. Haiti's customs-houses are under American control, her Constitution and budget are American-made, and her President, M. Louis Borno, is a pure American invention. Haiti has not elected so much as a dog-catcher since Smedley Butler, pistol in hand, dissolved her Senate because it refused to sign on the dotted line. Admiral Caperton from his battleship arranged for the election of Sudre Dartiguenave despite the hostility of the Senate which Butler later dissolved; and Dartiguenave's hand-picked Cabinet arranged for Borno to succeed him, without consultation of the Haitian people. When, therefore, "President" Borno announces that Senator King will not be permitted to land in Haiti because of his expressed hostility to the present regime, any informed person, in the language of the street, smells a rat. Mr. Borno does not so much as change his peculiar style of hair-cut without consulting the American High Commissioner, General Russell. He certainly does not bar an American Senator without at least finding out what General Russell would think of such a course. And when the State Department—which instructed Admiral Caperton to have Dartiguenave elected and edited the present Haitian Constitution, which supervises Haiti's finances and instructs General Russell what to do—announces that it could not think of invading Haiti's "national sovereignty" by insisting upon the admission of Senator King—well, again in the language of the street, it is to laugh.

JAPAN IS A VOLCANIC COUNTRY, and some of her philosophers are fond of explaining her history as that of a volcanic people, accustomed to earthquakes and always on the verge of disaster. Tokio averages two perceptible shocks a week, apart from the minor disturbances detected only by a seismograph. The scientific apparatus, indeed, has for several decades recorded an average of more than 3½ shocks every day in the year. The annals of Japan are full of volcanic calamity; the earliest records tell of a great subsidence in the year 684 when the land sank and the sea swallowed up a million acres. There is some reason to believe that Japan is in a period of heightened volcanic activity; certainly there is no record to equal the gigantic disaster of 1923. Perhaps part of the cause of that toll lay in the ghastly congestion of the modern Japanese city, where families are crowded into what seem like doll's houses and at night occupy every square inch of the floor space. At least civilization brings speedy relief. Japan alone could cope with the needs of the 50,000 people made homeless in the recent earthquake; in 1923 America helped substantially; in 684, it is safe to say, no inhabitant either of America or of Europe even knew of Japan's misfortune.

VIOLENCE WALKS AT NIGHT in Georgia. During the last year in Toombs County scores of persons are said to have been taken out by a band of masked men and flogged. At least twenty of these mob outrages are alleged to be common knowledge. County officials are with the mob, members of the marauding bands sit solemnly on juries and fail to return indictments against themselves. Negroes are flogged, of course; an attorney who has dared to attempt prosecution of the lawless ones was severely beaten and threats of a similar fate were offered to a judge and to the Solicitor General. The offenses for which these night-riding gentlemen deem due process of law insufficient include failure to pay a fine for bootlegging, defense of bootlegging, drinking, wife-desertion, and general conduct offensive to a member of a masked band. Intimidated citizens, with threats of floggings and barn-burnings hanging over them, are afraid to press charges, to name names, to speak out. This is the behavior of the frontier; we are still a frontier country, in Georgia and in many other places.

"MISS NEW JERSEY, make the acquaintance of Mr. Jim Crow. Mr. Crow has just come up from the South, where he is well-known as a first-rate go-getter of trouble. Mr. Crow delivers the goods, any day, any way; a hanging, a burning at the stake, a tar-and-feathering if you have a weak heart and don't want too much excitement at once. Mr. Crow will do for you what he has already so abundantly shown himself able to do for Georgia, North Carolina, Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and other sections of our great commonwealth. You are on the right track with Mr. Crow; keep Negro children out of the white, Nordic, all-American high school; make them go to school in a church, unheated except by a stove, and with one teacher for all the grades. What matter that white children have a fine, big, steam-heated high-school building? What matter that Negro taxpayers want to send their children to the same building—not just the same sort of building? Mr. Crow, Mr. James Crow of Washington and points South, is just the man to settle everything right. Delegates of Negro parents will protest to you, Miss New Jersey, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People will send telegrams asking that Governor Moore remove Edgar M. Fink from his post of Supervising Principal of Education because he introduced a policy of segregation for Negro high-school children in Toms River. But don't you care; you just stick to Mr. Jim Crow. He's the man to keep things humming in New Jersey."

ALTHOUGH SCHOOL SEGREGATION, such as has just been introduced in southern New Jersey, has not yet been tested in the higher courts, the Supreme Court of the United States in a unanimous decision has just reaffirmed the unconstitutionality of another type of "Jim Crow" law. We have already commented upon its outlawing of the Texas statute which barred Negroes from voting in the Democratic primaries; now a New Orleans ordinance and two laws of Louisiana imposing restrictions on the owning or leasing of property by Negroes have been put

under the same ban as the old Louisville attempts at segregation. Slowly but surely the arm of the law is reaching around the Negro to assure him his ordinary civil rights. In time discriminatory school segregation may also fall under the ban. The Constitution of the United States calls the Negro a citizen; the Supreme Court is busy making him one in fact as well as name.

THE GODS DO NOT ALWAYS MAKE MAD those whom they wish to destroy. Sometimes they just make them dumb and stupid. That is what has happened to the Republicans of the State of New York, year after year—and still they learn nothing. Beaten again and again by Governor Smith because they opposed him when he was fighting battles for the people of the State, they once more court destruction at the polls by breaking with the Governor on the question of water-power. He has merely asked of the legislature that it vest the State's natural water resources in a Power Authority, with three commissioners to be appointed by the Governor with the consent of the Senate; nothing is to be done by this Authority until a comprehensive plan of development has been presented to the next legislature for its approval and accepted by it. Instead the Republicans have insisted on another investigating commission. The Governor has flatly told the legislature that such a commission would be "a joke" on the people of the State. Here are his words:

> We have had investigating commissions and debates on water-power since I have been in public life, and most of them have been useless because they usually degenerated into dogmatic statements as to one person's economic views or theories and into generalities and slogans about socialism, predatory interests, etc. I want, if possible, to see this problem solved by lifting it out of political discussion, and I am sure that it cannot be solved by any mere investigating commission.

He declares that he has gone as far in the direction of compromise as he possibly can, and suggests a referendum at the next election so that the people themselves may decide whether they shall have a Power Authority or give way to the private corporations which the Republicans favor.

PULLMAN PORTERS receive from the Pullman Company about $44 a month (plus $34 required for lodging, meals away from home, etc.) and from the public in tips an average of $58.15 per month. It isn't much, even so, for the porter; but the tips save the Pullman Company $7,000,000 a year. Accordingly, the company has just increased its dividend rate from 8 to 10 per cent. As Henry T. Hunt says, "The railroad presidents are a dull lot. They should long ago have introduced the tipping system to pay ticket agents, conductors, and brakemen." What a saving —to the companies—it would be!

THE SITUATION of the textile workers lately on strike in Passaic, New Jersey, is not a happy one, although the companies finally came to terms which seemed a substantial victory for the union. Trade depression is the rule in the Passaic mills as it is generally in the textile industries in the North. It was this that made it possible for the employers to hold out as long as they did; it was no hardship for them to be without workers when they were also without orders for goods. And now, for the same reason, although the mills have signed agreements with the union, the workers are not getting back their jobs. According to recent reports the large Botany mills, normally employing 4,500 persons, have taken back only 400, and it is said that no persons over forty years of age have been reemployed. In all there are some 10,000 former mill hands still unemployed and in want for bare necessities. The General Relief Committee, 743 Main Avenue, Passaic, is appealing to those who so generously supported the strike to help it in relieving somewhat the widespread misery due to unemployment.

BOSTON IS NOW 99 44/100 per cent pure. To be sure, a rash prospective reader can still purchase the Bible, the complete works of William Shakespeare, the "Canterbury Tales" by a man named Chaucer, and a book called "Tom Jones," by Thomas Fields, or Henry Fieldson, or some such name. But aside from these books which the policemen have not yet had time to read, the literature of America's erstwhile Literary Center is fit for any babbling babe. Nine books have been declared unfit for circulation in Boston. The District Attorney has not been able to read all of the nine, but he found an obliging assistant, Mr. William J. Sullivan, who pronounced them impure. "I have entire confidence in Mr. Sullivan's decision," said District Attorney Foley. If the public does not share this confidence, it cannot buy the offending books in Boston, because the booksellers, on the advice of the police, have removed them from their shelves. It remains to be seen whether any publisher whose book is on Boston's index will bring the case to trial as Mr. H. L. Mencken did when his *Mercury* was suppressed at the instigation of the late Canon Chase. With the exception of Horace Liveright, Thomas Seltzer, and one or two others, members of publishing firms have meekly submitted to the Watch-and-Warders and their kin. It is expensive to be a martyr, it interferes with business, it results in advertising of uncertain value. The publishers, like so many other persons, do not believe in censorship, but ——

WE HEARTILY WELCOME a new publication sent us from the University of Oklahoma. It is a little quarterly called *Books Abroad*, and the design of its staff, headed by Roy Temple House, is to "distribute really useful information concerning the more important book publications of Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, the South American republics, and perhaps other countries." The most useful pages among the thirty-two in this first issue are the twenty containing very brief reviews of current books in French, German, Spanish, and Italian; many books are mentioned, and the notices are for the most part pungent as well as informing. But there is also an essay by H. C. Thurnau, advisory editor from the University of Kansas, establishing an analogy between Europe's literary complexity and the confusion in the American intellectual scene recently described by Eliseo Vivas in a *Nation* article. It behooves all modern-language teachers in America, says Mr. Thurnau, to keep in touch with what is going on in the mind of Europe today. Hence *Books Abroad*—which will be valuable, however, for editors and general readers as well as for teachers. There was no such magazine before. We greet it not only for that reason but because it comes out of Oklahoma, whose university, at least in this department, is definitely a center of usefulness and light. The price, we might add, is nothing.

The Military Menaces the World

MR. H. G. WELLS did an excellent service by his smashing discussion of the military situation of the world in the New York *Times* of March 6. The question Are Armies Needed Any Longer? he answers emphatically in the negative. The war of the future, he declares, "is from first to last a job for technicians and artisans. There is no more use for drilled troops in it than there is for the Greek phalanx." The professional military classes, he points out, will everywhere try by treaty to put off the use of the latest chemical methods in order to save themselves from extinction. But the fact to him is clear that "the evolution of war is abolishing the soldier altogether." "All these handsome individuals running about or galloping about in tabs and buttons and gold lace are of no earthly use at all. . . . The soldier in uniform is as out of date today as the man in armor was in 1600." Hence Mr. Wells is grateful to the United States Senate for killing the treaty to end the use of poison gas. He wants the new warfare developed to the fullest extent. He even welcomes the use of deadly bacilli—anything to make war as horrible and as deadly as possible—and he ridicules those who, like *The Nation*, are trying to stop chemical warfare.

Now as to this, Mr. Wells may be right and we wrong. It depends in some measure on whether you believe in setting afloat, in order to end war, forces which may conceivably wipe out whole populations. The question is whether, after such a struggle, there will be enough left of the world for anybody to care whether war goes on or not. But with his contention that the modern soldier is an utter anachronism we are in entire accord, as we are with his assertion that the desire to retain their profession makes the "professionally belligerent class, officers, their womenkind, and every sort of person who upon occasion wears uniform and a sword, and is entitled to a salute," favor war. The officers often believe that they do not favor it. They sententiously remark that they are the ones who cannot favor war, since it is they who pay the price. But the possibility of war they insist upon; for otherwise they would be kept out of jobs. Hence their bitterness against all pacifists who are bent on eliminating the fighters as well as war. Hence their growing fury because some churches begin to attack war seriously—it was an American Major General who denounced the American churches a couple of months ago in New York because, he said, the churches were becoming pacifist! As Mr. Wells shows, our military believe that they must defend us against the people next door, and the military next door believe that our forces are only waiting to spring upon them. Military men everywhere insist that national honor is in their keeping, and their "dread" of war was well illustrated by a recent dispatch in the militaristic New York *Herald Tribune*, which reported the army and navy men in Washington as being furious at the inaction of the Government in the Mexican crisis—they wanted to show Mr. Coolidge how to deal with Mexico.

Every thesis Mr. Wells lays down he could prove to the hilt in this country. Many competent witnesses declare that Englishmen do not want war today; that the bands may still play for an expedition to China or some other remote clime, but that England is through for the present with any really first-class war. They may be right; we hope so; but certainly here in America we are more belligerent than ever before, and, as Mr. Coolidge boasted recently, we have 610,000 men under arms annually —nearly as many as the German standing army of 1914— as a result of the war to end war. We now have nearly 100,000 reserve officers, and at least 22,000 active army and navy officers who are propagandizing for war and military training and have adopted the Prussian military ideals for which we once excoriated the Kaiser and his group. An active lieutenant colonel has just been speaking throughout Illinois by order of the War Department, seeking to create an opinion against the Congress—whose creature the army should be—and to develop sentiment in favor of larger war appropriations. Press dispatches have reported the War Department as determined to put a reserve officer in every hamlet and town to create nationalistic and "patriotic," i. e., militaristic, feeling. The army and navy propagandists are everywhere aided by big business men.

Of this there has been a most interesting example in Detroit, where there has been a struggle between the pro-war business men and the churches which would astound Mr. Wells. There the Board of Commerce has compelled the weak-kneed and cowardly Y. M. C. A. to adopt a resolution approving of "the National Defense Act, as amended in 1920, which provides for the voluntary organization of Reserve Officers' Training Corps camps"—a resolution received by the board with "delight and satisfaction." Why was the board so concerned? Not because of any imminent danger of foreign invasion; not because the big business men have the slightest knowledge whether the summer training camps have any military value or not. Their concern was revealed at a meeting between some of the board and a few protesting ministers. According to the Detroit *Free Press*, "those favoring the Defense Act said that adequate preparation was the *bulwark against revolution.*" There you have it. The United States army from 1866 to 1898 numbered only 25,000. Was big business interested? Not at all. But the situation has changed now. The World War gave a Socialist or Communist government to nearly every country in Europe. It released new ideas which terrify the American business men. Hence they back the training camps and the R. O. T. C., not for the military training given but for "the ideals of citizenship" inculcated there by the military preceptors. General Pershing hardly speaks of military instruction in his appeals for the camps; he calls them a great school of citizenship. Well he may. Blind obedience to the present order is what the business backers of the camps want. No liberal-minded or anti-war person would be allowed to speak at them, nor would anybody be permitted to quote President Coolidge's saying of October 6, 1925, that "we know, and everyone knows, that these old [military] systems, antagonisms, and reliance on force have failed," and that "no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace or insure it victory in time of war." If General Pershing thinks at all he knows that Mr. Wells is just about correct when he declares that "it is the country which has the courage to scrap its army most completely which may come nearest to winning in the next great war," and that the military training at the camps is worthless.

Poincaré's Achievement

ELECTIONS are coming in France in 1928, and politicians there as elsewhere adjust their actions to such contingencies. Accordingly it is safe to predict that the French Parliament will not again be asked to ratify the Mellon-Bérenger debt agreement until the elections are safely passed. No office-holder who likes his job is going to subject himself to the charge of enslaving his nation to the United States for sixty-two years.

Meanwhile, however, M. Poincaré is performing miracles with French finances, and it is not impossible that he will make a few payments on account without committing himself to the principle of continued payments. No Frenchman believes that France has any clear moral obligation to pay the interallied obligations; but every statesman in office wants to borrow more money, and if by paying a little he can borrow a lot, M. Poincaré is willing to pay a little. The amazing achievement of M. Poincaré is that he is able to pay even a little. His predecessors plunged deeper and deeper into the twin bogs of inflation and depreciation. The 1918 balance-sheet showed a deficit of fifty billion francs, and, while the total declined, even the 1925 record showed more than a billion francs in red ink. The 1926 figures—not the advance predictions but the performance—record a surplus for the first time since the war. Largely by increases in taxation M. Poincaré raised the total revenues of the Government of France from 29 billion francs in 1925 to nearly 43 billions in 1926.

As a result M. Poincaré has held the confidence of the financiers and small investors, both at home and abroad, and has stabilized the franc. His bitterest political enemies admit that his return to office calmed panic-stricken investors. "The crisis of 1926 was primarily a manifestation of internal loss of confidence," says Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., of the Chase National Bank, "and the extremely low exchange rate of the summer of 1926 reflected the purchases of immense sums in dollars and sterling by the French people themselves." More recently, the French Government has bought back, largely with francs borrowed from the French people, the dollars and sterling in which the same people had invested, and thus accumulated the immense fund of $400,000,000 in foreign exchange which lies behind the recent French shipments of gold to the United States.

Treasury prosperity and industrial prosperity do not always go hand in hand. When the franc was falling there seemed to be work for everybody, and the fundamental impoverishment could be overlooked. Now that M. Poincaré has balanced his budget and first raised and then stabilized the franc—without, however, promising not to raise it still further—business is not so booming. French manufacturers find it more difficult to underbid their competitors across the Rhine and across the Channel. Factories have been closed; unemployment has reached alarming proportions, as was revealed in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* last week.

It is safe to say that no French Government will wish to raise the franc much higher; that would too disastrously increase the burden of the domestic debt. But will the workers, who bear the load of the present method of retrenchment, be able to persuade Parliament to interfere with M. Poincaré's plans? On the eve of an election, the answer is dubious.

A Survival of Savagery

IT is gratifying that not everybody is a victim of the prevailing hysteria in regard to criminals. The so-called "crime wave" is not nearly so real or serious as the current of atavism which it has set in motion. People all over the country, in a panic over the increase in certain crimes of violence, are forgetting all that science and reason have taught the world in recent centuries, and are blindly accepting the doctrine—discredited by all experience—that brutal punishment prevents crime. There is a general descent upon our State legislatures to induce them to make punishments for crime harsher, in the pitiful hope that thereby the lives and belongings of the community at large will be made safer.

It is good, therefore, that in the face of this hysteria the League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, not content to hide temporarily in a cellar, has come out on the front doorstep to proclaim more loudly than ever its belief that the death penalty not only does not stop murder but again and again prevents the conviction of the slayer. It is a striking fact that the league, recently organized to prosecute a national campaign against the disgrace and folly of capital punishment, has at its head Lewis E. Lawes, warden of New York's Sing Sing penitentiary, while among its other leaders are George W. Kirchwey, a former warden of Sing Sing; Herman M. Adler, criminologist of the Department of Public Welfare of Illinois; Katharine Bement Davis, formerly Commissioner of Correction of New York City; Franz Boas, the distinguished anthropologist of Columbia University; men prominent in political life, like Governor Hunt of Arizona and Senator Copeland of New York; judges on the bench such as William H. Ellis of California and Carl B. Hyatt and Thomas A. Jones of North Carolina; experienced lawyers of the caliber of Clarence Darrow, Arthur Garfield Hays, Samuel Untermyer, and Frank P. Walsh.

The campaign of the league is especially needed at this time in view of the attempt to restore capital punishment in North and South Dakota, Minnesota, and Michigan. Fortunately the legislatures of the three first-named States have refused to countenance the proposal. In California, Nebraska, Massachusetts, and New York there is a definite effort on foot to obtain the abandonment of the death penalty. Eight States have distinguished themselves already by doing away with this barbarism: Michigan, 1847; Rhode Island, 1852; Wisconsin, 1853; Kansas, 1872; Maine, 1887; Minnesota, 1911; North and South Dakota, 1915. Four other States—Arizona, Missouri, Oregon, and Washington—were formerly on the honor roll but reverted to savagery in the post-war "red" scare of 1919-1920.

The Nation does not believe that Henry Ford, because he is America's richest man, is thereby especially wise on social questions, but it finds itself in hearty agreement with what he says on the subject of capital punishment:

> It is wrong to kill a man—everbody agrees to that. It does no good to the man and it does no good to society. Capital punishment is as fundamentally wrong as a cure for crime as charity is wrong as a cure for poverty. . . .
>
> I don't see how any one can vote for capital punishment unless he himself were willing to be the executioner. I think there are mighty few citizens who would be willing to take that job. Then why ask the State, through any citizen, to do the killing? . . .

Tyrant's Luck

FORTUNE favors Signor Mussolini. He has but to desire a literary festival when, lo and behold, the fates have it already arranged that Publius Virgilius Maro, best and safest of official poets, should have been born two thousand years ago. Almost any other literary anniversary might well have proved a positive embarrassment. What, for example, could any Fascist have said upon the birthday of Horace, who boasted that his prudent heels had carried him swiftly from the field of Philippi; what eulogy could he have uttered upon the memory of Ovid, who was sent by Augustus, the Duce of his age, to ponder his moral and political indiscretions in an exile among the Goths; or how could he have praised the fame and virtue of Tacitus without being reminded how conspicuously the latter was lacking in any enthusiasm for the dictators of Rome? With Virgil, however, it is different. Here was a poet who both served the state and knew his place.

Like Mussolini, Augustus was a man who had set his heart and his will upon the revival of an ancient glory. Under his command Rome glowed with a new prosperity. New buildings rose, new streets spread out, and there is no doubt that the trains would have run once more "on time" if there had been trains to run. And, like Mussolini, too, it was his aim to create a new soul as well as a new body. Rome was to be made heroically race-conscious, sumptuary laws were passed to check the spread of luxurious decadence; and patriotism became obligatory. Nothing more was needed except a national poet and then, behold, the national poet appears. He had spent his early years singing of the bees and flowers in his native province, he had even had an opportunity to observe the summary habits of military saviors when he saw the lands of his neighbors divided among the worthy servants of the great Triumvirate; but he knew his poetic business and the "Æneid" filled the bill. Augustus had his soldiers, his legislators, his administrative officers, and now he had his poet too.

No other great poem was ever so completely built according to specifications. No ambitious American inspired by literary editorials was ever more self-conscious in his determination to write the great American novel. The Greeks had their "Iliad" and so, by Jupiter, the Romans should have their "Æneid." It should be indubitably national, it should be artistically faultless, and it should be patriotically inspiring. No critic should be permitted to raise the slightest cavil, but neither should the solid citizen be called upon to make any allowances for the dubious tendencies of art. The "Æneid" should be "clean," "uplifting," and "inspirational." Moreover, it was, by a miracle, all these things.

Lucky in his anniversary, Mussolini has been less fortunate in the choice of his own laureate. Sometime in April he will betake himself to Mantua and there, before thousands of his loyal subjects, reinforced with a delegation of two hundred scholars from the Sorbonne who have signalized their intention of being present, he will congratulate Augustus upon his good fortune. But the chances are that he will not feel equally inclined to congratulate himself and he may even shake a majestic head, more in sorrow than in anger, in the direction of the bald and petulant d'Annunzio who was to have been his Virgil but who, unfortunately, has not turned out so very well.

Checkers

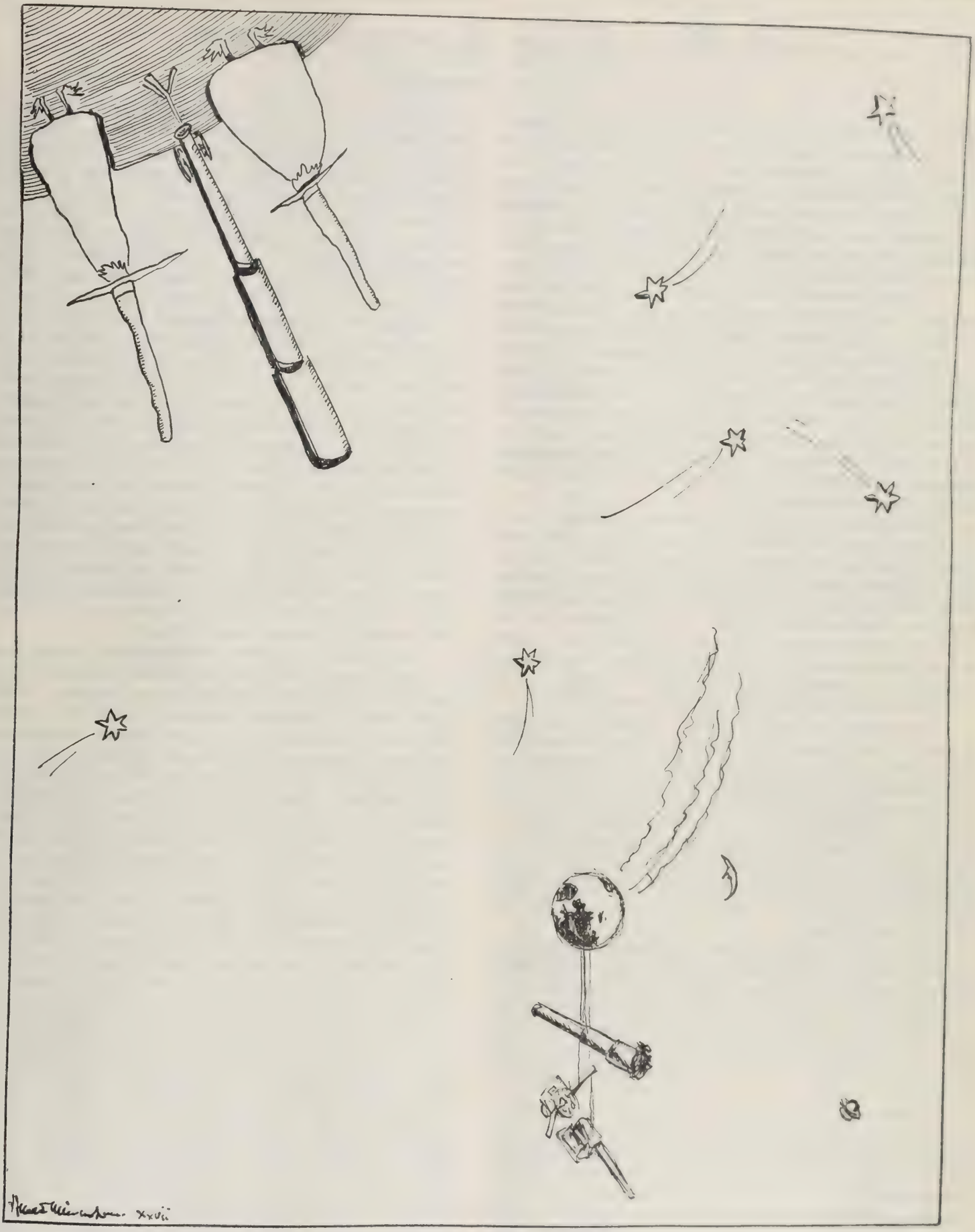
AT the Hotel Alamac, in New York City, Great Britain and the United States have been locked in deadly combat—and the game has been checkers. Those who class this game with tiddledywinks or "old maid" do not know that men spend years trying to master it, that the volumes on the game run into a library, that matches between experts are played for stakes of $500 and $1,000. Samuel Johnson, responsive to everything having to do with the intellect, wrote the dedication for the first important book on checkers in English—William Payne's "Introduction to the Game of Draughts." (In England checkers is called draughts.) Across the Channel, Diderot and other encyclopedists helped to bring out a French work. Edgar Allan Poe, prefacing "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," compared checkers, chess, and whist, awarding the palm of superiority to checkers. "The higher powers of the reflective intellect," wrote Poe, "are more decidedly and more usefully tasked by the unostentatious game of draughts than by all the elaborate frivolity of chess." The Englishmen this year were surprised to learn that we play checkers better now than in 1905, when last teams from the two countries met; we sent them home this time soundly trounced.

Most men play checkers like a child, trying to keep the opponent from taking two men while losing only one. The expert is busy with different plans. He is looking forty moves ahead; he thinks: "Ha! Let him move there if he wants to. If he does, I'll have 'second position' on him thirty moves from now—and will win in twenty moves more"; or: "In forty moves my king will pin his last two pieces in the upper right-hand corner." Did you ever hear of second position, first position, Bowen's twins, Petterson's drawbridge—all well-known endings?

Who are these British and American experts? It is kindness to them to draw the veil. They do not like to have "the details of their private lives" discussed, as one said when asked what he did for a living. Several of the twelve members of the British team are without visible means of support. James Ferrie, ex-champion of the world, holds a small job with the corporation of Glasgow, Scotland. One is a presser in a London tailor shop, one is satisfied with the description of "laborer," one has collected fares on a Manchester tram. Records of the Americans are similar. One travels with a show, one sells magazines on a crowded corner, one has risen to be clerk in a State office in Lansing, Michigan. Harrah B. Reynolds is a post-office inspector, and T. J. O'Grady is foreman of a large shoe factory.

Checker players do not care what they do, so long as they play checkers. The game is a disease, a passion. It keeps its devotees on the rack, it will not let them sleep, it plays havoc with their efforts to earn livings. Mothers mourn the loss of their sons when they start on checker-playing careers; wives turn prematurely gray. To be a checker-widow is far more pitiable than to be a golf-widow.

What is the secret of its fascination? As well ask why people devote their lives to bridge, to chess, to mountain-climbing, to exploration? It is not a matter of skill. The local champion in the village store plays his game as if he knew all about it. He is absorbed in the game; but if he dreamed of the heights of skill reached by the truly scientific checker-player, he would knock the board off the cracker-barrel in his excitement.



Cosmic Gloom

FIRST ASTRONOMER ON MARS: *The earth doesn't seem as chipper as it used to be.*
SECOND DITTO: *See what's dragging down the poor old thing.*

A New Ring Around Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

THE statesmen of Europe have been meeting in Geneva for their periodic love-fest. Such gatherings are always a matter of sweet words of peace for the public and sordid dickerings and businesslike barter of other people's rights behind the scenes. At this March meeting, however, we have seen some unashamed open diplomacy. The European peacemakers are publicly attempting to forge a ring around the Soviet Republic; to form an anti-Bolshevik bloc.

It is plainly stated in every newspaper. "Berlin Hears Britain Would Encircle Russia" reads a New York *Times* headline. "Anglo-Russian Relations, Made More Acute by Crisis in China, Will Have Important Bearing on League Council Meeting at Geneva" announces the *Herald Tribune*. "The forging of a ring of steel around Russia is apparently the object of the determined effort made by the British at the opening of the League of Nations Council today to secure amicable settlement of German-Polish and Rumanian-Hungarian differences." Thus a dispatch from the *World* correspondent at Geneva.

The instigator is Britain; the reason is China.

China is vital to England in various ways. The great Celestial continent is important enough in itself; but as Soviet influence grows in China, the British become nervous about India and the empire. The Cantonese destroy armies with ideas; against such methods no British arsenal has yet forged an effective weapon. There is no doubt that in addition to undermining British trade in China, the Chinese revolution is undermining British prestige in Asia.

The culprit is Russia; the cure is Geneva.

The British are foolish enough to believe that, were it not for the influence of Moscow, the Chinese would for decades have gone on submitting to foreign oppression, unequal treaties, and other invasions of their rights. Since the tide of Kuomintang progress and Soviet influence cannot be stemmed in the East, the British adopt a policy of provocation in the West. They will force Moscow to concentrate attention and energy on what may occur on her Rumanian, Polish, and Baltic borders. Such tactics, Downing Street and the Indian Office hope, will weaken the Bolshevik hand in China.

The League meeting in Geneva offers the opportunity. As an opening barrage, before the meeting, Chamberlain protests to Moscow against anti-British intrigues. This prepares public opinion in Europe and the United States for concerted action by "civilized" nations against the "Red Menace." Then Briand, Stresemann, Chamberlain, Zaleski, and the ministers of a dozen smaller Powers arrive in Switzerland.

Suddenly Italy recognizes Bessarabia, formerly Russian territory, as a part of Rumania. Now Italy and Jugoslavia, their so-called Neutrality Treaty of 1924 notwithstanding, are rivals for Adriatic supremacy, and the Italo-Albanian pact of last autumn was a thrust against the Serb-Croat-Slovene kingdom. Jugoslavia, accordingly, sought support in Paris, Angora, and Moscow this winter, just as Rushdi Bey, the Turkish Foreign Minister, had signed agreements with Russia and Jugoslavia a year ago when the League awarded Mosul to the British.

Jugoslavia is anti-Hungarian, in fact the mortar of the Little Entente, consisting of Jugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia, and Rumania, is fear or hatred of Hungary. Italy, on the other hand, sees a possible ally in Hungary, especially if she encourages the monarchists to enthrone a king in Budapest. In the Balkans the only country Italy can hope to win is Rumania, whose chief desire is to confirm her title to Bessarabia, seized from the Bolsheviks. Italy can offer Rumania not only confirmation of her title to Bessarabia (England, France, and Japan gave their assent years ago), but also security in regard to Hungary, hitherto the foe of Rumania.

Mussolini's gesture to Rumania therefore means (1) the alignment of Rumania and Hungary on the side of Italy, (2) the complete paralysis of the Little Entente which has been moribund for many a day, and (3) the emergence of Italy as the outstanding Power on the Balkan Peninsula, at the expense of France and of England as well. London does not object, for the move which weakens her in Southeastern Europe has the same effect on her rival, France, gives international sanction to Rumania's seizure of Bessarabia from Russia, and, most important, definitely places Italy with the anti-Soviet forces. "Britain's Hand Seen in Italy's Bessarabian Act" is the *Herald Tribune's* correct caption over a message from Rome. To balance the scales, Italy lands troops in Shanghai—to please the British, of course, rather than to protect non-existent Italian interests. Such are the devious ways of international diplomacy.

The British, then, have scored at least a partial victory. But in addition to Italy, they need Poland and Germany, and those of the Baltic states which are not yet won. Hitherto it has been an axiom that the country which enjoys the support of Germany cannot have that of Poland, and vice versa. As long as France was anti-German, Poland was pro-French. After the threat of Thoiry, however, Warsaw began flirting with England. Great Britain's purpose is to bring both Germany and Poland into the anti-Bolshevik bloc, which can only be done by eliminating the factors which make for German-Polish enmity—the Corridor, Danzig, Memel, and questions of German frontier forts. This is the hardest nut Chamberlain has to crack and he may break his teeth on it. At Geneva, nevertheless, Chamberlain and Briand arranged a meeting between Stresemann and Zaleski, the Polish Foreign Secretary. They had not been on speaking terms, and the great problem was whether Stresemann would go to Zaleski or Zaleski to Stresemann. The matter was settled by having Stresemann's assistant visit the Pole, after which the Pole visited Stresemann. Thus was national honor saved. But much more than this is required. The Poles are not likely to give up the Corridor or Danzig or both in exchange for the Baltic port of Memel. (In exchange for Memel the Lithuanians, who have moved closer to the Poles since the Fascist putsch in Kovno last December, are supposed to get Vilna. But will the Poles surrender that prize?) On the other hand, Germany may be willing to come to at least a temporary understanding with Poland—forgetting territorial disputes for a while—if she gets concessions in the Rhineland, if reparation payments are reduced, if Allied troops evacuate Germany, if the Saar coal mines are relinquished, if Eupen and Malmedy are returned, or if she gets an oversea colony. And a British subsidy to Poland,

euphemistically styled a loan, may soften Warsaw's heart toward Germany.

This is Chamberlain's trying task: to win both Germany and Poland for the *cordon sanitaire* around the Soviet Union. Apart from the difficulty of reconciling the nations directly concerned, France presents the chief obstacle. A continental anti-Bolshevik combination under the aegis of Great Britain must ipso facto disturb France. The two Powers bordering on the Channel are again competing for supremacy in Europe, and the anti-Russian *cordon* sponsored by England is perhaps only another phase of this age-long struggle. It is not clear how France will act. Briand helped Chamberlain to bring Stresemann and Zaleski together. On the other hand, the concessions to Germany in the Rhineland would be at the expense of France and, unless the scheme is very ambitious and includes the floating of the German railway bonds which England blocked after Thoiry, would bring France nothing except the doubtful pleasure of playing second fiddle to London. With Italy in the bloc and Jugoslavia out of it, and with England running it, French adherence seems at least doubtful. Turkey, too, will remain outside. Britain's victory at Geneva in 1925 when she got Mosul has left the Turks in a sour mood; and Italy's ambitions in Asia Minor will tend to throw them into the arms of Russia.

No anti-Bolshevik bloc can be perfect. The men responsible for it do not hope for complete success. Their aim is to harass the Soviet Government and impede its economic advance. They expect, quite fatuously I believe, that the "conservative" Stalin, appalled by the array of Powers against Russia, will capitulate, call off the "offensive" in China, and open the gates to foreign capitalism. This last may be the bait to Germany: German reparations payments and Germany's whole economic structure depend on export markets of which Russia is the most promising. She would hardly risk the loss of Soviet buyers were it not for a hope that opposition to Moscow would be a good investment, forcing the Bolsheviks to be more lenient in dealing with foreign concerns. (I do not take Stresemann's speech to the correspondents, denying British overtures and regretting Russian isolation, as anything more than a bid for better terms. The same day's cables include a dispatch regarding the League's authorization of a loan to Esthonia provided Esthonia gives "a sufficient guaranty that she will not sign a neutrality treaty with Russia.")

The bloc will not mean war. Europe is too exhausted to venture into another period of self-destruction now. But this dress rehearsal at Geneva is an indication of what may happen in the future when Britain and her friends on the Continent are better fixed and more united. The Bolsheviks are not far from the mark when they speak of the danger of capitalist aggression with the League as its spearhead. Russia, however, is a gigantic country. Her strength is her own wealth—natural, human, moral, ideological—and the need which foreign countries have of doing business with her. The concert of some nations against her may retard her economic progress, expose her to financial boycotts and to partial commercial blockades (she has experienced not a few already), but they can hardly interfere with her industrial rise or with her ascendancy in Asia.

Working the Women Workers

By ANN WASHINGTON CRATON

ALTHOUGH there are some eleven million women in industry in the United States, only a small proportion, perhaps 250,000, are in the trade unions. The common attitude of most union leaders is that women cannot be organized. Actually, the problem is a different one: how to fit women into the trade unions. The admission of women involves new policies, new responsibilities, and new difficulties. Rather than face them and make the necessary adjustments, union officials have preferred to "let the women alone."

The life of a union official is hard. The work is discouraging and exhausting. The reward for a man is a higher office, with increasing responsibility. He becomes manager of his local union or joint board. He becomes a national officer. There are no such opportunities for women. Women have successfully held minor offices in their local unions. They have been efficient business agents and organizers. Rarely have they held offices of importance. A few women have been international officers, but no woman has ever been on the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor. Most of the few women who have attained prominence in the trade-union movement have discreetly tried to play the union game as men play it. They have realized that their prestige and position were at stake. On the theory that a poor union is better than no union they have steadily refused to embarrass labor officials by a vigorous protest at the discriminations and inequalities to which women have been subjected in the unions. As a result they have been unable to achieve any outstanding leadership among the rank and file of trade-union women.

When women come into the unions they are, generally speaking, controlled by men officials, particularly when the women in the trade, both organized and unorganized, outnumber the men. I remember one prominent international officer who said, referring to a woman's local which had made remarkable strides under the leadership of women officers: "These women need to be protected. They have a membership now which is ample to pay a good salary to a man official whom we shall appoint. From now on we are going to have iron control over this local." Another official bitterly condemned workers' education classes in his union. The attendance had been largely made up of women. "They have all become lefts," said he indignantly. "That is what education for women does. Now see the trouble they are making us."

The struggles of promising rank-and-file girls for recognition have met not only lack of cooperation but often direct sabotage from their trade-union brothers. The case of Sophie comes to mind. Her life had been full of hardships and deprivations. Insufficient and improper food, too little sleep, exposure to all sorts of weather on the picket line in strikes, work in airless and overheated factories ruined her health. She developed bronchitis and throat trouble, while she wore herself out mentally and spiritually over the injustices and inequalities she experienced in the

union. Sophie had been an active trade unionist for ten years, faithfully supporting the machine and loyal to the administration. She was an invaluable lieutenant. A man who had worked as faithfully for his organization would have been taken care of. But Sophie, who had never been allowed to hold a paid job as organizer on the regular staff, had to borrow money and accumulate debts for the vacation she had to take. Instead of returning to her own city, Sophie decided she would work in other clothing centers to obtain first-hand knowledge about the activities of women trade unionists. In Chicago she had been a fast and experienced pocket-maker, earning $50 to $60 a week in the season. To her dismay, in New York union shops, this proved to be a man's job. No woman could be a pocket-maker. No woman had ever been allowed to work at such a well-paid operation, although her international union loudly proclaimed that it stood for "Equal Work, Equal Pay, and Equal Opportunities" for women workers. Sophie could have found work in open or scab shops, where women pocket-makers were preferred to men, as they were paid less wages. She refused this compromise and finally took a job as a corset-worker at $18 a week, an unorganized trade which she had learned as a girl of fourteen. At night the men union officials unhesitatingly called upon her to hold shop-meetings with groups of girls from union shops, who had been forced to accept a severe cut in wages as a concession to the boss, to protect the wages of the men. These angry girls were refusing to pay dues. Sophie, herself bitterly resentful, had to face her furious sister workers and urge them to support their union and not to work in scab shops.

Millinery in its infancy was regarded as exclusively a women's trade. Hats were all hand made, before the comparatively recent machine era, when the men cap-makers saw a chance at employment in their own off-season, and invaded this domain of women. The milliners at that time were largely middle-aged and highly conservative. Accustomed always to working in shops where only women were employed, they believed that it was not "nice" to work with men. It meant that they could no longer allow themselves the comfort of working in old-fashioned "Mother Hubbards." They disliked the idea of sitting by men, who not only worked without collars and ties, but discarded their shirts as well. The women considered it offensive and improper.

When the first men came into the shops and sat down at the machines the women indignantly stood up and marched out. But they had to march back again, quickly, to save their jobs. The union soon organized and supported the men. The women were admitted to the union with an initiation fee $10 lower than that paid by the men and weekly dues 10 cents less. Their wages, however, were between $20 and $30 less than the men's scale. The bitterness occasioned then increased through the years and could never be overcome. The old-timers gradually dropped out, to be replaced by younger women, mostly the new immigrants from Russia who belonged to the generation of the Revolution. They have made an idealistic and enthusiastic fight for their principles and recently have greatly improved their position in the union.

Women coming into the trade-union movement have an optimism and freshness that men officials are likely to resent. They upset the traditional routine. A prominent woman was engaged to direct an organization campaign involving thousands of women. Definite action was imperative in a month, when a wage agreement expired. In twenty-four hours she had appalled the men officials, who had formerly drifted along complacently and casually, with a membership large enough to pay their salaries and with no opposition to reelection. The campaign to them had been merely a gesture to the membership. They had not intended to ask for a wage increase for their women members. It had been tacitly understood between the employers and the union officials that the men's wage increases should be granted.

Miss S., the new organizer, was a shrewd politician. She was determined to maneuver herself and her policies into such a position that her work would not be wasted. She started with a veritable office revolution. Nothing was sacred. She moved the furniture and threw out all the old, broken chairs that had been piled in corners for years. She appropriated an office for herself, a small room long regarded as the exclusive property of a clique that played pinochle. She installed a desk and a telephone. She had an electrician arrange proper lighting for night work. She even had the water cooler moved; it had blocked the hallway, contrary to all fire laws, for a year. Miss S. now turned her energies to the organization campaign. Tons of union literature had to be distributed through the shops. Instead of playing cards, the loungers were forced to fold circulars and lick stamps. Girls from the open shops as well as from the union shops flocked to the office. The men officials were terrified. They were forced into a position where they had to make demands for the women. The employers were furious. Miss S. was triumphant. She now went aggressively around the shops and, as a result, she began to be arrested almost daily. The first time it happened a crowd of excited girls rushed into the office, demanding bail and a lawyer. The men took the situation cheerfully. A group began to play cards. It was Tomasso, the Italian business agent, who mildly voiced the sentiments of all. "Let her stay in jail," said he, persuasively, to the girls. "She's all right. Let her stay until we can have a nice, quiet little executive-board meeting without her. Then we will get her out. Ladies should stay at home. If ladies won't stay at home, let them stay in jail."

In Newark, New Jersey, last summer, a campaign was initiated to try out the American Federation of Labor's Tentative Plan to Organize Women which had been adopted at the 1925 convention. It was the first move on the part of the federation to face the problem of the unorganized women. The plan provided that the various unions in a given locality should make a joint intensive drive to organize women under their jurisdiction. Each union was to supply its own organizers and its own technique and the particular literature necessary for its special trade problems. The impetus given by such systematic and thorough work progressing simultaneously in different industries would create a trade-union consciousness among women workers and have a tremendous educational value in the entire community.

A legislative agent of the federation—Edward F. McGrady—sent from Washington as an "observer," was in charge of the drive. But neither he nor the unions involved cared whether it was successful, and consequently it was a failure. Another woman and myself, both experienced in organization work, made an effort to take part in the Newark campaign. The legislative agent agreed to consider us as

organizers and made an appointment to discuss the campaign with us. He took us to lunch at his favorite restaurant in the theatrical district of New York. We selected a modest lunch, appalled at the high prices, while he consumed a most elaborate one. It was apparent that he had repented of his rashness in interviewing us, for now he would not have us. He used all the old arguments to discourage us: women could not be organized; women did not want to be organized; women had been organized, at great trouble and expense, and their unions had not lasted. We countered on every point.

By this time, he was smoking expensive cigars. "You say you want to work with women; I know a good place for you—go work for the Y. W. C. A."

"We want to work with women in the Newark campaign," we answered promptly.

He was much annoyed, but he made another effort: "Why don't you forget all this business and leave the labor movement to men? It's too rough for women. Why don't you get married?"

"Perhaps we are married," we answered cheerfully; "we still want to organize women into trade unions in Newark."

"You are hopeless," he said angrily. He fled from us in a taxi. His parting words were no more encouraging: "If you want to organize women, you'll have to wait until the federation gets around to it. We think the time isn't ripe yet. It will not be for another twenty-five or fifty years. The trouble with you two is that you are ahead of your time."

Must the millions of exploited women, miserably underpaid and overworked, wait until the A. F. of L. gets around to them—in twenty-five or fifty years? The slogan "Organize the Unorganized" was not raised in vain in the Passaic strike. Passaic has proved beyond doubt that the organization of men and women can take place side by side, if the purpose exists and the work is undertaken on a large scale in the basic industries. Let it be upon an equal footing, so that a new spirit and new standards may rebuild the trade unions and create a vigorous, honest, and progressive American labor movement.

Blessed Are the Sons of Ham

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

THE machine age is a dull, monotonous age with little adventure, little thrill, little laughter. Man needs these things, so he avidly peruses the so-called funny sheets; goes to the theater, to prize-fights and golf tournaments; reads books; sits in smoky, noisy cabarets; goes hunting, hiking, slumming, or mountain climbing. The thrills and laughs of the average American are sporadic—usually bought and paid for. Such a possibility as an entire lifetime of laughs and thrills is never dreamed of.

Yet there are people in the United States who have the enviable privilege of being continuously entertained. They are always sure of at least one thrill or laugh every day the Lord sends. At least thirty times a month they find opportunities for laughter or experience that skipping-a-beat of the heart, the chilly spasm, the catch at the throat, the loss of speech that accompany the honest-to-goodness thrill. They are used to it now. They couldn't escape it and slip into the bored existence of their fellow-citizens even if they wished to. There are those in this group, of course, who have tired of this life of excitement and fun. Sometimes they would welcome a little of the monotony of which the rest of their fellow-citizens have abundance. But the more intelligent members of the group would not think of relinquishing this gift of the gods.

I refer, of course, to the Aframericans. You are surprised? Of course. You have long looked upon the black citizen as a tragic figure—a pathetic figure—a helpless transplanted child of the jungle caught in the cruel meshes of machine civilization. But usually he isn't that at all. He really enjoys his sojourn in the Land of the Free. Take myself, for instance. I am a black, unadulterated Negro. I do not regret it or go about with mournful countenance bewailing my lot. I do not clamor with the Garveyites for emigration to Africa. On the contrary I enjoy life here in America. I glance at my white brother and sister with amusement tinged with pity. Pathetic figures, I murmur. So industriously and earnestly scampering all over the lot in search of the thrills and laughs which are my birthright. Would I change places with the Nordic? Never!

Take dining or lunching, for instance. Monotonous, uneventful routine for most of you. Just the same old shoveling down of food, paying the check, and tipping the waiter. For me a laugh or a thrill, or both. Probably I am busy in the reference room of the New York public library when the pangs of hunger assail me. Instead of returning to the far-off black ghetto, I stroll into a nearby cafe. I am well dressed and have ample funds. If I were a white man I might be included under that uncertain term "gentleman." Entering, I experience a thrill of anticipation. The customers look up, shocked and annoyed. Eating stops. Breaths are caught. The silence is ominous. A worried waiter steps up with an agitated inquiry. What do I want? (What *would* a person want in a restaurant?) Sorry, all the tables are reserved. I am the cynosure of all eyes. My presence creates a stir—a problem. I wonder whether I shall be seated or thrown out. If seated, shall I be placed behind a screen or at the last table near the kitchen door? If I seat myself, how long shall I be kept waiting for service? Meanwhile the waiter and manager are conferring. Customers cast baleful or amused glances. There is much whispering. I cannot help but enjoy all this. Over a hundred proud Nordics nonplussed by a lone Negro! It is a fitting climax to a day spent among musty tomes.

Suppose I decide to go to a theater. If it be in the liberal North or East, I approach the ticket-window and ask for orchestra seats. The clerk assumes that look with which I am so familiar. He reaches up and gets the tickets. When seated, I find that all the Negro audience is together. I indulge in a sardonic smile. In addition to his other tasks, this poor clerk must take special precautions lest a black

clergyman be seated next to a white crook. That, of course, must never happen. Or, more frequently, I am told that the seats I desire have been reserved or sold. I stand aside but where I can watch the clerk. Soon a white man approaches, buys a seat in the section I asked for, and enters the theater. I glance at the ticket agent. He looks through his grille at me. I smile. He blushes. A look of annoyance comes over his face. That is my reward; it fills me with glee—just that expression.

Perhaps I am in the South. I wish to take a young woman to the theater. She belongs to an old family—seventy-five years of merchants, physicians, teachers. She herself is a college graduate. Ordinarily I would be forced to buy orchestra seats with such a companion. At least good balcony seats. But Negroes can sit only in the gallery in this theater. Thus I am saved money, and what was designed as a humiliation is really a help. I am not a snob. There are sociable souls in the gallery. They laugh and cry with childish frankness. Cold propriety does not inhibit them. I enjoy them as much as I do the performance. Hence I have double the enjoyment at one-third the price I would have paid in New York. The few whites in the gallery look up disdainfully from their seats in the lower portion. All these things used to infuriate me. Now I have a sense of humor.

The street car affords similar amusement. There is an empty seat next to a rather dowdy female of the superior race. She is reading a tabloid newspaper with great interest—spelling out the words under the pictures. I take the empty seat and open my New York *Times*. She glances disdainfully at me out of the corner of her eye and moves as far away as possible. That tickles me. I smile in my *Times*. She scowls in her tabloid.

Or I am in Memphis, Tennessee. It is my first visit. I hail a car. The sign says "Front Entrance." I start to climb aboard. Fresh from the North, I do not know that Negroes must enter from the rear as well as sit in the rear. The motorman, a stringy Mississippian, glances at me balefully. "Get in the rear door, boy!", he growls belligerently, and makes a step toward me. My heart leaps to my throat. Negroes have been beaten and jailed for no greater offenses. I go to the rear of the car. The conductor and the white passengers cast dark looks in my direction.

Or I am en route to Muskogee from Fort Smith. A surburban car meets the train. I enter the car and go to the rear. Unthinkingly I sit down. I turn to the unfinished story in my magazine. "Hey there you! Niggers up in front!" thunders the conductor. What a start that gives me! I grip the magazine! I run the gantlet of eyes and find a seat in front. I feel rather bewildered. How was I to know that Negroes sat in front when elsewhere they sit in the rear? I lay awake that night, thinking of it. What prize-fight or baseball game could have given me such excitement? What adventure in the jungles or mountains could have so upset me?

There was the day in Paris, Texas. It was the policy of my paper to send my salary and expenses by telegraph at the end of the week. The clerk at the telegraph office has not sufficient funds to cash the order—a large one. She indorses it and sends me across the street to the largest hotel to get it cashed. All the banks are closed. I must leave for Texarkana that evening. I enter the hotel lobby and march toward the desk. I think only of getting my money and leaving town; Negroes have been burned at the stake here. Everyone looks at me curiously. I, a humble black man, suddenly command the attention of the whole lobby.

"Take off your hat, boy!" The grating voice of the desk clerk sears me through. My heart leaps in my throat. I had entirely forgotten about the hat. Nearly everyone else has on a hat. All the guests and loiterers are waiting to see what I am going to do. Of course I hastily remove my hat. I must avoid trouble and delay. I have a schedule to make. I reach the desk after seeming centuries of travel through the ominously silent lobby. I politely tell the clerk my mission. He cashes the order. Handing me the bills, he asks: "What are you—president of one of those nigger colleges?" thinking, doubtless, of the large sum in my hand.

"No," I reply, "I'm just a newspaperman. It's pretty hard for a boy to get a job as college president." The clerk is nonplussed. He flushes. But I have reached the door by this time. He has not yet found words. His discomfiture amuses me in the midst of my perturbation. I have vanished before he finds himself. A thrill and a laugh to help me on my journey. Both are lasting. It's just as if it happened yesterday. To a white man Paris, Texas, would be just another soon-to-be-forgotten one-horse town. I can never forget it.

I am reading a story about American Negroes. The white author has attempted to catch dialect and convey psychology. He has sketched a racial memory background: jungles, leopards, crocodiles, tom-toms, and all the rest of which American Negroes know nothing. There is much about primal instincts and the veneer of civilization. The author's ignorance and the editor's gullibility are equally refreshing. I laugh as you would laugh at the imaginings of a very small child. I laugh too at the thousands who will devour this trash.

Another source of daily amusement to me is the attitude of my white brethren toward me and my folk. I am acquainted with many Negro poets, contractors, labor leaders, journalists, social workers, physicians, novelists. I know a black telegraph operator and a brown fellow who is superintendent of a brickyard. It does not strike me as strange that Negroes should be doing all sorts of work. But white people continue to be amazed when they hear of Negroes having such vocations. They regard successful Negroes as freaks, along with trained seals and infant chess prodigies. "How wonderful!" they say. Or, "Fancy, a Negro novelist!" Such delicious morsels stay with me for days.

Job-hunting has always been productive of great entertainment. I don't have to do it; I just go around for the fun of it. I inquire about those positions which I know are meant for whites only. I enjoy myself in watching their facial expressions and listening to the often halting prevarications and faltering excuses. Once I was offered a good job in the New York office of a sugar company. The position was secured by a friend over the telephone. The only slip was that my friend neglected to mention that I was a Negro. When I walked into the palatial offices in the Battery Place Building, there was much conferring and studied courtesy. I enjoyed the whole thing hugely. Of course I didn't get the job.

Every night the Negro is in danger. I walk down a dark street or cut across the park. Suddenly, turning a corner, I come face to face with a white woman. Will she get frightened and scream? I never know. There lies the uncertainty. I have had two such experiences. It was many hours before I became normal, yet in both cases the woman had quickly recovered herself. Suppose she hadn't? Such eventualities keep one on the alert, taut, expectant.

In 1912 I was in the 25th Infantry, stationed seven miles outside of Seattle. A white woman, well known to everyone at the post, claimed to have been assaulted by one of the soldiers. Feeling, as the newspapers say, was running high. There was an immediate investigation. Grim white officers diligently sought clues. The stalwart soldiers were lined up. Long rows of black Americans in the blue uniforms of Uncle Sam. The woman, accompanied by the adjutant, marched down the line peering into each man's face. Every once in a while she would pause and scan a scared doughboy. To most white folks "all coons look alike." There was reason to be alarmed. She stopped in front of me! Cold chills ran up my spine; gooseflesh sprouted; my kinky hair rose. She whispered to the company commander and pointed at me. I was taken to the orderly room. There I was accused of guilt. Just as I was about to be led to the guard house, the white first lieutenant came in and testified that I had been doing some work for him at the hour the woman said she was attacked. A narrow escape. It was a long time before I got over that one.

During the war days patriotism was running high. Good Americans were being asked to "give until it hurts." Four-minute men were assuring Negro audiences that the United States was also their country to be defended by bonds and bayonets. I am an officer. I am walking to the railroad station en route to Philadelphia. The camp is near Baltimore. Four white privates meet me face to face. They look me squarely in the eye and then pass without saluting. Many whites and blacks are watching. At that time I had been a soldier for six years. Saluting is neither novel nor onerous. It is just part of the military routine. A real soldier no more objects to it than a civilian does to shaking hands. Besides, it is compulsory on both officer and enlisted man. The plain affront gives me a start. Relations are none too good between the races in this camp. I don't want a scene. I would rather let it pass, marking it down to ignorance. But what will those black soldiers think? Will they continue to respect me? These things flash through my mind. Sharply I call the white privates back. On the way, they pass a white officer and salute him promptly and properly. They return and salute me likewise when I upbraid them. I wonder who feels the more uncomfortable, they or I? Suppose they had not obeyed me? I think about it all the way to Baltimore. Such things upset you as much as being caught in a bar-room brawl. Of course, I smile now at the incongruity of the situation: Four white boys from Dixie, probably, always accustomed to a certain relation between whites and blacks. Suddenly a great war places them in a situation where the tables are turned. It is hard for them to change, even to make the world safe for democracy. Patriotism and prejudice!

And so it goes—day in and day out, year in and year out, for a lifetime. Any Negro in America has similar experiences daily. Most Negroes, of course, are too thin-skinned to delight in many of the situations in which they find themselves. That requires a developed sense of humor. But nearly all of them get the thrills. It is their social heritage. So they love America and are loyal citizens, ever ready to shed their blood to maintain its independence and the liberties vouchsafed every citizen by the Constitution. For my part, I would never be able to stand all this noise and smoke and stone and steel and machinery, if my blackness did not bring diversion and relief. Thrice blessed are we sons of Ham.

Precipitation and Presidents

By ROBERT MARSHALL

A COUPLE of years ago, while engaged in a study of the correlation between hemlock growth and rainfall in northern Massachusetts, I observed a peculiar biological-political relationship in the annual rings of the trees. Three marked periods of retarded growth were manifest, just prior to 1828, 1884, and 1912. These are the years which also represent the three great Republican catastrophes, when the right-wing domination of the White House was broken after protracted periods of power. Now I would gladly credit many obnoxious results to the protective tariff, but it did seem a bit unreasonable to blame it for a stagnation in tree growth. It was necessary to find a more logical explanation, or attribute the observed phenomenon to chance.

Since my study indicated that precipitation did have a marked effect on the hemlock growth, it struck me that possibly the same lack of rainfall which caused the trees to wane also caused the party in power to wane. Several economists have recognized the correlation between rainfall and economic cycles. It is just one step further to carry the economic results to their political conclusion.

We are blessed in these United States with a national baby show and a national beauty contest, a national flag and a national flower, a national game and a national guard, a national song and a national cemetery. Almost everything seems to be nationalized except the weather. That still maintains a complete regional individuality. While the Californian is damning one of the driest summers on record, the New Yorker may be cussing one of the wettest. Therefore, in comparing political results with climatic conditions, it is necessary to choose some specific regional precipitation for the comparison.

The weather data of the twenty-two stations which have continuous records going back as far as the middle of the nineteenth century were carefully analyzed. It was found that the mean annual precipitation in the New England and Middle Atlantic States, for the four years prior to each election, had a distinct bearing on the result of that election. The earliest quadrennial period for which adequate data were available was 1825-1828, while after 1884 the striking correlation between presidential succession and pre-

cipitation in the Northeast ceased. But over a sixty-year period, in seven cases out of eight when the rainfall was greater than normal, the party in power, regardless of which one it was, continued to stay in power. On the other hand, in six cases out of seven when the rainfall was less than normal, a new swarm of political parasites descended on Washington. The basic figures for these statements are shown in Table 1.

TABLE 1

Presidential Succession and Precipitation in the Northeast

Date	Precipitation: Amount in Inches	Precipitation: Relation to Normal	Presidential Succession
1825-1828	42.28	—	Change
1829-1832	46.08	+	Continuation
1833-1836	37.47	—	Continuation
1837-1840	37.98	—	Change
1841-1844	40.25	—	Change
1845-1848	40.36	—	Change
1849-1852	42.92	—	Change
1853-1856	43.59	+	Continuation
1857-1860	44.49	+	Change
1861-1864	45.10	+	Continuation
1865-1868	46.12	+	Continuation
1869-1872	47.89	+	Continuation
1873-1876	44.13	+	Continuation
1877-1880	43.38	+	Continuation
1881-1884	42.27	—	Change
Mean	42.95		

The data presented are based on the records of the following weather stations: New Bedford, Boston, Waltham, New York, Albany, Troy, Lowell, Providence, Amherst, Newark, Springfield, Lake Cochituate. These are the only Northeastern stations dating back to 1850.

From 1885 to 1924 the seven States which the Bureau of Census designates by the formidable group name of West North Central have proved to be political hygrometers. Their climate, with the exception of those portions lying in the middle Mississippi Valley and in the extreme western part beyond the 100th meridian, has indicated presidential succession just as surely as did the Northeastern weather at an earlier period. The four wetter-than-normal terms were all followed by a continuation of the party in office, while the six drier than normal terms produced five political upheavals. Table 2 gives the specific data.

TABLE 2

Presidential Succession and Precipitation in West North Central States

Date	Precipitation: Amount in Inches	Precipitation: Relation to Normal	Presidential Succession
1885-1888	26.48	—	Change
1889-1892	26.21	—	Change
1893-1896	24.61	—	Change
1897-1900	27.88	+	Continuation
1901-1904	28.90	+	Continuation
1905-1908	29.61	+	Continuation
1909-1912	25.01	—	Change
1913-1916	27.95	+	Continuation
1917-1920	25.02	—	Change
1921-1924	26.24	—	Continuation
Mean	26.79		

The data presented are based on the records of the following weather stations: Duluth, Minneapolis, Moorehead, and St. Paul, Minnesota; Des Moines, Iowa; Kansas City, and Oregon, Missouri; Dodge City, Hays, Independence, Manhattan, and Wakeeney, Kansas; Omaha, Nebraska; Huron, South Dakota; Bismarck, North Dakota. These are the only stations within the specified limits of the West North Central region dating back to 1885.

Summing up the records of the two regions over a period of 100 years, in 22 cases out of 25 the quadrennial rainfall predicted the next President. The party in power was victorious after a precipitation greater than normal, and was vanquished after a precipitation less than normal in 88 per cent of the presidential elections. It can be shown statistically that were chance alone operating the probability of coincidence between precipitation and presidential succession in 22 instances out of 25 would be only 1 in 14,603. Consequently it seems almost certain that there is some significance to the observed relationship.

Just what that significance is can be answered less surely. Fundamentally it seems obvious that the effect of rainfall on crops is the predominant factor. To illustrate, H. L. Moore[1] has found in Illinois that "the yield per acre of four representative crops—corn, hay, oats, and potatoes—is associated with the amount of rainfall of their respective critical periods of growth. In three out of the four cases the degree of correlation lies between $r = .589$ and $r = .666$." On the basis of these high correlations he concludes that "the fundamental, persistent cause of the cycles of crops is the rhythmical movement in the conditions of the weather represented by the cycles in the amount of rainfall." And so a natural chain begins to form. Scant rainfall means poor crops, poor crops mean hard times, and hard times mean discontent. On the other hand abundant rains mean relative prosperity, and when the average man is prosperous the higher issues might as well retire gracefully.

There are certain apparent objections to this theory, some of which can be partially met. For instance it may be asked why the correlation between rainfall and political change should suddenly shift from the Northeast to the West North Central region in 1884. The answer possibly lies in the relative agricultural importance of these sections. Until about 1860 the Northeast led the country in acreage of improved farm lands. From 1860 through the 1880 census the Ohio Valley States predominated. But since 1890 the West North Central States have held an ever increasing lead. Consequently it would seem reasonable to assume that when the Northeast no longer maintained an important place in the agriculture of the nation, its rainfall no longer served as a barometer of political results. On the other hand the trans-Mississippi States, assuming for the first time a place of importance in crop production, became an accurate indicator.

Henry Ludwell Moore has shown that while economic cycles follow rainfall tendencies, there is a lag of about four years. One would expect this lag to be even more pronounced in political cycles. In fact, a closer correlation was obtained from the rainfall of the four years immediately preceding the election than from any other period chosen.

It is not the purpose of this paper to set up precipitation as an infallible key to our political history. But historians have so emphasized the petty actions of puny politicians that it seems worth while stressing one factor which even the largest campaign fund cannot alter. The ancient Roman politicians may have been wise when they chose Jupiter as their highest deity.

[1] "Economic Cycles: Their Law and Cause." By Henry Ludwell Moore. Macmillan. 1914.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter's recent ruminations on the beauties of New York City have provoked not only prose protests but also poetical polemics. A communication in verse, signed "Mary Doe et al.," is as unorthodox in its choice of beauty as was the Drifter's list, the citations including an Automat restaurant, the elevated railway station at Eighth Avenue and 110th Street, and Mendel's parcel-room in the Grand Central terminal. The poem, covering several typewritten pages, is too long to reproduce here, as the Drifter has to catch a train at 6:10 p. m., but this is "Canto III":

In this City of sheer beauty, full of sea-shine and of dreams,
There are many things breath-taking—New York's full of gems, it seems.
I'll eliminate the Woolworth Tower and Cleopatra's Needle
And shout of an objet d'art for which e'en babes might wheedle.
There are no doubt finer benches made of marble or of teak
Somewhere in these city limits. Of these I shall not speak.
There are softly tufted cushions in Rolls-Royces you could find,
But give me a less effete small seat of the stimulating kind.
A little seat that's perfect, of which I'll sing to you,
Is in the upper front right corner of a bus of emerald hue.

* * * * *

THIS is the silly season for State legislation, and although our national Congress has quit and gone home, a thousand and one absurdities have been proposed in other quarters. In addition to the perennial proposals for taxing bachelors and spinsters (as if they didn't have troubles enough already), a Chicago clergyman is agitating for a law to create a board of censors in Illinois to regulate dancing, while Tennessee has brought forth a bill to make gossiping a misdemeanor. By way of reprisal several lawmakers have introduced bills intended to spoof their fellow-regulators of manners, morals, and minutiae. At least the Drifter supposes that is the intention, although he can never be sure that a statesman is joking, even when he most ought to be. Nebraska, for instance, was asked to pass a bill limiting damages in suits for alienation of affections or breach of promise to one cent. This bill, its sponsor urged, "would make real romance possible again." Best of all, Senator James W. Finley drafted a bill in Kansas prohibiting the sale of mince pies. "For years," he says, "I have considered the eating of mince pies a national evil. Governor Ben S. Paulen recently was ill after eating mince pie. It is as much the State's business to regulate what we eat as what we smoke and drink."

* * * * *

THE Bisbee (Arizona) *Review* suggests that after we get these proposals on the statute-books we proceed to pass a law against swatting mosquitoes with the left hand between dawn and dusk; a constitutional amendment making it a felony for golfers to describe a game play by play except to the deaf and dumb; and national legislation protecting motor-car drivers against damage suits by pedestrians. "The troubles of this country," it says, "can be soothed only by legislation, and the sooner we get these laws passed the sooner will the masses rise in indignation and vote a billion dollars for a public incinerator in which to burn the superfluous statutes." Alas, the Drifter has no such confidence in the indignation of the masses. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Christ's Race

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After two years' residence in Mexico I returned to the United States intending to get myself a position and remain here. In addition to my experience in the States as stenographer, secretary, and office manager, I had acquired in Mexico an adequate knowledge of Spanish, and had become a competent English-Spanish stenographer and correspondent.

One week in New York filled me with pain and loathing for Christian hypocrisy and Jewish ——. I will let you supply the word. One employment agency after another said that much as they would like to send me to any number of available positions for English-Spanish stenographers, they could not do so, because of positive instructions from their clients, Jewish as well as Christian, not to send them any Jews. The feeling of disgust that welled up in me came near to being hatred of my fellow-Jews; if the Christians were known to act any more decently, I would have been willing to change my faith.

I left New York for Boston, my home town. Here too it seems to be taken for granted that even in Jewish business houses a Jewish young man or woman cannot hope to get any high-grade office or executive position. The young Jew is fast acquiring the status of a Negro, with this difference—that the Negro employer never discriminated against members of his own race, whereas Jewish employers are actually doing that.

I may have to return to "barbarous Mexico" to earn a living. There, neither among Jews nor Christians, on the economic field at least, is there the slightest trace of prejudice against anyone on account of race, religion, or color.

Dorchester, Mass., March 5 ELIZABETH GOLDSTEIN

Big Brute Men

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have never found in your magazine any sympathy for weak and helpless animals, treated more barbarously than even the weakest and most helpless slaves in the age of despots.

Did it ever occur to you that the man who rushes to save his own life in a lifeboat, crowding out the women and children, is no whit more ignoble than the man who is willing to save his life at the cost of the cruelty and brutality practiced in experimenting on little helpless animals? The animals are smaller and weaker than he, so he uses them to protect himself. Is such a life worth protecting and saving?

New York, March 2 MANY YEARS A READER

"Al" Smith's Weak Knees

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Al" Smith is undoubtedly a better man for the people than is, say, Calvin Coolidge. But I see no reason why genuine Progressives should go into rhapsodies of praise over him as does Mr. Norman Hapgood in one of your recent issues. Governor Smith is a competent administrator, but he is not a Progressive.

His silence regarding Mexico is extremely ominous. Other Catholics, such as Senator David I. Walsh, have spoken against intervention in vigorous terms. On the power of the courts to issue injunctions against peaceful picketing in labor disputes Governor Smith is silent. Yet a Democratic judge in New York City, without the slightest expression of disapproval from Governor Smith, has recently issued one of the most far-reaching injunctions we have ever had. His progressivism in regard to water-power shows how partial and halting his progress-if-ism is. Of course Progressives believe that the State should develop its own water-power. But why not the

water-power of Niagara Falls as well as that of the St. Lawrence? And why should the State generate electric energy and then sell to private companies for distribution, as Smith proposes? The economies to the consumers in public distribution are at least as great as those in public generation. Smith's proposal is only a very weak-kneed and half-hearted progessivism at best.

Cambridge, Mass., March 5 ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

Blessed Be Democracy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder if a mere proletarian would be permitted the privilege of a voice in your columns. In a recent editorial you name Soviet Russia as a country where democracy is absent. In Soviet Russia every town and village is astir with workers and peasants assembling in spare hours, arguing and deciding on affairs of the land. Moreover, these workers and peasants, men and women, are making their decisions felt.

Pray, what is democracy? I hear of one democratic country where bankers and oil politicians meet in hotel rooms, nominate and practically insure election of public officials. "Russia destroyed private property" Norman Angell said, according to Keith Hutchison, in *The Nation* of February 16. Soviet Russia confiscated private property and put it to the use of the needy and the nation. By all means let us destroy a nation that dares experiment in mass happiness. What an undemocratic country!

Duarte, California, March 1 G. WEISER

Blasphemy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Late did I read some smoothly flowing lines,
Wherein a bard not all unknown to fame
Sang well and sweetly of the great god Bacchus.
But as I read how, ere the god was bound,
The bursting grape poured healthful wine, and all
Was bright and beautiful throughout the land,
Before me rose the past that truly was:

Crowding his temples nightly, and by day,
Men worshiped Bacchus (he as yet unbound),
Protected from the view of all profane
Onlookers by the slats of swinging doors,
And windows hung with heavy, opaque curtains.
Such was the nature of this Bacchus-worship
That those who paid him homage bowed them down
In secret holes and corners, whence a stench
Flew out and smote the passer in the face!
They went in men who often came out beasts,
Bereft of reason, and almost of motion.
I turned from jail and pesthouse and from morgue,
Filled with unhappy slaves of smiling Bacchus,
And saw still others bring to squalid sties,
Where dwelt their wives and children, ghastly tidings:
Their all was spent on Bacchus. Nought remained
For food or clothing—nay, none for the landlord!
I saw each temple in the whole broad land
Spread filth, and misery, and wickedness;
And rage possessed me till I stood blaspheming!
I clenched my hands and shook them at his temples,
And in a strangled voice, that could not utter
A thousandth part of my desire, I shouted:
"Perdition seize this Bacchus! Let him perish,
And all his hell-brewed potions perish with him!"

. . . Did we not well to bind that god of madness?

Washington, D. C., March 4 HENRY ROSSITER VEDDER

Modern Martin Luther

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Martin Luther was progressive—and modern. On October 20, 1526, Francis Lambert, at the request of Philip of Hesse, drew up an ordinance known as the Reformation of the Churches of Hesse. To that prince Luther wrote a letter dated January 7, 1527, in which he said:

> I know well and have learned that laws passed prematurely are seldom well obeyed as those legislators who sit apart devising laws may think. Making laws and enforcing them are vastly different things. By this ordinance you would change much arbitrarily, but when some of the reforms have already been put into practice it will be easy to pass the law. Legislation is a great, noble, comprehensive thing, and can not be successful without the spirit of God, for which we must humbly pray. Moderation is necessary; after customs are rooted, laws will follow of themselves.

New Hampton, Ia., February 4 WILLIAM F. ENGELKE

Wanted: Descendants of the Kings

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can anyone of your readers put me in touch with descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. King, American residents of Hongkong, China, 1837-1845? King may have been a member of the firm of King and Talbott or of the firm of Talbott Olyphant and Company of New York. In 1837 King aided Dr. Peter Parker, S. Wells Williams, and Dr. Karl Gutzlaff in a voyage in the Morrison from Macao to Tokio, Japan. He probably died on the Indian Ocean September 27, 1845, while on his way home. Because of his interest in early missionary enterprises in the Orient I seek a sketch of his life.

East Cleveland, Ohio, March 1 EARL R. BULL

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Books and Plays

The Corrosive Season

By LYNN RIGGS

We will need even these stumps of cedar,
The harsh fruit of the land.
Our thirst will have to be slaked, if at all, by this thin
Water on the sand.

If we have demanded this corrosive season
Of drought, if we have bent
Backward from the plow, asking
Even less than is sent,

Surely we may be no bitterer
Than the shrunk grape
Clinging to the wasted stem
It cannot escape.

First Glance

THE opinion which any given reader of "Anthony Comstock: Roundsman of the Lord" (A. & C. Boni: $3) forms of the Great Purifier will depend upon that reader's feeling with regard to the spectacle of ignorance. Ignorance can be either pathetic or terrible, either saddening or maddening; and so Comstock must seem. For there can be no doubt as to the depth of his ignorance. The authors of the book, Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech, know and say that he was an old fool but appear at the same time to have developed a sort of sympathy for him as they went along. And I must confess that I too found him touching. I am appalled at the amount of damage he did—and I am not referring to anything so concrete as the fifteen sinners whom he boasted he had driven to suicide, or the three publishers whom he worried to death and of whom he said that "the world is better off without them." I am thinking rather of the awful advantage gained through him by the dogma of purity—the stench of his clean existence is strong in my nostrils. I am appalled. And still I feel for the farmer boy whose grotesque and probably pathological sense of sin stained the pages of his early diary, the grown man who found no outlet for his great energies save in reading bad books and in raiding evil establishments, the crusading censor who kept an uncouth, plaintive record of his deeds in the name of the Lord, the old warrior who discovered that the world had left him a little behind, fumbling with things it had begun to suspect were not so important after all. I am impressed, that is to say, by the reality of the portrait which Mr. Broun and Miss Leech have so excellently and so patiently drawn—and which, incidentally, the Literary Guild of America has chosen to distribute in the first of its books to go forth.

Anthony never knew the difference between an artist and a mad dog; quacks, abortionists, postcard-mongers, socialists, and poets were all alike in his zealous eyes—the zeal was the thing. He never knew that pornography is not important, and that it may be delightful. He never knew the reason for his passion to "protect" the weak and the young from "dangers" his own weakness and incurable infantilism could not help him to dismiss. He never knew what was the matter with him. He never spent a moment in reflection on his brand of Christianity, on his definition of the noble life, on his conception of "the Master's work." Surely he is one of the most ignorant of all men who have become famous; and the authors of the present biography have done well to lay that ignorance bare while they told the story of his rise to power.

The book is so rich in documents that it becomes among other things a piece of American social history. Newspapers and magazines have been searched for cartoons to illustrate and articles to interpret the evolution of public opinion regarding Comstock. He was of course enormously respected by those who also were clean—and these made up the majority. But I am interested to see how often he was understood. He was regularly ridiculed by *Life;* some one called him "an illiterate puppy"; and many knew him for the agent of indecency he essentially was. Mr. Broun and Miss Leech have managed, too, to sketch rather fully, and often most engagingly, certain contemporaries of Comstock who played principal parts in the drama. The episode of Victoria Woodhull, Tennessee Claflin, and George Francis Train—the work of Miss Leech, who on the whole is better at narrative than her collaborator—is nothing less than a masterpiece. In general the book is complete and penetrating; that it is painful is not the fault of Mr. Broun and Miss Leech.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Business of Books

The Truth About Publishing. By Stanley Unwin. By Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

THERE are few people in the literary world—authors, publishers, booksellers, critics, and their brethren of the magazines and the journals—who should not be interested in Mr. Stanley Unwin's analysis of the business of publishing books. Let us take the authors first, for without them it is unnecessary to state there would be neither booksellers, critics, nor publishers. The immense business of issuing and selling books rests on the industry of this gay and charming group of people who are blankly ignorant, for the most part, of modern publishing practices.

An author who has spent two years in the gestation of his manuscript will abandon it into the hands of a publisher as a foundling is dropped on a doorstep, without knowing what care or brutality will be used toward it afterward. When he (or more often she) uses any apparent discrimination, it is often founded on the flimsiest reason; because he has met an agreeable fellow, a publisher's reader, at a literary tea; because he has recently seen a "best seller" extensively advertised by a certain house; or because he has admired an attractively spaced title page. Mr. Unwin's book should teach him what duties he might reasonably expect from his publisher, and on the other hand it might induce him to believe that the house which he has chosen is not a philanthropic institution or a den of Shylocks, and also that no group of men is endowed with miraculous powers in inducing the public to buy a book it does not want.

Any publisher may read Mr. Unwin's volume with profit, because he will find the chapters on the financial end of his business sound and it will stimulate his imagination, if he has any, in the discovery of new ways to sell his books. It will present to him in concrete form every detail of his business which time and success have made almost a reflex action in the processes of his work. The book certainly will not lessen the flood of young men and women who, having edited or written for college papers, turn every spring toward the publishing houses of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia in the hope of being

allowed to read unsolicited manuscripts at twenty dollars a week, since Mr. Unwin proves over and over again the great fascination of a business which is founded on the distribution of ideas and of culture, on romance, and on what art may lie in the printed word.

Obviously, since this is an English work, there are many passages which do not refer to America or which need more elaboration than the American editor's footnotes permit. The art of advertising books is far more highly developed in this country, as anyone can see who compares the London *Times* Literary Supplement with the Book Review of the New York *Times*. There is likewise in England no parallel for the immense concern with the reviewing of books which is displayed by the newspapers and magazines of this country, what with the syndicated reviews of metropolitan critics, the publishers' canned "blurbs," and the thousand columns of space devoted to books every week. Nor does the book take into sufficient account for an American audience the smaller overhead and selling costs of the English publisher, which circumstance enables him to make a slight profit with books which the publisher on this side of the Atlantic could bring out only at a loss.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Unwin has not added a chapter on the public, which is, after all, the most direct concern of any publisher; the freakish, miserly, and often absurdly generous public that in this country will refuse its dollars for a book that half the critics from the Golden Gate to the East River have lauded as a masterpiece, while for no logical reason it rushes to buy a book that is in no critic's good repute. Its whims can be charted, nevertheless, and it is too bad that Mr. Unwin has not done so for the benefit of American merchants of book publicity. In England the circulating library has a far greater hold on the reading public than it has here, which necessarily limits the sale of new books; there is also little hope over there of reaching, with an extremely intelligent book, the broader public which enables the author to buy country houses and motor cars. Everyone knows that Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett make most of their money in America; on the other hand, it is not conceivable that in England a "Story of Philosophy" could sell one hundred thousand copies, or that Mr. E. M. Forster's admirable "A Passage to India" could find half as many buyers there as it attained over here.

If an American publisher of the same ability as Mr. Unwin were to try the same experiment, he would agree with him, I am sure, in every important particular. But I doubt if he would leave the reader with the feeling that a publishing business can ever be as standardized as the processes of a factory devoted to biscuits or automobiles. There are more chances for more profit in this buoyant land, more reverses, more delightful surprises, more people pathetically anxious to acquire the knowledge and culture that may be packed in the pages of a book.

OLIVER HARRISON

The Last of the Puritans

The Rebellious Puritan: Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne. By Lloyd Morris. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

HAVING had access to the voluminous unpublished portions of Hawthorne's journals and to a series of important letters known only in very small privately printed editions, Mr. Morris has made Hawthorne's own voluminous records of his life the chief materials for the present study. He has intruded himself as little as possible, he has skilfully worked his own comments into the stream of what seems to be Hawthorne's own confessions, and the result is something which gives the effect of an unusually intimate and revealing journal. "The Rebellious Puritan" is not only a fascinating and eminently readable book but probably the most illuminating study of Hawthorne the man which has yet been made.

Hawthorne was not, as the letters written to his future wife and here made public for the first time reveal, by any means incapable of passion. These letters, written to her during the course of a long engagement, glow with an intense desire, yet even that desire, the strongest of his life, was held sternly in check, and the general effect of Mr. Morris's book is to intensify the impression which Hawthorne has always given of a man whose impulses were frozen at their source. Whatever the cause of this paralysis of the will—and Mr. Morris hints that it was some phenomenon of morbid psychology—it set him definitely apart from his race. His ancestors had all played active and appropriate parts in the life of their time. One had come to New England with Winthrop in 1630, another had condemned a Quaker woman to be whipped through the streets, another had pronounced the judgment of death upon a witch, and still another had sailed the sea in a Yankee ship. But this gift for whole-hearted participation had died out in Nathaniel. Though literature and reform had in his time replaced witch-burning and seafaring as the characteristic activities of New England, he could not give himself enthusiastically to either. In the literary society of London and the studios of Rome he was perhaps understandably an outsider, but he was hardly more a part of Concord or Salem. He looked on at Brook Farm, looked on at Abolition, and looked on at the whole Transcendental movement. Frigidly, not aggressively, skeptical there was no world to which he felt that he "belonged," and though he was no longer a Puritan he was not quite anything else.

To the very end he remained moralist enough to fulminate with what was for him a wholly unwonted heat against the indecency of the nude art which he saw in Italy, and he never could bring himself to that trustful acceptance of merely sensuous beauty which is necessary to the formation of any spiritual world not essentially Puritan. For this incapacity the society of New England was no doubt itself partly to blame. The culture which sprang up there was completely without any expression in sensuous forms. It had no experience with any beauty but the beauty of the mind; it transcended the world, the flesh, and the devil without ever having had any traffic with any of them, even in its history, except under those merely ugly forms which a sternly repressed society permits. One and all, from mere eccentrics like Ripley through Margaret Fuller and even Emerson himself, there was something abstract and attenuated about the wisdom of the New England sages because they were so terribly intimate with God and the universe without knowing much of either man or the world. Emerson boasted that he was capable of all sins, but (as has been said before) he flattered himself. And the proof that all New England was like him is to be found in the fact that the doctrines which they heard preached had singularly little effect upon their conduct. Thoreau disseminated anarchy and Emerson preached that complete antinomianism which in other countries has been the occasion of the wildest license, but New England was no less orderly or virtuous than before. Inherent in the injunction to express one's nature is an invitation to all lusts, but though firebrands were scattered indiscriminately in every corner, New England proved singularly incombustible; its apostles of nihilism lived exactly like the Congregational ministers from whom they had sprung. Not a few were aghast at Margaret's rash marriage, and Nathaniel, sympathetic analyst of the dark places of the soul, was shocked by a naked woman in marble.

Of all the group only Melville—and Melville as well as the rest appears briefly but vividly in Mr. Morris's pages—was other than essentially innocent. He had been to the South Seas, he knew more than the rest about certain aspects of that nature concerning which they talked so glibly, and he alone seemed ever to feel in himself the explosive force of the ideas which were so innocently bandied about. In all New England Hawthorne's was the soul most nearly akin to his, but even Hawthorne shook his head, puzzled and distressed by the spectacle of so active a tumult. Sin was his own chosen subject, but he did not wish to come to as close a grip with

it as Melville had done. It appealed to his fancy but not to his imagination; in his treatment of it there was always present an element of the fantastic, a suggestion of the arabesque, a playfulness which belongs to the danse macabre rather than to the mightier works of the imagination. His works represent, in a measure, an escape from reality into the world of fancy, and that is at once their charm and their limitation. Hawthorne was himself never near enough to sin to understand it completely.

When he had reached the last period of productive activity he asked, apropos of "The Marble Faun": "Is sin then . . . merely an element of human education, through which we struggle to a higher and purer state than we could otherwise have attained? Did Adam fall that we might ultimately rise to a far loftier paradise than his?" The very form of the question is still Puritan; another might have asked simply if any life to which no experience not innocent had ever made any contribution could be other than lacking in a certain richness and a certain resonance; but Hawthorne was getting close to the secret of his own sense of isolation and sterility. The Puritan discipline had provided him with a heavier armor against sin than he ever had occasion to need. Life did not even tempt him.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Hungarian Rhapsody

Alpha. By Emery Balint. Translated from the Hungarian by Louis Rittenberg. Macy-Masius, Publishers. $2.

THERE is no more dangerous, and—if successful—profitable venture for a novelist than a foray into that hinterland of the mind of which our consciousness is merely the capital. Not an officially conducted tour with some psychological Baedeker in hand, nor a feverish gallop on the nightmare of fancy, but a relaxed stroll through the byways of a realm with which we are in daily contact. Apparently this is a difficult feat. We have plenty of convincing portraits and landscapes of consciousness; but when it comes to the unconscious there is either the most unrestrained romanticism or a set of clinical blue-prints which are as individualized as anatomical manikins. Of the former De Maupassant is a fair example. So inbred is this literary attitude in him that on the brink of insanity he produces a piece of romanticism like "The Horla." There are of course notable exceptions—artists like Dostoevsky and Hamsun (to whose "Hunger" Emery Balint's novel might pertinently be compared), who are at home in both worlds, and can steer their characters back and forth from the conscious to the unconscious without reducing them to phantoms or symbols. But reminder seems to be needed now that "the unconscious" is not a void to be filled in as one likes with the shards of shattered syntax.

In view of this fact, and apart from its other merits, "Alpha," the first of Emery Balint's trilogy (the succeeding volumes are Beta and Gamma), is a creditable achievement. Balint has succeeded in tracing the complex flux of thought under the cracked crust of consciousness, and coming out with sentences intact except for a liberal scattering of dots. He has kept in sight that insanity is not a disintegration of the mind but rather a reintegration in a looser, more complicated form than the conventionalized pattern called sanity. Steadily the porous exterior of Alpha, the young painter, is broken in by the contradictions of a civilization which his easy-going nature is too weak to force into arbitrary unity. Thereafter his raw uncovered soul drifts helplessly against the jagged realities of life which the conventions of sanity soften for most of us. Love, sex, art, religion, war are swallowed whole, and vomited forth again in one strange spew which is an unanalyzed but faithful specimen of the post-war nausea of Europe. But it is a work not without its beauty. Balint has caught the caprice of dreams, and the coordinated chaos of his book is largely woven together with their fluctuating, colored strands. Buoyed up by them for a while, the soul of Alpha flows back and forth between two inimical realities—the reality of his inner world and the reality of the world without—until he is crushed between the two. The final touch of the imaginary Christ, who comes down from the cross to save the paranoic Alpha from the pitchforks of the peasants whose barns he has fired, feels too much like a tacked-on "happy ending"; but it is to be forgiven in a work which is otherwise so uniformly convincing.

ALTER BRODY

Something New in Outlines

The New Universe. An Outline of the Worlds in Which We Live. By Baker Brownell. D. Van Nostrand Company. $4.

THE sub-title of this book is misleading. It is not just another "outline" like those sometimes brilliant, but almost always futile, stories of everything that assume an ignorant reader at the beginning and make him feel kicked and spit upon at the end. It is true that it has been built out of the material of a survey course for upper-classmen at Northwestern University, but it is, in spite of that, "a tune for the universe . . . a poem on things in general," and there is light and humor in its pages. It is something new both in literature and in college instruction.

A poem, regardless of its subject matter, ought to disclose two things at least, an idea and a person that loves and respects the idea. But when the subject is "the new universe" and the writer a university professor, disappointment would not be surprising. The idea will somehow have to be exorcised from the body or bodies of science, or possibly caught on the wing and delicately attached to it. The professor will have to be careful not to sit too complacently in his chair; he will have to be just a little mad. This book fulfils these criteria to a degree and the result is a not impossible Weltanschauung.

The idea is a happy one, taken from the oldest lore in the world and revived in surprisingly modern costumes. It is the idea of fire, the fire that moves in the vibrating atom, the fire that burns in the living organism, fire that flashes out in the values we call spiritual. These are Mr. Brownell's decent translations of the "electricity," "metabolism," and "consciousness" of college classroom discourse, and he uses them without succumbing with the emergent evolutionists to the temptation of seeing some scientific god in the burning bush. Fire always has expressed more adequately than most metaphors the poetic aspect of scientific objects, and Mr. Brownell has used it without self-conscious affectation. He may not even know that he has used it.

There are weak places in the book, especially when it deals with man's social life; the account then drops to the level of a series of newspaper editorials on current problems. It is interesting to note that the fire metaphor disappears in these places. One can hardly blame the writer for not being able to carry it through these shadowy realms, but a mediating term might be suggested. The anthropological theory of mores, social rituals, and customs with their invention and diffusion suggests the secret start and relentless devouring of forest and prairie fires. One does well to omit the torch of civilization, it seems.

But in spite of shortcomings of this sort, there is here the beginning of a literary job that will surely be continued, that is, the poetic assimilation of our raw scientific culture. It needs the philosophic detachment and sophistication expressed in the last chapters of this book to carry it through. This is another way of saying that Mr. Brownell is not a philosopher of the professorial chair, at any rate as he writes. He himself has some of the flare and whimsicality of his beloved fire. One would like to know him.

Some scientifically minded people will be shocked at this book and at any approval of it. Let them be warned that it is not a textbook on science, nor a popularization, in the ordinary sense, of laboratory rituals. Nevertheless it does no harm in ignoring the cause of culture and civilization and talking to the

individual interestingly—sometimes beautifully, with humor rather than sentimentality—about things in general. It is not a great poem, but I think I can see some of Walt Whitman and a great deal of Carl Sandburg in it, and there are suggestions for some aspiring young Lucretius who wants to see in one clear vision this sorry scheme of things entire that we call the universe.

SCOTT BUCHANAN

A Good Book on Newspapers

Main Currents in the History of American Journalism. By Willard Grosvenor Bleyer. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

DR. BLEYER has written an excellent book, one of the very best on modern journalism. It stands out amid the never-ending flood of newspaper books by reason of its thoroughness, its worth-while and sound judgments. It does not pretend to be a history of American journalism, but it is a better, and in some respects more comprehensive, volume than others that claim to cover the whole field. Anyone who has read Dr. Bleyer's book will not only have the background which the author supplies by his chapter on early English journalism but a clear-cut picture of the rise of the metropolitan daily from its colonial beginnings to the great organization of today. The chapter on the rise of the political-party press from 1800-1833 is exceptionally comprehensive, while Dr. Bleyer's sketches of Godkin (and the story of *The Nation*), Greeley, the Bennetts, Raymond, Bowles, Dana, Nelson, Pulitzer, and Hearst are remarkably accurate and judicial. If the author rarely gives his own opinions, he cites critics and admirers alike of those of whom he treats.

As is plain from the above Dr. Bleyer confines himself chiefly to New York City journalists. One misses the story of Joseph Medill and Henry Watterson, for example, and one regrets that so discriminating an historian has not included a chapter on the Abolition press, or touched on the great part played by the weekly newspaper. Perhaps these will be forthcoming in a future volume.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Books in Brief

An Old Man's Folly. By Floyd Dell. George H. Doran Company. $2.

Nathaniel Windle was born in the fifties, married unromantically, and lived conventionally, and did not taste adventure until his declining years brought him in contact with radicals, peace societies, and protestors against the established social order. Mr. Dell admits to a "preoccupation with Mr. Windle's soul," and hastens over the early stages of his history in order to "get to his great adventure." Somehow one is led to suspect that the novelist knew this Mr. Windle in actual life, and has relied too greatly upon that fact. He is an unconvincing figure superimposed bodily upon a novel, by a process somewhat like that of the "transfer pictures" with which schoolboys decorate the backs of their hands. Most of the characters partake of the same unreality, and while one does not actively disbelieve in them, they are only remotely alive, like persons whose names are frequently in the newspapers.

A Man Could Stand Up. By Ford Madox Ford. Charles and Albert Boni. $2.50.

The third volume of what will eventually be a tetralogy. The account of the last few tense weeks of the war, as they react on the tory detachments of Tietjens, Mr. Ford's well-known hero, are inferior in power to similar war scenes in "No More Parades"; but in suggesting the almost horrifying psychology of relief which accompanied the eleventh of November, 1918, Mr. Ford is finely effective. The general importance of Mr. Ford's books (which have been much overrated by ex-

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citable reviewers) is that his dryly intellectual method of conveying the horror (and boredom) of warfare brings home that horror and that boredom to those highly intelligent people who remain unmoved before the agonizings of Latzko and the romantic shrillness of Barbusse. Perhaps this is merely equivalent to saying that Mr. Ford is a belated but valuable propagandist.

Kyra Kyralina. By Panait Istrati. With an Introduction by Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by James Whitall. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Panait Istrati is the son of a Greek smuggler and a Rumanian peasant woman. Five years ago he tried to kill himself. On his recovery he was urged by Romain Rolland to write stories. In 1917 he knew no French, but on excellent authority it is said that he writes good French. In this book he tells three adventures from the life of Stavro, rogue, vagabond, and poet. The background is the Balkans and Asia Minor. Certainly in these years it is a relief to read stories which involve no aspect of modern psychology and present no system of curing human motives. M. Istrati has not written another "Arabian Nights." He has color and life and rhythm and tragic drama, yet it is all too thin and sketchy.

Shadows Waiting. By Eleanor Carroll Chilton. The John Day Company. $2.50.

Dealing with the subtly fatal influence dead ancestors can exert on a pair of star-crossed lovers, "Shadows Waiting" is called by the author a melodrama of the intellect; and, whether or not the designation is accurate, it is undeniable that the story has hardly a trace of action. The tempo, in fact, has been retarded almost to the point of sluggishness. The tale develops in a half-lit world of mental fantasy, sown thickly with a thousand shadows, in which memories of the dead are meant to be as potent and actual as the figures of the living lovers. Many readers will find this novel quite beautiful; to others it may appear beautiful but dull.

Moving Pictures

"Metropolis"

HOLLYWOOD lives for money and sex. It borrows or buys its art. It is the Germans who are the perpetual adventurers in the cinema. They gave the camera its stripling mobility, its restless imagination. They played with lights in the studio and achieved innumerable subtleties in the use of black and white as a medium. Even in their scientific miniatures they have worked with a virtuoso camera. And it was the Germans who injected fantasy into the cinema.

"Metropolis" (Rialto Theater), for all its thesis and its subtitular dialectic compounded for American comprehension by the enlightened Channing Pollock, is much more akin to the romantic vagaries of "Siegfried" than to the realities of "The Last Laugh." For Fritz Lang, who directed both "Siegfried" and "Metropolis," is not a cinema radical. Like Murnau in "Faust" he thinks in terms of sheer visual beauty, composition, and group rhythms rather than of dynamics. He is still of the theater of Reinhardt in the fluency of his groups and the rhythmic progression of his pageant. Although Carl Freund, the camera man for "The Last Laugh" and "Variety," has worked here in the same capacity, "Metropolis" lacks cinematic subtlety. It is only in the "shots" of machinery in motion and in the surge of the revolutionists that it is dynamic. The camera is too often immobile, the technique that of the stylized theater.

Yet here for the first time the chill mechanized world of the future, which only barely revealed itself in "R. U. R.," has been given reality. Here is the city, that tormented circus of buildings which touch the sky, of tunnels that disrupt the places under the earth. Through the air man has hurled his

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Schnitzler's novels, tales and dramas are so many boxes containing a fragrant, delicately bitter compound which is three parts charm and two parts disillusioned romanticism. This most recent story is no exception.
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obstructions, his bridges and traffic ways. Yet only the machines seem real; gigantic purring gods grinding down life. Machines, machines, machines, sliding through the earth, challenging the cosmos, pounding out human resistance as they set the awful tempo of life.

There is no loveliness here, except in the gardens of the rich, high above the levels of the city, where space and light are not mortified for efficiency. Below the surface of the earth the workers and their children crawl through a timed eternity, strapped to the dynamos like so many numbered robots. There is no rest, no beauty, no life below the gardens of the higher levels. Man is inanimate. Life is metronomic. It is only the machines that are alive. The machines and the careless children of "Brains."

As Lang has directed it, "Metropolis" is more stylized fantasy than realism. Even in the torrentous revolt of the workers as they pour through the machine-rooms, alive, demoniacal, there is an air of unreality. This is not revolution as the Russians stage it. It has neither taste nor smell. Yet it is magnificent. Even the most careless groupings are beautifully composed. Lang is too much the artist to deny the imagination.

"R. U. R." was a satire, but "Metropolis" is utterly devoid of humor. Thea von Harbou, its author, wrote it originally as a novel and then adapted it to the screen. Only her concept of Metropolis itself is intellectual. The rest is sentimental symbolism. There is no individualization within the type. Her persons are puppets. There is the Capitalist, his Son, Mary the spiritual leader of the workers, et al. The Son is the eternal mediator who, with the help of the woman Mary, although only after a revolution intervenes, brings "brains" and "brawn" together for the final fade-out.

Perhaps it is because of its original form that "Metropolis" lacks concision. One of the most interesting episodes of the entire film is that in which the inventor transmits the shape and likeness of Mary to the woman of his creation by encircling bands of electricity, yet it is only partially developed. The robotess, or creature of human invention, breeds revolution and is stoned by the mob, but the formula which gave her life is never mentioned again. The inventor is himself hurled from the cathedral roof by the blond and shining John, the hero; but what of the formula?

It is Metropolis itself, the city of domed basements and curving machine-rooms, of massed buildings that conceal the sky, of aeroplanes that ply their corner-to-corner traffic, of trains that seem to shoot into unmeasured and untracked space, that makes Fritz Lang's film so significant.

EVELYN GERSTEIN

Drama

Harlequinade

IT is, I think, a sound principle of aesthetics that though old forms are never successfully revived they are often rediscovered. The spirit of even the aesthetic antiquarian is fatally remote from the spirit of the artist, and he never succeeds in doing more than galvanizing into a ghastly semblance of life the dead body of an art form. With the genuine artist, however, it is different. In search of the new he not infrequently reevolves the old, and though he is often scornfully indifferent to traditions he unwillingly illustrates their valid persistence.

These somewhat solemn reflections are suggested by Mr. John Howard Lawson's modernistic farce "Loud Speaker" (Fifty-second Street Theater), and suggested not at all because it is a solemn work but because he has reached by a devious route leading through Berlin and Moscow the nearest approximation yet seen in New York of the spirit of the Commedia dell' Arte. Hundreds of solemn pages have been written about the gaiety of the Harlequinade and not a few solemn attempts have been made to revive it. We have been enjoined to laugh recklessly at the reckless pranks of Renaissance buffoons and we have been asked to admire the dramatic virtues of the fixed comic type who disports himself in an improvised play; yet no performances have been more "literary" in the worst sense of the word and none further removed from any genuine spontaneity. Now comes Mr. Lawson, whose name has been associated with the most revolutionary type of drama and who undoubtedly thinks of himself far more as an interpreter of the "machine age" than as in any way connected with the aspirations of the more gently aesthetic prophets of the theater, but who nevertheless conceives a completely modern and yet completely genuine Commedia dell' Arte. He constructs upon the stage a maze of elevated platforms and a dizzy series of stairways, he plants a jazz band upon one airy platform, and he sets a number of fantastic caricatures of modern types—the politician, the flapper, the tabloid reporter, etc.—to chasing one another upstairs and down through the course of an all but plotless fantasia. What could be more desperately modern and what could be at the same time nearer to the spirit of the Commedia dell' Arte, not as that spirit is seen by wistful aesthetes through the mists of time but as it was seen by those to whom it was merely popular entertainment?

Mr. Lawson's characters are not in the ordinary sense of the word characters at all. To anyone not familiar with modern life and modern satire his politician, for example, would be as meaningless as Punch. Neither is his plot in an ordinary sense a plot. When, for example, his flapper takes a few jazz steps with one of the men-servants and when the politician goes into conference with two papier-maché dummies, neither action has any meaning except in connection with a definite stage tradition. Yet exactly the same thing was true in the case of the Commedia dell' Arte. A long tradition of satire had established certain comic types, the general nature of their exploits was fixed in the spectator's mind, and the problem of the performer was to put the character through amusing variations upon his regular routine. "Loud Speaker" is probably the first play to take advantage of the fact that certain characters like the flapper and the politician have reached the point where they may be successfully stylicized and used as puppets.

No hocus-pocus surrounds the play. It was not, I take it, intended to be profound or particularly significant of any esoteric thing. It is, however, intended to be amusing, and amusing it will be to any person who has the simplicity of mind to enjoy it simply. It is no more intellectual than a vaudeville act, and yet a considerable number of the same people who are highly entertained by the antics of the tramp comedian in a burlesque show who is invited to the duchess's house party will object to the comedy of "Loud Speaker" because the action is so fantastic and so improbable.

Zoe Akins's "Thou Desperate Pilot" (Morosco Theater) contains one shrewdly drawn character—that of the hard-headed little adventuress—but the play as a whole is absurdly high-hat. The scene is "a casino in France," the people all either frightfully rich or frightfully aristocratic, and everybody comports himself as if he were trying to live up to a movie-director's ideal of the *haut-monde*. "Crime" (Eltinge Theater) is a crook play with some unusually ingenious thrills.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

What Made These Women "Modern"?

The eleventh article in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, will analyze these articles for The Nation, *in an attempt to discover the underlying causes of the modern woman's attitude toward men, marriage, children, and jobs.*

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John Collier's plea for the American Indian, one of the features of the Fourth Nation Dinner, will be printed in an early issue.

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International Relations Section

A Soviet Rebuke to England

THE Soviet note to Great Britain in reply to the British note of February 23 threatening to break off relations with the Soviet Union was handed to the British Chargé d'Affaires in Moscow on February 26. While the British note was printed in full in many American papers, only garbled summaries of the Russian reply were cabled. We reprint it from the London *Times* of February 28.

SIR: The Soviet Chargé d'Affaires ad interim in Great Britain has transmitted to me telegraphically the note signed by Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary, which was handed to him on the 23rd instant and published on the same day in the British press.

The note begins by stating the quite unquestionable fact of the existing unsatisfactory relations between Soviet Russia and Great Britain. The unsatisfactory character of these relations Sir Austen Chamberlain attempts to explain in his note, as he so often did in public speeches in Parliament and outside, by alleged infringements on the part of the Soviet Government of obligations undertaken regarding Great Britain in the domain of propaganda. The note cites textually the agreement signed by the Soviet Government on June 4, 1923, to the effect that the Soviet Government undertakes not to support with funds or in any other form persons or bodies or agencies or institutions whose aim is to spread discontent or foment rebellion in any part of the British Empire, and to impress upon its officers and officials the full and continuous observance of these conditions.

During the three and a half years which have elapsed since the signing of the said agreement the British Government has repeatedly addressed to the Soviet Government directly and through public statements reproaches of alleged infringements of the said agreement. Rejecting these charges, the Soviet Government has always demanded that they should be based on some definite instances. In violation of the obligation undertaken in the same year, 1923, on behalf of the British Government by Lord Curzon, the then Foreign Secretary, immediately to bring to the cognizance of the Soviet Government supposed instances of infringement of obligations, not allowing such cases to accumulate without making charges (Lord Curzon's telegram of May 29, No. 127), the British Government has heretofore preferred to make general wholesale reproaches to the Soviet Government, never giving details, except in one case, when, during the general election in Great Britain in 1924, there was made an unsuccessful attempt to corroborate an accusation by reference to the well-known and so-called "Zinoviev letter" of the then president of the Executive Committee of the Communist International.

The Soviet Government, though immediately declaring that it could not assume responsibility for the actions of an international organization which was directed and controlled by delegates of the Communist parties of various countries, in view of the special political role which the latter might play, agreed to submit it to any expert examination and accept the decision of any arbiter. The fact that the British Government declined the proposal of the Soviet Government could not be understood otherwise than as the withdrawal of the accusation, and since then the forgery of the letter has evoked no more doubts from anyone, including Labor circles, holding power in England when the accusation was proffered.

Thus, the only definite charge was based on a faked document, the so-called "Zinoviev letter." At the same time none of the persons who misinformed the British Government was punished, although that forged letter at one time created a threat to peace and strained to the utmost the relations of the two states and left its mark on the whole subsequent development of Anglo-Soviet relations.

With reference to the agreement of June 4, 1923, Sir Austen Chamberlain, in the entire text of the note, does not adduce a single instance of the infringement by the Soviet Government of this agreement—namely, there was not a single instance of "spreading discontent or fomenting rebellion in any part of the British Empire."

The British Government's note only enumerates a series of public utterances by Soviet leaders in Russia and newspaper articles in the Soviet press. I must, therefore, mention the fact that between the Soviet Government and Great Britain there exist no agreements limiting the freedom of speech or of the press within the frontiers of the two countries. Just as the British Government did not undertake the obligation on behalf of its citizens to praise or not to criticize the social and political order of the Soviet state, so the Soviet Government undertook no obligation on behalf of its citizens that they should praise or not criticize the social and political order of Great Britain and the capitalist countries generally.

The Trade Agreement of 1921, of the infringement of which the Soviet Government has also been repeatedly and without foundation accused, a clause dealing with propaganda binds the two parties only to "refrain from hostile actions or undertakings against the other party, and from conducting outside its own borders any official propaganda, direct or indirect, against the institutions of the British Empire or the Russian Soviet Republic."

To bring published or verbal utterances made within Soviet Russia within the scope of the agreement of 1923 or the agreement of 1921 is an arbitrary extension of the limits of these agreements.

I could produce numerous examples of the wide use and, unfortunately, most immoderate abuse of the right to engage in propaganda within Great Britain against the Soviet Government by members of the British Government. I will strictly limit myself to but a few examples. In his speech at Watford on June 20 Lord Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India, referred to the Soviet Government as "a gang of assassins and robbers" (the *Morning Post*, June 22, 1925). At a Conservative meeting at Tunbridge Wells, Mr. Churchill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, attacking the British Socialists, declared: "Behind all this sinister and unwholesome movement stood the dark power of Moscow. There we had what we had never before, a band of cosmopolitan conspirators gathered from the underworld of the great cities of Europe and America in despotic possession of the still great resources of what was once a mighty and famous empire, Russia" (the *Morning Post*, November 30, 1925). At Bolton Mr. Churchill spoke of the Soviet Government as "dark conspirators in the Kremlin in Moscow" (the *Daily Telegraph*, June 22, 1926).

Similar attacks can be found in the utterances of Mr. Amery, the Colonial Secretary; Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary for Air; Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Secretary for War, and others, not to mention their supporters in the Conservative Party, such as Mr. A. T. Cook, who at the Conservative Conference at Scarborough on October 7, 1926, called the Soviet Government "a group of international murderers" (the *Morning Post*, October 8, 1926), Commander Locker-Lampson, Sir William Davison, and others.

Still sharper attacks against the Soviet Union abound in the press of the ruling Conservative Party every day, abusing Soviet institutions, the Soviet Government and its representatives in London, and spreading incredible and fantastic lies about the Soviet Union.

It must at the same time be observed that the British representatives in Moscow are enjoying the same diplomatic privileges as the representatives of other countries, and have never been subjected to insults or abuse on the part of the Soviet press, as were the representatives of the Soviet Government in London on the part of the British Conservative press. It is impossible

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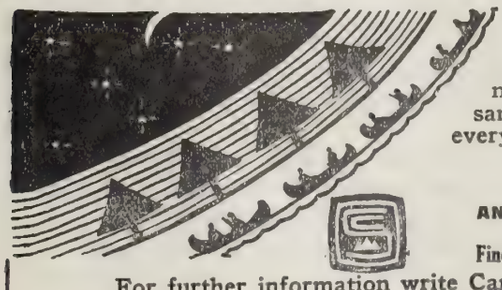
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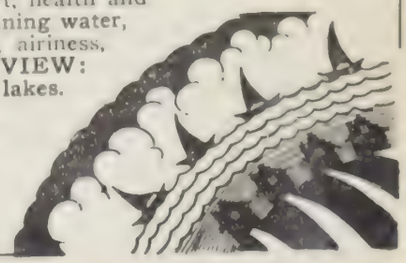
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to find either in the Soviet press generally or in the articles and speeches to which the British Government refers in its note any sharp attacks against Great Britain similar to those mentioned above. It is impossible to regard as anti-British propaganda such things as an analysis or estimate of the foreign policy of the British Government and its attitude toward the Soviet Union, or arguments by the principal party leaders about the inevitability of world revolution and the importance of the national revolutionary movement in the East, still less the ideas expressed by the People's Commissary of Public Health concerning the significance of physical culture from the viewpoint of the revolutionary labor movement or the appointment of Kamenev as Ambassador to Italy, which has nothing to do with Anglo-Soviet relations and was agreed to by the Italian Government. Within the limits of his party activity Kamenev has voiced his opinions concerning the tasks of his party.

Regarding the *Izvestia*, which is considered as the official organ of the Central Executive Committee, since in it all the decrees and decisions of the Government must be published, it may be said that this paper has one of the largest circulations and caters for hundreds of thousands of readers, who must be given all the information interesting to them, including manifestos and resolutions of the Soviet, as well as of party institutions. The office publishing this paper can no more accept responsibility for the contents of such kind of manifestos and resolutions than it can for reports which it prints of utterances and statements made against the Soviet Government, including the above-quoted speeches by British Ministers. Here again it must be repeated that the publishing within the Soviet Union of any reports of any verbal statement does not infringe any obligation undertaken by the Soviet Government whatsoever.

Particular dissatisfaction has apparently been caused the British Government by the opinions expressed by Soviet leaders concerning the anti-Soviet course of British policy in third countries. But with no less justification and foundation could be characterized as delusions the constant references made by the politicians and members of the British Government to the alleged omnipresence and omnipotence of so-called "Soviet agents," who are represented as being responsible for all or any difficulties in the British Empire in all parts of the world.

The Soviet Government deplores the unsatisfactory condition of the relations between Russia and Great Britain indicated in the British Government's note. It believes, however, that to explain these regrettable circumstances by mutual accusations and an unfriendly tone in the press of the two countries would be to take cause for effect and vice versa

The Soviet Government would likewise consider it incorrect and undignified to seek an explanation of these conditions in physiological or psychological characteristics of these or other British statesmen. It is inclined to believe that the abnormality of these relations consists not only in the fact that the representations made by the two countries do not correspond with the interests of the development of relations between Great Britain and the Soviet Government.

What also matters is that in its relations with the Soviet Union the British Government consciously infringes the usual international customs and even elementary decency. It periodically thrusts in the face of the Soviet Government indefinite and unfounded accusations, refusing even to discuss them; it avoids settling mutual claims and complaints either diplomatically or through special conferences, committees, or delegations; declining the usual diplomatic ways of settling conflicts, it permits itself to talk to the Soviet Government in the tone of threats and ultimatums; and lastly, it ignores the constitution of the Union of Soviet Republics, making insistent attempts in its notes to substitute party or even international institutions for the formal Government of the Union.

The same abnormality of relations is also expressed by the fact that the British Government in its note permitted itself an unheard-of and unprecedented tone toward M. Chicherin, the Soviet People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs. The position which the British Government has established with regard to the Soviet state encourages the hostile campaign which finds expression and the coarsely abusive statements in the British Parliament on the part of members of Parliament and even members of the Government and in the British press.

It must be added that the constant attempts by the British Government to minimize and even annul the importance of the fact of the restoration of diplomatic relations, together with the authoritative information possessed by the Soviet Government regarding the continued attempts by individual members of the British Government to come to an understanding with ex-Czarist diplomats and counter-revolutionary representatives working in favor of another insurrection will not allow public opinion in the Soviet Union to forget the role played by Great Britain in the first insurrection.

At the conclusion of his note, Sir Austen Chamberlain deemed it timely and fit to advance the threat of a complete rupture in commercial and diplomatic relations in the event of the Soviet Government not complying with the new demands which do not arise from the existing Anglo-Soviet agreements and the mutual formal obligations. In declaring that threats against the Soviet Government will have no intimidating effect upon anyone in the Soviet Union, the Soviet Government takes the liberty to express its firm conviction that the conclusion of the Trade Agreement in 1921 and the subsequent restoration of diplomatic relations corresponded to interests and necessities of the peoples of the Soviet Union as well as those of the British Empire. If the present British Government believes that the rupture of Anglo-Soviet trade and all other relations is called for by the needs of the British people and will serve the British Empire and cause general peace, then, of course, it will act in a suitable manner, assuming full responsibility for the consequences.

On its part, the Soviet Government confirms that the statements of the late M. Krassin, quoted in the note of the British Government, concerning the desirability of removing all difficulties existing between the two countries and everything giving ground for mutual complaint and of establishing quite normal relations actually correspond to the immutable and sincere wishes of the Soviet Government. In accordance with the decision for peace of the toiling masses of the Soviet Union, which are in entire conformity with the same aspirations of the popular masses of Great Britain, the Soviet Government will in future also pursue its peace-loving policy, which excludes all aggressiveness toward other countries. It will welcome the British Government sincerely if it will go to meet it on this path.

[Signed] LITVINOV,
Assistant Commissar for Foreign Affairs

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER, formerly *The Nation's* Russian correspondent, is now lecturing in the United States.

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"GOD HAS MADE US NEIGHBORS, let justice make us friends. The first step toward justice is to stop making false and unfair statements about Mexico." Thus spoke William E. Borah, Senator from Idaho, to a gathering of 5,000 people under the auspices of the New Haven Trades Council. When Professor Jerome Davis of Yale declared that "he deserves the highest office which is in the power of the American people to grant" the audience cheered him to the echo—so the dispatches report. Borah's was a noble and stirring address, an appeal for righteousness toward our neighbors and a thorough smashing of the Bolshevist bogy. He told the exact truth when he said that if there had never been a Bolshevist revolution there would still have been the agrarian revolution and radical land laws in Mexico, and the great and increasingly successful Nationalist movement in China. He reminded his auditors that the revolution in Mexico began seven years before the collapse of the Czar's regime in Russia, and he was extremely sarcastic in his references to the use by strong governments of their armies and navies on the pretense of assisting weaker ones "to maintain free governments." We hope that this is the opening gun of a carefully planned campaign, and that Senator Borah will speak along similar lines in every State in the Union. Someone with intellectual standards, with a statesmanlike vision should puncture the follies of the Coolidge-Kellogg administration of our foreign affairs every day that Congress is out of session.

WHAT NEXT IN CHINA? The collapse of the Northern armies at Shanghai and Nanking marks a greater triumph for the South than any Chinese faction has won since the early days of Yuan Shih-kai's power. All China south of the Yangtze has fallen to the Nationalists, and unless they lapse into dissension at the peak of victory the other provinces of the great Eastern plain are sure to follow. The dying Northern capital, Peking, must in a few months follow the Yangtze cities. With new power come new problems. First, will the Nationalists, hitherto inspired by a gospel, be able to digest the mere militarists who will join them because of their victories? There are reports of an anti-Russian party within the Kuomintang—which means a party favoring the old kind of personal military dictatorship as opposed to group civilian rule. Second, what about the foreign settlements of Shanghai, which 20,000 fully equipped foreign soldiers defend from fortified positions well outside the foreign territory? There will, of course, be strikes and demonstrations within the settlements; there must be protests and negotiations for a change in the system of foreign autocratic government—but can they be carried to success without bloodshed? And, finally, with the British strongholds in China weakened, the Nationalists will have to turn new attention to the problem of Japanese domination of Manchuria.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT read and debated in the House of Commons? Yes, that actually happened on March 17. The issue, so the dispatches read, was squarely presented whether Great Britain should not disarm altogether "and become the first real Christian nation." Arthur Ponsonby, admirable fighter for peace that he is, initiated the debate by moving that the British air force be done away with. The effect was remarkable. Although it was a private member's motion and not a government one, it took an entire day's debate to dispose of it. That only twenty-four members voted for it is no reason for discouragement. How many great and successful causes have polled fewer votes at the beginning? Even the Air Minister felt compelled to speak to the motion seriously and to bring up the old argument that one must first convert one's neighbors to good-will and peace. Incidentally a Labor member, William Shepheard, himself a veteran, who read the Sermon on the Mount in the historic precincts in which it has usually been flouted, dwelt upon the interesting fact that the foreigners who have been safest in China during all these troubles have been the Germans. The reason, he explained, was that Germany has no troops and no gunboats in China to "protect" her nationals and anger the Chinese.

STILL ANOTHER REMARKABLE SIGN of the growth of pacifist sentiment in England appears from the great victory won by Wilfred Wellock in the Stourbridge division by-election. This Labor candidate won his seat by a majority of 3,099 over his Conservative opponent. Mr. Wellock was a conscientious objector during the war and was imprisoned for his refusal to serve. His pacifist views were by no means hidden from the electorate; indeed, his oppo-

nent constantly stressed the fact that he refused to fight for his country during the World War. So far from hurting him this helped him and, in striking contrast to the attitude of most ex-service men in this country, his strongest supporters were veterans of the war. At one of his biggest meetings there were fifty former soldiers on his platform wearing their medals, and the presiding officer was a man who had won distinction at the front. The Chinese issue Mr. Wellock put squarely to the front and he denounced the Government for sending troops to China. Thereupon the opposition press declared that anyone who voted for Wellock would vote to leave British citizens unprotected in China. The vote showed clearly how eager the people are for brave anti-war leadership. In the previous election Wellock lost by 1,910 votes to his Conservative opponent. There was therefore a turn-about of just 5,000 votes in a single constituency. That speaks for itself and so does the fact that the town of Oldbury, the largest town in this constituency, has just done away with a tank and two German guns that were given to the city as souvenirs of the war. The citizens, it is explained, did not want to have them in sight.

MUSSOLINI CONTINUES TO PLAY the old diplomatic role with considerable skill. To solidify Italy's control of Southeastern Europe and checkmate the ambitions of Jugoslavia, he signed in December—with the apparent connivance of Great Britain—a treaty with Albania which guaranteed the "independence" of Albania and established in power his tool, Ahmed Zogu, under Italian protection. Since then Mussolini has won Rumanian support by confirming its seizure of Bessarabia, and has made friendly advances to Hungary and Bulgaria. Zogu is as unpopular as a despot and a puppet of a foreign "protector" is likely to be. A revolt against him was scheduled for April, but, according to a special dispatch in the New York *Times*, it is thought probable "that an early spring has advanced the date." The plot to oust him may have been hatching in Jugoslavia, just as the plot that put Zogu in power was hatched in Rome. Mussolini accuses Jugoslavia not only of encouraging revolution but of massing troops and making military preparations to assist the overthrow of Zogu and attack Italy's influence in Albania. Jugoslavia's counter-charges of Italian military activity are better supported. However much Jugoslavia might like to substitute a tool of its own for the Italian-made Zogu its chances would be slim in the face of Italy's power. Jugoslavia can only hope that its loud denial of aggressive intentions will persuade the world and the diplomats gathered at Geneva of its innocence and thus prevent Mussolini from intensifying his efforts in behalf of the "independence" of Albania and the Balkans.

FEDERAL COURTS are without funds to pay witness fees and jurors' expenses; veterans go without their pensions; alien property remains untangled—a thousand and one things go undone because David Reed of Pennsylvania, afraid of a continued investigation of Pennsylvania election scandals, filibustered in the dying days of Congress and defeated not only the investigation resolution but the Second Deficiency Bill and other pending legislation as well. We are likely to be reminded of this filibuster by other shortages of funds in the nine months of the Congressional recess; and it will be well if the country should recall that the cause is the fear of the Pennsylvania machine. The whole Administration machine is still loyally fighting to save his seat for William F. Vare. Senator Keyes of New Hampshire refused to authorize payment of expenses for transporting the ballot boxes from four disputed counties to Washington; and when Senator "Jim" Reed obtained private funds to pay expenses the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate refused to accept them. There is no method too petty for these Republican henchmen. And if it were not pathetic it would be amusing to recall that in the pre-primary campaign Senator David Reed, then opposed to Vare, denounced that gentleman almost as vigorously as Governor Pinchot, who declared that "the stealing of votes for Mr. Vare, and the amount and the sources of the money spent in his behalf make it clear to me that the election returns do not in fact correctly represent the will of the sovereign voters of Pennsylvania."

HISTORY IS SOMETIMES MADE when the reporters aren't looking. In those last frenzied days of the filibuster some bills did slip through. For instance:

> The bill (H. R. 10662) authorizing an appropriation for the construction of a roadway and walk leading to and around the Chalmette Monument, Chalmette, Louisiana.
>
> The bill (H. R. 3791) to purchase a painting of the several ships of the United States Navy in 1891 and entitled "Peace."

HARD ON TOP of the report of the Federal Trade Commission urging Congressional study of water-power and electrical combinations comes an appeal from Gifford Pinchot to the governors of all the States for the support of a movement to insure State and federal regulation of the operations of power corporations. In his letter Mr. Pinchot declares that the power trusts blocked the Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals bills in the last Congress and warns the public against the domination of American life that would come with an uncontrolled monopoly of electric power. He dwells upon the fact that he is not an advocate of government ownership but adds that he favors both State and federal regulation since, as he puts it, electricity will soon count more in the life of the average man or woman than anything else except food or clothing. As we have regulated the railroads and the trusts, so we are called upon to regulate the great power companies. Well, there will be vital disagreements with him but it is a fine thing to have Gifford Pinchot devoting himself to that cause. The ex-Governor of Pennsylvania now has the opportunity, as an unofficial champion of such causes, to repeat his great services in the preserving of our natural resources.

THE EXHAUSTIVE REPORT of the Federal Trade Commission comes in response to the Norris resolution asking investigation of the power trust's interest in Muscle Shoals. The commission declares that

> In one instance less than a million-dollar investment in the majority of the voting stock of the apex holding company gave in 1925 full control of the entire organization of the group, having scores of underlying companies and several hundred million dollars of investment. Such pyramiding not only affects the financial stability of the electric-power industry but also has a potential relation to the more general question of an undue concentration of control of the electric-power industry.

The report deals extensively with the Electric Bond & Share Company, the General Electric Company group, the

North American and Insull companies, the Stone & Webster, the Byllesby, the Hodenpyl & Hardy groups, the Doherty companies, the J. G. White group, and others. The power output has doubled every five years since 1902, the commission finds, and the total investment has grown from four and a half billion dollars in 1922 to eight and a half billions at the end of 1926. The commission does not find that there is yet a complete power trust, but it is obvious from its report that if these great groups or a majority of them should come together the country would be face to face with a financial combination of tremendous power and of great potential danger. As it is, the Federal Trade Commission, despite the fact that it is a Coolidge-dominated body, recommends the situation to Congress for immediate legislative consideration.

WATER-POWER SEEMS to make trouble even in unsettled regions. The hinterland of Labrador has for centuries been a mosquito-infested land which only salmon fishermen cared to investigate. Then the American Sunday papers began to exhaust more southern pulpwood forests, and water-power began to scramble into the troublesome place in public attention hitherto occupied by coal. Labrador's hinterland became a prize. The maps have always shown the up-country of Labrador as part of Quebec, while the documents declare that the "coast" is part of Newfoundland. But what is a "coast"? Newfoundland and Quebec began to dispute. And, apparently, others were interested. According to the perspicacious Canadian correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, the Liberal Government of Quebec has long been friendly to a group of power and pulp and paper interests in which the Mellon companies and the International Paper Company play a part, while a group of British capitalists, equally interested in pulp and power, found a warmer reception in Newfoundland than in Quebec. Hence, perhaps, the anger roused in Canada by the recent decision of the Judicature Committee of the Privy Council, the final court of appeal for the British Commonwealth. French Canadian papers do not hesitate to assert that the decision of this body, that the "coast" is the entire watershed east of the divide, was affected by the interest of "a few British magnates hungry for timber concessions"—chiefly the Rothermere interests.

NEVER, WE ARE SURE, has a greater compliment been paid to *The Nation* in the sixty-two years of this periodical's existence than that bestowed upon us by the faculty and students of Harvard University. The *Crimson*, having made a canvass within that institution, has discovered that *The Nation* ranks third on the list of weekly magazines in popularity among the Harvard students and faculty. Only the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Liberty* surpassed us in the esteem of the thinkers in our oldest American university. Advertising agencies and national advertisers will please take notice that in esteem, if not in circulation, we outrank the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Pictorial Review*, *Vanity Fair*, *Judge*, *Life*, and the *Police Gazette*. Who shall say hereafter that the highbrow student does not turn to highbrow publications? Henceforth we shall have no doubts as to the progress of the intellectual life among the Harvard undergraduates—not even when they call Princeton rough, decline to sing at glee-club contests, assault and are assaulted by the police, and generally act as a mysterious law unto themselves.

THE PERSISTENT MISREPORTING of the Chinese situation by Frederick Moore, correspondent of the New York *Times*, deserves notice. He did not like the Cantonese; therefore he announced that they were split by internal dissensions, and militarily weak. Here are samples from his Shanghai dispatches:

> March 1. There is no evidence of a prospective battle, and it is confidently believed in well-informed quarters that the customary negotiations have already begun.
>
> March 5. Continued reliable reports . . . support other indications that the Southerners have reached the end of their military capacities.
>
> March 6. Chang Tsung-chang's army is considered the best in China, excluding Chang Tso-lin's.
>
> March 7. Marshal Chang Tsung-chang, by movements of troops along the railways south of the Yangtze in Kiangsu Province, makes daily more secure the North's retention of Shanghai. . . . The Northern position militarily is incalculably the stronger and the Northern armies are regarded by foreign military attachés as indefinitely better than the Southern.
>
> March 9. Further facts and statements bear out the report that Chiang Kai-shek . . . the Southern commander-in-chief . . . does not intend to push military operations against Marshal Chang Tsung-chang's Nanking and Shanghai defenses.
>
> March 17. The coolest and best-informed foreigners still agree that Shanghai is unlikely to be taken by the Southern armies for many weeks, possibly months.

A cub reporter could hardly have been more brilliantly and consistently mistaken. About midnight on March 20 the Southern armies entered the native city of Shanghai.

"ELMER GANTRY" HAS BEEN BANNED from the Kansas City Public Library, which is not surprising in view of the fact that somehow the ministers of Kansas City, who trustingly lunched with Mr. Lewis every Wednesday and poured out their souls and creeds to his friendly ears, never suspected his fell purpose in questioning them. Now that the world knows all about it, they are properly shocked and surprised. Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale is quoted as saying that there never was a minister like Elmer Gantry: "I know something of Baptist ministers. My grandfather and father were [and] . . . all my living brothers are Baptist ministers, and there has been a constant string of Baptist ministers walking through my house for years, and I have never known one like Elmer Gantry." Nobody doubts for a minute that this statement is true. But in order to keep Elmer Gantry, the character in fiction, quite separate and distinct from his brothers in life, the ministers in Kansas City ought to be careful not to copy Mr. Lewis's style of writing. Harcourt, Brace and Company quote advertisements from Kansas City papers last Sunday: "Sinclair Lewis's Vile Preacher Book"—this in bold black type. As an added attraction Grand Avenue Temple offered "Bob White—Big Basso; Ronald Ashburne—Little Boy Soprano." "Elmer Gantry was Drunk" was the headline of the announcement of the Linwood Methodist Church. How closely Mr. Lewis caught Kansas City's voice can be judged by Dr. Hargett's "Lenten Suggestions": "The old-timers say that both our morning and evening congregations are record-breaking. There must be a real reason for this. Wonder if it isn't to be found in the fact, not only of a growing city, but of a growing church in the heart of this growing city."

The British-American Alliance

THE Cantonese have taken the native city of Shanghai, and the Guaranty Trust Co., together with J. and W. Seligman & Co., have made a one-year million-dollar loan to the little Diaz "Government" in Nicaragua. As we write, fifteen hundred American marines in full war regalia, tin hats included, are policing the tumultuous streets of far-off Shanghai, and 5,000 more are on duty maintaining "neutral zones" in Nicaragua. Relations between the United States and Mexico are strained, and Mr. Kellogg is solemnly debating with himself and his cronies the advisability of lifting the arms embargo and inviting another revolution as a means of imposing our oleaginous will upon the Calles Government.

Shanghai is a long way from Mexico City or Managua, but a spark of sympathy binds the remote cities. Bolshevism? No, it is not Bolshevism which is making the whole world kin, but a common sense of the oppression of Anglo-American imperialism. As Senator Borah said in his New Haven speech: "Communism and Russian influence have no more to do with either the origin or execution of [Mexico's] policies than they have to do with the policies of our own government." Nor is there Bolshevism, in any special Russian sense, in China. There is, of course, a determination to break the ancient bonds which have fettered China's youth to a dead past, and a special passion to do away with those shackles which foreign nations have imposed upon China. But to assume that a few Russian agents with a few thousand dollars could turn the course of history is puerile. The Bolsheviks have undoubtedly sought to stir up revolution in a dozen different countries, but they have never yet made a revolution which would not have occurred without them. In Germany, Bulgaria, Poland, Esthonia they have failed. In China the revolution is still a rising tide, and the Russians have won prestige because instead of seeking to dam the rising tide of Nationalism they have swum with the current. Some of us regret that America did not have the vision to act as aid and abettor to a movement so like the struggle which gave our own country birth as a nation.

But there is a kinship between what is happening in China and what is happening in Nicaragua and Mexico, and it will be a pity if our statesmen and business men do not read the lesson. China has reached a riper stage in the history of empire. Time was—and not so long ago—when foreign nations could do in China what America is doing in Nicaragua today. They intervened, they lent money, they carved out spheres of influence, and took over the customs. We are but repeating the ancient story of imperialism. Encouraged by the State Department, a group of New York bankers are providing the funds to aid one party in Nicaragua to defeat the other. Diaz has been beaten in battle after battle. By his own admission he was unable to hold his post without aid from the American Government. He was without prestige and without funds; now our bankers give him the money with which to win prestige. Presumably the bankers' money will pay the DuPonts and the Remingtons and the others who will supply Diaz with guns and gunpowder. And when the shooting is over, what then? Diaz will still be incompetent; we shall have to help him hold power. The Marine Corps publicity department, which floods the country with stories of our beneficent rule in Haiti, will flood the country with feature picture-stories of our success in Nicaragua. A decade ago similar stories of the virtues of foreign "aid" to China still flooded the press of the entire Western world. Then—something happened in China. It will happen in the Caribbean, too. These people seem to us incompetent today—able only to eat bananas and write poetry. We will teach them, as we have taught the Chinese, how to organize, how to equip armies, how to fight. And in time they will turn our lessons against us.

It is natural that the British should be eager to help us embark upon the course of empire. Their great empire, stretched across the Seven Seas, is in process of disintegration. What is happening in China is the greatest blow which British prestige has suffered since the American Revolution. It shakes India; it imperils Hongkong, Singapore, Aden, Egypt, the Sudan and the Suez, Cyprus, Malta, Gibraltar—that entire chain of foreign fortresses over which the British imperial flag flies. If one colored people can throw the British out of its territory, cannot another? Perhaps, after all, there is nothing supernatural about the people of that little island off the West coast of Europe. But if the great young empire of the Western Hemisphere, rich America, the new marvel, the traditional friend of democracy and of oppressed peoples, can be brought to act like Britain and with Britain, a new prestige comes to the relief of the British Empire. No wonder, indeed, if the British are willing to send a warship to Nicaragua to help bolster up the Coolidge-Kellogg policy of aping British imperialism; no wonder if the British in China ask that we stand shoulder to shoulder to them in defense of white prestige.

Of course, the program is not set forth in such crass terms. The American people, dulled as they are today, would not permit so gross a betrayal of their ideals. So we are presented with the camouflaged scarecrow of world-wide Bolshevism. Wherever a people dares demand its freedom from foreign interference, that is Bolshevism. Wherever the universality of white empire is threatened, the threat is Bolshevism. Of course, we are all against Bolshevism. Thus the British-American alliance is cemented.

There is, as yet, no formal treaty of alliance. There are, probably, no documents recording the intimate collaboration. But the habit of cooperation with Great Britain has grown mightily since the days of the Washington Conference, when Britain, at our behest, denounced the British-Japanese alliance, assuredly not without expecting from America a *quid pro quo*. Joint action is not, necessarily, a bad habit; more than once in recent years British-American cooperation has been a force for sanity in European affairs (although today England is, unfortunately, acting as aide to Mussolini). Both nations want above all that peace without which profitable, orderly trade seems difficult. But collaboration, when it takes the form of aggressive imperialism, may be dangerous. America does not need to set herself against the new tides of national and race liberation. We do not believe that she wants to lead in that direction. Under the cloak of anti-Bolshevism, she is being pushed.

Students and Teachers

THE most interesting questions in education are questions as to the relation which shall exist between teacher and student. What shall be the attitude of the one to the other, and, once this has been decided, how shall the attitude be fostered? The best conception of the relationship has always been one which saw the instructor and the instructed as partners in a common enterprise—the benefits of the cooperation going chiefly, perhaps, to the younger partner, but going not altogether that way. In any wise scheme of education no teacher will ever be a positive sacrifice to the generation he is helping to bring up. He, too, will have his fun and his reward—and his education.

The Committee on Instruction at Harvard has made a recommendation to the several departments of the university which ought to mean much to students and faculty there. The plan—which incidentally is not compulsory, each department being free to ignore it—provides for a material shortening of the time in each term devoted to formal teaching. The committee has thought it inadvisable to reduce the term itself; but hereafter, in departments which accept the plan, "Instructors in charge of courses shall discontinue lectures, or other classroom exercises conducted by the instructor who is in charge of the course, during the interval between the Christmas recess (approximately two and a half weeks) and the mid-year examination period and during the interval between the second lecture period and the final examination period (approximately three and a half weeks)." Thus the lecturing year will be effectively reduced by six weeks for everybody except freshmen. Freshmen are not to be intrusted with this freedom.

The committee in its commentary upon the plan in a recent issue of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* emphasizes the advantages, to all good students at least, of the greater liberty, joined with a sense of greater responsibility to themselves, which they will now enjoy. We heartily agree. The tendency of the best modern education, not only at Harvard but elsewhere, has been for years to stimulate the undergraduate to independent thought and investigation. But these are luxuries, and like all luxuries they require leisure. The average institution, even where the stimulus has been provided and received, has by no means allowed the letter of its law to keep pace with the spirit. There have continued to be regulations, duties, schedules in excess of the intellectual need. At Harvard, as this committee points out, the new education by the very nature of its demand has led to a desire on the part of students for leisure in which to do the original and extended work their partners in the educational enterprise naturally expect of them. The present plan, which follows logically in the wake of the elective systems, the concentration requirements, the general examinations, and the tutorial system, is intended to grant that leisure; and we hope it will.

Equal emphasis, however, should be placed upon the leisure which the faculty itself will gain. The new education, which no doubt once seemed to many persons to be merely a dodge away from discipline, has actually added to the burdens of teachers. For the number of good students has increased, and everyone knows that, whatever else can be done with a live student, he cannot be dismissed with a gesture. "As the number and percentage of candidates for honors grows," writes Professor H. A. Yeomans, "alert undergraduates, in greater numbers and more eagerly, demand individual explanations from their course instructors and refuse to acquiesce unless convinced that the explanations are sound." So that professors have begun to need breathing space no less than students—and in this case will get it. One of the rules in the perfect university, whenever and wherever it is established, will provide for an abundance of empty space between the teacher and the taught. The two can never be bound together without great harm all around; it is not necessary, perhaps, to insist once more that a teacher can remain a good teacher only so long as he has time to read and think for himself. The company of even the best students will not be good enough for him always, since they are irremediably young.

The company of students has been well if excitedly characterized by President Wriston of Lawrence College, Wisconsin, in an address to the teachers of his State:

> There is danger in perpetual contact with immature minds. There is a tendency to lazy mental habits, a tendency to bluff, and a tendency to underpreparation. Your mind is not being stretched in discussion. People going into dangerous professions must develop their powers of resistance. So with the teacher. The teacher must develop his resistance by setting for himself intellectual tasks which demand all of his powers, by the development of a strong professional interest.

This is well put, and quite true. The only thing remaining to be said is that students such as Professor Yeomans has described cannot be so bad—indeed can be very good as intellectual company—and that it behooves the administrators of most colleges to give their teachers more free time than at present they have.

The Press and the Individual

WE sincerely trust that Mr. David Lawrence was incorrectly reported when he spoke to a group of school editors at a recent gathering at Columbia University. He was made to say that the American press was the best in the world and that none of its faults were of its own creation. So able a journalist as the head of the Consolidated Press Association, and the founder of that extremely useful publication, the *United States Daily*, can hardly have maintained the second thesis even if he uttered the first. Every tyro in the trade and every intelligent reader of dailies knows better. It is, of course, to be said that if the public would not buy low-grade newspapers they could not exist. But that the public supports the debased and debasing tabloids of New York City, for instance, is no excuse whatever for the degeneracy of their conductors in offering the matter that they print; nor does it relieve them from the responsibility for their acts. And when it comes to the exploiting of the misfortunes of the individual who happens to get into the limelight, there is no press on earth as cruel, as cowardly, as low, or as brutal, and none which goes to such lengths. Can Mr. Lawrence or anyone else maintain that this is due to the public and not to the publishers?

At about the time that Mr. Lawrence was addressing the editors-in-embryo, all but one of the defendants in the recent Hall-Mills murder trial were suing the New York *Mirror*, a Hearst publication, for $1,500,000 for libel and calumny. Their trial, in which they were unanimously acquitted, was brought about by the *Mirror* according to its

own assertions, and it stopped at little to blacken their characters. On one occasion it printed a cover-page picture of Mr. Stevens, one of the defendants, deliberately placing a visiting card at the feet of the two murdered persons—"a *Mirror* staff artist has constructed this scene," the caption read, "from the records of the Somerville, N. J., trial." The records of the trial showed, incidentally, nothing of the kind. For years these people were hounded from pillar to post. Nothing was too villainous to write about them; nothing in their private lives was held sacred. What sentence could inflict the torture daily administered by the newspapers?

Now, if it be objected that after all these people were drawn into a murder trial, the answer is that, granted this fact, the press of no other country in the world would have gone as far or stooped to such depths. Possibly a few of the worst English dailies might have approximated this exploitation of the morbid, the prurient, and the sensational, but no others. Leaving aside the question of murder trials, we would remind our readers of the treatment given to the late Dr. Percy Stickney Grant by the press of the city to which he for decades gave the most useful service. Neither his cloth, nor his courage, nor his unquestionable integrity shielded him. He was a liberal in the church; he was in conflict with about the worst bishop the Episcopal church has ever been burdened with hereabouts; he ran a radical forum—a most desirable public safety valve—and he was engaged to a woman he could not marry by reason of a long outworn church ordinance. That was enough for the hounds of the lowest part of the press, and even the high-class dailies joined in the hue and cry. This exhibition by the "best press in the world" ought to make Mr. Lawrence and every other reputable journalist hang his head in shame. Whether there was a foundation of truth in the scandals or not—we do not believe that there was—the point is that no dailies in any other country would have exploited what was after all a private affair. Outside of the professionally blackmailing press, there are no such journalistic ghouls anywhere as in our own newspaper world, and no better service could have been done for these schoolboy editors than to have instilled into their youthful hearts a deep detestation of this form of journalistic crime.

Measured by the misery that this sort of wrong-doing causes, the offenses of some of the men who are going to prison for life in New York State as fourth offenders seem trivial, indeed. Even where there is guilt this exploitation of the individual almost invariably puts to the rack a group of innocent persons, dragged into the case by the mere accident of relationship. Personal stories sell best. The fake "true confessions" and "true story" magazines prove that. So every editor gets all the personality—in and out of one-piece bathing suits—into his publication that he can. It never occurs to him that there is such a thing as charity and kindliness and good-will, or that he should draw the mantle of charity about an unfortunate and wrong-doer—unless he happens to be a big advertiser, or one of the "sacred cows" of the office. Then, as when a Philadelphia drygoods merchant was caught *in flagrante delicto*, every local newspaper is apt to be strangely silent. Only one or two newspapers touched upon the facts of a transgression of one of the big newspaper proprietors that came out a year or so ago in a lawsuit. What if it had been a Percy Stickney Grant? Why, the best press in the world would have blazoned it on their own first pages for weeks and weeks.

A Forward Step

TEN years ago this spring the United States purchased from Denmark three specks of land in the Caribbean just east of Porto Rico, then known as the Danish West Indies and renamed by us the Virgin Islands. Probably it was the intention of the treaty of cession to confer American citizenship upon the islanders, but the document was ambiguous. One sentence seemed to grant citizenship, but another said: "The civil rights and political status of the inhabitants of the islands shall be determined by Congress." The Navy Department held that the islanders were American citizens, but the Department of State—possibly after it realized that the population was nine-tenths Negro—ruled otherwise. In the circumstances it was obviously for Congress to take action. Well, it has done so—after ten years.

For ten years the Virgin Islanders have been men and women without a country. They have been neither Americans nor Danes, nor could they be naturalized. In the final days of the last Congress a general citizenship act was passed for the islands. All former Danish citizens who have continued to reside in the Virgin Islands or in the United States—who did not preserve their allegiance to Denmark under the terms of the treaty—are made Americans; also all natives of the islands who were temporarily absent and children born to islanders of any of these classifications in the last ten years. Aliens residing in the Virgin Islands have access to naturalization through the United States District Court in Porto Rico.

The granting of citizenship to the Virgin Islanders is good but only a first step toward the justice which we owe to them. For ten years they have not only been without any kind of citizenship but they have existed under a "temporary government" established by Congress in 1917 and carried on by the navy ever since. The consequences of this naval regime have been unhappy and the economic distress of the islands is now acute. Although naval rule is not primarily responsible for this, it is true that business will fight shy of the islands as long as such a regime continues. It is also true that political dissatisfaction will be keen until this arbitrary government, with its censorship of the press and its rigid insistence upon a "color line," is withdrawn. Bills have been before Congress for a number of years to establish a civilian government similar to that of Porto Rico—without success. But sentiment for such action is growing. The House Committee on Insular Affairs has just made a brief visit to the islands, and it is to be hoped that next winter will see adequate legislation. Incidentally the citizenship act will help. For by it a large block of Virgin Islanders in New York City have been enfranchised—enough in one congressional district so that they probably hold the balance of power.

In connection with the good news in regard to citizenship for the Virgin Islanders it is pleasant to record also that Bishop Reginald Grant Barrow of the Christ African Church of Long Island, New York, has won his long contest against deportation from the United States. He had the assistance of the American Civil Liberties Union. Bishop Barrow, a British subject, was arbitrarily deported from the Virgin Islands in 1922. When he landed in New York City a year later the naval regime in the Virgin Islands attempted to have him deported from the United States also on grounds now adjudged false and insufficient.

Settling Down to "Al" and "Cal"

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, D. C., March 19

IT does not do to ascribe too much intelligence to the average professional politician. On the whole they are a stupid lot—particularly the small group customarily referred to in the newspapers as "party managers." Even the best of these are overrated and their reputation for political astuteness is hardly ever well based. Usually it is the result of three things—first, an uninformed, indifferent, and politically inert public, easily pleased and more easily fooled; second, an enlarged and inaccurate reflection of political figures and facts through a partisan press and propaganda agencies; third, the curious glamor that, reaching its climax in the Presidency, envelops the higher public offices and so often keeps a dough-head from seeming a dough-head when once through machine support, political luck, or an act of God he succeeds in attaining a position of prestige and power. In Washington as far as the more important political figures are concerned there should be added another factor—the necessity that forces newspaper correspondents to seek the views on public questions of small machine politicians and reflect these in print as seriously as if they sprang spontaneously from the well-furnished minds of real men. Through such a combination many a numskull has held on to high office for years.

However, despite these indisputable facts, two things have occurred in the field of politics since the adjournment of Congress which, it must be admitted, are evidence of a political shrewdness for which credit should be given. One of these is the plan evolved at a recent conference in Washington of Democratic Senators, aided and advised by one of the three leading Democratic angels, to avoid another head-on convention collision as a result of which the party would again be so split and twisted as to preclude the presentation of an effective fighting front in the next campaign. To this end it has been determined to play the time-honored "favorite son" game to the limit. In every State where it is at all possible a "favorite son" candidate for the Presidency will be encouraged and the delegation tied to him. Thus the bitterness, annoyance, and expense of Presidential primary contests will be largely eliminated.

It is argued that last time the two irreconcilable elements were permitted to fly at each other's throats and fight to the death while party leaders easily controlling more than a majority of the delegates stood by helplessly, bound by primary instructions, wholly out of sympathy with the man to whom they were tied, fully aware of the blasting effect of the fight on party chances. This time these leaders are not going to find themselves in any such position if they can help it—and they think they can. The way out, they agree, is the favorite-son method, and already it is assured that there will be at least sixteen names presented for the nomination on the first ballot. This really means the elimination of McAdoo and the nomination of Smith. It breaks up anything like organized, concentrated, and centralized opposition to the Smith candidacy. It scatters the forces of his foes and leaves him with the largest block of votes, an outstanding convention figure with approximately 300 delegates behind him. Most favorite sons will take votes from McAdoo States. The whole scheme greatly lessens the chances of Mr. McAdoo becoming again an active candidate with headquarters, press agents, and a flaming sword as he was in 1924. The only way to avoid the head-on collision is to make of Mr. McAdoo such a diminished and discouraged political figure that no one who looks for a winner will tie to him. That it means the nomination of Smith fits in with the views of practically every detached and clear-headed Democratic leader. They want him.

The other piece of political shrewdness mentioned above is the notion of having the good Calvin spend his summer vacation in the West. I do not know whence the idea came, but it is a good one. Apparently, too, there was back of it a well-thought-out bit of strategy not all of which has yet been revealed either by the White House Spokesman or the Administration organs, which sometimes get ahead of the Spokesman. It may be disclosing a secret, but the fact is that the agricultural advisers of the President, the chief of whom is in the Cabinet, but not as Secretary of Agriculture, are at work right now evolving another farm-relief measure, which is to be devoid of the economic heresies so shocking to Mr. Mellon in the McNary-Haugen bill and which will still appeal to the inflamed and aggrieved farmer as adequate and hopeful. It sounds impossible and absurd and, of course, it is, but such is to be the claim made. The general lines of the measure are being carefully guarded and are in fact not all yet laid down, but they are being got into shape. The plan is for Mr. Coolidge to take west with him a rough draft of the new bill. As soon as he is comfortably installed the farm leaders and farm-journal editors from the surrounding States will be separately and individually invited to the summer White House, separately and individually conferred with, asked for suggestions, and entertained as is the Presidential habit. There will be resulting from all this perfectly splendid publicity. The farm leaders and farm-journal editors—carefully selected and absolutely hand-picked—will, following their visit to the President, explain to the hungry correspondents as they leave that Mr. Coolidge is the real friend of the farmer, that his ideas on the subject of farm relief are essentially sound and sane, and that in the next session of Congress Mr. Coolidge will take the lead in the fight. They will add that the people in their States have full confidence in the President and that his renomination and reelection are assured. It is all bunk, of course, but it is impossible to exaggerate the political value of that sort of publicity, and no one knows its value better than the little Massachusetts politician now in the White House. It was to get this publicity that the Western trip was planned and it will certainly succeed. Before the summer is half over the Republican papers all over the country will break out in a perfect rash of headlines about "Winning the West"—and such is the power of publicity that it may be more or less true. Mr. Coolidge will not, of course, have any real legislative solution for the farm situation, but he does not need one. All he needs is something over which he can be sufficiently solemn and around which the propaganda can be draped. This he expects to take west with him.

The Miners Tighten Their Belts

By TOM TIPPETT

THE inability of the coal operators and the union mine-workers to reach an agreement at Miami makes a suspension of work on April 1 appear inevitable. This means that the "Jacksonville agreement," devised in 1924 by the Government, the operators, and the miners to stabilize the soft-coal industry, has failed. The ills of the industry still exist, with additional complications.

During the war the miners' wages were raised by a federal coal commission from a basic wage of $5 for an eight-hour day to $7.50. That agreement expired in 1923. The operators refused to meet the miners to negotiate a new agreement, and a national strike was called which ended after four months' duration with the war-time wages intact. The new contract, made at Jacksonville for a period of three years, expires on March 31 this year. The Miami conference, which has recently gone on the rocks, failed because the miners refused to accept a cut in the present wage scale. The Jacksonville agreement calls for a basic wage of $7.50 a day, but the miner gets in a year far less than that would suggest. Because of the over-development of the industry the miners work about 140 days a year (counting only those lucky enough to be employed at all), which makes their yearly wage approximately $1,050. When a cut in wages is considered it must be deducted from a yearly maximum that is already far below anything like a living-wage standard.

The operators proposed at Miami to lower the union scale to 10 per cent above that paid in the non-union districts, to scrap the union machinery that has been evolved in the industry, and set up in its stead compulsory arbitration to settle future labor disputes. The mine-workers proposed to maintain the present wage rate but also to appoint a permanent committee to work toward lower production costs by means of scientific management, better marketing, and collaboration between workers and owners for elimination of waste.

Competition in the bituminous industry has shifted; the former leading competing districts of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, and western Pennsylvania have yielded place to States further south such as Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Virginias. These new competitors are largely non-union and pay a much lower wage scale than the Northern States. This fact, the operators declare, has enabled the Southern operators to undersell union coal to such an extent that the Northern fields are losing the markets; an agreement which prevents cheaper production in the union fields, they say, would mean economic suicide. Cheaper production means to the coal operators, in common with all other captains of industry, a reduction of wages for the workers. A reduction of dividends, more efficient management, elimination of waste—such expedients do not occur to them.

The union, never strong in the South, has lost much ground. The non-union States produce more coal than the organized districts do and they can supply the country with its normal demand for coal. The disadvantage of higher freights for the longer haulage to Northern industrial centers has been eliminated since the Interstate Commerce Commission voted discriminatory rates favorable to the non-union fields. New methods of mechanized mining have made production in the South largely independent of skilled miners, who naturally refuse to put up with non-union conditions. Mine-workers in the South, for the most part, are serfs attached to the property of the coal barons. The rate of pay is whatever the company thinks proper; the miner is compelled to buy in company stores and is perpetually in debt to his boss. The pressure of the low standards enforced in these Southern coal baronies makes doubly hard the struggle of the union miner to hold his own even in the organized districts.

Suppose the union did agree to a sliding scale, kept 10 per cent above the non-union level. What would prevent the non-union operator from lowering the wages of his helpless workers still further, bringing about another cut for the union men? The miners cannot accept a wage scale competitive with that of the Southern miners. To them this is undebatable.

The future of the miners depends largely on the ability of the union to gather in the unorganized workers of the South. Its failure to do so or even to hold its membership in the Southern field is due to several factors. The South still maintains a pre-Civil War attitude toward its industrial workers—as well as toward other questions. The miners there live in company-owned towns; the minute they are suspected of union sympathies they are not only discharged and black-listed but their families are summarily dumped out of the company houses and, since there are no other houses in the vicinity, are forced to live in tent colonies or barracks set up by the union on the side of some stream or public highway.

Injunction judges flourish in New England, I know, but there is a peculiarly vicious type rampant in the South. Unashamed they sign all orders enjoining the miners from doing anything that the operators wish them not to do. The miners are hedged in by a thousand so-called legal decrees. And to enforce such orders the operators openly maintain a private standing army that does not hesitate to shoot the orders of the coal companies into effect. I was once caught in Mingo County, West Virginia, with a letter from a union official in my pocket. On that evidence alone I was clapped into a company jail. A journalist's credential got me my freedom but I was forced to walk over a mountain trail for twenty-five miles to a railroad because I was not permitted to ride on the company-owned train that had carried me into the camp.

To organize the South the United Mine Workers of America has spent energy and millions of dollars. The famous "armed march" in West Virginia was a proof of the local miners' opposition to their oppressors. All the forces of the federal government were used against them in that crisis and a promise was made to remove the gunmen. The promise has not been kept. Take away the gunmen in the South, give the union an even chance with the operators to appeal to the miners, and the organization will be established within a month. The operators know this and pursue a stubborn course of resistance.

But there are other problems to settle, too. Unem-

ployment stalks through the industry. There are enough mines and miners to produce a billion tons of coal in a year, which is just twice as much as is ever produced. Engineers say there are 200,000 superfluous miners. But these engineers do not suggest reducing the eight-hour day to four or six.

Then there is the question of blood on coal. Every year 2,500 miners are killed outright in our coal mines (there were 2,510 killed in 1926), thousands are crippled and die, and thousands more die from occupational disease. The Bureau of Mines, as well as private investigators, agrees that all coal-mine accidents are preventable. Recently I discussed mine fatalities with an official of the coal operators in Illinois; he said: "If we could have the bankers who lend us money or the persons who own the stock on hand when the roof falls in on a miner; if they could see it happen, they would forfeit all the profit for one year and throw their fortunes in besides to save the life of one coal digger. But we don't have them there and we must run the mines cheaply—and there you are." I asked him how many mines in Illinois tried to apply the State mining-safety laws and he said there were less than a dozen that "could afford to." There are 387 shipping mines in Illinois, about one-half of which are now closed.

Scientific men have raised the issue of waste; they pointed out that 50 per cent or more of all the coal deposits is left irrecoverably in the ground by our present mining methods—left there because it is "unprofitable" to take it out. That is important when one considers what may happen when the contemplated shortage of power occurs.

The obstacle that stands in the way of any permanent improvement is private ownership, dominated as it is by the profit motive. Overproduction, sectional competition, low wages, unemployment, accidents, waste—the whole train of evils in the coal industry springs from that one source. This accounts for the union's demand for government ownership with the miners' voice recognized in the management of the mines. The union has been accused of keeping its demand on paper and actually doing little to bring nationalization about. The accusation, I think, is true. But those responsible for the union's policy have at least an excuse. The job of convincing Uncle Sam that he ought to own and operate his own coal mines is a big one—smug Uncle Sam who neither knows nor cares how industry runs so long as his favorite sons come out ahead, as they are doing at present—even in coal. The weight of inertia against such an effort is disheartening.

What are the alternatives? Private trustification would probably stabilize the industry—but for whose benefit? We already have enough trusts to answer that. As for class collaboration—an effort on the part of operators and miners to get together and save their own necks—Mr. Lewis proposed such a plan at Miami. He suggested that the Miami conference remain in existence as the cooperating machinery; and that there be added to it "legal counsel, rate experts, engineers, and such outside advisers as may be required for the competent execution of this program." The expense of the machinery would be borne by the operators and miners jointly, and the benefits derived would go to miners as well as to the coal-owners. The operators refused even to discuss the Lewis proposal.

With the cards stacked against the union the outcome of the present controversy is still in doubt. The four-competing-State machinery has broken down. That has happened before, in 1910, 1912, 1914, 1916, and 1922. District settlements were made in each case and the inter-State machinery reassembled. And district settlements are now being made. Montana and the Far West have signed. Iowa will probably reach an agreement before the scheduled shut-down. Other outlying districts are signing by groups or single companies. By this means the union hopes to compel the big four competing States to come to time. But they are balking. Ohio and western Pennsylvania, harder hit by their nearness to the non-union area, are adamant and propose to hold out for the open shop. The Illinois and Indiana operators have also decided against an agreement. State settlements may yet be made. There is, however, a huge reserve store of coal above ground, and the operators are not likely to settle so long as this strike coal holds out. While the miners tighten their belts the operators will increase their profits, but when the reserve is gone the operators will sign with the union rather than lose their old customers to non-union or signed-up fields.

When the settlement does come it will not end the coal problem because, whether or not the miners are forced to take a cut, the settlement will be superficial and temporary. In the end the Government will have to take over the mines. The miners will be forced to take their nationalization demand off paper and fight for it. The union must also penetrate through armed enemy lines into the South. These are terrific tasks, but the miners realize what they are facing. Their union was not handed to them on a silver platter. They gave their blood, went to jail, and starved their families through endless strikes for every inch of ground they won. They know that the greater part of the distance still lies ahead.

Men Who Dig Coal

By ROBERT RAYNOLDS

I

THE mine office is a square frame house, three rooms and a front porch, with a broad view of the mountains from three sides; in front are the tipple, the cars being loaded with coal, the shops, the men about their work. One might see Jim Pasko out there, a huge man, walking with a certain jerkiness toward the shaft to be let down into the pit to work.

He is an Austrian. In boyhood his eyes must have been blue like the sky; but now they are shaded with gray. His nose marks a straight line on his earnest face; his small mouth smiles. His whole physiognomy—stalwart chin, wide cheek-bones, tough cheeks—is suffused with a warm red glow, as friendly as his voice.

Standing not quite six feet, shoulders bowed, big hands hanging on long arms, he gives an impression of prodigious strength. It is a little shocking to find him, on a bright idle day, seated on a bench outside his tar-paper bunk-house, showing Leo the intricacies of one of the wooden legs he has fashioned for himself. Leo, who has escaped for a moment the tyranny of his beastly father, is fascinated.

After that you detect by the slight halt in Jim's gait that both his legs below the knee are of some unliving material. Nonetheless, he loads more coal than the average

miner, and in addition works down in the south entry, where there is a great deal of water. . . .

Mike Monarch, one of Jim's buddies, came into the office this morning and borrowed ten dollars from the Super. Mike is a stout Bulgarian who has worked here off and on for a decade. Deep lines in his cheeks and the sharp twist of his mustache, together with the gleam in his small eyes, give him a devilish look. But he's a good fellow.

"I tell you why I want money," he explained. "I buy four pints. You know. I get drunk! One day, he not 'nuff. Give me a week."

"Where do you get it, Mike?" the Super asked.

"Frederick! I go there, and every fool in town whisper me, 'Mike, you want buy some?' I no ask, they ask me."

Mike now and then goes on good old-fashioned drunks. He has been twenty years in America and has not saved a cent. He does not care to start saving up now; he only wants to maintain a pleasurable balance between work on the one hand and whiskey and women on the other. . . .

John Roman, with heavy breath, drew some of his pay today so that he could go in town and bail Mike Monarch and Jim Pasko out of the cooler.

II

"Is the Superintendent in?" asked a man who came into the office.

He was an Austrian, six feet tall, heavy-boned, sandy-haired, the face rather a brick color than pink, the eyes steel-blue, the mustache no small foppish affair. His voice, flowing through heavy lips, struck one by its sincerity.

"No. He's down at the tipple. You find him a short man with glasses, wearing a cap and an army coat. What is it you want?" I queried needlessly, for a man who comes hesitatingly through the door and after a few moments of patient waiting and silence inquires for the Super is a man after a job.

"Well, I want a job. Do you think I can get one?"

"I don't know. There was a fellow quit yesterday; you might get his job loading."

"I do anything. I'm a practical miner, twenty-three years' practical experience. I have loaded, worked a machine for undercutting, a motor, mules—every job in a mine. I've a family down in Denver. If a man can't support himself, how can he a family? That's the way it is now. I had a farm, too."

"Where was your farm?" I was interested in this man, talking to me informally through the wicket, yet forever turning to look out of the windows through which he could see on the upward slope of a gentle hill to the east five blown columns of smoke hurried away from the earth toward the gray sky. At times, as the smoke shifted, red flames would leap out. It was as if a dead race had come back to light ritual fires on the drab hillside—though of course they were really strawstacks being burned by some farmer.

"I had a farm down at Rocky Ford. I saved $4,500—do you know how much that is?—to put in it. Now I owe $5,000 and interest. I had it two years. I quit mining for it. But I get my crops nice both years, and in June come hail, and I lose all. Only the alfalfa, which pays a bare living; but no interest on a debt.

"Then I came to Denver and got a job in the iron- and steel-works. Forty cents an hour. Now, that's good pay, if you can work nine hours a day steady. But I only got six hours three days a week. That won't keep a family. Here I'm back for a mining job."

He didn't get a job; the mine is over-manned as it is, an easy winter making the demand for coal light.

III

The coal was not coming up from below very fast today. The half-hearted strike being carried on by some of the men is slowing production a bit. The strike is not effective because the field is non-union. During one of the intervals between hoisting periods Leo and I went out to the rock track, that rickety old affair over which we occasionally push a car filled with stone out to the smoldering rock pile. Fred was down below leaning against a box car, idle as we. He began to talk up to us, and presently fell to describing "pot-rocks"—which are like boulders frozen in the rock strata which ceil a seam of coal—and the way they have of coming loose and falling all of a sudden on the head of any one below.

"I saw a man killed by one of 'em once, down South," Fred said. "We were cutting in a place, and saw the edge of this rock. We cut again, and it was about half out of the rib. The loader came to us pretty soon, and said he'd blasted and loaded this second cutting, and asked us to undercut his coal again. We told him he'd better fix that rock.

" 'All right, I fix him. I know.'

"We cut the place again for him. He said he'd fix it. The next time we went around, the rock was two-thirds exposed beyond the rib. You could see its outline in the roof plain. The Hunkie had one prop about the size of a toothpick under it.

" 'You prop that up good now before you shoot, see?' we warned him.

" 'Sure. I fix all right.'

"Well, the coal's high down there, thick seam. Takes a couple of Hunks about two or three days to clean up a room.

"About three days later fellow came running down the entry like wild.

" 'Man killed, man dead!' he was screaming.

"We hurried into the room where the pot-rock was. There was one digger leaning up against a prop, holding his arm and moaning like a coyote. 'Ah, I goin' die! I know I goin' die!"

" 'Where's your buddy?'

" 'Oh, he there,' pointing at the huge rock which had dropped from the roof, snapping the one little timber. We could see half of the man's body—full length. Just his legs and up to the waist sticking out like a stuffed pair of pants.

"We got a stretcher and fetched the live one out—carried him all the way—a hard job. Doc came, looked him over. The moaning devil had his skin scraped till it was sort of pink.

" 'Get the hell out of here!' Doc says to him. And, boy, that Hunkie didn't even stop for his pay. Plumb scared to death.

"But we went back down in the pit with jacks, cut notches in the big rock—it must have weighed near thirty tons—and got the dead fellow out. Half of him was flat. We dumped him in a basket and carried him out. That's all there was to him."

IV

Though he was only seventeen, I don't understand why Leo had not run away. Perhaps his hatred of his father was a morbid fascination which held him at home.

I believe no one actually worked harder than Leo; and no one got less pay. Early in the morning, on the way to breakfast, I would see him going down to the stables with that peculiar shuffle of his, thrusting his rat-like face forward at each step. Once in a long while a cramp would shoot through his fallen arches, and he would crumple to the ground.

"Hi, Bob!" he would shout upon seeing me. "Hi!" to this person, to that person, every time he passed them throughout his long day.

Sometimes when he overslept his father awakened him with a piece of harness strap. Then Leo would go feed the mules, and bring them to the tipple—a job the father was paid for. He would come up on the tipple later to help me with the coal; and whenever I could I had a bag of cookies there, for I knew he got little to eat at home.

"Gee," he would say, "the old man won't let me have five dollars out of my pay to buy arch supports. He says that's too much. He gives my brother half of his pay, but I get only five dollars a month of mine. That ain't much."

He was so undernourished that on bitter cold days his face turned a bluish color. I hated to have him work with me. But he accepted it all with only the complaint of a deep hatred of his father, "that ol' devil."

And after the day's work on the tipple, while his father, with fat paunch and mealy toothless mouth, ambled around the property, Leo would take the mules as they were brought up from the mine, lead them to the stable, feed them, and finish his day twelve hours after it had begun.

"Hi, Bob!" "Hi, Jim!" I recall his high, thin voice ringing in the pleasant evening air.

These Modern Women

Staying Free

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the eleventh of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for April 13.*]

I CANNOT explain my life without taking into account the free atmosphere which pervaded our home under the influence of my father's genuinely libertarian nature. Our home had in it absolutely no verbotens and our family grammar contained no imperative. We five boisterous children absorbed the spirit of mutual consideration without injunctions or commands.

Father's large library was open to us all at any age. We were never ordered to bed in the middle of an engrossing book but could read all night long if we wished. Dickens, Browning, and Parkman were in his library, of course, but so were Boccaccio, Rabelais, and Gulliver unabridged. And so was Lena Rivers. When we wanted the Elsie books, we got them. If my brother brought home Nick Carter and Diamond Dick they were not thrown out of the window but went the critical round of the family. When Frank Merriwell's weeklies were discovered lying about the house, my father read them aloud to us, laughing over their super-heroism but thoroughly enjoying the thrilling accounts of those olympic baseball games won by Frank and his peerless knights. When the village Comstocks were publicly condemning and secretly devouring Sappho and Camille we all read them with frank appreciation.

We always lived where there was a fireplace and almost every night found us gathered around it, listening to Grimm and the Arabian Nights, Jules Verne, Rider Haggard, Mark Twain. Father loved to read aloud, and through the long evenings in those dull, back-country places we would hear these favorites over and over. At other times he would read to us from his idols—Tom Paine, Ingersoll, Voltaire.

Early in our lives we got accustomed to being unlike other people. To be an atheist in a small town in those days was not unlike what it was to be a pacifist in 1917.

Educational opportunities in the back-water communities where we were obliged to live were so slim that our parents were deeply absorbed in the problem of our education. Various female seminaries were tried for my sisters. By the time I, the youngest, came along, my father was disgusted with the education the others had received. He hated the airs and graces taught them, the artificialities and stupidities which seemed to him so flagrant each time they came back from one of those institutions.

He took upon himself the task of my education and carried it through the grammar grades. He had many a struggle with local school boards and truant officers but always won his point by various methods of delay until his business made it necessary to move to a new community. His work was mining engineering, and he was obliged to go to any place where the company wished a mine developed. Every few years we piled everything we possessed into a freight car and away we trekked a few hundred miles into another little American wilderness. The job of carting five children and a car-load of goods across Ohio, Kentucky, and Missouri did not interrupt my father's enthusiastic direction of my studies of arithmetic and grammar or his interest in my endless adventures into history and geography.

But this delightful, home-made education had its drawbacks. As I approached high-school age I began to realize this. A Christmas visit to an aunt living in a large Middle Western city, with high schools and a university, gave me the idea of going to a real school as soon as possible and then to college. This idea grew into a fixed determination. Although my desire met with no encouragement at home, I never thought of giving it up. I borrowed the railroad fare from my brother, dressed one of our fattest turkeys, packed it into an old-fashioned telescope with a bottle of home-made elder-flower wine and a jar of sausage cakes, and took a train for the city, six hundred miles away.

Although my father was hurt by my going away he was remarkably generous about it; in later years he even enjoyed saying that he was a victim of his own educational methods.

During my senior year of high school, when the time came in our upper-class literary society to select from the junior class the members for the following year, I was thunderstruck to find that a colored girl, one of the most brilliant students of the school, was not even being considered. When I proposed her name the entire group disapproved violently. My chum and I made so much commotion among both students and teachers, with the staunch backing of our courageous principal, that the girl was finally admitted and proved to be one of the most popular members and an asset to the organization.

From high school I went to the university. There the sorority system struck me as being not only silly but harmful to the spirit of the institution. Jewish girls were not admitted. Poor girls needed exceptional qualities in order to run any chance of election. On the other hand, "dumb-bells" were fought over if their fathers were wealthy or their mothers socially prominent. When rushing time came I turned down the bids I received, to the astonishment of the whole student body, even those most discriminated against.

Women at that time were not allowed to take courses in the medical school of the university—a holy place, sacred to the male students. My high-school chum and I were especially interested in biology and we wished to supplement our studies with a course in bacteriology given only in the medical school. We tried to register for this course but were diplomatically refused. We insisted upon the right to take any course offered by the university. The authorities put us off with that paternal condescension with which the requests of women used to be disposed of. We tried to get other girls in the biology course to back us. They laughed at us. We took it up with some of the men in the bacteriological class. They welcomed us and supported our demand. In the end we marched triumphantly into the bacteria laboratory, and since then courses in that medical school have been open to all students.

Suffrage, at that time, had emerged from the stage of ignorant misrepresentation but was going through a period in some ways more discouraging—supercilious toleration. Most of our classmates were bored by the subject and ignored it. My chum's mother had been a pioneer with Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Anna Shaw and had passed on the enthusiasm of that experience to her daughter. One memorable day we learned that Mrs. Pankhurst had come to America. Eagerly we telegraphed the great militant, asking if she would speak at our college. Nothing can ever match the exhilaration of arranging the meeting for our heroine, advertising it among the students, and making her stay among us count to the utmost for the cause. It was then that I had my first sense of being a part of something fine moving in the world.

On leaving the university, the natural step in those days for a self-supporting woman was into social work. There, even more than in school and college, the frank and free home atmosphere which had been my luck proved its worth. Brought face to face with the ugliest facts of life as a case worker in the red-light district of a cosmopolitan city, the callow college graduate was able to maintain a scientific attitude tempered with human sympathy. It was not long before I became the executive head of one of the many charities of the city, all federated and super-federated into one great philanthropic whole. I was the angel child of a charming group of elderly Lady Bountifuls who adored my dramatic reports of the misery among the special type of poor they had elected to help. But the mitigation of suffering, even under such delightful auspices, began to pall. Like so many others, I wanted to go deeper.

There was probably never a time when the air was so charged with social currents. Civic-reform leagues were active. Muckraking and trust-busting had not gone out of fashion. Single tax held a serious place in the discussions of thoughtful students of society. Prison reform had been given great impetus by the exposures of Thomas Mott Osborne, and the probation system was being widely adopted. Sex hygiene had graduated from the stage of a hobby, and birth control was a question to be courageous about. In this ferment of ideas my well-established habit of intellectual hospitality led me step by step to more fundamental philosophies. The entrance to this new world was through the home of a strong but gentle anarchist woman, whose two children pluckily bore her name amid the ignorant jeers of their schoolmates. My thinking was profoundly affected by those evenings at her home with a group of choice souls out of that smug, crass, over-uplifted, over-settlement-housed city—a printer who would handle only beautiful, intelligent things, using none but the finest paper and the most artistic type faces; a bookseller whose shop was the only place where one could buy the *Masses, Freedom, Bruno's Weekly;* a few foreign-born workers from the local steel mills, vibrant, earnest idealists of the type who would neither scab in a strike nor take part in a war; a dancing teacher, fresh from the influence of Isadora Duncan, making a daring struggle for beauty and self-expression. I joined her class and wrote indignant letters to the local papers defending her work when the Purity League and the Daisy Chainers would have driven her out of town.

At this stimulating stage Lochinvar arrived, not out of the West but from my own immediate milieu—the executive head of one of the leading philanthropic organizations of the city. He also was realizing the futility of social palliatives and was having difficulties with his directors because of his too frank exposure of local industrial and housing conditions and his ardent interest in the anti-preparedness agitation. About this time I was warned by my lady managers that my enthusiasms were carrying me too far. These official mutterings, however, did not deter either of us.

Lochinvar's difficulties inevitably increased. He finally received an abrupt notice of dismissal and we decided to go to New York to live. We have never regretted giving up the secure life of the social worker for the rough and tumble struggle for existence which is the lot of most self-supporting people. My real life seemed only then to begin. It was entirely honest, it was a full life, and it was my own.

The country was then wallowing in the war orgy. There were raids, arrests, imprisonment. Radical leaders were being tried for publishing a magazine, writing a book, or making a speech. Employers' associations, with the aid of complaisant district attorneys, were squaring old accounts with union organizers. Whether it was building up a defense organization, preparing a gigantic protest meeting against conscription, or attempting to elect Morris Hillquit mayor of New York, I was there.

It was the most logical thing in the world that I should join in the militant suffrage activity at Washington, do my time in jail, and win my badge of honor. What a glorious company of emancipated women they were! There was not one of us who did not come out of that experience with less awe of policeman, judge, and established ideas and with a clearer understanding of the true nature of authority.

I did not tarry long in the doctrinaire stage of those who "belong" to this or that. After the tumult and the shouting of 1916-1920 died down, it was possible to think out the fundamentals. I understood better what the printer and the bookseller and those steel-workers were aiming at. The utmost measure of freedom—economic, intellectual, emotional—is the *sine qua non* of the good life.

In the more intimate application of this philosophy, eleven years of a free and uninterruptedly happy association surely prove something. We have never felt the need to sanctify our union with lay or clerical formalities. There is a rare spiritual value in the consciousness that mutual desire is the only tie that binds. Nor have we been willing to cut down our freedom in order to increase the census figures. With "childless old age" not so very far away, we still maintain that there is more genuine companionship to be had with chosen friends of similar age and experience than with immature fledglings of another generation.

As I look back over our eleven happy years I feel sure that our relationship would not have been so harmonious or complete if either of us had stressed the conventional idea of exclusive mutual possession. As my own thinking grows I am finding it quite conceivable that there may be room in my life for other close relationships. Deep human affection is a rich source of happiness in this drab world. Women are finding out this great truth and are accepting it.

Christian Schools in China

By EDWARD H. HUME

FIVE years ago the late President Ernest Burton of Chicago went to China as chairman of a Christian educational commission. With unerring instinct he foresaw—and foretold—that the Christian colleges there would come on days of difficulty with the educational forces of the land. He recognized that there might be a sharp division between those who felt that in institutions set up under church boards Christian services and Christian teaching should be required and those who believed that a more spiritual religion might be imparted if option were permitted in these matters. His deepest belief on the subject was stated in the last address he ever made concerning Christian education in China, at a conference in New York two years ago. It is a memorable credo:

> I believe that we ought to be ready to make any adjustment whatever in order to achieve the fundamental purpose for which we are maintaining Christian education in China. . . . I hope the time will never come when we shall have to face the question of conducting schools in which no religion can be taught. But if we should have to face that question, what would be our answer? My answer would be that I would stay in China; that I would stay and seek to express the Christian spirit by giving the most helpful service I could render to the Chinese, even if they refused to let me give them in words what they cannot and will not refuse me the opportunity of expressing in life. . . . Even if we are forbidden to give any direct Christian teaching, I, therefore, plead that we may be ready to make any adjustments which may seem necessary, in order that we may continue to be able to make our contribution—as large a contribution as possible—to the welfare of China.

Within a year after these words were uttered, the Ministry of Education in Peking issued new "Regulations Governing the Recognition of Educational Institutions Established by Funds Contributed from Foreigners"; and in November, 1926, the Kuomintang, or Nationalist Government in Canton, issued "Regulations for Private Schools," which apply to Christian schools as well as to private Chinese institutions. In their essence, these two sets of regulations are identical. Six points are covered:

1. Christian institutions can no longer be recognized as in a special class, but are given the status of "private" schools and must be so designated. This status has been desired by a majority of Christian educators for some time past.
2. The administration must be in the hands of Chinese. According to the Peking regulations of 1925 a foreign principal may continue in schools where one is already functioning, but in such cases a Chinese vice-principal shall be appointed and shall have charge of dealings with the government in educational matters. The majority of the members of the managing board, wherever there is one, shall be Chinese. The Nationalist requirements are that the principal must be a Chinese, that there must be a local managing board, and that its chairman, as well as a majority of the members, must be Chinese. A foreigner may, in special cases, be invited to act as adviser to the administration.
3. Both sets of regulations insist that the curriculum, inspection, etc., shall be the same as in other private schools, the Nationalists requiring closer control of the institution by the educational authorities.
4. The Peking regulations insist that religious propaganda shall not be introduced into the teaching of other subjects, but do not interfere with the freedom to teach religion and hold religious services. The Nationalists forbid "religious propaganda in class teaching."
5. While freedom to teach religion and to conduct religious exercises is permitted in both sets of regulations, both state clearly that "students cannot be required to attend classes in religion or required to participate in religious exercises."
6. The Peking authorities have not announced any intention of compelling schools to register. The Nationalists announce that "all private schools not yet registered shall apply for registration within the prescribed period." For Kwantung and Hunan provinces the period ends April 1, 1928.

When the Peking regulations were issued, opinion was divided among the administrators of Christian colleges. This was made very evident at a Conference of Christian Colleges held in Shanghai in February, 1926. Some of the educators regarded the terms offered as reasonable, perhaps

the best that could be looked for; and they urged acceptance. Others demurred. They felt that the Christian purpose for which the institutions were established would fail of fulfilment if it was not permitted to require Christian teaching and attendance at Christian services. They believed that the regulations deprived private schools of the liberty that should be theirs, and, in particular, of the religious liberty assured by the new constitution of the republic. They feared also that American Christians might withhold their subscriptions from institutions established under church boards.

Few realized at that time how rapid was to be the advance of the Nationalist cause. As the year wore on, however, and it became apparent that severer, rather than more lenient, terms were likely to be required in those regions where the Nationalist party gained control, opinion veered. By the first of the present year only five of the seventeen Christian colleges remained unwilling to register on the terms proposed, that is, on the official terms set down by both governments. It is essential to bear in mind that local provincial committees, in the area controlled by the Nationalist Government, have taken the reins into their own hands and have announced, in a few places, supplementary rules of a drastic sort. In the province of Hunan, for instance, where the extreme left wing of the Nationalists is in power, the added rules state that history, economics, sociology, etc., may only be taught by teachers who are members of the Nationalist Party; that the character of the teaching in these subjects shall conform to the program laid down by the extremist section; that fees be lowered to a point which will permit the children of the masses to have the education they desire, etc. It becomes evident that in such an area education is designed to become nothing more than a political instrument. For the time being, Christian schools and colleges in Hunan have ceased to function; but no one who knows the innate tendency of the Chinese to moderation can believe that a storm of this sort will last for long.

Chinese educational authorities, then, propose to insist on four things: (1) All private institutions, including the Christian schools and colleges, must come under government regulation; (2) all schools shall be administered by Chinese; (3) true religious freedom must be permitted; religious teaching and religious services will be allowed, but may not be required of any student; (4) in general, the school curriculum shall follow the regulations of the government authorities; in areas controlled by the Nationalists, this is summed up in the statement that "nothing destructive of the principles of the revolution as embodied in Dr. Sun's 'Three Principles of the People' can be permitted."

In a time of crisis, each college must determine its own course of action. Taking a long look, however, there can be no two opinions. Christian colleges must accept a place as part of the Chinese educational system. There is no reason to fear that the investment made in Christian education in the past will be destroyed. The time is clearly here when those who have the care of Christian colleges must put into the hands of Chinese leaders the work begun by foreigners. The colleges have supposedly existed to train Chinese leadership for just such a time as this, and today they are challenged to demonstrate their sincerity. In some places, as in Hunan Province, the storm of extremism may make it wise to keep all Christian institutions closed for a time. In some places it may be felt that Chinese leadership is not yet ripe. The call is sounding, however, for the transfer to that leadership, letting it find its way, by trial and error. For those who hear the call, and who have the daring to attempt the new program, greater things than ever lie ahead for Christian education in China.

In the Driftway

THE editors of the *Delineator* have caused a great to-do among writers by the announcement that they do not wish any more unsolicited contributions. They obtain so little from this source, they say, that it doesn't pay for the reading; they can get all the material they want by applying to authors known to them, or through literary agents. The Drifter can't recall any writing of his own that he ever sent to the *Delineator*, and certainly doesn't remember any that he ever read in it. So he can approach the controversy with his usual absence of bias—which is not saying much. He surmises that what riles the writers—and rightly—is not so much the decision to read no more unsolicited manuscript as the gratuitous advice to authors that they should market their merchandise through literary agents.

* * * * *

FOR where are all these literary agents, eager and competent to help the author? The new writer, or the old one either for that matter, knows less about literary agents than about the magazines. And a good many literary agents know less about the magazines than the newest writer. A good many don't care a hoot in the hot place about either. They subsist on the reading fees which are asked of all authors unknown to them—not quite the same as unknown authors—before any effort is made to place the manuscript. And supposing that a reliable and competent literary agent is found—for there are such—it is still necessary to pay a commission, averaging about 10 per cent, on all sales. Probably this is not excessive. In fact from his observation of miscellaneous manuscripts the Drifter would say that the authors of most such screeds should be happy to pay a 99 per cent commission to anybody who could find a home for them. But the literary agent is a middleman, and middlemen are parasites and the curse of our age—at least so the Drifter hears it said by other types of parasites and curses of a different sort.

* * * * *

BUT, as usual, in the controversy over editors, authors, and literary agents we have lost sight of the reader. He is the real sufferer. Magazine-making has vastly changed in twenty-five years. The editor used to depend upon the whole field of writers for ideas and information. His work was primarily selective—his notion of the best that was submitted. The magazine, in a sense, was cooperatively edited. It had the individuality, the variability inherent in such a method. The modern magazine is office-made. Its contents and ideas are determined by from one to half a dozen editors, who send the work out to be done according to specifications, sometimes in Fifth Avenue hotels, sometimes in Harlem sweatshops. Such a magazine has more drive as a propaganda power and probably more scope as a circulation getter than its predecessor. Obviously it has come to stay—for a while. But it has less range and less flavor than the older type of periodical. Neces-

sarily so. For its editors almost always live in New York City and are inoculated with the prejudices of the class that earns and spends there from $5,000 to $25,000 a year. All they see is what goes on in the subway between their apartments and their offices; all they know is what they read in the other editors' magazines.

* * * * *

IF the Drifter were an editor under such handicaps, he would welcome the chance of a new idea, even at the cost of reading unsolicited manuscripts. Of course it involves a lot of work for a small return. But to be a good editor *is* a lot of work. Possibly that's why there are so few of them—and so many *Delineators*. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Some Love Prize Poems—Some Do Not

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read for the third time your prize poem, This Foreman. It is with a sensation not unlike a thrill of joy that I find at last a publication with the vision and daring to award a prize to so distinctively and beautifully modern a piece of work.

Boston, Massachusetts, February 12 D. F. ROBINSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our interest in American poetry and our great admiration for the distinction, courageous idealism, and social vision of your magazine compel us to protest against the selection of This Foreman as your prize poem for 1927. This artificial mixture of realism and phantasy is inchoate and absurd. It is, however, decidedly in line with the series of sterilely intellectual, emotionally impotent, essentially unpoetic *tours de force* which have been selected as your prize poems in the past. Incidentally neither of us submitted a poem in this contest.

Norwalk, Conn., February 13 LUCIA TRENT,
RALPH CHEYNEY,
Editors of *Contemporary Verse*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very fond of poetry. I read all kinds, the good with the awful. Perhaps of all living poets I love and enjoy the slender output of A. E. Housman the most. Now, I have just read *The Nation's* prize poem for 1927, This Foreman. Does This Foreman portray, possibly in the guise of Satan, the relentless fate that dogs the calling of our iron-workers, or does it tell in lyric form a story of Capital taking another swipe at Labor? I'm not knocking the poem, you understand—I simply don't know what it's all about, and I really would like to know.

Oradell, New Jersey, February 20 HENRY T. BELLEW

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read your prize poem, This Foreman, by Thomas H. Ferril, to a roomful of people—lawyers and merchants—and the effect was electric. Not one of these men practiced poetry, but they had keen senses and lively imaginations; and it affected them to a man. One friend, who has had a lifelong interest in the arts, said that This Foreman stands up. Indeed it does; and it cuts into new frontiers of emotion.

Mr. Ferril has managed to fuse into a whole an emotion which others have attempted to convey by tricks of style: his reaction to the modes of modern life, their starkness and sudden melodrama, catapulted from darkness and destroying mind and body of the victim. He does it in the spare and direct way of steel, symbol of the essential attitudes supporting our civilization. Steel and industrial life have power over us; and the very web of steel we are building may be our doom. Mr. Ferril, without trickery, has caught the swing and broad-backed rhythms of this life as Marin has caught them in his etchings and water-colors—with sudden truncated rhythms and restrained but profound lyrical exaltation. In this poem is contained a hint of the music that will unfold with increasing power and passion in the future.

Jackson Heights, L. I., March 12 D. LIEBOVITZ

Why Cars Kill

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to you Bertrand Shadwell says: "If Mr. Ford really objects to capital punishment he should reduce the speed of his automobiles to a safe and reasonable limit, and induce other manufacturers to do the same."

If Mr. Ford should reduce the speed of his cars, competitors would eat right into his business. If Mr. Ford should induce the leading automobile men of this country to set a speed limit—what would stop those who want speed from buying fast foreign cars? Not Mr. Ford but the buying public is responsible for accidents that result from fast driving. When people demand a car with moderate speed the manufacturers will compete to please them.

Washington, D. C., March 16 HUBERT B. TITCOMB

A Fair-Minded Catholic Asks Fairness of Us

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent Charles W. Ervin asks questions irrelevant to the main point at issue. All I intended to show was that the Catholics in this country understand the present situation in Mexico. True, the official announcement of the Episcopate came only in December, but such a document is not written overnight. The present trouble in Mexico started in February, 1926, and the hierarchy did not meet until September. A consideration of the scholarship of the pastoral letter should induce my critic to concede that no time was lost in getting it out.

We are not afraid to call a spade a spade. The human element in the church very many times seems to have gotten the best of the divine. The sad case of Fathers Hidalgo and Morelos and the Spanish Inquisition in Mexico my critic will find fully discussed in the Catholic Encyclopedia. I am fully in sympathy with Dr. Carlton H. J. Hayes, who in the *Commonweal* writes: "If the hierarchy had been closer to the masses they would themselves have been real leaders of a truly popular movement, and of a movement which, under the actual leadership of Fathers Hidalgo, Morelos, Torres, and dozens of other Mexican priests, was as Christian and Catholic as it was patriotic. The subsequent history of independent Mexico might have been better and happier." No doubt, serious mistakes were made by members of the church in Mexico in the fields of economics and social welfare, and obviously the present rulers of that unhappy country are taking the fullest advantage of those mistakes. Yet no *finer* type of people could be found than among the poor and hard-working Mexicans even in this country. I had the privilege to labor among them in Texas for more than twelve years, and although they lacked many of the modern conveniences, they were a noble, chivalrous, and, above all, a happy people; and this in the main owing to their deep religious faith. The padres did their work well. Judge Talley's opinion as to the embargo is entirely his own; others, whose opinions carry more weight with Catholics, want the embargo upheld.

In conclusion, let me add a word of advice to some of my coreligionists. The stand *The Nation* is taking today in regard to the Mexican trouble is a matter of bitter criticism among us, and I myself cannot see how it is doing justice to both sides.

But let us not forget that there was a day in the not very distant past when we rightly deserved the same criticism we are heaping today on the head of *The Nation*. At a moment when, as seldom before in the history of the world, brute force reigned supreme and the dictates of Christian morality and plain decency were laughed to scorn, when the Christian civilization of a whole continent hung in the balance, when the *Osservatore Romano* spoke of the most cruel and diabolical peace ever imposed upon a conquered foe, when the Holy Father pleaded for sanity and charity and justice among nations, we were either silent or drunk with mad nationalism. In the deep silence (or worse) of pulpit and press it was *The Nation* that stood out as the intrepid advocate of the outcast and the under-dog and called victor and vanquished alike back to their senses in burning words which deserve to ring down through the ages. Courage and consistency are some of the indispensable qualities of true moral leadership.

Columbus, Ohio, March 10 F. DREES

Who Chooses Your Books?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the United States today between 50 and 75 per cent of the population live from fifty to a thousand miles from anything like adequate bookstores. In the large cities where there are good bookstores, many people who like to read good new books have not the leisure to wade through reviews or spend the time in bookshops to find them. Actually both the reader in the country and the busy reader in the city rely largely on the recommendation of bookstore clerks. All large bookstores have hundreds of customers on their books who have left carte blanche orders for new books to be sent them at stated intervals—these books to be chosen by the booksellers' assistants.

Anyone who has listened to bookstore conversations can realize what a large number of readers depart carrying volumes that have been bought solely on the clerk's recommendation. The careful judgment of a group of eminent critics and writers should prove quite as valuable to the public as the haphazard selections of bookstore clerks, who often make a point of pushing a book for no other reason than that the store is overstocked.

The Literary Guild is as opposed to "literary goosestepping" as your correspondent, Mr. Blumenberg; when he charges it with making for standardization, he is confusing numbers with quality. And the guild offers but one book a month. Anyone who cares for reading at all is able to assimilate more than one good book a month, and subscribers to the guild can still find time to do their own adventuring among books.

The guild makes no claim of being the Joan of Arc of literature, but it does offer a simple means of obtaining twelve good new books easily and economically. In this age of magazines running into millions of copies, which all print notoriously standardized material, any person who stops to consider the matter dispassionately will welcome the guild as a step away from standardization.

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC.,
New York, March 14 JOHN WILLIAM ROGERS

Well, Maybe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Any intelligent boy who has had compulsory military drill for four years in high school has thereby been vaccinated against war hysteria. The dulness and complete absence of any mental stimulus in the whole process make it the most perfect pacifist argument ever devised. It does so much to puncture the hollow words of our junkers that it is difficult to see why pacifists keep up such a din against a system which serves them so well.

Cambridge, Miss., February 27 ALFRED S. CLARK

After 90 Years

FOR ninety years people have held meetings to talk about housing conditions, and now something is being done about it.

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Books and Plays

When Women Talk

By MARCIA NARDI

When women talk,
A flower is robbed of loam;
When men converse,
A fruit is basketed.
The latter is fulfilment,
But the first,
A desecrance like ravaging the dead.

A plum or grape that's left upon the ground
To rot untasted
Is partly wasted . . .
Its sweetness never being known.
But strewn upon the grass,
What beauty petals have
May, better than in vases,
Be computed.

Say silence then is loam,
From which a woman's soul
Need never be uprooted.

First Glance

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT introduces the fourteen portraits of contemporary Americans which she has included in "Fire Under the Andes" (Knopf: $4) with the warning that they are not in keeping with "the sharp biographical method now in fashion." As a matter of fact they are—the quotation as it stands applies perfectly to Miss Sergeant's book. I think no sharper eye has looked at people in our time. Miss Sergeant, presumably, had Lytton Strachey in mind; but the difference between the two is not a difference of method. Both essayists are brilliantly selective in their use of details; and Miss Sergeant, when she says with reference to her people that she has been, "through a sort of identification with them that is, perhaps, more common in a fiction writer than in a biographer, seeking to understand and to present what they were doing and wishing to do on this planet," is only describing the process of Mr. Strachey in "Eminent Victorians." Both essayists too are interested exclusively in persons who have fire burning within or beneath them. The difference, which is of course important, is that whereas Mr. Strachey, by treating his people as fanatics, implied a criticism of their aims, Miss Sergeant, by treating hers as merely inspired, accepts their aims without cavil. She frankly admires, even adores, all of her fourteen Americans; she has understood them in order to recommend them. The difference, then, is one not of method but of attitude.

Miss Sergeant runs to authors and to New Englanders, but she does not stop there. Authors predominate—Amy Lowell, Eugene O'Neill, Elinor Wylie, H. L. Mencken, Willa Cather, and Robert Frost. There are, however, two scientists (William Alanson White and Alice Hamilton), one artist of the stage (Robert Edmond Jones), one professor (Charles Townsend Copeland), one journalist (William Allen White), one actress (Pauline Lord), one actor (Paul Robeson), and one jurist (Oliver Wendell Holmes). Justice Holmes, whose portrait is a particularly fine one, appeals to Miss Sergeant in his capacity of author too; and incidentally he has furnished her with a quotation which I imagine illuminates her attitude toward all of the other thirteen. "'It cost me some years of doubt and unhappiness,' the Justice has avowed, 'before I could say to myself: "The law is part of the universe—if the universe can be thought about, one part must reveal it as much as another to one who can see that part. It is only a question if you have the eyes."'" Miss Sergeant has seen all of her people in the light of some universal vision in their eyes of which their artistic or professional activities are only shadows. She could not have become interested, it seems, in an actress who was merely an actress; the actress must be an artist, the artist must be adjusted to the universe and important in it.

Paradoxically, and quite naturally, it is because of her intense occupation with universals that Miss Sergeant can be so effectively particular in her portraits. That is why she makes us see Amy Lowell, for instance, so clearly—both as a body and as a mind. The detail of William Alanson White's half-hour alone each day, or of Elinor Wylie's silver pen, or of Pauline Lord's frightened voice, or of H. L. Mencken's baby-blue eyes, or of Robert Frost's gray skin, or of Justice Holmes's Harvard secretary—any one of these is more than picturesque. It is revealing. Miss Sergeant reminds us that good biographers, like other good artists, are possessed of a metaphysic and an imagination.

MARK VAN DOREN

Turkey, Egypt, India

The Changing East. By J. A. Spender. Frederick A. Stokes. $4.

IN this record of recent journeys to Turkey, Egypt, and India by one of the ablest journalists of our time liberals will find much to interest and encourage them. For Mr. Spender is a political investigator of no ordinary competence. He brought with him not only a wide range of political experience but special knowledge gained from earlier visits to two of these three lands of unrest. Egypt he had studied in 1919-1920, as a member of the Milner Mission, and he had spent several months in India fourteen years ago. Turkey was new to him, as it is new to everyone, even to the Turks themselves, for the present Turkey is a post-war transformation scene.

Though we have vivid travel pictures in all his chapters, it is the political enigmas presented by these countries that are his absorbing topics. The Turkish situation he presents in Constantinople and Angora. "Constantinople is the unsolved problem of the New Turkey. Kemal has deliberately turned his back on Constantinople and taken his Government into the wilds of Asia Minor"—a feat of almost incredible difficulty and daring, undertaken to escape the paralyzing influence of the West. No man of less personality than Kemal, the all-potent statesman of the New Turkey, could have attempted this task. Its success remains doubtful. For the politically enfeebled Constantinople remains a chief gateway to the East, a coveted object to its European neighbors. Mr. Spender takes for granted the wisdom of the enforced breakup of pre-war Turkey, though regretting the mishandling of the Mosul affairs by Britain.

Frankly admitting "the series of blunders which has produced the present situation" in Egypt, he sees no final and immediate remedy. For he firmly indorses the imperialist thesis

that complete independence cannot be accorded to Egypt either in her own interest or in Britain's. For Egypt lies so directly along the highway to India that we cannot "let her go" entirely. "So long as we have an Eastern empire, we and the Egyptians must live together. Our partnership may take different forms, but it cannot be dissolved." Indeed, the educated Egyptians do not seriously desire our exodus, notwithstanding their agitating propaganda. For they know that the choice is "between one kind of patron and another—the British patron, the French patron, the Italian patron." In other words, we must safeguard by what force is necessary "the security of the Suez Canal, the *status quo* in the Sudan, the maintenance of order and solvency in Egypt proper." With these simple provisos we are willing to give sovereignty and independence! It is fair, however, to insist, as Mr. Spender does, upon the real services, economic and political, that the British occupation has rendered to the Egyptian people.

The Indian problem is more entangled, but Mr. Spender does his best to straighten out the main issues. He shows us the new spirit of unrest, partly as an industrial and religious reaction against the West, partly as the expression of a new and fervent patriotism. American readers will find a clearer and more compact presentment of the situation than they can elsewhere in the same compass. Mr. Spender is far from despondent. He detects an improved state of feeling since his last visit. The British officials are abandoning what he terms the "Peter Pan theory" under which the competent Indian civil servant was the ideal permanent guardian for a child never destined to grow up. On the other hand, he thinks that India is far too deeply committed to Western ways to wish to revert to her old life—social, economic, or political. Mr. Spender gives life and reality to his study by accounts of his visits to three famous Indians—the poet Tagore, the saint Gandhi, and the cricketer-prince Ranjitsinhjo, who administers patriarchal justice in the little state of Nawanager. A most informing and delightful book.

J. A. Hobson

The Eighteenth-Century South

Two Gentlemen in Bonds. By John Crowe Ransom. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE fourth volume of John Crowe Ransom's poetry is not the equal in brilliant variety of technical effect or in range of subject-matter of "Chills and Fever," issued in 1924. But on the whole it is nevertheless the qualitative equal of anything else he has done. And to one who has followed the growth of Mr. Ransom's art from the beginning—a privilege only a few had, and one not so widely coveted, by the method of belated recovery, as it should be—the present collection precipitates the particular essence which is Ransom. The essence is here stripped of the equivocating decoration and virtuosity which have given his art much of its charm yet concealed its chief intentions from all but the most curious and unwearying eyes. It may be, of course, that further additions to the testament complete now with this volume would cry out redundancy—that Mr. Ransom had overwritten himself. However that may be, there would seem to be some profit in the attempt to isolate his motives and qualities, now that they are, from the artistic point of view, fully delineated; and this inquiry entails some comment upon his position in space and time, and upon his origins in that continuum.

In this connection it is worth recalling to mind that certain of Mr. Robert Graves's remarks on Mr. Ransom's English publication, "Grace After Meat," constitute one of the most astonishing criticisms of American poetry, among many astonishing criticisms, that we have yet heard. Mr. Graves, in effect, announced to the British public that here was a poet giving utterance to the illiterates and poor white of Tennessee, erroneously connecting Mr. Ransom with the Middle West revival then in progress for some years. Involved in Mr. Graves's assertion were two mistakes—a mistake in identifying Ransom's subject-matter (and this it would be impossible to condone even in Professor Phelps) and a mistaken analysis of the quality of intellect controlling and illuminating the material. For Mr. Ransom is the last pure manifestation of the culture of the eighteenth-century South; the moral issues which emerge transfigured in his poetry are the moral issues of his section, class, culture, referred to their simple, fundamental properties. It is a great error to attribute the Southern quality to post-bellum sentimentalism alone, and to repudiate it at its best. The mistake must be charged to that corruption in the critical mind which supposes the vulgar fripperies and superior rudenesses of Mr. James Branch Cabell to be representative of his culture.

Two of Mr. Ransom's qualities in especial connect him with the culture which in its prime registered its genius in politics and law: rationalism and the code of *noblesse oblige*. These qualities, informing every poem, dictate the direction of his artistic vision from all starting-points whatever. Rationalism, not in the sense popularized by the *philosophes*, but in the older and purer sense of the humane tradition, a tradition lying at the very core of the old Southern order, stiffens his poetry with an irony and lucidity, and a subtlety, which elevate it with a unique distinction in the present American scene. His rationalism is the evaluating instrument of the code of honor; it gives the code profundity and edge; it is the weapon of casuistry. The system of casuistry appears in a kind of solemn dandyism, but back of the dandyism lurks a profound stoicism, and an immovable detachment which feeds upon an intellect always sufficient unto itself. All the emotional crises of Mr. Ransom's poems, even of the occasional essays into sheer lyricism like Vision by Sweetwater, hinge upon the single conviction—*noblesse oblige*. There are, of course, two sides to the medallion; in poems like The Equilibrists and Dead Boy, more vaguely if more subtly in the sonnets Two Gentlemen in Bonds, Mr. Ransom can render a beautiful commentary upon his tragic personal vision because he accepts the code within which the characters struggle; elsewhere, when he cannot accept their code, as in Amphibious Crocodile, he pours out the meager yet venomous acid of his satire. In every poem he is either the satirist or the ironist; and as a fine minor artist he has always the same thing to say, in new and unpredictable images.

Allen Tate

Fresh and Sophisticated

One Crystal and a Mother. By Ellen DuPois Taylor. Harper and Brothers. $2.

ELLEN DuPOIS TAYLOR first crossed my path in the remarkable short story "Calico" reprinted in "Transatlantic Stories." That was the drama of a Dakota farm and village, as stark as the treeless Dakota plains on which Mrs. Taylor spent her own childhood. This new book, her first novel, tells in the first person the story of a hard-boiled virgin of thirty who comes to Chicago from the prairies to seek adventure and finds it as a sob-sister on the *Times*.

Here is the swift flow of a city seen through a fresh though sophisticated gaze. The "I" by whom the story is told had spent long nights and days on that Dakota farm with Madame de Sévigné and Ninon de Lenclos. She had yearned to be kissed by a clean-shaven young man "who did not think Verlaine a new kind of horse liniment," and wondered, in wistful cosmopolitan dreams, how absinthe would taste in the company of George Moore. It was with discrimination as well as avidity that she watched the motley reel of rich man, poor man, beggar man, and thief which is the peculiar spectacle of the reporter on a big city daily.

Now that John Gunther is being hailed as a young Aldous Huxley come out of the Middle West because of the alleged sophistication and erudition of his Chicago story, "The Red Pavilion," I am afraid that a like superficiality will bracket

the names of Mrs. Taylor and Carl Van Vechten—afraid because Mrs. Taylor has powerful qualities of her own which might be obscured by offhand comparisons. Certainly to my way of thinking, Mr. Van Vechten might have been proud to have created the fabulous Clementes, Crystal and her mother, who give the book its title; or the hemi-plegic Baron Liebenhofen, Dr. George Barbe Bleu, Miss Towerhight of Virginia, Grigio, and the rest. They are as gorgeous and as erudite as the companions of Campaspe. Yet behind the fun and the fable there lies a hard, clear depth of wisdom which gives them a vitality more resistant than the silken cushions against which Mr. Van Vechten's folk lie.

The explanation lies, I fancy, in that Dakota background, in the fact that Mrs. Taylor had learned to see and accept kitchen chairs before she stepped into an environment of *chaises longues*. She had mastered a realistic corner of the universe before she embarked in this wise and poetic extravaganza; it forms not a smart escape, but a further elucidation of processes of life which must always remain mysterious to those who are sensitive and intelligent. Perhaps most of the best nonsense grows out of learning and sober experience in a world which is here and now. "Thomas Ingoldsby" (Richard Harris Barham) was a deeply respected clergyman and a learned antiquarian; Lewis Carroll, a mathematician and an ordained deacon; W. S. Gilbert, magistrate for Middlesex; and Stephen Leacock is a professor of political economy.

MARY ROSS

Women at Work

Occupations for Women. Edited by O. Latham Hatcher. Richmond, Virginia: Southern Woman's Educational Alliance. $3.50.

Fields of Work for Women. By Miriam Simons Leuck. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

THE object of the editors of "Occupations for Women," one of the few interesting books in its field, has been to give as human and as social an interpretation of the various occupations open for women as is consistent with the mass of information to be included. The book is intended as an aid to all those called upon to advise girls in the choice of an occupation and for the use of the girls themselves. It is based upon interviews with 1,173 men and women from whom schedules were filed, upon correspondence with various specialists, and upon compilations from printed sources. Specialists consulted under the head of writing include James Branch Cabell and Ellen Glasgow. After each of the twenty-eight chapters on the leading occupations a report is made on women engaged in that occupation in the two cities of Richmond, Virginia, and Atlanta, Georgia. Thus the flavor of actuality is secured, as it was in Filene's "Careers for Women," while the choppy presentation of the Filene book has been avoided. Most of all, "Occupations for Women" benefits from the calm and unified approach which makes each topic studied appear as an integrated part of the division of social labor. There is no prating about the dignity of work, but the entire book has been conceived in a manner for which the word dignity is the only one suitable.

Dr. Hatcher feels that Southern women, coming late to the world of the occupations, may catch the stimulus from women in the other parts of the country and move forward in some cases more rapidly because of this late entrance. Occupations in which women are engaged are classified under three heads: those which the public considers especially suited to women, such as nursing and teaching of children; those usually accepted as suitable for both men and women, such as creative arts and social work; and those accepted as primarily for men, such as medicine, law, and engineering. More important even than the general low grading of women within any occupational field open to both sexes there is found to be "a sub-zone of activity, one usually down below the level where the business or profession as such begins, and in which the work is entirely performed by women. To this zone, by the working of an apparently unerring instinct, the routine and mechanical detail, stripped of real initiative, is relegated as rapidly as it can be analyzed and segregated. It is one which the masculine sex enters only to decide what is to be done." Thus in thousands of organizations women are found to have become the mental hewers of wood and drawers of water. This is partly ascribed to the prevalent business conception of women as "detail-minded," although no psychological evidence exists of this, and partly, among other things, to the spirit of compromise and discouragement which often grows upon the pioneer woman professional worker. Further handicaps are found in the lack of vocational information open to women and the fact that most women grope their way into an occupation, and in the meagerness of education of many women workers.

Miriam Simons Leuck's book is written in simpler fashion, and is addressed primarily to girls and women who have completed at least one or two years of high-school work. It makes the very excellent point that girls must begin to gain an acquaintance with the occupational world in the same fashion as their brothers—by odd jobs, summer work, etc. On a larger scale this idea has been put into practice at Goucher College and at Antioch, where the attempt is made to combine academic work with the gaining of experience in the occupations. After several brief preliminary chapters some twenty chapters are devoted to an analysis of occupations open to women. In the discussion of "why women fail" Mrs. Leuck's emphasis on tardiness and conversation during office hours as causes of women's failure seems a bit naive, while the assertion made here and later that the married woman is a more desirable employee than the unmarried can only be regarded as a wish-fulfilment. She declares that the married woman is usually better disciplined; that the department store welcomes a married woman because she can better appreciate the point of view of the buyer for the family; and that in general the married woman has an advantage in competing for such posts as dean of women. All of which is apple-sauce. However, the point of view is optimistic and sane, and much practical advice is given from which a young girl worker might profit—if she could be induced to read the book.

LORINE PRUETTE

A Chastened Tabby

Doomsday. By Warwick Deeping. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS new novel by the author of "Sorrell and Son" is a study of a shallow woman. The first of the three parts, Bean Flower and Hay Time, is a fragrant cinema of the English soil and of the man, the farmer, who is responsible for its successful processes. Arnold Furze, a gentleman and not a peasant, does not permit the land to brutalize him, although at times it comes perilously near doing so. The descriptions of Mary Viner and of spring in the Sussex meadows are the truly lovable portion.

A strong contrast to this Arcady from which a discontented and ambitious girl escapes is furnished in the section called Orchid House. It is an artificial episode and it glides by us surface deep, for the author has not soaked up Wayfleet as he has Sussex, although Clare the sister is admirable—a transparent miniature done in hard lines. So also are Hesketh Viner and his wife, pathetic counter-portraits drooping in a corner. With their death the story goes on the down grade. Mary's matrimonial venture is a failure, the millionaire, Percival Fream, a strange incoherent machine which stalls heavily at the last. After he is disposed of Mary reappears, poverty stricken, to assume avidly the tasks she shirked before in careful preparation for life with her neglected farmer.

We wish that Arnold of the despised country mud had shaken her off forever. But Arnold, as big, gruff, and aloof as a Scotch sheep-dog and a trifle too atmospheric, though

very, very consistent, is tired, abominably lonely, and sensitive to repeated onslaughts. Mary comes after him bodily and there is the inevitable conclusion. We are left with no feeling of intense interest in Mary, for she is not built on large enough lines to be a Joanna Godden; her final surrender is too abject. How different is the figure of Joanna, who could take or leave with sincerity and nobility because she is of the earth, from that of Mary Viner, a comfortable little pussy cat, a chastened tabby who has learned her lesson by having her cream snatched away!

LAURA BENÉT

Jazz, That Ubiquitous Spirit!

So This is Jazz! By Henry O. Osgood. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

"JAZZ: (*orig.* Africa) *v.* to enliven; *pop.* to pep up; *adj.* jazzy, applied to manners, morals, and especially music; *n.* jazz, pepped-up music—or pepped-up most anything else." Mr. Osgood's definition embraces his own book, which is most concisely described as a small amount of desired information, a greater amount of undesired opinion, and an overabundance of undesirable pepping-up (the effort for color and smartness in the manner is undesirable when it causes a writer to look less steadfastly at the matter, and when the result is color and smartness in statements but contradiction between them. Mr. Osgood's third chapter is an awful example of the power of words to obscure and corrupt thought. In it the confused reasoning that follows is further confused by the manner of the expression).

It is clear enough that when we use the word jazz we mean not *any* pepped-up music but one type; and this must be clear to Mr. Osgood, for he begins the chapter by accepting as correct the musical definition of Mr. Virgil Thomson: "Jazz, in brief, is a compound of (a) the fox-trot rhythm . . . and (b) a syncopated melody over this rhythm." But his attention is distracted by the subject of jazzing serious music; and when he resumes after three pages it is to reject both the syncopation and the fox-trot rhythm he had accepted (and other supposed characteristics as well) and to insist upon the "unbuttoned" spirit as alone essential. He points to the "Volga Boat Song" and Tchaikovsky's "Andante Cantabile": they are perfect jazz when played as fox-trots; and since the Tchaikovsky can be jazzed with profit to itself (a judgment that shall not pass) it must have the jazz spirit within it. And since jazz is an expression of a lively spirit, any expression of this lively spirit —e.g., Schubert's "Deutsche Tänze"—is jazz. This is just verbal trickery and a waste of time: Mr. Osgood wants to confound us with his cleverness and superior knowledge; and also to show his good sense in a matter in which others are silly prudes or self-righteous hypocrites, the matter of jazzing serious music. For if serious composers have written jazz then writers of jazz may jazz serious music.

That is the argument of the intervening three-page discussion of the subject. It is by the use he makes of the stolen theme that the thief must be judged, says Mr. Osgood correctly. Reger's cumbersome variations on Mozart's dainty theme are, then, an outrage; those of Beethoven on a waltz of Diabelli, or of Brahms on a serious theme of Haydn, justify themselves. And having justified Brahms's procedure by the quality of its result, Mr. Osgood insists that it amounts to jazzing (livening up) Haydn's theme, so that now Harry Carroll is justified in jazzing a theme of Chopin! But he is further justified by the quality of the result; and I shall not comment on the taste and judgment of a man who holds that Carroll did not spoil the melody of Chopin's "Fantasie-Impromptu" when he removed from it every trace of rhythmic subtlety and reduced it to the inane sing-song of "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows"; and who offers this perversion to the multitude as evidence that Chopin's originals are catchy tunes.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Books in Brief

A Memoir of Alexander Gordon Cummins Harvey. Edited with an Introduction by Francis W. Hirst. London: R. Cobden-Sanderson. 5/.

During the past century Lancashire has produced a small but serviceable stock of shrewd public-spirited Liberal politicians who have striven, not always successfully, to keep their country in the safe path of peace and economy. Alexander Gordon Cummins Harvey was of this stock, and the "Memoir" shows him to have been a business man who took public duties seriously. He combined the principles of the Manchester school with certain elements of the new radicalism expounded by the early Joseph Chamberlain, including advanced land reforms, local option, and reform of the House of Lords. Sitting in the House of Commons from 1906 to 1917 he strove to preserve Liberal principles in war time, opposing conscription and protection and supporting the attempt of Lord Lansdowne to bring about a peace by negotiation in 1917. As an employer he was a pioneer in "welfare work" and an energetic supporter of schemes for efficient popular education.

Tom-Tom. By John W. Vandercook. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

Studies of the Bush Negroes of Suriname, Dutch Guiana, are not numerous, and they are, except for this book, nonexistent in English. Mr. Vandercook is not an ethnologist, and he exhibits some tendency to be mystical about the adaptation of black folk to the jungles in which they live, but he is a shrewd observer of the life of the people whom he and his wife visited, and the telling of it all is vivid. It is to be hoped that the work he plans to do in Liberia will contain all the desirable qualities of this work, not the least being its readableness.

Which Way Parnassus? By Percy Marks. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

"Which Way Parnassus?" may prove a safe guidebook to the realm of higher education for those not booked to make the journey. It repeats certain popular indictments against the management of American colleges, but throws no new light on a problem that merits intelligent attack. Discriminating readers will be disappointed in this performance by one who boasts about his opportunities for observation. It is especially rich in misinterpretations of phases of college life which the author has observed and now undertakes to ridicule.

Cargoes and Harvests. By Donald Culross Peattie. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

It requires ten times as much acreage to grow cattle as it does to grow a corresponding food value of wheat, and more for game than for cattle—which is one reason why our ancestors gave up hunting in favor of herding, and herding in favor of agriculture. But despite the venerability of the spice trade, 90 per cent of the tropics is still virgin jungle—the richest soil in the world. Mr. Peattie sketches the romantic history of the trade in tropical products—quinine, tea, camphor; potato, cotton, and tobacco from the New World; poppy; and chaulmoogra, which has doomed leprosy. It is an exciting, neglected chapter of history.

Social Progress. By Ulysses G. Weatherly. J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.

The author of this volume in analyzing the dynamics of change propounds his personal predilections and learned prejudices in the fields of biology, anthropology, and sociology. The book is replete with specious generalizations which include such old chestnuts as "the natural conservatism of women" and "without a radical metamorphosis of men's minds no fundamental change in institutions or laws would very much alter the real situation." As a college text, the book will do little to stimulate the spirit of intellectual adventure, the absence of

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which the author deplores in one of the occasional suggestive sections of an ambitious but very uneven work.

Lincoln's Parentage and Childhood. By Louis A. Warren. The Century Company. $3.50.

When Miss Tarbell and Mr. Barton published the results of their independent investigations into Lincoln's ancestry there was some reason to believe that this phase of Lincoln history had been brought to the point of saturation. Mr. Warren, following up with researches on his own account, reveals the existence of many additional official references to the Lincoln and Hanks families in Kentucky, and quotes from records previously unpublished to show the good character and public spirit of Lincoln's immediate forebears. The book is carefully and cautiously written, and is a worth-while addition to the ever growing library of Lincolniana.

Land Planning in the United States for the City, State, and Nation. By Harlean James. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Had the author's critical discussion of the moot points of land planning been as complete as his scholarly account of the history of the movement in America, he would have made a remarkable contribution to the literature of the subject. Even as it is, the book offers a mass of information that is obtainable in such concise form nowhere else, and its valuable bibliographies make it an excellent book of reference. Yet one misses in it the touch of criticism or creative imagination; one misses any complete consideration of the revolutionary economic implications of the subject.

Drama

On Makebelieve and Acting

DESPITE the vigorous propaganda which has been carried on in its favor the Russian conception of the actor's art has had no great influence upon the American theater. Though the visits of the Moscow company awakened appropriate enthusiasm, and though both Ouspenskaya the player and Boleslavsky the director remained among us, our actors have for the most part been content to remain what they always were—more or less clever improvisers who may not inappropriately be compared to those musicians who play by ear.

Temperament and imagination—the native endowments of the good amateur—are the qualities upon which they chiefly rely, and they achieve the majority of their effects by following their instincts. At their worst they are the mere types whose peculiarities are recorded on the alphabetized cards in the casting-director's office and who, having been selected as costumes are selected, are turned loose to "behave" upon the stage. At their best they are petted and not infrequently spoiled children with a child's gift for ingenuous makebelieve. Provided with a part—preferably one which affords them some of the emotional satisfactions of the fantasy, one in which, as they put it, they can "see" themselves—they proceed to imagine that they are the person represented and they play the part as a child would play it.

Sometimes the result is effective enough—witness for example the crisp cynical old men of George Arliss or the bright epigrammatic ladies frequently impersonated by Mrs. Fiske. But sometimes it is no less than distressing, as it is, for example, when Mrs. Fiske tries to imagine herself Mrs. Alving or when some spoiled darling lets herself go in a part which she likes too well. Moreover the whole method is, as a method, open at least to the theoretical objection that the thing which it leads to is not an art at all but merely a temperamental indulgence. Like the fine frenzy and the native wood notes wild of the poet as he is popularly conceived, it is something in which intelligence and technique play a much smaller part than they do in the finest achievements of genuine art.

Now doubtless some exaggeration is involved in this statement and some injustice done to many of our actors who have added unto themselves, to a greater or less degree, some skill in the art of consciously controlled portraiture. It does, however, serve to define the essential feature of the American method and to contrast it with that of the Russians who regard temperament and imagination as aids to perception but who make expression a matter of considered effects planned by the intelligence and executed by a body trained to respond to the mind which manipulates it. And it will explain also why most American acting, being as it is hardly art at all, defies any attempt to criticize it. What we see generally upon the stage is a sort of *monstrum ingens*, something which is half the actor himself and half the character he is supposed to be playing. The nearer the two happen in a particular case to be identical or the nearer the actor comes to a mastery of his art the less insistent is the effect of two superimposed images; but it is rare indeed that this effect is entirely lost and that one does not have the impulse to say, as one would say to a friend at a costume ball: "Not half bad, old man, but I can see *you* behind your false whiskers nevertheless."

Mr. Boleslavsky, who has labored for some time now with his pupils at the American Laboratory Theater, has at last brought one of the school experiments to Broadway and gives us an opportunity to study his method in his production of Clemence Dane's "Granite" (Mayfair Theater). Something of a triumph for the director though it is, it is not wholly fortunate as an educational exhibit, for the simple reason that all the skill which has been lavished upon the direction cannot make it other than a rather unsatisfactory play. The scene is laid upon a lonely island off the English coast, the characters are a set of strange wild people, and the action is rather childishly weird and violent. Acted in any simple and straightforward manner it would seem only rather frantic and unconvincing; acted as Mr. Boleslavsky has caused it to be acted it captures the spectator in spite of himself and leaves him with the feeling that he has been tricked into a momentary suspension of his disbelief which was hardly worth his while. Artificial in every detail, the production takes on that sort of credibility which complete consistency always has. Every moment, every accent, and every stage picture has been deliberately planned with reference to a total effect and in harmony with a predetermined style. A tense and ominous expectancy governs each gesture and fills the scene. As a result, artifice triumphs, and one surrenders oneself to something which, however unreal and without significance, undoubtedly has an existence of its own. Between such a production and a first-rate play acted in the ordinary hit-or-miss American fashion I should have no hesitance in choosing the first-rate play, but even in "Granite" is illustrated the nature of a genuine theatrical art capable, when applied to better material, of achieving effects which we are seldom fortunate enough to see upon our stage.

"Earth" (Fifty-second Street Theater) is the second production of the new Playwrights' Theater and is to alternate with "Loud Speaker." A play dealing imaginatively with the struggle between Christianity and Voodooism among the Negroes, it achieves, in spite of certain crudities, some effective assaults upon emotion in the scenes which employ the songs and shouts characteristic of the Negro's religious ecstasies. "The Mystery Ship" (Garrick Theater) is a play in which the terrifying effects failed lamentably to terrify its audience; "Menace" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is a melodrama with the scene laid on one of the small islands of Japan and composed for the most part of familiar melodramatic cliches—the murderer who killed to protect a woman's honor, the artlessly ardent and artless ferocious native girl, and the American virgin who successfully appeals to all a white man's better nature. At the Civic Repertory Theater a well-played revival of Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors" has been added to the already rich list of current offerings.

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International Relations Section

The Bulgarian Worker

THE representatives of the Independent Council of Labor Unions recently met with Prime Minister Liaptcheff and presented the following report:

The conditions of the working class in Bulgaria are very bad. The industrial, economic, and financial crisis has reached a perilous stage.

The social-welfare laws, which are a vital necessity for the workers and which are so frequently praised, are not in force.

The buildings in which the laborers work lack the most elementary hygienic requirements. No sanitary control is exercised and the worker's family receives no medical care. The workshops, the factories, the offices, the stores, and other public institutions are filled with working children of both sexes. No restriction whatsoever is placed upon child labor. In factories and workshops the working women are subjected to vulgar insults.

The eight-hour working day was long ago discarded.

The textile workers in Sliven and Gabrovo, the workers in the sugar factories in Gorna Orechovitza, Philippopolis, Rustchuk, and Kayalee, the tanneries in Gabrovo and Sofia, the miners in Pernik and Plackalnitza as well as in other state and private mines have long forgotten that there was a time when they worked only eight hours. The bakers and waiters work fourteen hours a day. The printers work more than nine hours daily. The employers are trying to replace the seven-hour Saturday with one of eight. The workers in the little workshops of the artisans—the shoemakers and the tailors—because of the system of piece-work that has been introduced work more than twelve hours daily. The barbers' helpers work without any definite time limit. Carpenters and iron laborers also work more than ten hours a day. Farm laborers and lumbermen work from thirteen to fifteen hours a day. Generally speaking the working classes have been deprived of holidays and Sundays.

Besides all this there are a great number of persons without work. Thousands of tobacco workers, especially in Philippopolis, Haskovo, Stanimaka, Dubnitza, and Sofia are perishing because of lack of work; their days are full of tragedy and misery. Thousands of builders wander from town to town, throughout the whole country, looking for a chance to sell their labor. There are also many thousands of workers from the mines, sugar factories, cloth, leather, and metal factories without work.

The terrible poverty of the workers who are without jobs has driven multitudes to desperation and many have committed suicide. There are at present in Bulgaria not fewer than 300,000 workers and their dependents who have no means of livelihood whatsoever. This is a monstrous evil for Bulgaria. To this we must add the appallingly small daily wages received in Bulgaria, which average only a little over a shilling a day.

But this is not the worst. Not only is the working class crushed economically but it is also deprived of the right of organizing in professional organizations and of struggling in a legal way for better living conditions. The workers in the state mine at Pernik are most brutally treated whenever they try to form an organization. The tobacco laborers in Philippopolis, Stanimaka, Dubnitza, and in other places have been prevented from forming labor unions. The city authorities at Lom prohibited the dock workers from forming a union.

The sheriffs in Dubnitza, Keustendil, Vratsa, Lom, Eski-Djumia, Etropole, Pleven, Tatar-Pazardjik, Stanimaka, Nova Zagora, Yambol, Troyan, and other places have deprived the workers of the right to carry on labor propaganda and to organize independent labor and professional unions.

Inasmuch as no labor union can be formed until the Ministry of the Interior officially approves its constitution and by-laws the whole labor movement is held up in the offices of the Ministry. Requests for the ratification of the constitution of certain unions have gone unanswered for months and even years. The Independent Council of Labor Unions has already waited more than five months for the ratification of its constitution. The Labor Union of Tobacco Workers in Philippopolis has waited more than a year to be legalized. At Pernik the local authorities even refuse to forward the constitution of the union to the Ministry for ratification. The Sofia shoemakers have waited more than a year for their constitution to be ratified. The authorities at Tatar-Pazardjik, Stanimaka, Nova Zagora, Yambol, Lom, and other places also refuse to send the constitutions of labor unions to Sofia for ratification. The mayor of the village Orechovitza in the district of Stara Zagora has declared that if the farm laborers dare to meet to form a union they will all be interned. Certain persons who tried to form a labor union in Etropole were arrested as though they were the vilest criminals. . . .

The police crushed the strike of the laborers in the car factory at Drenovo. The same thing happened in the strike of the tobacco workers at Vratsa. The police dispersed a meeting of the striking shoemakers in Sofia last year and several days ago some of the printers, who had been locked out of the largest printing office in Sofia on January 6 and who are now struggling to compel the management to take them back on the same working conditions that existed before the lockout, were arrested. . . .

Local authorities in Lom, Dubnitza, Keustendil, Stanimaka, Etropole, and other places have forbidden the workers to receive the absolutely legal and law-abiding paper of the Labor Union Council, *Edinstvo* (Unity).

In view of all this the Independent Council of Labor Unions asks the Bulgarian Government to secure to the laborer his right to create and develop his labor union without hindrance.

We also ask that we be allowed to form unions without waiting for a ratification of our constitutions by the Ministry of the Interior.

We request the Government to give material aid to the people without work, to enforce the social-welfare laws, to limit the speculation with food products by fixing maximum prices, and to give its attention to the housing crisis.

In his reply Prime Minister Liaptcheff said:

Industrial crises often occur. Sometimes they become so severe that they threaten the existence of a social class and so jeopardize public safety. No such crisis exists in Bulgaria. Crises are not overcome by laws. There is speculation, but we cannot do away with it by means of maximum prices. In the opinion of the Government there is no housing crisis. The state does not intend to build houses. There are many laborers out of work. We are trying to do away with that by developing our industry, especially by giving concessions to foreign capital. In every social conflict the Government defends the weaker side; that is why it has created social-welfare laws. I shall do what I can to have them strictly enforced.

You complain of our administration. The police authorities are afraid that, as ex-Communists, when you organize in labor unions you may later become the tools of political organizations with alien ideals. I do not share this fear. Act within the limits of the law, work for the interests of the laboring classes in Bulgaria, and I shall do what I can to bring about a change in the treatment accorded you.

I shall take your report under consideration and do whatever I can to satisfy your demands. I shall endeavor to see that freedom is given every labor union which acts within the limits of the law, and shall do what is necessary to have your constitutions ratified.

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Violence in Bulgaria

THE document printed below came from a wholly trustworthy source in Bulgaria to the International Committee for Political Prisoners.

Sofia, February 8

On June 9, 1923, a group of conspirators made up of officers, reserve officers, and professors in Bulgaria overthrew the Agrarian government which was in power at that time, arrested hundreds of prominent Agrarians, killed many others including the Prime Minister, Stambouliisky, and formed a Cabinet of self-appointed ministers who ruled the country for two and a half years. During that time a great deal of violence occurred and many victims fell on both sides, the adherents of the conspirators' Government losing about 300 people, including 160 killed by the setting off of a bomb in a church, and the people's parties losing a number estimated at between 6,000 to 18,000 people. Most of the peasants and Communists who fell were killed after an abortive, utterly ineffectual and not very dangerous uprising in September, 1923, and after the terrible church explosion in April, 1925.

During this bloody period the conspiratory Government was in strict control of the press and by the application of a stringent law for the defense of the state prevented any one from speaking or writing about the victims.

At last, however, the question of atrocities has been opened by the whole Sofia press and now the attacks on the Government are being made not by "destructive" left-wing Communists and Agrarians but by perfectly patriotic Nationalists, Democrats, and Socialists. The police cannot throttle all these people without utterly compromising the Government, so during the last few days much has been written about atrocities.

The Socialist paper for several days ferociously denounced the Government for the outrages and massacres which occurred between September, 1923, and December, 1925. The Government papers answered in a painfully self-righteous and solemn way: "Yes, there were excesses, but we saved the state and it was justifiable to resort to any kind of measures to save Bulgaria; besides it was not the army but the militia which committed the atrocities, and furthermore, all the bourgeois parties and even the Socialists had a hand in the slaughtering of Communists and peasants." In a word, there was a great slaughter of the people, but it was necessary for the salvation of the state. And besides, it was the open season for killing Communists and Agrarians, and everybody was taking a hand in it.

Concerning the atrocities the *Banner*, which is the organ of an irreproachably bourgeois party, asks: "Is it not true that various gangs, 'black-hand' groups, and secret societies were permitted to operate in the name of the state and even to place themselves above the state, and did they not cover the name of Bulgaria with shame?"

The *Narod*, the organ of the Socialist Party, writes: "It is not a question of the people who fell during the actual skirmishes between two armed groups. We are speaking of the atrocities which have since occurred, even up to the present time. Municipal councils are dissolved by force; innocent citizens are arrested, the meetings of political opponents are prohibited; secret societies attack, beat, and torment the opponents of the Government.

"We are raising a question about all those people who were taken from the jails and the Bureaus of Public Safety in order to be murdered while they were in the hands of the authorities. We are speaking of that great mass of people butchered without trial and without sentence.

"The responsibility for the atrocities and the murders committed upon imprisoned citizens by the servants of the state does not fall upon any one but the state authorities. And a list of these atrocities is a terrible judgment upon the present Government.

"This list was enlarged during the months of September and August, 1926. At that time in an effort to stamp out brigandage in the counties of Troyan and Lovetch masses of people were killed, in one bunch 11, in another 9, in a third 8, another 4, and so on. (It is reported that not fewer than 120 people were massacred altogether.) . . ."

On January 4, 1926, the conspiratory Government fell from power and was succeeded by the Cabinet of Andrew Liaptcheff, who, though supported by the same parliamentary group which legalized the Government of the conspirators, has governed the country vastly better than his predecessors. Nevertheless, as the *Narod* says, violence continues.

For example, the *Radical*, the organ of a small but very scrupulous bourgeois party, writes in a leading article on February 2:

"Arrests, torture in the prisons, assault, and threats are the commonest government practices. The facts which we have been publishing from day to day show how the Government is preparing for the coming election. The party in power is determined to regain the sinister reputation it had before the advent of Mr. Liaptcheff, during January of last year. On the evening of January 26 in the town of Kazanluk our friend, the universally esteemed citizen Mr. Andrew Ovcharoff, a member of our supreme Party Council, was seized by the police and taken to the Bureau of Public Safety where he had to spend twelve hours in an unheated, bare, and dirty cell, although he was guilty of no crime of any sort. Mr. Ovcharoff was treated by the police like an ordinary criminal on the pretext that he did not happen to have his identification card with him. The outrage was perpetrated not on a member of the Agrarian League in an out of the way village but on an exemplary citizen, a member of the bourgeois party in one of Bulgaria's most cultured centers.

"Here is another case. The mayor of the village of Vulchidrum, our friend Kiril Lazaroff, called a meeting of the municipal councilors, the school inspectors, and several other prominent villagers to discuss important matters concerning the whole village. They had barely begun their meeting before they were attacked by armed secret police, who arrested them and took them to jail. After that they were taken under guard twenty miles from the village and at that time the village councilor, John Mihailoff, was beaten; the president of the school board was beaten; and another councilor, Todor Ovcharoff, was almost choked to death. And all this was done for the purpose of compelling the village councilors to resign so that a committee of three might be appointed by the authorities to govern the village. . . ."

Contributors to This Issue

FRANK R. KENT will speak on Calvin Coolidge at the fifth *Nation* Dinner, April 12.

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The author of Staying Free is a librarian.

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WE CONGRATULATE MR. BORAH that one of his colleagues has discovered an almost forgotten resolution of the Senate, adopted in 1921, providing that the regular standing committees "shall continue and have power to act until their successors are appointed." If the joke is rather on the Senate that its members could not recollect a resolution as important as this six years after it was passed, it is none the less gratifying to learn that Senator Borah can go ahead, call his Foreign Relations Committee together, and appoint a subcommittee to sit during the entire recess and deal with the China, Nicaraguan, and Mexican situations, and with any others which may arise. If there ever was a time when the State Department needed supervision and watching it is at present. As Walter Lippmann clearly demonstrated to the Foreign Policy Association in New York City on March 26, the Department has been guilty of falsification and misrepresentation. It has nobody to thank but itself if the public begins to feel that it is no longer to be trusted. Particularly is it necessary that the events in China be watched. Senator Borah voiced the feelings of multitudes of Americans when he pub licly thanked God that the Nationalists had entered Shanghai. Panicky admirals may injure our standing with the Chinese to an extent that will take us decades to overcome.

WE HOPE that Mr. Kellogg's office soviet read their Sunday papers carefully on March 27. For if they did they may have noticed small items reporting five intercollegiate debates on the question: Resolved, that this house approves the policy of the Coolidge Administration in Nicaragua. In the Wesleyan-Williams, Brown-Dartmouth, and Harvard-Princeton debates the judges were unanimous for the negative, and in each case the audience agreed with them. The judges, voting two to one, gave Yale, supporting the affirmative, the victory in the Yale-Princeton debate, but the audience disagreed; by a similar three-to-two vote the judges gave Harvard the victory over Yale at New Haven, and there again the audience voted in the negative. We doubt if any red-blooded American audience aware of the facts would vote support of the Coolidge-Kellogg policy of browbeating Nicaragua and Mexico. Unfortunately, not all Americans know the facts, and some Americans do not want other Americans to know them. The American Legion has appointed a committee to "investigate" the State Normal School of West Chester, Pa., charging it with "creating disrespect to the President and the Government" by questioning their Nicaraguan policy. Major John A. Farrell declared that there was no justification for students in a tax-supported institution to criticize the government that gives them an education. Major Farrell seems never to have heard of the theory, once current even in America, that the government was the servant of the people, not their boss.

LITTLE BROTHER DIAZ, "president" of Nicaragua by grace of the United States marines who uphold him—eight for every civilian American being protected—is to have another chance to kill his enemies. They have beaten him in battle after battle; and now the United States War Department has sold him 3,000 Krag rifles, 200 Browning machine-guns with accessories, and 3,000,000 rounds of ammunition, on credit. This matter of selling arms to defeated dictators might be criticized as poor business for the American Treasury; but for Nicaragua it has a double sting. The first of the notes given by Mr. Diaz in exchange for the guns comes due just after the expiration of his supposed term as president!

POOR GOVERNOR SMITH! A deadly blow was struck at his candidacy when President Wilson's Postmaster General, the Hon. A. S. Burleson of Texas, with his accustomed solemnity revealed his readiness to climb aboard the Smith band-wagon, and it was announced that T. W. Gregory, lately Attorney General in the same Cabinet, would soon follow suit. If "Al" Smith is wise he will stand on the running-board of his motorized Presidential band-wagon and beat off both of these Texas luminaries with the jack, or the tire-pump, or starter-crank, or any other implement that happens to be in the tool-box. No reader of *The Nation* needs to be reminded of the malodorous record of Burleson, the Wilsonian censor who was so busy destroying the little publications which refused to swallow the Wilsonian bunk about the war, or fail to remember Mr. Gregory's connection with the "Cheka" that sought to railroad to jail everyone who dared to exercise his historic American privilege to dissent in time of war. That such men as these are seeking to ally themselves with Governor Smith proves not only that

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his prospects are hourly becoming more assured, but also that his candidacy has reached that stage when the political humbugs and scalawags are rushing to be among the "original Smith men."

AT LAST A GERMAN COURT has found guilty some of the men of the former Black Reichswehr who amused themselves in 1922 and 1923 by murdering any members of their secret monarchist organization whom they suspected of betraying it. One trial after another has taken place with as disheartening results as our own efforts to put members of the Harding Cabinet into jail. One man, Lieutenant Schultz, was tried several times, and each time until now the court acquitted him. As he was charged with having directed no less than twelve assassinations the prosecuting authorities kept on trying him until he was finally convicted, with three officers who threw a sergeant major, whom they had beaten into unconsciousness, into the Havel River. When his body came to the surface they emptied their revolvers into it. No worse gang of official assassins ever operated. It must be a great relief to all decent Germans that at last there is evidence that they will meet with their just deserts. There is great difference of opinion as to the effectiveness of the remaining secret military organizations in Germany. The conviction of these men ought to help on their disintegration.

IN ONE CORNER of the British Empire the ancient conflict between East and West has reached an at least temporary solution. Relations between East Indian and white man in South Africa have been a problem ever since the planters of Natal induced their Governor to bring in cheap Indian agricultural laborers more than half a century ago. Mahatma Gandhi's name first became known in his home country when he gave up his law practice to defend the cause of his fellow-countrymen in South Africa twenty years ago. He preached and organized, and was imprisoned, and won the Smuts-Gandhi pact, which quieted agitation until after the war. When the empire was talking loudly of the equal rights of the Dominions, the Indians claimed equal citizenship in other parts of the empire. South Africa replied by imposing more restrictions upon her 160,000 Indian residents, and recently proposed still further restrictions, especially in the Areas Registration Bill. But whereas Indian delegations in other years have met with South African refusal to so much as sit down together, this year's delegation met a finer spirit. The result is a compromise agreement which promises equal privileges for Indians "prepared to conform to Western standards of life." The Areas Registration Bill will be dropped; Indians who wish to emigrate will be assisted by the South African Government; equal pay for equal work is assured; but South Africa's right to maintain "Western standards" in her own territory is reaffirmed. There are vague clauses in this agreement, which may lead to trouble. Everything depends upon the manner of its execution; but the facts that Gandhi indorses it and General Hertzog sponsors it are reasons for hope. Meanwhile the problem of the Blacks remains.

THREE GHASTLY HARBOR DISASTERS occurred within two months last winter, in which sixty-seven men lost their lives and more than a hundred were seriously injured. In November a series of explosions tore the oil tanker Mantilla to pieces in the harbor of Baltimore. Eighteen men engaged in reconditioning the vessel were killed and sixty-two were badly hurt. A few weeks later, in the same harbor, the barkentine Richelieu was loading explosives when a roar and a shock told the waterfront of another accident. Nine longshoremen perished and forty were severely burned. On December 20 the motor launch Linseed King was crossing the Hudson from New York City when a cake of floating ice battered a huge hole in the bow and the vessel plunged to the river's bottom, carrying forty longshoremen to their death, while many others suffered seriously from exposure in the icy water. It is not expected that the families of any of these victims will ever be able to collect a cent in recompense, because existing law limits liability to the value of the ship where the accident happened, and in all three cases the vessel was a total loss. No help can be had from State workmen's compensation acts, for in 1917 the federal Supreme Court ruled that the moment a man walks up a ship's gangplank he becomes a maritime worker and steps out from the protection of State legislation.

HAPPILY AFTER NEXT JULY this cruel situation will exist no longer. The tragedy of these victims and their dependents was not wholly in vain. It was the spur which made it possible for the American Association for Labor Legislation to push through Congress, in the very last hour of the last session—when a filibuster was holding up nearly all other legislation—a federal longshoremen's accident-compensation bill remedying the injustices and inadequacies of the old maritime law. The act will bring protection to a third of a million of workers in twenty-two different crafts. It includes not only men aboard a vessel engaged in loading and unloading, but also mechanics who are making changes or repairs, thus bringing protection to a large group of men who are subject to greater hazards than most factory workers. The benefits are based on the scale of the New York workmen's compensation act, but the government bears none of the cost. Employers are to provide compensation by the usual methods of insurance. Incidentally, the law will introduce workers' accident compensation in a limited way to the five States which afford no such protection: North and South Carolina, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Florida.

FORTY RELIGIOUS LEADERS of the South, including ten bishops, have interrupted the hallelujah chorus of Southern industrial expansion. In a public letter to industrial captains of the region, they question the moral validity of the mill village, of the sixty-hour week in cotton mills, of the employment of women and children, of the absence of labor representation, and of the low wages. The letter is full of placating phrases, but it will undoubtedly come as a shock to Southern mill-owners, because it is the first all-Southern indictment coming from so respectable a source. It cannot be brushed aside as red propaganda or sectional spite. It describes as "desirable and right that [labor] should have a proper share in making and enforcing the regulations by which industrial plants are controlled. . . . Higher wages, better schools, shorter hours of labor, and the independence of the worker tend to enrich life and to develop a stronger type of citizenship." While the letter is addressed to employers, it should encourage the mill-workers and their sympathizers to continue the battle against the ghastly labor standards of Southern cotton mills.

WITCH HUNTING and kindred occupations continue to be our favorite national pastime. On March 8 Clarence Darrow was forced to leave Mobile, Alabama, after being threatened with lynching because in a speech to Negroes in a school building he deplored lynching and Southern justice. Police with drawn revolvers guarded Mr. Darrow out of town; Ku Klux Klan handbills denouncing him were passed around to the crowd that pursued him. In California, where the infamous criminal-syndicalism law has been extended for two years, the Burlingame *Advance-Star* has these thoughts on the subject:

> Thanks to the efforts of that splendid organization, the American Legion, California's criminal-syndicalism law will remain safe upon the statute-books for another two years. . . . It is the fellow who mistakes license for liberty who wants the law . . . stricken from the statute-books. . . . They want to slander, to libel, and to traduce . . . they want to practice free love and destroy religion and because they can't they rail about the lack of freedom of action.

In California also Leland Stanford University has officially withdrawn from a national oratorical contest held under the Better America Federation, the subject to be some aspect of the Constitution of the United States. The students' executive committee said:

> . . . We feel that the purpose and conduct of the contest is not in accordance with our ideals of free thinking. The contest is arranged as propaganda for the unchanging permanence of the Constitution and not in the spirit of unbiased liberty. . . . At a previous contest a Stanford student presented what he believed to be honest criticism of the Constitution and one of the judges left the platform during the speech. We do not care to participate under these conditions.

NOR IS THE HOME OF THE FREE the only country in which free speech is under a cloud. Our neighbor on the north, Canada, has just sentenced to sixty days in jail a Toronto editor judged to have published blasphemous utterances in his paper, the *Christian Inquirer*. The judge in the case was a Sunday-school superintendent and his charge to the jury was not a marvel of unbiased open-mindedness:

> Our conception of God is so much a part of every life that it is an integral part of our national life. The Bible, the Holy Scriptures, are to us as the revelation of God's will concerning us and all His people. . . .

After this identification of church, state, and people, the words of the court to the effect that disbelief in these universally held doctrines was pardonable if uttered in "respectful terms" naturally fell on the deaf ears of the jury. The blasphemer, Ernest V. Sterry, was found guilty forthwith for referring to God as "this touchy Jehovah" and "an irate old party." His sentence carries with it a recommendation for deportation to England at the end of the two months. Time was when Hyde Park in London would have been sanctuary for even this amount of unbridled license. But England is learning fast from us, and the soap-boxers even there are all too often hauled down from their thrones by irate policemen.

GOOD NEWS ONCE MORE from the Tariff Commission! Here comes the startling information that this ever-vigilant body has ordered an investigation into the costs of producing cherries. Shall a Canadian-fed cherry undersell the American? Never! Every drop of patriotic blood in the bodies of the commissioners, we are sure, revolts against the idea. Hence we are willing to bet that the existing duty of two cents a pound will go up to three cents a pound, or ten cents a pound if necessary. No more deadly blow than this competition from Canada has been offered to our infant cherry industry since George Washington cut down his cherry tree—to curtail the crop, according to the latest historians. On the other side of the globe American ships may be saving Americans in China, but the Tariff Commission is going to prevent the American cherry's rotting on the bough because of the competition of cherries raised by underpaid foreign labor. In the face of this what protectionist can possibly care that Germany has now joined France in raising the tariff barriers against the United States? Germany, it seems, is driving American automobile-assembling plants out of Germany, and there are those who say that this is an answer to the recent increase of duties on pig iron entering American ports. All right, but just let them threaten our cherries!

LADIES OF LEISURE are becoming as extinct as dodos. Yet, with this fact well recognized, it comes somewhat as a pleasurable shock to read that of the 140 young women comprising the Barnard College class of 1926, every last one is either continuing her studies or engaged in some gainful occupation. No longer does the woman with a college education languish unhappily at home or spend her time in desultory volunteer "social" work. These Barnard girls are teachers, clerks, statisticians, secretaries, laboratory assistants, and publicity agents. They are reporters, proofreaders, costume designers, decorators, advertisers. They count among their number an assistant probation officer in a juvenile court, a speaker and organizer for the League of Nations Non-Partisan Organization, an Egyptologist, a college registrar, and a house painter. The twenty-one students who are doing graduate work will be variously doctors, nurses, lawyers, journalists, scientists. The old rhyme about "richman, poorman, beggarman, thief, doctor, lawyer, Indian chief" is going to need revising in the near future. If there are no female Indian chieftains—and this paper is not going to be caught saying there are not—it is because no woman has decided to follow that calling. It may be worth noting that of the 140 busy Barnard graduates of a year ago, not one is yet married. Statistics tell us that ten years hence half of them will no longer be single; it will be interesting to see how many will still be at work outside the home.

YADDO IS THE COUNTRY ESTATE of the late Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Trask near Saratoga Springs, New York. Late in her life Mrs. Trask, then Mrs. George Foster Peabody, who dedicated the house and its many acres of hills to discussion and art, conceived the idea of leaving behind her a retreat to which artists could come and be comfortable while they worked. Now Yaddo is available each year between June and October to persons—no more than ten at a time—who have something to say but no place to say it in. From the reports which come to us we are convinced that the opportunity offered by Mrs. Trask's bequest is a valuable one. We are particularly interested in the restriction to ten residents per summer, each to have a separate studio in the great house and, presumably, all of the Adirondacks outside to think about. Any poet, musician, painter, or economist would be happy to find himself one of the ten to profit by Mrs. Peabody's wise generosity.

1917-1927

TEN years ago the American people reversed its national tradition against entangling alliances and participation in the political struggles of Europe in order, as it fondly believed, to make the world safe for democracy, safeguard the rights of small nations and the principle of self-determination, and establish the reign of law by waging a war to end all war. Had our entrance into the war been excused upon the ground that as guardians of the rights of neutrals we could not permit international law to be violated, it would have been necessary to defend these rights against the equally grievous and ultimately more serious violation of neutral rights by the British Orders in Council. Sagacious minds in 1917, familiar with the development of European struggles for political and economic supremacy, were loath to permit the United States to throw itself into the cauldron merely to aid one party to a traditional European war. They were unconvinced that the grounds of intervention alleged were sustainable by the evidence involved in the issue, or achievable by war.

In November, 1916, the American people had fairly well recorded its insistence on non-intervention. President Wilson in December, 1916, had declared that the struggle involved no moral issues and ought, therefore, to be brought to a sensible close. Unfortunately, by his condonation of Allied violations of the rights of neutrals he had so weakened the force of his proposals for peace that Mr. Lloyd George felt no need for heeding them and demanded a knock-out. Lloyd George ultimately got it with our help, and future generations of Europeans, and of Americans as well, must pay the penalty for the mistake.

From January to April, 1917, a press campaign, the like of which has never been witnessed in the United States, wrought the East into a state of mind where the Wilsonian formula of the moral issues seemed to be accepted by a considerable number of our people. A show of unity was achieved; but it was always a show only. Actually, the country was divided, and while opposition was suppressed in the way that governments can suppress it, the opposition was silenced rather than convinced. The mob spirit, an artificial exultation, ruled supreme, and that is good neither for leaders nor for led.

If the causes and justifications for our intervention were based on facts, some evidence of their truth ought now, after ten years, to be apparent. At least, we have now, in the calmness of reflection, an opportunity to take stock and to determine whether the policy of intervention was wise or not. What do we see? By abandoning the rights of neutrals we threw international law into chaos; the refusal of our State Department to press our neutrality claims against Great Britain was a further blow at international law. The theory of the League of Nations, that neutrality is an undesirable and improper status, is likely to find support in the fact that neutral rights have been put at the mercy of any powerful belligerent. Another most effective blow on behalf of anarchy was given by the Treaty of Versailles, in which the trustees of civilization began a raid on some of the most fundamental principles of international law because they saw in it a momentary gain. We refer, primarily, to the confiscation of private property under Article 297, a precedent which may be dangerously extended. This example, destroying what little progress international law had made, has thrown us back toward the days of anarchic barbarism.

The disarmament of Germany was to have been the first step in general disarmament. Who can read the news of the Geneva "Disarmament Conference" with any belief that the Allied Powers, masters of Europe's fate, have any serious intention of disarming? They have made such a mess of European political and economic conditions that even with the best intentions the problem is one of enormous difficulty. In the course of our quixotic intervention, we contracted a national war debt of twenty-five billions, and have apparently incurred, in addition, the enmity of our European debtors, notwithstanding the cancelation of billions, for continuing to suppose that their signatures were genuine.

In our own administration of the war policy we debauched the national traditions. We are now among the most distinguished confiscators of private property of which history has any record, notwithstanding President Coolidge's unctuous remark that we have "scrupulously observed" the principle of international law that private property is immune from violation or confiscation. Someone should call the President's attention to the Chemical Foundation case before he makes further charges against Mexico. Public and private morality seem to have gone into eclipse; after the emotional debauch of war days we are no longer capable of rousing ourselves to end real evils at home. We smile at corruption in high places; we are content to see the government become the tool of those who least need its aid; we sneer at every effort at reform as an outbreak of "bolshevism." We, who preached so nobly about "the rights of small nations" ten years ago, pay no attention to them in our own back yard but play the strutting bully ourselves.

And Europe? Well, look at it. Is there any sign there that the last war is over, that the next is not on its way? Have the trustees of civilization made an arrangement under which Europe can live in peace? We doubt it. At the moment, we see the most dangerous diplomatic struggles in Italy, Jugoslavia, France, England, Poland, Russia. Have they promoted democracy or the will to peace? The predictions and promises of 1917 are sad reading today. The United States might have led in liquidating the war had our leaders seen and understood it in the light of past history. Instead they greeted it as a "different" war, a holy crusade, prolonged it to its bitter conclusion, and made inevitable a treaty of peace as sadistic as any treaty that has disgraced the pages of recorded history. Our President and our people were betrayed by that treaty, but, unhappily, not many have yet realized the fact. It dashed every hope of a regenerated world, and not even the League of Nations can make much impression on the forces which it set in motion. It is not unfair to say that American intervention in the war made possible the Treaty of Versailles and its horrible consequences. The lapse of ten years can hardly give a thrill of satisfaction to those who brought us into the war, who commemorate it with pride while handing its bleak heritage of burdens and hates to the generations coming after.

An Asiatic World-War?

ON the tenth anniversary of America's entrance into the World War she hovers on the brink of an Asiatic World-War. The headlines flare; the rumors fly, burst sensationally, and fall like dead skyrockets; the atrocity stories have begun. "Heroism" stories fill the columns; hysterical women refugees are quoted as impartial witnesses; and when other devices fail, the correspondents fill their space with imaginative accounts of what might have happened if this warship had not laid down a barrage, that admiral had not threatened a bombardment, or if the foreign fleet in the river had not made an impressive show of force. The stage is set; the mob spirit is being invoked.

What has happened? In the headlines two hundred Americans were imperiled; in the early dispatches—even in one of Admiral Williams's reports—"a number of American civilians were killed." Admiral Hough, the hot-headed seaman who bombarded Nanking once and wanted to bombard it again, reported his fear "that the number of dead is large." In the end, it turns out that one American man was killed, one woman missionary was twice wounded, a sailor was also wounded, and a Standard Oil official sprained his ankle. Three or four other foreigners were killed; several buildings were burned, and more were looted. Some of the American men were forced to give up their outer clothes; some of the women had their clothes torn by jostling crowds.

Who was responsible? Some say that the American refugees were caught between cross fires when the Cantonese soldiers were entering the city; others that Northern refugees were responsible; others insist that the looting and shooting was an "obviously predetermined attack," and still other reports agree that it was the work of undisciplined Cantonese soldiers and sympathizers who arrived ahead of their officers. The last party of one hundred and twenty American missionaries to escape declares that "the [Chinese] students at the university had procured the protection of this building [their refuge at Nanking University] by the attendance of an officer and a group of soldiers." These refugees, whom Admiral Hough insisted could be saved only by bombarding Nanking, reached the warships escorted by a Nationalist guard! They say:

> A Kuomintang military detachment was sent to the university, and in carriages, rickshas, and on foot the caravan of the foreigners made its way without molestation to the riverfront at Hsiakwan and were there turned over to foreign marines. . . . The help rendered by the Red Swastika Society in securing and paying for carriages and rickshas and the kindness of its officers greatly aided the evacuation.

When the Cantonese general reached the city the looting stopped. We have not seen an iota of evidence that higher Nationalist officers had anything to do with the looting and shooting except to stop it. Why, then, the atmosphere of military hysteria?

Is not the real peril in the foreigners' own state of mind? To them every foreign life is sacred; Chinese lives do not matter at all. China's civil war, Chinese Nationalism are, to the foreign business men in China, mere interruptions of trade, and should be repressed. The correspondents, unfortunately, reflect this blindness; the ghastly inability to comprehend a world crisis could hardly be more patent than in the reports of Admiral Hough's bombardment of Nanking. It is safe to say that the ordinary American newspaper reader does not yet know that Admiral Hough's guns killed scores, perhaps hundreds, or even thousands of Chinese. Mr. Moore reported inconspicuously on March 27 that "by the British barrage and American fusillade scores, maybe hundreds, of Chinese are believed to have been killed. The Chinese newspapers at Shanghai state thousands." Yet all we hear of is that one American was killed, and the American Government has the effrontery to talk of protesting to the Chinese!

Was the barrage necessary to save the American lives? At this distance we cannot tell; nor can we trust the guesses of excited refugees. One may, however, note that the Japanese laid down no barrage and made no ultimatums. It is instructive to compare these dispatches:

> TOKIO, March 26 (Special to the New York *Times*).—According to information reaching the Navy Department from Nanking, the commander of a Japanese destroyer went ashore there yesterday, purposely going unarmed so as to avoid the appearance of provocation, and successfully conducted the evacuation of about 150 Japanese. The party reached the river without serious molestation and safely embarked aboard the Japanese craft. The incident illustrates the care the Japanese are taking to avoid a quarrel with the Southerners.

> SHANGHAI, March 25 (Associated Press).—The vigorous threat by the American and British naval command that Cantonese positions at Nanking would be bombarded unless foreigners still beleaguered in the city were escorted to safety, tonight was followed by the safe appearance of the first of the Americans on the waterfront.
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> SHANGHAI, March 25 (By Cable to the New York *Herald Tribune*).—China continued its mad rampage against foreigners today with murderous attacks upon missionaries at Nanking. . . . It was a saturnalia of Oriental crime . . . and would have resulted in the massacre of all foreigners had it not been for the presence of foreign war vessels.

The Japanese seem wiser. They have learned that ultimatums merely inflame the Chinese; that friendship pays. Even England's restraint in this crisis has been in notable contrast to the appeals for "action" by the hotbloods of the Shanghai community. And America? Where does she stand? Today, up and down the Yangtze Valley, she is blamed for that murderous barrage which may have saved the lives of the little group of Americans who had taken refuge in the Standard Oil buildings in Nanking, but which certainly snuffed out the lives of an unknown number of Chinese. Will Washington continue to leave decisions to the judgment of naval officers on the spot; or will it insist on the more cautious and wiser course followed by Japan?

The evil of the present crisis lies not alone in the ugly spirit of the foreign community and newspapermen in China. It lies partly in the cruel sensationalism of our own daily press, which plays up the war stories as it played up German "atrocities" in the days of that other world war, with an appalling and callous lack of proportion.

One American was killed in Nanking, and the admiral bombarded the city. Why not send the marines to Chicago, where killings are more frequent?

Padlocks for Plays

THE Jenks bill, which provided for a political censor of the New York stage, has apparently died in committee, and for the moment the threatened danger has been averted, but at the eleventh hour the Senate indulged in a gesture of moral indignation and passed the so-called padlock law. The Wales Stage Regulation bill, in which it is embodied, empowers the Municipal Licensing Commissioner to close for as long as one year any theater found guilty of housing an indecent play and also extends the responsibility for the production of such a play so as to include virtually everybody in any way concerned with it. Moreover, it specifically prohibits any dramatic performance which is concerned with sex perversion or degeneracy. This clause seems to aim at "The Captive."

One may well question the wisdom of any law which excludes the serious dramatic treatment of any significant social phenomenon, but even more obviously unfair is the padlock provision, which is, in effect, a retroactive law since the producer of a play has no way of knowing whether or not a jury will declare it indecent until after it has been brought to trial. Whatever one may think of the superficially similar practice as used against violators of the national prohibition act, there is no real parallel between the two kinds of padlocks. The manager of a hotel or restaurant which sells liquor is guilty of conscious and deliberate violation of the law; he knows that he is technically guilty, and he is merely taking a chance that he will not be caught. Indecency is, on the other hand, a matter of opinion; no legal definition has ever been framed which makes possible any objective test. The opinion of one set of twelve jurors may very well be different from that of another set, and so, even though indecency upon the stage be a recognized crime, no crime has been committed until a court has decided that a given performance is indeed indecent. Under the padlock law, the owner of a theater may be heavily penalized for housing a performance which both he and the majority of his patrons sincerely believe to be both elevating and beautiful. With some show of reason, the law may require him promptly to withdraw a play which has been legally declared indecent, but it cannot, without running the risk of inflicting a grave injustice, punish him for a crime which he had no way of knowing to be one. It is an elementary principle of criminal law that the crimes against which it is directed shall be clearly defined, and in the present case no agreement upon the necessary definitions is possible.

One may hope that the Commissioner of Licenses will use judgment in employing the powers which this bill vests in him. Knowledge of the past does not, however, lend much support to this latter hope, for legal authority has tended to be most lenient toward frivolous impropriety and most vindictive toward serious and powerful expression. In England it has winked at the French farce and the novels of Elinor Glyn while forbidding "Ghosts" and prosecuting the publishers of Havelock Ellis; in New York the district attorney declared two years ago that he considered "Desire Under the Elms" the most objectionable of the plays then being attacked. We may yet see a theater closed for a year because it dared to house some play by O'Neill or another which dramatic history will regard as the masterpiece of our generation.

Beethoven

TRUE internationalism had its innings on March 26 the world over. In every musical center the centennial of the death of the greatest of composers, Ludwig van Beethoven, was celebrated. Before the World War no one ever dreamed that anything could interfere with the reverence paid to the great masters of music; it remained for the people of the United States to bar the works of men dead nearly a century, stopping the divine task of assuaging spiritual suffering, elevating the spirit, and fortifying the souls of all to whom music ministers. Fortunately, only the memory of this shame persists. Nothing marred the celebrations due to the great soul who ended his life in Vienna a century ago. They have been going on for months; they have brought out again some of the lesser-known works—all of which have once more proved the power of the Beethoven appeal. He remains one of the three composers whose symphonies invariably increase the box-office receipts; it is a case where the best draws the crowd.

Writing in the New York *World* H. L. Mencken says that Beethoven's greatness has never been questioned by any reputable body of opinion since his death. The composer who bridges the way from classicism to romanticism had, however, to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune in the form of bitter attacks upon him while he lived. He was a musical radical, they said, a dangerous and unworthy innovator; his symphonies were trash; each composition showed a progressive deterioration. They gave him hard days, these critics.

Nor did his masterpieces flow into Beethoven's mind full-formed, without all the agonies of study and creation. In his early days and work this greatest of composers lacked technical skill and knowledge. He had to hammer away at his melodies; his tunes did not come readily to him. He was a genius when he had got through with his forging, the stupendous work of art was there—all the melodies that anyone could ask, exuberant in their joy, profound in their melancholy, stupendous in their majesty. They are deathless, if there is anything that is deathless on earth; as long as there are symphonies his will be played. Others besides Mr. Mencken—himself an excellent musician in addition to all his other talents—feel that some of the symphonies could be rescored for the great orchestra of today—how stunned and thrilled Beethoven would be could he hear a modern performance of his Eroica!—which is so much richer in instruments than that with which he worked. But whether some of his compositions do or do not sound thin in places to experts, their appeal is unending. Familiarity with them, so far from breeding contempt, breeds here its exact opposite: new joys, new sadnesses, new inspirations.

So Beethoven, the Shakespeare of composers, ranks with the greatest of the great. His fame increases out of all proportion to the lapse of years as the appreciation of music grows—especially in America, where new orchestras spring up overnight and the love of chamber music steadily increases. The force of his knobby character, the magnitude of his thoughts, the power of his imagination could not be denied, and the outpouring of that spirit is one of the greatest heritages of the entire world. As to this the celebrations have just testified, leveling every barrier of geography and nationality. What dead statesman could command a similar tribute?

The Balance Sheet

Cr.	*Dr.*
By one World War	50,510 Americans dead, 193,663 wounded. War Debt January 1, 1927, $19,300,000,000.
By one War to End War *"National armaments should be limited to the necessities of national order and domestic safety."*—Woodrow Wilson, Second Inaugural.	American forces increased by 95,000 Reserve Officers; R. O. T. C. in colleges and universities; annual force in training increased to 610,000 men (statement of President Coolidge); "army and navy never before so large and efficient in peace time." Seventy cents of every dollar raised by taxation go to wars past and future.—Secretary Mellon in his Annual Report for 1925.
By one war to make the world safe for democracy *"Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world, as against selfish and autocratic power."*—Woodrow Wilson, April 2, 1917.	Democracy never in such disfavor, even in America. Despotic governments in Italy, Portugal, Spain, Russia, Hungary, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania, Albania, Bulgaria, and Turkey.
By one promise of absolute freedom of the seas in peace and in war.	No additional freedom; the whole body of international law of war time a heap of ruins.
By one promise of the removal as far as possible of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace.—Woodrow Wilson, Fourteen Peace Points.	Higher and more effective tariffs everywhere, especially between France and the United States. Every new country encircled by tariff barriers, declared by the world's leading bankers to be a chief obstacle to the economic recovery of Europe.
By one promise of "a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest cooperation of the other nations of the world . . . for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy."—Fourteen Peace Points.	Russia ostracized among the nations. Recognition still refused by the United States. A policy of hostile encirclement under way. War made upon her in 1918-20 by America without authority of Congress; Russia attacked from within and without by foreign troops and White Russians aided by American and other money.
By one promise of a General Association of Nations.—Fourteen Peace Points.	Promise largely redeemed; a league formed, still dominated by the victors and intertwined with the Treaty of Versailles.
By one promise of a "peace which should be founded on certain clearly defined principles which set up a new order of right and justice. . . . Upon these principles it will be executed."—Woodrow Wilson at Paris, April 23, 1919.	The Treaty of Versailles: "In the whole history of diplomacy there is no treaty more properly to be regarded as an international crime."—*The Nation*, May 17, 1919.
By one war to establish the rights of small nations and the "privileges of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience."—Woodrow Wilson, April 2, 1917.	Haiti subjugated; Mexico threatened by the United States; Nicaragua overrun by United States Marines; Panama a tool; Santo Domingo, Honduras, etc., in grip of American bankers and State Department. The white Powers holding Shanghai against its Chinese residents. France strangling Syria, Morocco subjugated, etc., etc.

Ten Years After

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TEN years only since 1917. Yet a lifetime of dramatic events to which there is no end has been crowded into them. Is not Shanghai just proclaimed by its conquerors as a base for that world revolt which *The Nation* declared inevitable when the infamous treaty of peace was published in May, 1919? Shanghai is, indeed, as long a way from Paris as 1927 is from 1917; it is merely another proof that if you go to war you cannot tell where the war will end any more than you can prophesy the date of its conclusion. Its ramifications are endless; its reverberations carry to the ends of the earth. Because of it men may die in furthermost isles; you begin war in Cuba and you complete it among Malays on the other side of the globe. Only one thing is certain: Wherever war, there liberty shrivels, lies insensate—dies. You may glorify the struggle as you will, and supply it, if you please, with aims as lofty as you can possibly portray by pen or voice; you may attribute to yourself and your allies the purest motives, the noblest objectives, the most humanitarian desires. You will inevitably fail to achieve those ends, and your beautifully cadenced words will turn to ashes because it is ordained by the way of the world that goodness and virtue, the safeguarding of human rights and what is called civilization can never be achieved by letting loose hell upon earth.

Why We Went to War

We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.—From Wilson's War Address to Congress, April 2, 1917.

So after ten years the picture is clearly drawn for everyone who cares to see, whose eyes are not wilfully blind. Woodrow Wilson himself declared that the "full price of peace" would be "full, impartial justice—justice done at every point and to every nation . . ." What a mockery, what a still-born judgment! To what deliberate violations of this sacred pledge did he not sign his name and put his country's honor in trust at Paris! Each passing year has made plainer that democracy was never so unsafe, that the rights of small nations were never so jeopardized—those small nations to whom Mr. Wilson pledged the victory, and "the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience." His own nation still subjugates Haiti, to the conquest of which he personally sent our troops to take a toll of 3,500 Haitians officially reported dead; it still overruns Nicaragua with marines, and threatens Mexico because its people demand the "privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience." To Russians we deny this same privilege because we hate the form their revolution has taken, and think infinitely more of our individual properties than of their human rights.

In Europe the crass and cruel injustices of the peace treaty still cry to high Heaven for redress. In the Tyrol as in other states they curse the name of Wilson, the author of their misery. There is evidence that today the Germans are more popular in France than the Americans; that the acclaim which greeted our plunge into the war has turned to envy, bitterness, and open revolt at what they call their bond-slavery to our Treasury. Everywhere in Europe the tide of hatred against America rises. Before he died Woodrow Wilson himself said: "I would like to see Germany clean up France"—adding, "I would like to meet Jusserand and tell him that to his face"; the French invasion of the Ruhr was for him the last straw, the climax of "French bad faith, ingratitude, and avarice," the final pricking of his self-blown bubble that the peace would spell "justice done at every point to every nation." Yet he died still blind to the fact that he chose the worst method in the world to achieve his purposes; the method that made success impossible.

With the menace of a new war in the Balkans hanging over Europe, on this tenth anniversary of our joining the war to end war; with more, and more dangerous, treaties of offense and defense in effect than ever before; with probably as many men under arms in time of peace as bore them in July, 1914; with all Europe headed straight toward an economic alliance against their "saviors" of 1917, only a man with superb indifference to truth and the realities can assert that the Americans who fell in France did not die in vain; that the world is better off for the blood-bath from which it emerged in 1918 with all its evil passions unleashed. To scan extracts from Mr. Wilson's utterances made when war began is to read the proof of the total failure of the United States to achieve a single one of its major objectives. True, the Hohenzollern fell, but the system of which they were but a revolting product remains. The virus of it has entered our own American veins. Moreover, most of our Allies in the war to banish war are today busily engaged in placing every obstacle in the way of disarmament. In eleven European countries despots wipe their feet upon the prostrate bodies of Liberty and Democracy, though none but Mussolini dares to avow it and to boast of profaning the twin goddesses in behalf of whom Woodrow Wilson summoned this country to war.

Force—force without stint—Wilson called for and used, and two million Americans made the great parade across the Atlantic. True, we kept faith with the war-makers' promises that we sought and would take no recompense for ourselves—no land, no booty, no indemnity. But the parade lies nine years to the rear of us and the world is unchanged; the great objectives unachieved. Hate, bitterness, tariff hostilities, the lust for power, for more places in the sun, for more colonies, for the domination of this sea and that littoral—these are our daily grist of news. The ideals of 1917, the hopes, the ambitions, the pictures painted by the smoothest of orators—where are they now? Based on lies, but-

tressed by endless hypocrisies, fortified by tales of crimes that were never committed, championed by ignorance of what it was all about and of the historical background and implications, the victory was gained only to be utterly lost.

Ever since it has seemed as if America *had* lost its soul. There are voices heard in every direction, nothing clear and nothing definite; no leadership, no guidance, no appeal to our nobler selves. We lost the war and we are drunk by a prosperity which has made us so indifferent that, the gates being left unguarded, the domestic enemy has entered and taken every salient and every trench. What has the country gained at home? Where are the causes that Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt championed in 1912 and until we went into the war? Has the nation found spiritual peace and content? Does it face the future united, unafraid, resolute to progress, to continue the development of a sound democracy devoted to justice, jealous of the rights of each and every one? Read the platform and speeches of Woodrow Wilson when he first sought the Presidency and you read of things as remote as the days of Lincoln. There lie promises unfulfilled, a program shattered; a new way of life unchampioned today, yes forgotten. The crassest of materialism reigns in Washington by grace of Woodrow Wilson's plunge into the war, and where materialism is there sits corruption. The Denbys, the Falls, the Daughertys, the Dohenys, now all condemned by one court or another, are some of the responses to the appeals for war, to the setting free of the passions that war spells. These are some of the most striking results of the effort to achieve righteousness at home and abroad by unparalleled blood-letting.

Who speaks now of the referendum, recall, and initiative, of the popular control of our natural resources? Who demands that the people shall master their government? Who denounces monopoly? How few excoriate, as did Mr. Wilson, the situation under which, to use his words, "a comparatively small number of men control the water-powers" and the railroads; yes, "control prices" and "the larger credits of the country." "There is hardly a part of the United States where men are not aware," Mr. Wilson declared unchallenged, "that secret private purposes and interests have been running the government." Today—1927? Why, we have thrown wide open the doors and invited in these same few dominating men and their followers and turned over the government to them—and the man who opened those doors was Woodrow Wilson himself. It is now a government by, for, and of Big Business, with its completely subservient employee in the White House.

"His master's voice has spoken," said Woodrow Wilson on reading President Coolidge's message to Congress in December, 1921. It did not breathe, he declared, one single human hope; but he still could not see that he himself had foreordained the election of Calvin Coolidge on that fateful April morning in 1917 when he threw every liberal cause overboard in favor of force without stint, in favor of our intercession in an Old World quarrel as hoary as the ages. History would have told him that, if he had listened to it, and human experience could have proved to him that no war but brings in its train the triumph of conservatism, of reaction, with corruption unending. So it has been with us. The business world we were to have rendered untrammeled, with special regard for the little man, is more than ever trammeled by greed and privilege; the industry we must humanize is still not humanized. The plain people for all their movies and motors and radios are neither "cheered nor inspirited" with prospects of social justice and due reward. The mockery of the courts, the failure of justice, the lawlessness of constituted authorities—these still face us and were abated not a whit by all the high-sounding phrases by which we were lured to wholesale murder just ten years ago.

Of course the contrary is today being written. We are told that the country was united by the war as never before. Yes, united by conscription, united by the terror of an inquisition, united by the padlock and the jail, united by the mob! What specious falsifying of history! Woodrow Wilson himself said in 1915 to the newly naturalized citizens he was so soon to persecute and prosecute: "Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice, not by jealousy and hatred." Well might he have added: "And not by vilification, not by discrimination, not by the compulsion of consciences, not by the dashing under foot of the inviolable rights of peoples and mankind, not by the murder of millions." The scars of these ten years cut deep; they are not expunged; they are not forgotten; they were not given new cuticle by the Armistice nor by the Treaty of Versailles. Everywhere sections pull against each other, bloc works against bloc, and the bulk of the men who fought in France are today the least liberal, the most immune from all the ideas of social justice and human rights which Wilson preached—until April 6, 1917.

Politically the country lies dead. Between the parties there are no issues, no fundamental differences. It now appears as if the question in 1928 would be: Shall we have a Protestant or a Catholic, a Wet or a Dry? The choice will be between two men who have not as yet glimpsed the possibilities of the leadership this, our America, might exercise beyond all the seas. The one in power mocks our democracy and our humanity in Nicaragua, in Mexico, in China. Bullets, bullets, bullets—these are his threats, these his remedies—ten years after we were told that justice alone was thereafter to rule the world and that strong nations should not be "free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purpose and their intent." Ten years after the utter futility of force was proved to all mankind!

Woodrow Wilson's Wisest Words

They imply, first of all, that it must be a peace without victory. . . . Only a peace between equals can last. Only a peace the very principle of which is equality and a common participation in a common benefit. The right state of mind, the right feeling between nations, is as necessary for a lasting peace as is the just settlement of vexed questions of territory or of racial and national allegiance. . . . I am proposing, as it were, that the nations should with one accord adopt the doctrine of President Monroe as the doctrine of the world: that no nation should seek to extend its polity over any other nation or people, but that every people should be left free to determine its own polity, its own way of development, unhindered, unthreatened, unafraid, the little along with the great and powerful.

—From Woodrow Wilson's Address to the Senate, January 22, 1917.

No, the America of 1927 is materially great and rich and prosperous; it is not generous and not just. It is without tolerance and has so little confidence in its ideals and its governmental structure that it is ready to jail one and all who dissent. The mere mention of a new social order, the preaching of a new economic dogma, sends thrills of fear down the spines of our masters in Wall Street and Washington. We have barred our doors to the immigrants we once invited so cordially. We are no longer an asylum to those who flee for the sake of their consciences and their beliefs; to London and to Paris go the victims of oppression and tyranny in search of liberty—not to New York. Behind every action of life in America lies the menace of force, of uncontrolled power; of the small all-powerful number who would padlock and banish and regiment precisely as did the Kaiser. Nowhere is the individual free to his own way of life; free speech is a joke, the right of assembly no longer a right, but the gift of a mayor or a chief of police—in a country protected from the Hun and made safe for democracy.

But why go on? The hands of time were turned back, not advanced by the war. Old battlegrounds once gained have been lost, one by one, and are now to be re-won. The whole liberal movement scarcely breathes; the labor giant prefers to lie bound by the threads of Lilliputians, the politicians. The day of awakening is postponed by the very war that was to have made men free. But only postponed. The streams of conscience and of liberty can be dammed, not dried. They may shrink to rivulets. They will again be rivers. Only, however, if the determination to be free remains in men's hearts. Only if they will see the truth that there is no enemy of mankind like the sword. Woodrow Wilson took it up. It seemed to exalt and then—so fell the angels! By the sword he perished. By it will perish all liberty, all progress, humanity itself, if it be not forever sheathed.

America's War-Time Socialism

By REXFORD G. TUGWELL

Building a National Industrial Machine

A YEAR before we went to war, industry began to get ready. The Naval Consulting Board and the army's Kernan Board were making industrial surveys early in 1916; and in the summer the Council of National Defense was set up. In the first months of 1917 the Munitions Standards Board and later the General Munitions Board came into existence. Out of the problems met by these early industrial bodies arose the demand for coordination which resulted in a unique economic experiment—the War Industries Board. President Wilson may have conceived the function of this body in military terms, as issuing orders and penalizing their non-fulfilment. If he did, Mr. Bernard Baruch, the chairman, had a different idea. To him the enterprise of war was a vast cooperation. The industrial system was to run as one well-oiled machine, but it was to run on a volunteer basis with plenty of play for individuality.

To understand why he succeeded, it is necessary to appreciate the situation into which he stepped. American industry, by 1917, had had the three swiftest years of its history. Greatest activity, greatest price changes, greatest profits, greatest building programs, greatest internal changes set these three years apart. Cautious attitudes toward over-equipment, customary wage-levels, trade secrecy, and hallowed management practices had all been modified. There was an ever-expanding demand; no one needed to worry about markets. Profits were high and certain. All that had to be done was to make the wheels go round and the product come out, faster and faster and faster. If there was any difficulty about technique technicians, workmen, and plans were provided. On the whole, the war was an industrial engineer's Utopia.

Each of the great industries formed a committee with headquarters in Washington. Here they were brought into contact with the source of orders—for soon all the Allies' buying was concentrated and apportioned. Needs were classified. Each unit of industry was given the work which it could do best. Industries which furnished raw or semi-finished goods to finishing industries were gradually brought in. Industries which made goods for civilian consumption had also to become part of the system, since, in so many ways, they were linked to the ones which were doing outright war work. Before the Armistice, the system was nearly perfected and a mission had gone abroad to tie up our national system with that of the Allies. We were on the verge of having an international industrial machine when peace broke.

The Railway, Food, and Fuel administrations had been functioning throughout almost this same period. In many ways their work closely paralleled that of the War Industries Board, with jointures here and there. For the railways needed cars, locomotives, and rails; food is a factory product; and fuel is raw factory power. The organizations came closer and closer administratively until a productive coordination was effected.

It would be a mistake to assume that this revolution took place without costly errors, some recalcitrance, even some dishonesty; but a ten-year perspective makes it more impressive, to me at least, than it seemed when we were in the midst of it. Then all seemed disorder and meaningless change; now, across the gulf of post-war chaos, there appears to have been a remarkable industrial achievement. For the thing worked. Goods were produced. An army of two million was carried across the sea, well fed and well clothed, the civil population was so prosperous that it disgusted the soldiers, and to the Allies were sent some billions of dollars' worth of materials.

Competition Abandoned

This achievement required a revolution in our customary arrangements. The essence of our economic theory had been distilled into the Sherman Act, with later additions in the Clayton and Federal Trade Commission acts. We conceived voluntary activity and free competition as guardian angels which hovered over business everywhere, adjusting functions to one another, protecting individuals and groups in their mutual dealings, and stimulating all concerned to the requisite enterprise. This ideal sought to dominate a rebellious reality; and, having its source in the authoritative texts of the economists and in the minds of statesmen, its existence had been secured even down through

"the new freedom" of the pre-war Wilson. Most of the work of the Department of Justice and of the Federal Trade Commission had, until 1917, consisted in breaking up the "trusts." It was about the most consistent single governmental policy we had. But this whole ideology had to be modified if industry was to accomplish more in war than it had in peace.

So it was that the old system melted away in the fierce new heat of nationalistic vision. The Government now, so far as industry was concerned, was staffed by big-business men who had few hampering ideas but a singular flair for administration. There were none who thought the competitive system sufficient for war. The industries, drawn together in the various committees of the War Industries Board, discovered that they had most of their affairs in common. There ensued an era of combination such as put the pale efforts of the nineties to shame. And where outright combination did not develop, trade associations, under various names, perfected working organizations and began to exchange information of all kinds, including the most jealously guarded of trade secrets. So far as operations were concerned they were as close-coupled as the units of a single organization. There came to be a free reservoir of technical knowledge which even yet has not been drained. And where the various units of industry held back from this new intimacy the new government officials—not the Department of Justice, which was hunting first spies and later reds—found ways, sometimes gentle, sometimes a little rough, of forcing the very combinations which had always been thought to be unholy.

It soon became apparent that industry under its coordinated guidance and with its new cooperative efficiency possessed not only an enhanced power to produce but a dangerous advantage in the markets. The strength developed for the sake of production could be used—and was—for the purpose of exploiting the buyers of its products. Part of this difficulty was met by the consolidation of all government buying in the coordinated subsections of the War Industries Board. This was not enough. The Government bought enormously; but private buying was always much greater. In order to keep down the price of steel, it was necessary to do more than fix a price for what the Government required. Much steel was going into machines, automobiles, building construction, and other industries which, although only indirectly connected with the war, were none the less essential. Nor could wages be kept down on government contracts, many of which were of the "cost plus" variety, if food prices kept rising. These new problems were met quite calmly. The same group which had set out so unheroically to create a productive machine determined to keep it from clogging its own progress with prohibitory prices.

If they ever meant to abolish profits, they were unsuccessful. But there is nothing to show that they meant to do this. They intended rather to set a price high enough to include the producers who made the "marginal goods"—in the economists' phrase—those produced under conditions of greatest expense, which it was nevertheless necessary to have. That there would still be profits—large ones—for those concerns whose costs of production were low was obvious. But if the old competition for prices in the market could be transformed into a competition for lowered costs, that would be a valuable service. So the big profits were in a sense a sign of efficiency rather than of gouging consumers. This system developed gradually. Part of it had to wait for the organization of statistical staffs and the collection of hitherto non-existent data. Part of it came directly under the board; part was assimilated more nearly to the Food and Fuel administrations. It got under way in 1918; and only the Armistice prevented a great experiment in control of production, control of price, and control of consumption. As it was, the whole process was left at a somewhat inconclusive stage when demobilization began.

Control of production and price proved easier than control of consumption. Ordinarily, rising prices could be trusted to act as a check as goods grew scarcer. With prices held down, some other method had to be devised. The priorities system regulated the flow of goods. But it was different when it came to persuading workmen not to buy pianos or silk shirts with their much-advertised high wages—which some, at least, were getting. We never reached the stage of allotment by a rationing system, such as the other nations used; or of forbidding the manufacture of silk shirts. We depended upon publicity campaigns—for low-milled bread, for resoling old shoes, and for gasolineless Sundays. Old clothes became, for a time, almost fashionable; and one went motoring with a guilty conscience. It was costly, but effective. Perhaps it would not have survived years of struggle; certainly it depended considerably upon emotional response to the heavy odor of melodrama in the Wilsonian phrase. And it was always more effective among those with a typical middle-class stake in events than among the workers, who were surprised and pleased by their new access to hitherto unattainable goods.

The one thing in this elaborate system of control which was never seen clearly was the financial policy it called for. It seems to me that we should have paid for the war out of taxation as we went along and that we should never have made governmental loans to our Allies. This would have been possible. The process of producing goods engenders the income to buy them. It was only a question of getting the income into the Treasury. We could have got it there as well by taxation as by liberty loans; the same funds were available for either use. But we were afraid to tap the obvious sources of surplus—corporation profits. We preferred to dally with taxes on ice-cream cones and movie tickets.

We did issue loans and we permitted them—through the rediscounting machinery of the new and untried Federal Reserve System—to add to an already alarming inflation. Workers—and manufacturers too—suffered from the price-vagaries to which this inflation contributed throughout the war and post-war periods. It was the great element of uncertainty in the whole system of control. And if we had never made loans to our Allies but had frankly presented them with war-materials we should not have been under the still present illusion that we were carrying on purely commercial transactions with them for which we should eventually be paid. The need for financial administration failed to call forth the organizing genius which built up the other controls which were on the whole so successfully devised.

Internal Changes in Industry

This system of coordinations and voluntary controls, it must be remembered, was imposed upon an industry which had, for several years, been producing war goods at the height of its haphazard capacity. There was a jumble of orders and prices, the Eastern industrial region was more crowded with war orders than other regions, the Allies competed with each other to place contracts, manufacturers

bought where they could in the quantities they could get regardless of others' requirements; all this it was the function of an industrial general staff to straighten out. Gradually, plants for making gas-holders were converted into airplane factories; carpet manufacturers began to make blankets and duck; automobile-makers produced airplane parts; lumber mills cut and shaped ship-timbers and airplane spruce; refrigerator factories made field-hospital tables; furniture-plants made ammunition-boxes; shirt-factories made mosquito-nets and signal flags.

The normal progress of a decade was compressed into every year. Much of the accumulated technical knowledge which had been piling up from the time of Frederick W. Taylor's first inventions suddenly became accessible through the opportunity to rebuild plant, replan processes, and introduce a completed serialization. These impulses to change ran like a regenerative flame through the old industrial structure. Progress was accelerated by a number of factors: (1) The certainty of demand and of profits; (2) the ease of obtaining funds; (3) the pooling of trade secrets; (4) the simplification and standardization of materials and processes; and (5) the coordinations of war-time control.

"The profits of all corporations in the United States," David Friday says in his "Profits, Wages and Prices," "had never exceeded $4,000,000,000 until 1913. Under the stimulus of war demand, with its high prices and increased production, profits reached the astounding figure of $10,700,000,000 in 1917." Not all kinds of industry participated, of course, in this prosperity. It was concentrated mostly in the mining and manufacturing industries; but for these "the earnings in 1917 were almost exactly 330 per cent of those of 1913, the highest pre-war year."

With profits on this scale rolling in, and with price levels always rising and thus promising higher ones, it is no wonder that some voluntary reorganization of industry took place through the efforts to expand for greater volume of production. When there was superposed on this mighty drift a concerted effort toward internal technical efficiency and a subordination of formerly independent units to a coordinated plan, a new industrial revolution could be said to be well under way.

Industries which did not readily respond to an invitation to combine were actually called together in Washington and read curtain lectures by officials of the Government for not doing what they would have been punished for a few months earlier. Each industry pooled its techniques, standardized its tools, machines, styles, qualities, and processes on the best, took its orders, and proceeded to make goods as they were never made before—or since.

Demobilization

It must have been sheer momentum which carried us into the middle of 1920. For as soon after the Armistice as they could get away, the dollar-a-year men drifted out of Washington. The control staffs were broken up, price and consumption restraints were removed, and the railways were handed back to their owners. There was, of course, need for abnormal amounts of peace goods to repair war-time loss or neglect, and there were shortages because of the time involved in shifting productive processes again. But before long the inevitable headache began. Prices had risen in crescendo after the controls were abandoned; the European market was cut off because buyers there lacked the wherewithal to pay, except with goods, and these we banned by tariffs. Suddenly we discovered that our tremendous productive power was flooding the markets with goods which could not be sold with any profit. And so we proceeded into several years of depression.

Under war-pressure industry had experimented with a kind of voluntary socialism—and liked it. It liked the substitution of solidarity for suspicion, of unity for compelled disunion, of cooperation for competition, of a common purpose for haphazard growth. But when the war was over, old ideas which had been in suspension again stirred in politicians' minds, the Department of Justice turned from hunting Reds to hunting trusts, tariffs were raised. The Supreme Court drew a long breath and eyed the war powers arrogated by the Administration with the chilly disfavor which recently found expression in the Tyson case, decisively turning back legislative efforts to regulate prices, excusing its former complaisance in such cases as the New York rent laws by using the phrase "controlling emergency."

As a result of this post-war lassitude and the recrudescence of old ideas, we have returned—as far as the Government can effect it—to the days of 1910. But industry, in spite of obvious handicaps, has not slipped all the way. It finds itself with an overcapacity caused by faulty coordination and restricted demand, and with other maladjustments. And it has frankly gone back to its policy of price-competition, which is so wasteful and so damaging to consumers' interests. But its internal operating technique, as contrasted with the technique of its organization, improves steadily. Research, standardization, machinization, serialization, personnel administration—all have continued to go forward since the war.

Among other conspicuous developments there is the fact that some 30,000 men, in some 500 research laboratories, established as adjuncts of business, are at work on these problems of technique. The per-man-hour productivity index has as a result of this and other causes had the most startling rise in all industrial history. For the automotive industry this rise actually amounts to a change from an index of 100 in 1914 to 310 in 1925, one hundred points of that gain being since the war.

A recent report of the National Bureau of Economic Research carries our annual income for 1926 up to the staggering figure of nearly 90 billion dollars, which is an increase of 36 per cent in five years—since 1921. And this was for a period of general price decline! This report says that "incomes of the gainfully occupied in 1926 averaged $2,010 as compared with $1,537 in 1921. In terms of money of constant purchasing power the gainfully occupied person received one-fourth more than in 1917, and about 44 per cent more than in 1919."

Yet there is something wrong somewhere. For in spite of these great advances, the per-man-hour index of productivity in most industries would have led any one who depended upon them alone to the conclusion that we should have registered a greater increase in income. And the Census Bureau's general physical volume index of production registers only a 19 per cent increase since 1923 instead of the 100 or more per cent which might have been expected. We ought to have done better, even taking productive technique as it is. It seems plain that our social arrangements are managing to dissipate about half of our manifest power. The leakage cannot be measured exactly or the responsibility accurately assigned, but I believe that the kind of system we started to develop during the war would have reduced this friction immensely, and that in going back to the old hap-

hazard, unregulated competition we chose the worst among the alternatives for general organization.

The sole representative of the War Industries idea in Washington today is Mr. Hoover, and the contrast between the activities of his Department and the attitude of President Coolidge and his Department of Justice is amusing and instructive.

When Adam Smith, in 1776, wrote the words which destroyed mercantilism and started *laissez-faire* on a career of a century and a half, he established himself as the "father of political economy." Mr. Baruch, who bearded that system in Washington, its holy of holies, and set a superior system in its place, deserves a title too. His valedictory as war-time chief of staff for industry was a message to Americans in time of peace:

> We continue to argue . . . that the principles of competition can be preserved to protect the interests of the public and insure efficiency. The Sherman and Clayton acts represent little more than moderately ambitious efforts to reduce by government interference the processes of business so as to make them conform to the simpler principles sufficient for the conditions of a bygone day.

In a paragraph or two he sketched the fostering of combination and association during the war and the technical results which followed the dual policy of encouraging large-scale operations and controlling prices to consumers, drawing the clear inference that if this was a good policy for war, it must be as good for peace. He asked for a positive rather than a negative program and recommended the experience of the Industries Board as throwing light on these possibilities. He asked, in fact, for a

> governmental agency, with constructive as well as inquisitorial powers—an agency whose duty it should be to encourage such cooperation and coordination in industry as should tend to increase production, eliminate waste, conserve resources, improve the quality of products, promote efficiency in operation . . . and should, at the same time, be clothed with the power and charged with the responsibility of standing watch against and preventing abuses.

Perhaps we shall turn back to these pages some time for a reformulation of industrial policy, but not while Calvin Coolidge and his confreres can thrust back the tides of progress. Mr. Coolidge, vetoing the McNary-Haugen bill said it was "an entire reversal of what has been heretofore thought to be sound. . . . It runs counter to the well-considered principle that a healthy economic condition is best maintained through a free play of competition." I think that most of the bigger business men would stand witness that the earnest pursuit of that principle would have lost us the war. But then war is war; and peace is only peace.

A'wa Tseighe Comes Home from the War

By MARY AUSTIN

HOW come I going to this war? Well, sir, me an this San Juan Pueblo boy, name Onorio Sotero, we been going to Santa Fe Indian School, U. S. Government, ever since we been kids, learnen good educashun. We got geogafy and fractions an the capitals of Europe, an readen Hiawatha, an all that. But when we get back to our Pueblo we not knowen what to do with all this good educashun. Cause all them old back numbers at my Pueblo, they aint care bout nothing but maken good corn crop like they been doing ever since they come out of the ground, an menden the irrigating ditch, an maybe stealen a little grass for the cattle off government land. Well, this San Juan boy write me there aint nothing doing for good educashuned boy in his Pueblo, so I going up there to visit him, an see what we going do with all this lotsa educashun we got.

Thass in 1917 right after first corn hoeing; an long come one U. S. government moving picture, all about this war, an those German Kaisers, an everything. An they say all Mericans got a right to enlist. This San Juan boy, name Sotero, he sayen to me, "By Golly!" he says, "we otto go over there an put those Kaisers in hell." Thass what he sayen; and I say "What I caren who's in hell. I'm no Christian."

"Well," he say, "we got all this good educashun; we got the biggest country an the best army, an everything. We gotta go over there an show 'em." Thass how.

All people ver' pleased in my Pueblo when they hear I enlist. My mother she kine scare I be killed, but my father, hees Priest of the Bow, an he getten all those other priest, an that Sun priest, all those *officiales*, an they worken in the kiva—thass all same Indian church—four days they work, maken all kine medicine from old days. Course I know thass all foolishness, but I didden hurt their feelings, on account my father he think thass going make so nothing hurt me all time that war last. Sotero, hees old men they worken for him. But those San Juan Pueblaños, they aint maken good medicine no more. They quarrellen all time in that Pueblo on account they got political fractions. Sotero he getten little piece of shrapnel in hees shoulder. Well, sir, I aint sayen anything cause hees my friend, an hees maken like he is some soldier on account that wound stripe hees getten. An no feller can't help it if his people got political fractions, but maybe if they didden got those politics like they got in San Juan, he been come home like me without nothing happen to him.

But we aint neither of us sorry we went to that war. I tell you, I been thinken lots more better bout Mericans since I been belongen to that Merican army. All time in my Pueblo those *caciques* been tellen us, "Merican boys too soft; can't fight, can't run, can't do nothing like us Indians." Well, sir, I aint believen that no more. I tell you, if some those Merican Doughboys aint got Indian blood in 'em, they got a right to. They're sure 'nough scrappers! Nother thing like Indians, those Doughboys always changen everybody's name; more like what they are. That San Juan boy, name Onorio Sotero, they callen Brown-bread, an me they callen Hot-Biscuit. Thass Merican joke. Then me an Sotero name one officer Turtle-top. You know that mountain by Albuquerque, name Sandia—Watermelon, only the Tewas callen it Oku—Turtle? Well, sir, if that officer sleep on hees back he look like that Watermelon Mountain; an when he saluten, or anything, he moven hees head round inside his collar. Well, sir, he aint call nothing after that but Old Turtle-top. Sure! Those Merican Doughboys an those Indians they understanden each another first rate.

When we come along by those Italy boys—yeh, thass

where we been fighten in my company—some little fellers, kinda sawed off, like they been livin' at Walapi or maybe Acoma. We callen them Roosters on account they got bunches of rooster's feathers on their hats. We liken them, too. Thass where we meet that Oglalla Sioux, name McKinley Two-Elk. Hees one fine feller.

Me an that McKinley Two-Elk, we teachen those soldiers all kinsa Indian dances, only all those Mericans an those Roosters call all our dances scalp dances. Seem like they don't like no other kine dances only scalp dances. Thass what I'm tellen you. What for you all time asken bout those Oklahoma dances when I all time showen you better: Corn dance, Basket dance, and lotsa other kine?

Well, sir, I don' understand them things. Like I don' understand why you wanten to know bout those Oklahoma dance. But I tellen you just the same. Anyway those Oklahoma Indians, they likely to do most anything, so when I hear they going to have scalp dance, I aint surprise. Thass long bout five–six months after I come home from this war. Sotero he writes me a letter, tellen me that. Then a bunch of Navahoes come through my Pueblo, they tellen. An some Santo Domingo boys, they say maybe they go over to Oklahoma for little trip soon as they get their corn in. So I write Sotero to meet me at Albuquerque an bring money—cause he getten money from the U. S. Government on account that piece shrapnel in hees shoulder—an I say "Less go see old soldier friends an hear some news."

Well, sir, when we get off the train where we going, there's some boys from Taos on horseback, and some Navahoes with team an wagon. So we going along together, an bymby we meet some Jicarilla Apaches driven some of their cattle. One of those boys he been in my company, an I asken him, "Where you going with them steers?" an he asken me, "Where you think you be when I get there, Doughboy?"

Every day we meet more Indians, an plenty Indian sign tellen which trail to take for the reunion. All kindsa Indians, Mescaleros and White Mountain Apaches, Papagoes, an Pimos, they didden have no scalps, they didden do those kine things; an those Apaches say they didden, and those Navahoes. Only Navahoes, they mostly liars. Well, by golly, when we got to that place, they got maybe three–four hundred Indians; Sioux an Blackfeet an Comanches, Utes an Paiutes, an Cherokees an Creeks, an lots kine I didden never know before. Maybe sixty or eighty got uniforms, like me an Sotero. One feller he got Corporal's stripes; some got wound stripes, some got medals, an some got crutches. One feller he got a bugle. If anybody got scalps he aint showen 'em. Me an Sotero, we give one look round an we start yellen like we been scalp oursels when we see that McKinley Two-Elk. Hees been getten one artifishul arm since Italy, he showen to those old bucks from away back, make their eyes stick out. I tellen the world we glad to see each another again! Lotsa other Doughboys, too, that we been knowen in that war! we all hit each another on the back, just like Mericans, an talken Merican war language, cause we didden know each another's, an Indian sign language, an all kine things.

Well, sir, that was one swell reunion! Everybody feel good; lotsa eats; whole steers they roasten, an *frijoles* an coffee; an those Oklahoma Indians that belong to those oil lands, bringen their ottomobiles full all kine grub like what we have in the army, white bread, an cakes, an canned pineapple, an cigarettes, an chewing gum. Swell! An not a white man on the place. Not a damn one! All that day we eaten, an visiten each another, an that night we have speeches. All those old war chiefs and big men from different tribes, they speaken to us Doughboys. Me, I one interpreter, on account I got all this lotsa educashun, an McKinley Two-Elk he interpreten Sioux an Cheyenne an Blackfeet, an two–three other languages, an four–five other interpreters, so every feller he hear what they sayen in his own language. Cause those old men that speaken, they kinda ignorant, they don't speak Merican, only those language what they got. Next day we dance.

Well, now, I going tell you bout those scalp dance. White people seem like they didden understand scalp dance. They think scalp dance is all on account they given those ennemy hell. But Indians didden have no hell in their religion. When they killen those ennemy, they didden go off to heaven an hell, they stay right round old home place maken all kine trouble. Cause they mad they been scalp. If you don' want no trouble with ennemy after they been kill you gotta take those scalp an have dance to make friends with 'em right away. Huh! I been hearen Mexican soldiers talken at that Merican Legion, Montoya y Montoya Post No. 1, how everything been happen pretty darn bad to those Europe Peoples since that war been finished. That didden surprise no Indian soldiers. Indians know since long time back, that soon as they killen those ennemy they gotta have scalp dance, adopten those ennemy in their tribe so they don't make no more trouble for 'em. Sposen we got some German scalps at those reunion? Well, those Germans, all what got kill in that war, they pretty good Indians by this time. Then we ain't sayen no more bad bout those Germans, sayen everything good, like they damn good fighters an much brave. Cause they belongen to Merican tribe now, on account those scalp dance.

Well, sir, I guess my father been round when my mother packen my suit case. What you think? When I get to that place I find all my father's dance clothes; moccasins, feathers, paint; every darn thing. An my grandfather's shield like he usen when he fighten those Navaho long time back. Thass one swell shield; buffalo hide, with long hair all round—Navaho hair—an rattlesnake an thunderbird painted on it. My grandfather he been one sure'nough fighter. So I sayen, "well, I got all these swell clothes; I might as well dance."

McKinley Two-Elk, he got one first-class Sioux war suit an bonnet. One White River Ute, he got one dance suit all solid bead work, all colors. Swell! Lotsa other fellers, they dancen too, but we three the best looken. An one old chief I bet hees a hundred years old, they callen Pottowatomie—though I didden know where that tribe been liven—he aint hardly got no clothes, only paint an deer skin, like old times, an he so weak he gotta be held up at first. But soon as he get warmed up, by golly! you otta see that old feller dance! An that McKinley Two-Elk! I bet you could see daylight under that feller's feet every minute.

Well, we dancen, an those medicine men an Sun priests, they worken round that Medicine Lodge. All those other old chiefs singen, an the drums going. Bymby everybody singen an dancen, like they do in their own place. Every tribe Indians, they got scalp dance, only they all different. Like Christians. So every tribe getten together with their own, dancen and singen, like they been Baptists, or maybe Presbyterians. Two–three hours they going like that, not

thinken bout no Germans nor no white men, nor nothing, only feelen good in their heart. An all at once that bugler boy he blowen like hell, "Lights Out," an all those three–four hundred Indians an twenty drums, they stop like they been shot. I didden see nothing, only the sun going down, an I thinken thass what he blowen for; an then I hearen whisper, "White man, white man" like a wind in four hundred trees, an all those Indians turnen one way, like the wind blowen 'em. Sure'nough, there was one white officer man sittin on one horse like he been there long time.

Well, I don' know how that was, only somebody give one war whoop, an all those soldier boys been runnen an whoopen like hell. Me, I runnen an yellen, with my grandfather's shield and war club, an all those old men looken scare, but yellen like the rest. Well, sir, that officer man he sitten there kinda grinnen, an I thinken thass funny, an hearen myself yell like one wild Indian, an not knowen what I going do. All at once I see that McKinley Two-Elk grab that horse's bridle an shouten, "Three cheers for old Turtle-top." Well, sir, if you think they yell before that, you oughtta heard 'em then!

Well, we all showen Old Turtle-top round that camp, an feeden him, an putten war bonnet on him, an teachen him scalp dance.

Well after supper we dance some more, an Turtle-top he dancen. Everybody dance. All those drums been going, an those camp fires, an that bugler he sitten off on one hill playen all old songs like we learnen in that war. Bymby I don't remember bout Turtle-top, nor that U. S. Government School where I been going all those years. I thinken bout my grandfather, an all old time Indians. Seem like they all comen back, dancen with us, all just Indians, an not no white men. Like all those old peopels comen on that Spirit Road going across the sky, touchen those Oklahoma hills, an be-en happy with us. An I ain't tired nor nothing, only maybe like I been drunk, an dancen all that night. Well, sir, when I waken up bout 10 o'clock next morning, all those Indians been pull their freight. Only just Navahoes an some Utes an Paiutes what live long way off, an those Oklahoma that taken away that Medicine Lodge. Turtle-top gone, an that Oglalla Sioux name McKinley Two-Elk. So me an that San Juan boy, name Onorio Sotero, we fixen to ride back with those White River Utes what have some friends in Taos, and show them the way. Thass all.

The Moral Losses of the War

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

"HE is a bold man," says Judge Bausman, in his latest book, "Facing Europe," "who will say that, if the United States had known in 1917 what we know now about the origins of the war and the purposes of the Allies, we would ever have gone into the conflict." Had we known, in other words, that the origins of the war were primarily Russian and French instead of German, and that the purposes of the Allies were not to save civilization and make the world safe for democracy, but to advance their own imperialistic interests at the expense of the Central Empires, we would in all probability not have joined in the fight.

It is still more doubtful that we would have gone to war in 1917 had we been able to foresee what the struggle was to cost us in men, money, and morals. No loss would be lamented, perhaps, if the European conflict had been what it was represented to be, or had ended in the great achievements of democracy and peace which were promised as the reward of sacrifice. But when we discover, as we have now discovered, that the war was dishonest from the beginning, and that we were enticed into the conflict by devices of deceit to ends of betrayal both of ourselves and of humanity, it may be well to ask what we have paid for our mess of pottage.

We began to pay within a few weeks after President Wilson issued his proclamation declaring "that a state of war exists between the United States and the Imperial German Government." At that time nobody imagined that we would contribute to the conflict anything more than money, supplies, ships, and a part of our navy. But soon it began to be whispered about that the Allies needed troops, and before we realized what it all meant, the manhood of the nation was drafted for service overseas. There was placed upon the federal statute-books a Conscription Act which outdid the Prussian system in sweep and rigor, and established forever in this country the legal and moral precedent of compulsory military service in foreign wars. Moreover, a militaristic spirit was conjured up like a demonic presence to plague the nation for generations to come. It lives today in such organizations as the American Legion and the R. O. T. C. It shows its ugly and malign head in impudent demands for control of public policy and expenditure of public funds. It undertakes to use education for its own ends, to subdue religion to its own purposes, and, by arrogating to itself all virtue, to impose its own brutish standards upon the public life. The United States is not militarized yet by any means; the innate common sense of the people still stands as a barrier against the flood. But the dikes were weakened by the war, and another swollen torrent of arms may carry them away.

The price for our indulgence in the European orgy took a big leap upward with the passage of the so-called Espionage Act. This law did not violate the Constitution in any technical legal sense, if we are to trust the decision of the Supreme Court; but pragmatically speaking, it destroyed the First Amendment, corner-stone of our Bill of Rights, which specifically forbids the making of any federal law "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press," with (curiously enough!) no exceptions or reservations for war time! Administered by vigorous and unscrupulous officials of the Gregory and Palmer type, this Espionage Act was straightway utilized as a first-class weapon of political tyranny. Dissenting opinion of every kind was drastically suppressed. Clergymen in their pulpits, editors at their printing-presses, political and labor leaders on their platforms and in their offices, all who dared to oppose or even criticize the dicta of government, were promptly arrested and thrust into jail. For the first time the political offender became a conspicuous figure in American life. But the Government was not content to hunt individuals merely. Whole minority groups, such as the I. W. W. during the war and

the Communists after the war, were pursued by practices of persecution hitherto unknown in this country. The Terror appeared among us—first as a weapon directed against aliens and outlaws, then as a scourge laid upon the backs of the public in the appropriately named "drives" for Liberty loans, Red Cross subscriptions, and support of other enterprises pertaining to the war. Suddenly no man was safe. Letters were opened, telephone wires tapped, "undercover" men planted, *agents provocateurs* distributed, homes raided, and families seized or scattered. By every device known to autocrats from the days of Rome down, the Government hunted and herded the people till they became a mob, driven by fear almost to panic. Madness everywhere possessed us; and this madness endures today in forms of intolerance and hate which make our American life one of the ugliest spectacles of the contemporary world. Taught to test loyalty by submission and character by conformity, we rage against the heresy of disagreement. Having lost our practice of freedom, we have, of course, lost with it our reverence for freedom. The hardy temper of independent manhood, the fine, free spirit of enlightened liberalism, has disappeared. Free thought was never so hazardous, free speech never so difficult, in America as it is today. And lest we falter in our new-won Toryism, and revert to happier days, the Espionage Act remains upon the statute-book, like a death's head at a feast, to remind us of our doom when Government betrays us into another war.

The Conscription Act and the Espionage Act were but the opening of the play. Soon political corruption entered into the drama! This started with the familiar scandals of the Shipping Board and the Alien Property Custodian, and mounted at last to the climax of Fall, Daugherty, Doheny, and other familiar figures of the Harding Administration, who, to quote the unforgettable if inelegant phrase of the plain-speaking John Randolph, "shine and stink, and stink and shine, like mackerel rotting in the moonlight." Nobody knows, nobody dares even to imagine, the extent of the corruption which spread from Washington out through the length and breadth of the land, in political and commercial channels without number, as the direct consequence of the demoralization incident to war. For every dollar honestly spent there were several lost, and several more misappropriated and stolen. It was an orgy which made the misdoings of the Grant Administration after the Civil War look like the innocent pranks of a children's party. And worst of all, people knew about it, or learned about it, and didn't care. Scandals a hundred times more disgraceful than those which shook the nation in other days have stirred scarcely a ripple in our time. The Presidential candidate of the party involved in the worst corruptions known to American history, himself and his cabinet officers directly or indirectly involved in the shame, was reelected by the largest majority ever received by a contestant for the highest office in the land. What had happened was that the war had sapped, as war always saps, the foundations of conscience. As disease destroys the bodies, so war destroys the souls of men. We talk loudly of the purging influences of war, of the quickening of moral ideals, of the exalting influence of service and sacrifice for the larger interests of the state. But our talk is but the babble of ignorance and superstition. As a matter of fact, war is the most corrupting influence that can be let loose in human society. Its destruction of lives and property is only the outward and visible sign of its equal destruction of the inner values of the spirit. From 1917 on, the level of life in America has steadily tended downward. Lawlessness, loose morals, gross materialism, social irresponsibility, out and out corruption are the outstanding characteristics of the time.

What has happened during the last ten years is best indicated by the sudden ending of that movement of social idealism which was the outstanding feature of American life before the war. Everywhere in those distant and happy days we were engaged in great works of social liberation. We had won political victories in the popular election of Senators, the establishment of direct primaries, the enfranchisement of women. We had made progress in the economic field in the restriction of child labor, the shortening of hours of labor for women, the establishment of collective bargaining in industry. We were making progress in what was intended to be a complete and final victory for social democracy. It was an age of brave and cheerful idealism. We did not worry, we were confident; much could delay, but nothing stay, our triumph. But the war stayed it! In a night we were flung back into savagery and the base struggle for elemental things. And now, ten years after the war, we have not recovered, save to struggle against war itself as a drowning man struggles against the waves which would devour him.

Our present situation in this country, ten years after our plunge into the European cataclysm, is not difficult to define. Through the disintegration of Europe, we have become the political and financial center of the Western world. We have also for the same reason, and because of our own inherent strength, become the potential military master of this same world. Our destined day is come—a day of empire, and wealth, and glory! And our souls are being fashioned for this day. Shown "the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them," we are turning not away. Rather are we preparing to "fall down and worship," that "all these things" may be given unto us.

The Turnip Year in Germany

By AN ENGLISHWOMAN

MID-WINTER, 1917

A DARK, cold night. Sleet falling. A little country station, dimly lighted, bare, cold. A little group of women are waiting for the train; queer figures they look, so shapeless in their old ulsters and faded hats, loaded down with bundles and baskets, old suitcases and handbags, some even with sacks. Patiently they stand there like old packhorses in the rain. They rest their bundles carefully on the ground and endeavor to straighten their backs beneath the heavy rucksack. Now and again one stoops and tries to repack a bag, looking around furtively for fear someone has seen that precious little packet of butter which must be kept out of sight.

My own suitcase lies on the bench. How heavy it is! I shudder, thinking of the long way home, but smile when I remember my loot—seven pounds of rye to roast and use for coffee; one whole pound of butter—never have I had so much, and three whole liters of milk for my baby. Heaps of apples, a small loaf of black bread, and some eggs. I walked ten miles in cold and sleet to outlying farms to secure it. If only it is not taken away from me, as it was last time. Carefully I rearrange my purchases: one bottle of milk in my great-coat pocket—that will pass I am sure; one in the suitcase among some innocent-looking apples,

and one in the basket. I'll get through the inspection at S. with *one* bottle anyway, and if I get more through, I'll sterilize it and baby will have some milk next week.

A far-away whistle. Here comes the train. Quickly I gather up my load. I shall have to fight to get a seat. The little engine staggers into the station, puffing and snorting. We used to poke fun at the little railway, its noise, its slowness, its stuffiness. Now we are too accustomed to its discomfort to find it funny. There is never enough coal, it is never heated or cleaned, it is always full and always late. I stagger up the steps with my load and see one seat in the middle of the car, but every available space is filled with bags and baskets and sacks. Despairingly I look round and the sad faces smile me a greeting; we are all sisters in distress. "Here on top of mine," one working woman says, and gratefully I pile it up and sink down exhausted on the hard bench. No one speaks. There are six more stations to the terminus where we take the train back to the city.

"They say the inspection is getting more severe than ever. They stopped a friend of mine with apples last week," one woman says.

We are all indignant. Fruit has always been free, we protest. Another speaks: "The conductor has just told us that the gendarme struck at a woman's skirts with his saber yesterday to find out if she had any eggs in inside pockets." We all look self-conscious.

"He'd better try that on me," answered another. "He'd get mine in his face, that's all."

The working woman next me shakes with fear. "My God," she says, "I am so afraid. They say they are going to punish food hoarding with imprisonment. If only I can get through with the bit I've got. There are so many children at home."

"You mustn't be so frightened," I tell her irritably. "He can only take away the food. They can't start putting us in prison, there'd be no end to it. We all do it."

"I know," she answers sullenly, "but you perhaps can afford to lose the food; I can't. After giving up a day's work to go on this trip, and trudging about all day in the cold with scarcely anything to eat, spending all my money, and then to have it taken away——" She begins to cry. "I didn't get any milk this time either and I have a baby a year old. I've been giving her rye-coffee in her bottle."

I have a short, sharp struggle with myself, then I say: "Here, take this bottle quick; hide it! We shall be there soon."

She doesn't hesitate. "I'll pay for it," she says. As if I wanted her money. I can only see my own baby's pinched face reproaching me. Well, perhaps the gendarme would have taken it anyway. We trundle on in the darkness. It is raining now and freezing on the train windows as it falls. We are nearing S. and all of us are nervous. The woman next me begins again, "Haven't you got a bread card to spare?"

"I can let you have a half a card," I answer, remembering the small black bread the farmer's wife had given me. She takes it apologetically: "My little Johann is always so hungry."

I make a rapid survey of my load. Let me see: the umbrella and pocket-book can hang on my wrist, one hand for the suitcase that weighs at least twenty pounds with those apples in it, and in the other the basket.

"All change!" shouts the conductor. Out we get on the ice-covered steps. There in the station doorway through which we must file I catch a glimpse of a green uniform. Now for it! Is it any good lying? He won't find my butter I feel sure. I have rolled it out flat with the farmwife's rolling pin, and put it at the bottom of the suitcase with an innocent piece of cardboard on top. My turn is coming. I chide myself for shaking.

"Any butter?" the gendarme roars at me. "No." "Any eggs?" "No." "Open up your things," he shouts. Meekly I open them. "Milk is not allowed," he says. "Have you any?" "Only one bottle for my baby," I answer. He grunts. "What's this?" "Rye," I answer. "How much?" "Three pounds," I lie again cheerfully. He puts his hand among the apples. "Nothing else?" "No," I say, trying to look frank. "Pass," he growls. Trying not to seem in too much of a hurry I close my things.

I am cold and hungry but the restaurant in the big waiting-room across the way has nothing for sale except coffee-substitute; not even rye, which we are becoming quite fond of. I order some; it will be hot anyway. We have an hour to wait for the connection. We huddle in our coats and doze. The express rattles in. Full! People standing in every carriage. With my last remaining strength I fight for standing room. Some get left behind. I sway back and forth for over an hour holding to the baggage rack, my suitcase resting on my icy feet. Endless the journey, and shuddering, I think of the trolley ride yet before me. If only the last car hasn't left the station before the train gets in. If only someone were there to meet me; but my husband is at the front. We are there. Once more we shoulder our loads. The last car is just leaving and I have to run. It is midnight when I let myself into my flat. I had started out at six in the morning.

The Creche

My friend had just had a baby. The whole nine months of her pregnancy she had lain on a couch too weak to get up, scarcely speaking, scarcely making any attempt to eat. We all remonstrated with her; she must make an effort for her baby's sake. All she answered, whispering, was: "I *can't* eat any more turnips." We had them for breakfast, dinner, and supper; we made them into jam to spread on sticky, heavy black bread that was already full of carrots and potato peelings. My gorge rises now when I think of it. We cooked them with our weekly quarter-pound ration of meat for dinner, we tried to disguise them as soup.

The baby, when it came, like so many others at that time, was not normal. Unfortunately it lived. The doctor insisted on a visit to the North Sea. It would brace my friend up—give her an appetite. I shuddered. Who wanted an appetite? But she had another child of three or four years and the doctor said she hadn't strength enough to take care of two. Someone suggested a creche. There was one near me where the child could stay. I promised to visit the little one and report to her mother.

It was a lovely summer day when I went there. Blue sky and roses in bloom everywhere. I found the place set in a lovely garden, everything spotless and beautiful. I inquired for my friend's little girl.

"They are all out in the garden eating up the sun," said the friendly matron. I passed through spotless corridors out to the sunny lawn. Rows and rows of cots stood under the trees. A nurse came toward me: "The bigger children are on the other side," she said. "Wouldn't you like to see our babies?" I shall never forget that sight.

"Sister," I gasped, "for God's sake, what's the matter with them all? They don't look human. They—they look

like little old monkeys." The sister was surprised that I did not know. "Oh they've all got rickets, of course. Look at their wrists and ankles and their little screwed-up faces."

"Yes, rickets!" she repeated, "the English disease! Most of them won't live, and the others will never be strong. The old and the young are all going; perhaps we middle-aged will survive." I turned away and sought the little girl I had come to see. She looked at me with big, sad eyes. "Want my Mutti," she said hopefully at sight of my familiar face.

NOVEMBER, 1918

We stand and look at one another. My husband has the paper in his hands. Armistice! No more fighting. The guns have stopped on every front.

"Is it true?" I ask. He nods. I begin to cry for joy. Gradually I begin to realize all it means. "How soon shall we get some food through?" I ask eagerly.

There is a pause.

"They have decided to keep up the blockade till the peace is actually signed," he answers gruffly.

"Who has decided!" I ask.

"Your countrymen," he answers bitterly.

The First "Boiled" Surgeon

By EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE

SIR JOSEPH LISTER, eminent English surgeon, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth occurs April 5, 1927, can fitly be called "the first 'boiled' surgeon" because by introducing white-winged, surgical cleanliness he routed the "good, old surgical stink" in hospitals. He changed the order for soap from guest size to a charwoman's chunk; at an operation he used a pyramid of clean towels instead of the allotted "one"; he goaded the infirmary plumber to renovate the water pipes so the faucets gave pure gushes of water instead of cloudy trickles. This much and more Lister did in the name of ordinary cleanness. But to insure aseptic cleanliness, to fortify tattered flesh and mangled bone against infection he applied carbolic acid, used heretofore only as a scavenger for Carlisle sewers.

European hospitals have spotty pasts. Overcrowding led to complications in disease. In Lister's day infirmary patients were tumbled together, sometimes two and more in one bed. A man with a gangrene stump clutched in death agony at his convalescent bedfellow, and an erysipelas victim shared the same pillow with a fractured skull damp in bloody bandage. In the ironically named Hôtel Dieu in Paris 1,200 beds accommodated (?) 3,000 patients. The cholera epidemic in 1849 and the butchering Crimean War covered all available floor-space with lumpy mattresses. So "hospital gangrene," or Gray Death, as it was called from the cancerous gray lace fluted around a decaying wound, stalked through the wards, smiting by contagion.

To overcrowding was added septic contacts. A nurse might raise a window a few inches to shake out a duster; but otherwise windows were dangerous portholes through which fresh air might slip. Consequently the patient sniffed sewery air stirring from a hundred wounds. While house-surgeon at Glasgow Infirmary Lister traced a fetid odor to a cholera catacomb, a dead city of loaded coffins under the building.

During the first week in April, when wards underwent spring cleanings, families of germs that had tenanted infirmaries fifty-one weeks of the year formed a grand departing caravan along the superintendent's broom. It was Lister's specially sterilized ward of which one superintendent said, "there was nothing dirty in its appearance so it seemed unnecessary to disturb it." In Glasgow Infirmary hot water was precious; floor mops and soap never got very far beyond the vestibule. Only those hospitals brushed by the immaculate skirt of Florence Nightingale were "fairly clean." The operating room or "theater" in the University College Hospital, where Lister studied, was a stuffy cabin with a wooden table, a greasy gas jet, and one basin.

Surgical instruments were kept no cleaner than household scissors. The surgeon dashed his lance in soapsuds, thrust it into a crummy pocket while preparing the patient, and then proceeded to operate. One probe explored the ulcer, the tuberculous wrist of a laborer, the wound of a tetanus sufferer. The surgeon's wife made sure the buttons on her husband's operating jacket were secure—for they were the pegs upon which hung the silk threads used for stitches. The surgeon himself used his teeth to hold the operating knife, pirate fashion, during a lull. He wore a coat variegated with stains and blood spatters. As every stain attested to the wearer's advance in surgery the coat covered proud shoulders.

The modern hospital rises on a foundation of scrubbing brushes. Walls and ceilings and corridors gleam with purifying whiteness; beds are skeleton clean between crevices; stone stairways are almost blistered from frequent irrigation with scalding water; doors open and close without creating dusty draughts. The operating "theater" is so situated that a bleaching north light intensifies the general cleanliness. Corners are rounded and walls are bare to keep out lurking dirt. Forceps, tweezers, scalpels are immersed in sterilizing solution. Towels are plucked from a chest with tongs. The operator is "boiled" into scientific cleanliness.

Permeating the entire hospital, like incense rising in tribute to the great Lister, floats the stinging fume of carbolic acid.

Lister began by clarifying the wards of Glasgow Infirmary with fresh air and to make sure demurring nurses would keep the windows open he insisted on fires in July. He fumigated lavishly with Condy's deodorant. He trained his assistants to wash their hands thoroughly and often, not mere tidal marking at the wrists but up to the elbow with a final dip in carbolic solution. He ordered clean towels until he was accused by the lay committee of the hospital of "extravagant cleanliness." Instruments swam in carbolic acid. This germ-scourging chemical, appropriated by Lister after he realized some agent was needed to kill microbes breeding putrefaction in a wound, finally became the universally accepted surgical cleanser.

Lister's efforts at the seat of disease, at the crater of "hospital gangrene" for instance, were expedient applications of carbolic. The poisonous area about a wound, resulting from pus and collective uncleanliness, and spreading from bed to bed, recovered under the caustic action of the acid. Gray Death subsided; during Lister's first eighteen months' experience with carbolic as an antiseptic wound buffer only two cases out of thirteen died. Heretofore the patient with compound fracture and broken skin, "the portal of death" through which bacteria marched like invisible undertakers to claim the victim, resigned himself to hospital fate. Lister and his simple swab of carbolized lint now set the patient on the little-traveled highway to recovery.

In the Driftway

ANYTHING which throws light on the ideas and ideals current in American colleges attracts the notice of the Drifter. He isn't especially interested in curricula, in which regard he understands that he shares the feelings of some of the students. But he is always on the alert for indications of how the young men and women of our campuses are thinking, and about what. Thus he pounced the other day on a newspaper item relating that the senior class of Columbia University had held an election in which a majority had voted for one of their mates as

(1) The man who had done most for his class.
(2) The man who had done most for Columbia.
(3) The most reliable man.
(4) The best athlete.
(5) The best all around man.
(6) The most typical Columbia man.
(7) The man most likely to succeed in life.

* * * * *

THE young man who received this tribute must be a fellow of parts, but the Drifter is not concerned with him or with the justness of the verdict. The Drifter is interested in the questions voted upon as a revelation of the class mind. He thinks that only the third and fourth are of consequence. The third is a definite expression in regard to character and the fourth in respect to ability; anyone might well be proud to have such verdicts cast in his favor. The fifth judgment is indefinite and presumably a summary of all the others; hence it doesn't count for much. The sixth is equivalent to saying that the young man in question is like his mates; as an expression of opinion by them it is more of a vote for themselves than for him. The seventh is a prediction and practically the same as the fifth.

* * * * *

THE first two judgments are the most illuminative of the class mind, and the fact that they stand at the head of the list adds to their importance. Obviously the students are in no doubt that a young man ought to come to college to do something for it and for his class. This seems to be a cardinal belief throughout all our colleges, one of the marks which distinguish American universities from similar institutions abroad. This theory is held by faculty as well as students. College life revolves around it. And, the Drifter surmises, the comparative sterility of our campuses as intellectual centers is in no small degree due to the prevalence of this odd misconception. For the Drifter doesn't accept the idea at all. He thinks that if there is any period in life when one has a right to be selfish of time and energy it is in college. If one isn't there primarily for self-improvement, one oughtn't to be there at all. For a young man to squander his energies "for the honor of Old Princevard," or to sacrifice his time "for the sake of dear old '28" is fiddlesticks. If the Drifter believed in endowments, and if he had the money—neither of which is the case—he would establish a prize in every American college to be awarded annually to the student judged to have "done most for himself" in the previous year. THE DRIFTER

[*Because of the special character of this issue of* The Nation, *the International Relations Section has been omitted. It will appear hereafter as usual, next week's section including a history of the International Settlement at Shanghai by Lewis S. Gannett.*]

Correspondence

"Al" Smith, Progressive?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Alfred Baker Lewis criticizes the progressivism of Al Smith, saying that he has remained silent on Mexico, whereas Catholics like Senator David I. Walsh have spoken against intervention; he has remained silent on the question of labor-union injunctions, and has not disapproved of the issuance of drastic injunctions by Democratic judges; his water-power program is not extensive enough.

Except for prohibition—which has become a State issue—Governor Smith has not expressed himself on any national issues. In his last inaugural address he said he would make no other attempt to gain the Presidential nomination than to give New York the best administration of which he is capable. He has remained true to that pledge.

In the Governor's last annual message he said:

> Legislation should be enacted providing that before injunctions are issued in labor disputes a preliminary hearing should be held at which the parties in interest would be afforded an opportunity of presenting the facts to the court. The present practice of issuing injunctions in labor disputes on affidavits has brought about a growing disrespect for the courts and for judicial process and a bitter feeling between labor and capital. There is no reason why on important applications of this character the parties should not have the fullest opportunity to present all of the facts to the court at an open hearing held for that purpose before any judicial action is taken.

On water-power most of us would be happy if the Republican legislature would accept at least the Governor's proposal, but at this moment even that seems hopeless.

"Al" Smith is certainly the best fitted Progressive who has any chance whatever of reaching the White House.

New York, March 20 LESTER H. MARKS

Contacts Correspondence Club

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Judging from the many letters that are written to newspapers and magazines by readers who are not professional writers, there seems to be a need for a suitable outlet for private opinion. Only a small fraction of these communications are published, yet they mean a great deal to the persons who write them. Often it is the only method of self-expression to advanced thinkers who find themselves isolated in small towns.

To meet this need I have organized a Contacts Correspondence Club. There are no dues, no rules, no admission fees, no officers. Anyone can become a member who wants to engage in active correspondence with the other members of the club. I will send a membership list to any one that applies to me at P. O. Box 375, Ford City, Pa.

Ford City, Pennsylvania, March 20 M. D. WAND

What Is a "Modern Woman"?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I confess it seems to me that your These Modern Women series should bear the title Female Survivors from the Victorian Era. I do not mean this as an unfavorable criticism of *The Nation*. There is no publication that I think more of.

Chicago, Illinois, March 11 C. P. HARTSON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I consider it perfectly outrageous for you to print a confession of a woman who actually likes her parents.

Cos Cob, Connecticut, March 14 M. NELLES

Books, Art, Plays

First Glance

IT is perhaps unnecessary to remind anyone who remembers the war of the things done by Colonel T. E. Lawrence in Arabia—his rather sudden transformation from student to soldier, his disappearance into the heart of the peninsula with a plan for uniting the disaffected tribes in a solid front against Turkey, his unbelievable success as inspirer of a great and complicated national movement, and his emergence from many bloody, sandy episodes as the fanatically revered leader whose name had become "Wrecker of Engines." All this was immediately legend; and so has been the career of Colonel Lawrence since he came back to England with the intention of resuming his quiet life; so has been his almost fabulous book of 400,000 words, written, lost, rewritten from memory, published first in eight copies, published again in a few hundred copies, and now at last made available, in greatly reduced form, to as many people as want to read it. Many, indeed, should want to read "Revolt in the Desert" (Doran: $3), and many I am sure will find it among the most beautiful and interesting books of their experience. It is not another "Arabia Deserta" by any means, as of course it was never intended to be. It could have been written a little more slowly than it was. And readers of the abridgment, I am told, miss much when they miss the first six chapters, ruthlessly cut away in spite of the fact that they contain the best of Lawrence's writing—among other things the wonderful paragraph with which John Buchan opens his introduction. But "Revolt in the Desert" is precious as it stands, not only for the story it tells and for the way it tells it but for the revelation it gives of a most curious and subtle personality.

What interested me most in the book, outside of the hundreds of episodes and the dozens of character sketches which by their merit stand alone, was its picture of a man who mingled in himself the qualities of a poet and a scholar with those of an inspired executive. The remarkable thing is not that Colonel Lawrence managed in spite of his quietness to rally passionate Arabs and blow up concrete bridges loaded with Turks, but that in his quietness he did these things and got satisfaction from them. Not the glee, naturally, of an average unimaginative general; but the unspeakable pleasure of a short, mild, blue-eyed scholar who by some miracle suddenly found himself desiring to get physical things done. Colonel Lawrence, who at Gadara remembered Meleager and in a moment of extreme discomfort took out of his saddle-bags a copy of the "Morte d'Arthur," whose favorite adverbs, repeated I know not how many times, are "softly" and "swiftly," and who took time on the busiest of bloody days to make delicate notes on the way of his senses in the presence of mountains and the dawn—this man can speak coolly of sixty wounded Turks blown to crimson bits by the action of his own hand.

Yet Colonel Lawrence preserved in himself throughout that detachment of the intellect and the senses which we should expect of him as poet and philosopher. And in the end he saw the whole episode dwindling, dwindling. After one of the battles he writes: "We were subject to the physical shame of success, a reaction of victory, when it became clear that nothing was worth doing, and that nothing worthy had been done." This I am sure is the key to his mysterious career since the war. As a philosopher he knows that what he did was no more worth doing than anything is; as the one who did it he has been willing to write a record for those who think it important; as a man of imagination he must want to go on now with his life—if life has not been spoiled for him, as it may be, through its having reached a peak too soon.

The book, in only a lesser degree than Doughty's, is full of details which any reader must remember. I have already forgotten some of the battles; I shall not forget Ghazala.

> I was on my Ghazala, the old grandmother camel, now again magnificently fit. Her foal had lately died, and Abdulla, who rode next me, had skinned the little carcass, and carried the dry pelt behind his saddle, like a crupper piece. We started well, thanks to the Zaagi's chanting, but after an hour Ghazala lifted her head high and began to pace uneasily, picking up her feet like a sword-dancer.
>
> I tried to urge her; but Abdulla dashed alongside me, swept his cloak about him, and sprang from his saddle, calf's skin in hand. He lighted with a splash of gravel in front of Ghazala, who had come to a standstill, gently moaning. On the ground before her he spread the little hide, and drew her head down to it. She stopped crying, snuffled its dryness thrice with her lips; then again lifted her head and, with a whimper, strode forward. Several times in the day this happened; but afterwards she seemed to forget.

MARK VAN DOREN

Understanding Mexico

Aspects of Mexican Civilization. By José Vasconcelos and Manuel Gamio. University of Chicago Press. $2.

Some Mexican Problems. By Moises Saenz and Herbert I. Priestly. University of Chicago Press. $2.

IN the heart of the upland valley of San Juan Teotihuacán you will find the great ancient City of the Dead, among others the Toltec fortress (Ciudadela), and behind it the Pyramid of Quetzalcoatl with its imposing staircase flanked by snarling stone serpent-heads, erected to the worship of the white god, the Plumed Serpent. This majestic monument was excavated by Dr. Gamio with a persistence that outlived the marching and counter-marching of revolutions, but not in an idle or merely scientific spirit—rather as part of a noble project of racial and social regeneration. At the foot of this pyramid you will find, not entirely misemployed by his successors, a native theater, schools, handicraft shops, and, scattered over the adjacent llano, the homes of the descendants of the ancient pyramid builders, clean and more hygienic, thanks to Dr. Gamio, than those of many other localities.

In Mexico City you will find, on the edge of the Colonia Roma, a vast stadium devoted to athletic contests, school festivals, and other activities, not including bull-fights, built by Vasconcelos when he was Minister of Education. In the heart of the city rises the new Secretariat of Education, also built by him, where he set Diego Rivera, the painter, to decorating the patios and stairways, and started the most original development of painting in the modern world. You will come across new open-air experimental schools, and in the capitals of the various states, as a proper example to provincial education, model schools maintained by the central government in charge of men well versed in the latest educational theories and to whom John Dewey takes on god-like proportions. These efforts are largely due to the initiative of the actual Subsecretary of Education, Moises Saenz.

In these two volumes, the record of the Harris lectures for

1926, is to be found much of the experience and wisdom of these three Mexican educators; and in addition there are included three lectures by Professor Priestly of the University of California, a man devoted to things Mexican for many years. As a result, here is preserved a record—suffering, it is true, from some of the defects of printed lectures, but at least readable where it is not profound—of modern Mexico; its background, its international difficulties, its revolution, its problems, its achievements, and, above all, its hopes—if sometimes a pathetic picture yet nearly always inspiring.

The lectures of Vasconcelos are undoubtedly the most brilliant and commanding. His vision comprehends the potentialities material, racial, and spiritual of two continents. He is not blind to the defects of his own people; he is interested in explaining them. He asks the pertinent question: "Why is it that the English, the Dutch, and the French, three first-class races, have had such slight success in their sleepy old colonies of the three Guianas?" And further on he asks if it may not happen that when electrical energy supersedes coal and petroleum as the motor force of modern industry, Mexico, home of heat and mountains, will not be in a favored economic situation which will lead to a new and beautiful flowering of its culture.

Both Gamio and Saenz are more interested in actual proximate problems: the first, above all, in the incorporation of the Indian into the modern milieu—and no one understands this question more profoundly than does Dr. Gamio, as both his work in Teotihuacán and his interrupted work in Oaxaca vividly attest, not to mention his monumental three-volume study of the Valley of Teotihuacán and its inhabitants. Señor Saenz is more concerned with the Mexican revolution face to face with foreign invasion and the domestic necessity of rapid reconstruction; and he traces out the emergence of Mexican nationalism, reinvigorated during the past fifteen years by the rise of the labor movement and the extension of education—all in all, a problem of integration, of the creation of firmer racial and social bonds. Professor Priestly's lectures are perhaps the weakest in the book, yet as an outsider, not a Mexican, he approaches the subject from a different angle and realizes more keenly that Mexico has an obligation to itself to meet the demands of modern industrialization and population pressure on its borders in some efficient manner consonant with its culture and institutions —and this before the end of the present century, or all national and international "protective devices . . . will bend like reeds in a flood" and Mexico will be overwhelmed.

CARLETON BEALS

Workhorse and Thoroughbred

Henry James: Man and Author. By Pelham Edgar. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

Anthony Trollope: A Commentary. By Michael Sadleir. With an Introduction by A. Edward Newton. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

LIKE all the other minor glories of a past generation, its writers of secondary importance tend to lose their luster, value, and desirability. To resurrect them from their works as one drags forth an Egyptian mummy from its telltale tomb is, at best, a task of ironic inconsistency, since the less a subject deserves of his biographer's enthusiasm the more of it he needs —and usually gets. And yet, again as in the case of the Egyptian dead, the curiosity and human interest of the general is aroused—if at all—not by the mummy but by the contents of its pyramid.

Certainly this holds true for both James and Trollope, neither of whom had that inner and independent flame of personality which, while it radiates through the work of the author, still sheds its keenest brilliance in the living man. For James deliberately made his work the best expression of himself and Trollope unconsciously but wholly expressed himself in his work.

Both biographers admit as much, and Mr. Edgar even bases his book on this thesis. He seeks to interpret James simply by a minute examination of his writings. This method may have virtues not apparent to the reviewer, but its palpable and disqualifying fault lies in that it is, despite the running commentary of Mr. Edgar, merely the means of obtaining the groundwork for a biographical study. The task of synthesizing these notes and reflections into a distinguishable portrait or conception still remains to be done. Moreover, while a few of these comments are astute and penetrating, most of them are obvious and unnecessary, and a good many are downright silly. The latter are born of Mr. Edgar's adulation of James, his insensibility to good prose, and his utter failure to realize that his hero had but a modicum of the fundamental elements of the great artist's endowment. In his vision of the world, in his conception of character, in his understanding of emotional conflict Henry James was distinctly mediocre; only in his scrupulous reporting of that upper segment of society, who seem to have been born simply to illustrate Lincoln's contention that wealth is a superfluity of things we don't need, lies an element of genius. James himself, conscious of these deficiencies in his later years, put all the emphasis on his precious prose so that like a trained thoroughbred he moved proud of his gait and indifferent to his principal purpose, the swift communication of ideas.

There is a pathetic irony, then, in the fact that of these biographies it is the study of James which is written in the most ordinary of journalistic prose, whereas Trollope's portrait is drawn by an artist whose every stroke of the pen betrays a cunning, conscious craftsmanship. All sense of James, the stylist, "the votary and victim of the single impression" as he characterized himself, is lost somewhere in the clutter of loose pronouns and modifiers by which Mr. Edgar gives an air of careless confusion to the most regular ideas. On the other hand, the glittering trappings of Mr. Sadleir almost disguise that popular workhorse of an author, who serially dragged thousands of useless words through the magazines, as a victorious—one might even say mid-Victorious—charger galloping to the defense of the "acquiescent but scrupulous section of his countrymen."

To achieve this impression the biographer covers up more than he discloses. Mr. Sadleir seeks to explain away the "Autobiography" as the least reliable of Trollope's works, characterizing his statement about the purpose of his writing as "merely another example of the influence of his period on his method of self-expression," rejecting his confession of profligacy as "illogical and false," and ignoring all the plain evidence of hack work. Having built up a defense in the "pure fiction" theory—"the genuine novel-writer should be an artist, and not a governess, a parson, or an agitator"—Mr. Sadleir is sorely puzzled and disturbed by his hero's few ventures into the realm of ideas, by "his insistence on actual political happening"; and he can barely forgive Ireland because the terrible conditions Trollope witnessed there inspired him to utilize the medium of fiction for their amelioration. "Ireland," he writes almost humorously, "came near by her insane absorption in her own wrongs and thwarted hopes to choke the very genius that she had vitalized."

We are made to realize even more acutely the exceptional viewpoint of Mr. Sadleir in comparing his praise of "The Belton Estate"—"in no other novel is the essence of Trollope so concentrated"—with the opinion expressed by Henry James when he reviewed the book for *The Nation.*

> Our great objection to "The Belton Estate" [wrote James] is that we seem to be reading a work written for children, a work prepared for minds unable to think, a work below the apprehension of the average man or woman. "The Belton Estate" is a *stupid* book . . . essentially, organically stupid. It is without a single idea. It is utterly incompetent to the primary function of a book of whatever nature—namely, to suggest thought.

Admitting this, Mr. Sadleir writes: "Nevertheless, to a reader in sympathy with the Trollopian method and mentality, the book is a delight for its smoothness, its subtlety, and its faultless adjustment of character and circumstance."

With such an uncompromising bias as this, it is a miracle of good writing that the special pleader's most grievous faults are avoided by the author. He withholds the purple passages of encomium, though the violet tints of sentimentalism color the book sufficiently. He is never dull in his arguments though often redundant. If one but divorce Trollope, the author, from the subject of this book, it will become a fascinating narrative of a fictitious personage of great charm and wisdom and genius. It bristles with phrases that "suggest thought"; it presents an original interpretation of the mid-Victorian era; and in Fanny Trollope it introduces a character who will far better repay study than her son. Contrasted with this work, Mr. Edgar's volume reads like the tedious discourse of an honest, well-informed, but uninspired lecturer. JOHAN SMERTENKO

Passion for the Unpassionate

The Old Countess. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IN her latest novel Anne Douglas Sedgwick, acute analyst of international manners and delicate observer of the politer aspects of human nature, has been carried beyond her emotional depths and written a story of passion which can hardly be convincing to any save unpassionate people. Beginning with a thoroughly Jamesean situation, which concerns itself with a handsome and happily married young English artist who finds himself unexpectedly involved in the affairs of an aging French noble woman and her mysteriously saint-like young protegee, she gradually allows herself to abandon her own metier and attempts, for her, the impossible task of describing directly the passion which springs up between the young people. As a result she succeeds only in casting over the whole story an air of persistent unreality which gradually passes from the rather agreeably romantic into sheer melodramatic pomposity and which makes the catastrophe—brought about by a convenient flood introduced for the sole purpose of drowning the young woman—seem appropriately mechanical.

Miss Sedgwick's characters feel all the emotions and suffer from all the perplexities that a thorough knowledge of the politer sort of fiction dealing with problems of adultery would suggest. Hovering over her puppets with an air of professional sympathy which suggests nothing so much as the dutiful compassion of a trained nurse who has never been ill, Miss Sedgwick puts them through all the spiritual contortions conventionally appropriate to the situation. Her hero, for example, does not want to destroy his ideal of the heroine's purity by physical possession, and she does not want to hurt his wife. He is tortured by the suspicion that she has had lovers before; she is afraid that he will think her cheap; there are unexpected meetings, soul conflicts, and eternal farewells; but there is nothing which is not part of a now completely stale tradition. Never for a moment is the wax-like saint alive and never for a moment does one feel the slightest heat in the supposed passion of the lovers. Thoroughly competent and acute in describing the background of her action and in suggesting the national characteristics of her incidental characters, Miss Sedgwick is totally at a loss in her effort to picture a passionate situation which is obviously outside the range of what her temperament can comprehend.

Doubtless there is no necessity for an artist to experience that which he would describe, but one can never describe a thing for which one has not a certain potentiality, and it is here that Miss Sedgwick is found wanting. Even in her happiest efforts it has been evident that she is a sheltered and all but too fastidious novelist—one who has found her spiritual home behind the hedgerows of England and who surveys the world from a tea-table's coign of vantage. Internationalist though she strives to be, and eager though she is not only to understand and compare the social traditions of three countries but to penetrate as well those passions which lead men to smash whatever tradi-

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tions may be theirs, she is too calm and too secure to be more than a wondering spectator of whatever is not as decorous and orderly as her own soul. Like her master, Henry James, she is happiest when she is concerned with the nuances of social intercourse or when, concerned with passions, sins, and crimes, she studies them not directly but in the ripples which spread from them to disturb the placid surface of orderly society. Such was the task which she set herself in her two best novels, "Adrienne Toner" and "The Little French Girl," and when in the present instance she turns aside from it the effect is only to demonstrate how incapable she is of making passion convincing. Fastidiously, almost priggishly correct in every taste and feeling, no amount of good-will can enable her to comprehend any action not either gentlemanly or ladylike. In the presence of anything indecorous one can see her gathering her skirts carefully about her ankles, and when she sets out upon any adventure which leads her into unsalubrious regions she reminds one of James's unforgettable description of the English tourist in Paris whose wraps and bundles suggest that he is anxiously prepared against any inclemency, physical or moral, of the weather. Every scene and every comment doubtless does credit to the purity of her heart and the refinement of her manners; but many of both inspire little confidence in her capacity to describe the less decorous aspects of human nature and conduct. She has confessed a mild surprise that she should be considered a disciple of Henry James and she has said that her favorite novelists were the Russians, but surely nothing could be less Russian than her infinite incapacity for the emotional understanding of any form of unconventionality.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Liberal Looks at the Empire

The Third British Empire. By Alfred Zimmern. Oxford University Press. $2.

IN what sense is Canada less an independent nation than the United States? It would take a metaphysician to answer this question with any satisfaction to himself. It is true that Canadians regard the king of England as their "sovereign," but that is merely a figment of their political imagination. The king has no more authority in Canada than he has in the United States. The British Commonwealth of Nations is a unique instance in history of a world-wide political community united by ties that are invisible and by forces that are intangible. It is without a constitution as it is without a philosophy, and yet it exists. In the realm of politics existence is of itself a matter of great significance.

Mr. Zimmern's little volume discusses the political and economic problems of what he calls the Third British Empire. The first was the authoritative empire that came to an end in 1776; the second, the loosely hung empire that came to an end in 1914; and the third, the one that emerged from the World War as the British Commonwealth of Nations. Mr. Zimmern writes with both knowledge and ease. A scholar by temperament and training, a former official in the British Foreign Office, a promoter of liberal causes, a writer of charm and lucidity, he is indeed well qualified to interpret the British Empire to the educated public.

Mr. Zimmern is both a Liberal and an imperialist. At first championed only by the Conservatives imperialism became so popular that it captured the Liberals and even the Laborites. The dualism existing in the empire, with autocratically governed India and the democratically governed Dominions, appeals to the special traditions of each party. To the Conservatives India is the empire, and the Dominions only a sentimental addition. But to the Liberals the Dominions are the empire, and India an awkward embarrassment which they would remove by granting home rule. When they became converts to imperialism the Liberals had to create an imperialist ideology in harmony with their pacific and democratic traditions. The British Empire, declares Mr. Zimmern, guar-

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antees the peace of the world, and "survives as one of the world's guardians of liberty." India is not really held by autocratic rule but "by the double bond of science and character." The imperial official is an "unrivaled primary teacher of peoples," unequaled for "courage, for honor and loyalty, for tolerance, for wisdom and calm judgment, for self-control in emergencies." What are these sentiments but a variation of Kipling's "white man's burden"? Imperialist Liberalism is another instance of the remarkable power of English political genius to reconcile opposing traditions in the interest of practical policy.

As a result of the World War the Dominions reached the final goal in what the author aptly calls "the procession" of the colonies, moving in stages from autocratic rule to complete democratic self-government. The Dominions are now equal with the mother country in foreign affairs, which gives them international status. Is not this change a "concealed process of disintegration"? Did not the British Empire, in effect, suffer "the same fate as that which overtook its rivals"? asks Mr. Zimmern. His answer is so interesting and so original that it merits careful consideration. Mr. Zimmern believes that the League of Nations insures the existence of the British Commonwealth of Nations. An enthusiastic supporter of the League, he rejoices in the fact that it introduced an "age of integration" by establishing, for the first time, a regular system of international cooperation. The pioneer of this great change, in his view, was the British Empire, which established peace and cooperation among one-quarter of the world's inhabitants, scattered in every continent. It anticipated the League by recognizing the principle of nationality within its territories, by the flexibility of its policy, and by its trusteeship of backward peoples. The League therefore found in the empire a pattern and an inspiration for its activities. And the empire found in the League a world-wide protector. The latter would come to its support against an aggressive attack from without. Attempts from within to disintegrate the empire would receive little encouragement because the Dominions would be loath to lose the double advantage of having the protection of London and Geneva. If Mr. Zimmern is right the League of Nations is safe.

J. Salwyn Schapiro

Black and White Love

Latterday Symphony. By Romer Wilson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

POLISHED, almost perfumed, is this little story of the bootless love of a young Englishman and an American Negro singer for a beautiful girl. The scene opens when Stephen Russell steps into a Mayfair party where Lindsay Jackson is singing spirituals and there again meets Mary, whose memory he has been trying to blot out in the sharp sunlight of Spain. To Jackson also Mary suddenly shines forth as all that is desirable, if unattainable, on this earth. The story follows the two men through this polite party and a studio rout afterwards; through the interminable afternoon of the next day until they can see Mary again; and through the tea-party at Stephen's house at which each in turn tempts his fate and loses. The subtleties and sophistications of the cultured young Englishman form one set of minor chords, the gentle simplicity of the American another. Both break unavailing against the melody which is Mary. Their turbulencies can touch her, move her, even hurt her, without disturbing profoundly her clear depths. The book is delicately lovely, occasionally skirting narrowly, but safely, the edges of prettiness or ultra-refinement.

There is a special interest to Americans in Miss Wilson's portrayal of Jackson, the Negro. She is able to see and to imagine the tragedy of color which hangs like a veil between him and many of his desires, to trace the rending conflicts of the black and the white strains which produced him. Yet he appears not as a type or a museum piece, but as an artist who happens to be a colored man, an individual struggling with one set of opposing forces as all of us must struggle with one condition or another in ourselves. At a time when Negro art and Negro characteristics are in danger of being as slavishly lauded as they have been anathematized in the past, it is refreshing that someone should penetrate beyond the clamor and depict a Negro as primarily a human being.

Mary Ross

Books in Brief

The Philippines: A Treasure and a Problem. By Nicholas Roosevelt. J. H. Sears and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Roosevelt thinks that President Wilson advocated Philippine independence "for purely political purposes"; that "no American ever better understood the difficult task of dealing with a sensitive alien race" than Leonard Wood; that "the idea of fair play is as alien to the Filipino as to all other Orientals"; that "the Oriental's idea of government is one in which the dominating group exercises power ruthlessly"; that, therefore, we should behave as Oriental rulers and keep the Philippines—partly because "we have a responsibility toward the hundreds of thousands of Christian converts made in China by American missionaries," partly to save the white man's prestige, partly to keep the price of rubber and quinine down, partly to keep up roads the Filipinos do not want; and in general for the sake of the stupidly unwilling Filipinos themselves. He quotes Kipling in every chapter head, and urges Congress to give more power to Leonard Wood so that "misapplied altruism can be succeeded by efficiency."

Art

The Architectural League Exhibition

FOR somebody this chaotic show was a success. Crowds pushed their half dollars through the wickets and surged past the close-packed exhibits. One wonders whether they attached the idea of architecture most strongly to the rainstorm, sunset, night, and dawn of a theatrical lighting equipment company, to the beruffed pillows and coverlets of another booth, or to the delights of metal beds finished to look just like wood. Or perhaps they were more interested in refrigerators or furnaces or a set dinner table or kitchen stoves. Or even in the clattering machines of the Western Union Telegraph Company's display. The Architectural League—or the good business agent who arranged it all—aimed to please all tastes—particularly those of all possible advertisers. Occasionally an organ from a hidden room boomed out over all like that of a movie house when the villain drives up in his car, or purred gently like the accompaniment of the garden reconciliation scene at the end of the last reel. It was very bustling and confused. It breathed—it shouted—success. It was all rather exciting and very modern.

The architecture? Oh, one almost forgot the architecture. Around nooks and corners, and in a few of the more important spaces that the entrepreneur had forgotten to sell, they did have some photographs, a few models, and a great deal of sculpture and decorative painting. It took one's attention away from the fascinating rubber tiles made to look like marble, and the pseudo-Pompeiian bathroom. More important still, so confused was the hanging of it, with churches elbowing houses and gardens next to office buildings, that it almost took attention away from itself. Perhaps the rent of the enormous exhibition hall was too high for the league to afford time to hang the show intelligently. Perhaps the unintelligent hanging was one reason why nothing in it stood out as supremely interesting, why it was so difficult to get from it any coherent idea. Even gorgeous pictures of the magnificent Barclay-Vesey

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Associate Editor of *The Nation*

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Telephone Building by McKenzie, Voorhees, and Gmelin—now, through the lamented death of Mr. McKenzie, Voorhees, Gmelin, and Walker—which received the medal of honor, were hidden away in an alcove.

In general it seemed that houses were growing simpler, less theatrical, more direct and human, that all too few designers of city buildings have learned that setbacks per se do not create beauty and that a genius for mass creation is still rare, that the Goodhue Associates continue masters of the field in fresh and modern adaptation of the Gothic style. One could not help noticing the models of the daring colored pediments of the Philadelphia Museum, by Jennewein and Gregory, or speculating on how their colors, garish in the artificial light, would soften in the sun outdoors. One saw the large murals of Eugene Savage for the Elks Memorial by Egerton Swartout, powerfully drawn, but seeming rather drab in color; one might see the cartoons of Hildreth Meiere's decorations for the Nebraska Capitol, interesting attempts in a sort of large-scale simplified mosaic in tile; and there was more if you were curious enough—painting galore, and all sorts of sculpture, good, bad, and indifferent—even down to a colossal figure from a War Memorial—such a nice boy he was—that was the direct lineal descendant of the cast-iron Civil War soldier of 1870 brought up to date.

But why should the visitors take the trouble to search for anything so stupid as real creative art? The advertisers had such amusing wares displayed. One could stand for hours and watch the toy lighting changes of the stage people, or listen to the organ, or watch miniature figures dart through miniature revolving doors. And occasionally one would come suddenly upon a set of carved wood doors of vivid beauty, or iron work strong and lovely, or mosaic that was new and vital, to show that craftsmanship and the ideal of beauty in manufacturing still lives on. And then, if that was too great a shock, one could walk upstairs and see how to build practically anything out of practically nothing.

We architects have now to congratulate ourselves; we are quite up to date. The Architectural League exhibition is at last completely and comfortably commercialized; it was as hard to find the architecture sandwiched between its advertising booths as to find a verse in the back pages of the *New Yorker*, news on any but the front page of an evening paper, or the final columns of a story in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

Drama

Two Successes

AFTER keeping her for more than four years in a golden bondage to the role of Sadie Thompson in "Rain," the managers of Miss Jeanne Eagels have allowed her to return to New York in a conventional French farce which is raised somewhat above the level of its kind by a certain brisk humor and excellent acting. Without ceasing to wonder that so bright a young man as M. Jacques Deval, its author, should be content to restrict himself within the narrow limits set by the *genre* he has adopted, one may nevertheless admit that "Her Cardboard Lover" (Empire Theater) is more amusing than one would expect it to be.

For years the French farce has been threatening to die of anemia. Not only have the theme and the characters been completely standardized but convention has demanded as well that the action should take place in a vacuum. It is very seldom, indeed, that the personages concerned have any occupations or any opinions. All the incidental circumstances which give even a superficial variety to amorous complications are omitted, and generally the characterization does not advance in complexity beyond the point where the dramatis personae can be described adequately as "a jealous husband" and "a debonair lover." A set of men, absolutely alike in having no occupation except love-making and quite indistinguishable from one another in the matter of manners and morals, compete for the favors of a set of women who seem so exactly alike as to make promiscuity monotonous. No type of American play, with the possible exception of the mystery melodrama, has been quite so thoroughly drained of content. Even our farceurs are aware of the existence of those different levels of society, those different types of temperament, and those different occupations which give variety to contemporary life, and they do suggest that their material, however much it has been distorted, has been drawn from that life. But French farces are as artificial as pastoral poetry. Not for years has anyone introduced a new character or allowed himself to be influenced by contemporary manners or contemporary preoccupations. He has inherited a set of puppets and a set of situations and he seems determined to hand them on unchanged to his children.

It is obvious that M. Deval's temperament is neither bold nor revolutionary. It can hardly have struck him as an original idea to lay the scene of his first act in the salon of a gambling casino and the other two scenes in a bedroom. Neither is his story—which concerns the efforts of a too devoted divorcée to get rid of the young man whom she has hired to pose as her lover in order to prevent her from obeying an impulse to return to her husband—very startlingly new. Yet M. Deval, far from being depressed by the conventionality of his material, seems to bubble with all the enthusiasm of a man with a brand new idea. He acts as though writing farces of this kind were the most joyful business in the world, and without being the author of any memorable witticism he has both a keen sense of the ridiculous and infectious high spirits. Moreover an admirable company, in which Mr. Leslie Howard is quite as conspicuous as Jeanne Eagels, goes far to supply his deficiencies and in the second act Miss Eagels succeeds, by more or less illegitimate means, in saving the play from the doldrums into which it is threatening to fall. Observing, perhaps, a certain lack of light in the piece, she determined that it should have a little heat at least, and she gives an almost embarrassingly convincing representation of the heroine's ardent impatience when she believes that the husband is soon to arrive. All in all "Her Cardboard Lover" is a sufficiently amusing piece which, though it will not enrich dramatic literature, seems to promise to do a good deal toward enriching the particular managers responsible for its American production.

Even less important as literature and even more certainly destined to resounding commercial success is "The Spider" (Chanin's Forty-sixth Street Theater), which comes to rescue the mystery melodrama at the moment when in it, too, every possibility for novelty seemed to be exhausted. A good many plays before this have experimented with the "plant" in the audience and the characters who enter via the aisles, but no other has so ingeniously made the audience a part of the action. The scene is supposed to be laid in a vaudeville theater and the play begins as a conventional vaudeville performance. Then, in the course of the third turn, an altercation arises between a mind-reader and a member of the audience. Suddenly the lights of the theater are extinguished, a shot is fired from the auditorium, and when the lights have been turned on again a man has been murdered. A doctor is called from the audience, police arrive, the manager of the house apologizes, the spectators are forbidden to leave the theater, and the rest of the play proceeds upon the assumptions there established. The story is of conventional pattern but the technical difficulties involved are worked out with great ingenuity, completeness, and verisimilitude. Even the spectator who would now find himself blasé at "The Bat" will be kept agreeably upon the verge of hysteria by "The Spider." "Lally" (Morosco) is an amazingly obvious plagiarism of the Sanger Circus theme, with none of the sparkle and ingenuity of Miss Kennedy's conversation. It is difficult indeed to swallow the poor imitation with the original so accessible.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

REXFORD G. TUGWELL is associate professor of economics at Columbia.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is pastor of the Community Church of New York and author of "Patriotism Is Not Enough."

EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE has contributed biographical essays to various magazines.

The author of The Turnip Year in Germany is an Englishwoman who lived in Germany during the period she describes.

CARLETON BEALS, who lives in Mexico City, is soon to publish a volume of sketches, "Brimstone and Chili."

JOHAN SMERTENKO is engaged upon a history of American criticism.

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MARY ROSS is associate editor of the *Survey*.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN is a New York architect and author of "The American Spirit in Architecture."

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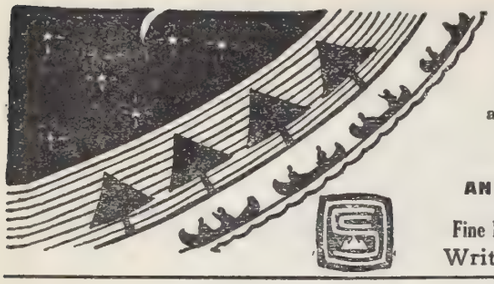
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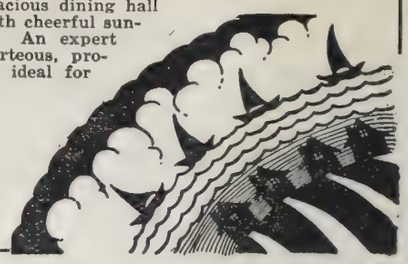
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"VOTES FOR FLAPPERS" is the proposed reform which is now dividing England. Votes for women, that is, after they have attained their legal majority, instead of at thirty years of age. The Labor Party sponsors the measure, but even Mrs. Pankhurst has admitted that to extend the franchise to the twenty-one-year-old female is "a very serious step to take." And the members of the Tory Party, who bitterly oppose the proposal, are advancing all the old arguments that once rent the atmosphere when "Votes for Women-who-have-reached-the-ripe-age-of-thirty" was the question at issue. There is something infinitely humorous and also infinitely irritating about the contention that while the male, on turning the calendar from twenty to twenty-one, attains the sound and cautious judgment of maturity necessary for the casting of the momentous ballot, the historical knowledge and the statesmanlike acumen requisite for a subject of the world's largest empire—that while the male, we repeat, dons these worthy attributes like a cloak at 21, the female requires nine more years to rise to these heights. Of course, everyone knows that this is intrinsically nonsense; of course, also, the fact that to permit women of 21 to vote would create more women than there are men voters in the country is of much more importance. Women in politics are still more or less of an unknown quantity, and Tory statesmen are traditionally unwilling to take a chance.

THE PRICE THAT THE BRITISH PAY for the folly of the British mine-owners and their Conservative support is shown by the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston Churchill, has had to report a deficit of £36,693,784, sixteen millions larger than had been expected, and more than double the deficit of last year, which was £14,000,000. Had the cost of the Government stayed at last year's figure of £800,000,000 there would have been a small surplus. It was the rise in government expenses which is responsible for this unpleasant showing. No less than £42,000,000 were added to the Government's expenditures, while the income failed to reach the estimated amount chiefly because of the coal strike. This is shown by the fact that in three months since January 1 the deficit was cut from £146,000,000 to the figure given above—the strike ended in November. In the face of this a wise and sensible British Government would avoid military entanglement in China with the inevitable loss of British trade in that country, and the winning of the enduring hatred of the Chinese people, and would seek instead to diminish its outlays in every direction. But the minds of Baldwin, Chamberlain, and Winston Churchill in such matters as China are the minds of 1900; they still live in the era of punitive expeditions and quick revenge for any injury to an Anglo-Saxon.

WINNIPEG OPENED A COMPETITION for a design for a cenotaph to commemorate the Winnipeg men who died in the war. Thirty men competed; the judges unanimously decided that Emanuel Hahn's design was best. But someone discovered that Mr. Hahn had been born in Germany. He had come to Canada in 1888, at the age of seven; he had become a Canadian citizen as soon as he was of age; he had married a Canadian girl and lived nearly forty years in Canada; he had designed other war memorials, and his brother had done the decorative work for the Ontario Parliament Building. But he was born in Reutlingen, Württemberg, Germany. A group of super-Winnipegians pulled the squeaky organ stops of the war-time hymns of hate; some of the veterans pleaded that to build a cenotaph designed by a man who lived his first seven years under a German kaiser would be a desecration of the dead. The men's and women's Canadian clubs, even the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Navy League, spoke up for British fair play; they said that to reject Mr. Hahn's design would be to insult all the naturalized citizens of Canada. But the hate-hawkers won; Mr. Hahn's design was dropped; he receives merely a consolation prize. Winnipeg might have remembered the example of Manchester, England. Its best site is occupied by the Albert Memorial, commemorating a German-born Briton. When Manchester's cenotaph was unveiled, the *Guardian* said:

> Our Manchester war memorial has been given a secondary site in the city, the best one being still dedicated to the memory of an estimable German, who had the good fortune to marry a young English queen.

THAT IS AN INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska that he will retire from the Senate at the end of the present term and be-

come a candidate for Governor. He wishes to round out a public service which already runs to thirty years by making over the government of his State and giving it an administration totally free from politics. He even hopes to reduce the legislature to a single legislative body of not more than twenty-five members elected on a non-partisan basis. He would next seek the elimination of a large percentage of the present body of State officials, and he would try to have the State develop its own electric power for distribution at cost. This is so attractive and so original a program that we are almost tempted to wish that his term in the Senate expired at once instead of in 1931. We cannot, however, yield to that temptation, because the fact is that Senator Norris is one of the great figures of the Senate, and in several respects the most useful legislator we have in Congress. As our readers will remember, he tried to refuse another Senatorial term in 1924, but was not allowed to do so. Whether public opinion will permit him to leave the Senate in 1931 is open to question. No one can doubt, however, that he would perform a service of inestimable value to the entire United States if he could carry out the experiment upon which he is reported to be bent. The modern State legislature, usually a sink-hole of corruption, certainly needs to be cut down and placed on a non-partisan basis. If there ever was a time when the affairs of an American State should be conducted upon partisan lines it has long since passed.

OF EXTRAORDINARY IMPORTANCE is the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission on March 3, by a vote of 6 to 4, that the federal valuation of railroads for rate-making and other purposes must be based upon costs, prices, and wages of 1914, instead of upon the higher levels of subsequent years. This opinion disposes of the railroads' contention that valuations should be in accord with what it would cost to rebuild at the present time. The commission holds that the 1914 prices, plus what has been invested in the railroads since, less depreciation, shall be the standard hereafter—provided, of course, that the Supreme Court concurs. The latter has so far refused to pass upon any phase of this problem, awaiting a clear-cut decision of the commission. As it is, this verdict is probably the most important ever made by the Interstate Commerce Commission. A contrary opinion would have added eleven billions of dollars to the valuation of the railways and presumably additional freight and passenger rates of $600,000,000 annually. When one recalls the growing conviction that one of the chief sources of the farmer's troubles is the high carrying rates paid on his market-bound products, it is plain that so heavy an additional burden would have been a genuine blow to all forms of industry. Incidentally, this decision entirely vindicates the contentions of the Progressive forces and especially of the late Senator Robert M. La Follette, who never ceased championing this valuation theory; that he stood for such a dangerous policy was one of the most frequent reasons given by the business world for opposing his Presidential candidacy.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE HAS APPOINTED five men of distinction to represent the United States at the Economic Conference to be held in Geneva early in May. They are Henry M. Robinson of Los Angeles, a member of the Dawes Commission; Norman H. Davis, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and of State in the Wilson Administration; John W. O'Leary, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; Professor Alonzo E. Taylor of Stanford University, an agricultural expert who was closely associated with Secretary Hoover during the war; and Dr. Julius Klein, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce. Each and every one is unexceptionable in his record, and nearly all have nation-wide reputations. The country is, therefore, assured of a powerful delegation. We cannot, however, fail to voice our regret that not a single labor man was chosen—if we are rightly informed, every other delegation has labor representation. It is noticeable, too, that the five appointees unanimously represent the big-business point of view. In that respect it is characteristic of most of Mr. Coolidge's appointments.

THE BITTEREST MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN ever waged in Chicago ends as we go to press, with the forces which believe in progress and civic decency doing their utmost to reelect Mayor Dever—not that his administration has been ideal but that it is far superior to ex-Mayor Thompson's and far ahead of anything the latter now has to offer. But great classes in the community have not forgotten that Mr. Thompson did not lose his head during the war; that he personally stood for tolerance and for decency toward the Scandinavians and German-Americans, who, elsewhere in the Middle West, were often so abominably treated. The Negroes, too, are his fast friends because he has dealt with them with justice and consideration; and there are from 160,000 to 200,000 of them in Chicago today. So conspicuous is their support of the ex-Mayor that there has been a most unfortunate development of race prejudice. At its close, the campaign has deteriorated into a mere calling of names, in which Mr. Thompson distinguishes himself by vilifying Professor Merriam and some of the other men who have for years fought the battle of decent government in Chicago.

WITH PLENTY OF COAL above ground the soft-coal strike that began on April 1 seems like a calm and peaceful vacation. Summer is coming; 80,000,000 surplus tons are on hand; no one need worry. No one, that is, except the miners in the union fields. They have long been working short days and short weeks; now they are asked to take short wages even for the hours they do work. And they have gone on strike. In some of the fields the operators will settle, nominally at the union wage-scale; in others the miners' families will go hungry. The union is at a loss: two-thirds of the country's soft coal is now dug by non-union miners, and unless it can organize them or control their production the work of decades in building up decent conditions in the coal-fields will slip away. Unrestricted competition, leading to overproduction, seems to have ruined the coal industry, and to have sapped the lives of the men who work in it. Advocates of unrestricted laissez-faire should keep their eyes on it.

ON THE "FERRY TO EUROPE," described on another page of this issue, will be found this summer, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. George F. Babbitt, an amazing number of American delegations, missions, tours, and pilgrimages. Students particularly have, largely on their own initiative and through their own associations, organized travel groups and laid out tours over the face of Europe. Many of them

are managed by The Open Road, Inc., under the auspices of the International Confederation of Students and the National Student Federation of America. These associations have arranged every detail of a score or more trips at low cost, providing accommodations, entertainments, lectures, and an opportunity to touch superficially at least the native life of the people of other countries. Some groups will hike and camp with "youth" organizations in Germany, others will be taken into the homes of European students. Associations of young people in every country of Europe are preparing to welcome them. Such organized fraternization cannot but create a healthy sense of international fellowship. It is particularly fortunate that the movement is spreading to Russia, which this summer will entertain four groups of students sent by the Open Road and several more organized by the Student Council of New York—totaling perhaps a hundred and fifty young men and women. In small groups they will spread over Russia from Leningrad to the Black Sea and east to the Urals, and will everywhere be welcomed and guided by the students of the workers' republic.

NOT ONLY COLLEGE STUDENTS but their elders as well are seeking through travel and study to achieve a deeper understanding of world problems. Several groups of progressive teachers are visiting the new schools of Europe and attending the Locarno World Conference on New Education. For the seventh year Sherwood Eddy is leading a party of "educators, ministers, editors, and men in public life" on a study tour which will include lectures by and meetings with leading men in various countries. The members of the group will be rigidly limited to persons "who will actively promote better international relations upon their return, and who, through editorial responsibility, public speaking, and writing, will be able to exert wide influence on American public opinion." Although a bit pompous, this dictum indicates the serious purpose of the pilgrimage. For obvious economic reasons, fewer travelers come the other way, but one group of selected students from England, Sweden, Switzerland, and Germany will visit the United States this summer under the auspices of the International Confederation of Students. At the same time the Workers' Travel Association, a British organization, is arranging holidays in other countries for English workingmen and visits to England by workers from America and the Continent. Its purpose is the large one of insuring "world peace" by establishing living personal contacts between the working people of all countries; and certainly there could be no more fundamental and democratic path to international good will.

CONLEY DABNEY, a Kentuckian, was sentenced to the penitentiary for life in 1925 because he had been found guilty of the murder of May Vickery. A woman testified that she saw Dabney commit the deed. A body found in the shaft of an abandoned mine was identified by its clothes by Mary Vickery's father as that of his child. The evidence seemed complete; everyone was satisfied that justice had been done—until, the other day, Mary Vickery herself walked in and announced that she was alive; that she had been working in a mill in Cincinnati; that she had disappeared because of unhappiness in her home life. So Conley Dabney was immediately pardoned after more than a year in jail. There being no restitution in such cases, he will have no redress whatever for his long stay in durance vile. He is, in fact, lucky to be alive. Suppose he had been given the death sentence—Mary Vickery could only have visited his grave. Here lies the strongest argument against capital punishment—its finality and irrevocability. Conley Dabney's case is not a rare one. Men are constantly being condemned to death on far more flimsy evidence than that which put Dabney behind the bars.

THE DEATH OF EX-SENATOR JAMES SMITH, JR., of New Jersey, recalls his remarkable but sinister career in New Jersey politics. Smith was the typical corporation-created boss, the pet of the railroads and of all those who profited by special privileges or sought them. His election by the legislature to the United States Senate was accompanied by the usual features of preprimary days —plentiful money on all sides and a State House crowded by railroad and other lobbyists. In the Senate, Smith earned denunciation by President Cleveland for being one of three Democratic Senators who so altered the Wilson Tariff Bill in the Senate as to make it almost unrecognizable, a mere fraudulent piece of tariff reform. His own moral standards may be judged from the fact—admitted under oath—that he bought one thousand shares of sugar-trust stock when he and others were writing the Senate sugar schedule. But when Woodrow Wilson entered politics, he had no objection to working with Smith. Smith took Colonel George Harvey's word for it that Wilson would be all right and made the nominating speech. For his nomination Woodrow Wilson thanked Smith handsomely; his election he also owed to Smith and Smith's fellow-boss, Nugent. The break came when Mr. Wilson refused to further Smith's renewed ambitions for the Senate. Then Nugent became the good boss and Smith the bad one. As James Kerney of the Trenton *Evening Times* has pointed out in his "Political Education of Woodrow Wilson," between the time of his election in November, 1910, and the following January, Wilson not only broke with the powers that had made him Governor, but shifted from a right-wing conservative to an advocate of radical political theories.

EIGHT MILLION WORDS on "the various disciplines that constitute the science of society"—this is the stint set for themselves by the editors of a projected "Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences" to be complete six years from now. Seven of the learned societies in the United States—those concerned with economics, history, politics, sociology, statistical science, anthropology, and social work—have created an executive committee to see that the work is done, and the chairman of the committee, Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia University, will be editor-in-chief. Hope is expressed that the encyclopedia will produce an effect somewhat analogous to that produced in the eighteenth century by the great and original "Encyclopédie." That remains to be seen; but the hope is not unjustified. If it is our tragedy today that we have social problems, at least it should be our desire to make a comprehensive and truly interrelated study of them. The proposed encyclopedia can do much to relieve the very term "social science" of the horrible dryness it now suggests to many minds, and by making good its promise to avoid scientific jargon it can prove of value to any educated person who wants to read it. The project, which is put forward by the best scholars available in all the fields, deserves every encouragement.

The Nicaragua Canal Bobs Up Once More

DISPATCHES from Washington represent Mr. Coolidge as being profoundly impressed by a talk he has had with Senator Edge of New Jersey, who has just returned from the Panama Canal. Senator Edge reports that in the short space of from eight to ten years the Panama Canal will be crowded to capacity if traffic continues to increase as it has in the past few years, and that in order to handle traffic it will be necessary either to enlarge this canal or to undertake the construction of a new one on the Nicaragua route. The eagerness with which Mr. Coolidge is reported to have listened to this is suspicious. He is not given to sudden or passionate enthusiasms, and it is also to be remembered that one of the fifty-seven varieties of excuses he gave for our utterly mistaken intervention in Nicaragua was that we had to protect the concession for a canal which we obtained through the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty of 1916, for which concession we paid $3,000,000 in cash.

That there should be a revival of talk of a Nicaragua canal in 1927 is, however, a matter of distinct historical interest. It was in 1826, 101 years ago, that the United States sent commissioners to the Panama Congress of that year, instructed to investigate the best possible route for a canal. From that time on the Nicaraguan proposal was a live issue until the final decision of 1902 to purchase the Panama Canal and make that the one great route between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Under Presidents Jackson and Van Buren studies of both routes were made and the first favorable report for the Nicaragua Canal was brought in. In 1849 a group of American citizens, headed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, obtained from the Nicaraguan Government the right to construct a ship canal through its territory, but the concession lapsed in 1856, as the company could not go ahead with the undertaking. Our first treaty with Nicaragua dealing with the canal question was negotiated under President Taylor, but not submitted to the Senate for ratification, and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was not negotiated until 1850. In accordance with its provisions, which were not abrogated until 1901, the English agreed to retire from the Mosquito Coast in Nicaragua and to join with the United States in guaranteeing the neutrality of any canal which might be built there. But further progress in the Nicaraguan plans was stopped, first, by the Walker filibustering expedition, and secondly, by the Civil War. From 1872 until 1882 there was one survey after another, and a commission appointed by President Grant unanimously reported on February 7, 1876, in favor of the Nicaragua route. It was, therefore, a profound disappointment to most Americans interested that an international congress held at Paris, in May, 1879, voted for the Panama Canal.

In 1884 a treaty was concluded between the United States and Nicaragua, with such peculiar provisions, however, that when President Cleveland took office he withdrew it from the consideration of the Senate. His reasons were that the agreement that the canal should be jointly owned by Nicaragua and the United States and that the United States should guarantee the integrity of Nicaragua was "inconsistent with its [the canal's] dedication to universal and neutral use." That was the original American ideal for the canal—that it should be an international waterway, neutralized and held in trust for all the nations of the world. It remained for President Roosevelt to overthrow this conception and to make of the Panama Canal a private possession of the United States calling for the expenditure of millions upon millions for coast defenses, the largest guns in the world, a permanent standing force of 508 officers and 7,663 enlisted men—almost as large as the whole standing army of this country in 1860. The canal was one of the most familiar excuses of our militarists for maintaining a large fleet and standing army. It is to be noted, too, that Mr. Cleveland held the proposal to indorse the integrity of the Nicaraguan state quite beyond American polity, and also beyond the means of the United States!

In 1889 Congress incorporated an American company to build the Nicaragua Canal with a capital of $200,000,000, and the company at once went to work and expended at Greytown, in preparation for the canal, no less than $2,000,000 before the funds gave out in 1893. Congress refused to aid the company financially, but in 1895 and 1897 appointed commissions of experts which recommended the construction of the canal and put the cost at only $135,000,000. The report of the second, or Walker, commission favored the Nicaragua route because of the difficulty of obtaining control of the Panama Canal Company, whose French mismanagers and owners demanded the large sum of $109,000,000 for their plant and as much of the canal as they had constructed. In May, 1900, and in January, 1902, the House of Representatives voted to accept the Nicaragua route and pay for it; only the Senate's refusal to concur prevented the canal from being built. Thereupon, the French Panama Canal Company, in great haste, reduced its price from $109,000,000 to $40,000,000, and the United States then became its successor and the Nicaragua proposal was abandoned. Nicaragua had seemed impregnably intrenched in American public opinion; but the Panama route was finally favored because of its shorter length, a lesser degree of curvature, a lower summit level, shorter time of transit, a lesser cost of maintenance, and because of the existence of a thoroughly equipped railroad.

The Panama Canal, however, cost $450,000,000. It is now stated that to enlarge the Panama Canal by a new lock will cost $125,000,000—almost the once estimated cost of the whole Nicaragua Canal. That figure, however, is now put not at $135,000,000, but at between half a billion and a billion. Last year the Panama Canal earned $15,000,000 net, and it is asserted that it is paying from 5 per cent to 6 per cent on the total investment in it. This is humbug pure and simple, for the cost is reckoned at $275,000,000; by some hocus-pocus, the remaining $175,000,000 of the actual cost is "charged to military defenses and additional purposes not directly related to commerce or canal interests." Of course, when the cost of new guns, of the maintenance of the military in Panama, of the constant fleet maneuvers off the Panama Canal, etc., are reckoned in, the showing is very different. It is to be hoped that Mr. Coolidge, who wants a survey made, will tell the truth about this, and will carefully investigate the allegation that the capacity of the canal will have been reached in eight or ten years. It is a fact that the number of ships using the canal grew from 1,075 to 5,197, exclusive of 534 United States government vessels, in the year ending June 30, 1926.

Yellow Peril or White?

FOUR years ago brigands stopped a train bound from Peking and Shanghai and kidnapped its passengers, among them many foreigners. After their release, the Powers, by diplomatic pressure, compelled the Chinese Government to pay each foreigner $250 a day for the period of his detention. Now, while those white men were in captivity a foreign automobile ran down and killed a Chinese in the International Settlement of Shanghai. The Mixed Court, then under white control, awarded the family of the dead Chinese $25 damages—the indemnity paid a white man for about *two and a half hours* of mere captivity.

That was in 1923. The Chinese are in a different mood today; they will not tolerate such ghastly race discrimination in their own country, and the discriminations of the past are the reason for their bitterness today. But the foreigners? The talk of ultimatums, of coercion, of "immediate concerted action" leads one to fear that the foreigners have learned nothing.

What happened at Nanking on March 24? We do not yet know. The hot-headed Shanghai dispatches of most of the newspapermen give no suggestion of any calm study of the facts. We know that prior to the bombardment of the city by British and American guns six foreigners were killed, and none afterward. But the theory that this is cause and effect falls down when we learn further that the Cantonese general did not reach the city walls until an hour after the bombardment. The evidence at hand seems to indicate that he established order immediately upon his arrival, but that Northerners, and some Hunanese troops allied with the Cantonese, had prior to his arrival gone amuck. How many Chinese were killed by the foreign guns? Chinese reports run from six to 200,000; a British report says only three. Inasmuch as individual Americans of the Socony Hill party have been quoted as boasting that they had personally picked off and done for seven Chinese, one may assume that the British report, like the larger Chinese estimates, is colored by prejudice.

At any rate, Chinese were killed—several; and one American, two Britons, and one Japanese were killed. The Chinese are reported about to protest, but presumably they do not intend to enforce their protest by invading or blockading the United States and Great Britain. The British are reported determined to protest, the Japanese as inclined to protest, and the United States as uncertain only whether to join with the British or to protest alone. And the foreigners apparently are increasing their military and naval forces in China with the intention of enforcing their demand for apology, reparations, and guaranties for the future—perhaps by more bombardments, perhaps by a blockade, perhaps by more landing parties. The American Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai urges "immediate concerted action by the Powers . . . to suppress disorder and restore conditions favorable to the formation of a responsible government"—a large and vague order, which seems to mean assuming responsibility for the administration of all China.

And no one knows precisely what happened. There has been no neutral investigation. It is ridiculuous, and tragic.

We can understand the panic of the foreigners of Shanghai. They are a proud but tiny oligarchy which has built one of the great cities of the world upon race prejudice and race domination. Twenty thousand white men—with another twenty thousand darker-skinned Indians and Japanese—dominate a city of nearly a million Chinese. The old prestige of the white man in China is gone; the old life of Shanghai is doomed. No wonder the foreign community is in a state of mass hysteria, appealing for more guns, for reparations, guaranties, "action"—always for force.

But there is no need for home governments, with a longer perspective, to yield to the hysteria of a community which sees its old privileges slipping. The governments have a responsibility to protect foreign lives in China—but not an unlimited responsibility. Men who sit still in the face of a civil war and revolution of which they have had full warning take risks the burden of which they must bear themselves. Surely the American Government does not intend to enunciate the doctrine that its gunboats and marines will protect all Americans in China, no matter where they are, what they do, or at what cost. If they are caught in the fire and flame of civil war, it cannot be our duty to "protect" them at the cost of Chinese lives. What is this ghastly talk of blockading the Yangtze Valley but the assertion of a right of foreigners to starve and stop a civil war in order to defend the right of their alien nationals to live where even Chinese are unsafe?

That the British are alarmed is natural. Their Oriental empire is built upon the caste system. If China succeeds in establishing race equality within her borders, the example will shake the foundations of white domination in the Malay Peninsula, at Singapore, and in India. Of course the British strain every nerve to obtain the cooperation of the United States and of the other Powers in their desperate effort to rebuttress their empire. They have even brought pressure to bear on German banks in Shanghai—which are in debt to the larger British banks—to force the Germans in Shanghai to modify their pro-Chinese attitude. The American correspondents in Shanghai seem to have caught the infectious hysteria of the British in that city; their cables are less news than editorial pleas for an alliance with Great Britain. This is partly due to the fact that we also are accustomed to drawing color lines; in part, however, it is a reflection of the persistent American "inferiority complex," always most marked among the expatriates in foreign cities and in diplomatic circles in Washington. The French press is full of emphatic denunciations of the British and American exaggerations of the Chinese situation, and the Japanese have been calm and level-headed throughout. Only the Americans have accepted the British theory that it is necessary to act violently to restore white prestige—and fortunately, not all of them. There are still missionaries in the interior who insist that their task is to continue with the Chinese people, and who feel themselves safe. Many even of the American business men in Hankow, including bankers and Standard Oil officials, think that the diplomatic instructions to evacuate are dictated by panic rather than by statesmanship. They smack of preparation for war.

Let us beware. Joining with Britain in this crisis, asserting our will by force is a plain warning to China that for her there is a White Peril. It may end by creating for us a Yellow Peril which does not yet exist.

The Revolt of the Traveler

WHEN will the guides and the makers of guide-books to Europe discover that the traveler of today is not the same person as the one who made the "grand tour" fifty years ago? The traveler of today is in revolt. Like youth, women, and the weather, the modern traveler is taking on a new character. He does not want a tour like Mother used to make, nor is he satisfied to ask Dad, for he doubts if Dad knows.

To put it bluntly, the modern traveler is bored stiff with half of what the guides and the guide-books lead him into. He drags his feet wearily through innumerable churches, looking at altar-pieces in which he has no interest; he stands on historic battle-fields with no other emotion than a desire to fight the man who brought him there. The American woman of mature years still feels for the most part that it is her duty to see the accepted "sights." The American man has no such sense of responsibility, and although commonly dragooned into going the rounds, he is furtively looking for an avenue of escape. The American youth is frankly flippant. And at that let the old-time guide and guide-book beware!

Of course, the excellent and accurate Baedeker (and its imitations) is not to be cast aside. It is a reservoir of invaluable information in regard to hotels, money, railways, and a thousand other practical details, but as a guide to what to see it is top-heavy with art, archaeology, and ancient history. The average traveler of today has some interest in art and archaeology, though less than is assumed by the usual guide-book. And when it comes to viewing the battlefield of Waterloo, standing on the spot where Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his first cigar, or visiting the room where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned, he wants—and increasingly he dares—to say, Bosh! As to cathedrals, he hopes after three months in Europe never to see one again.

The revolt of the modern traveler against the accepted "sights" is well enough understood so that, so far as Paris is concerned, at least, we have lately been visited with an entirely new sort of guide-book, one which ignores all the usual material and is filled only with information about restaurants, cabarets, and "gay night life." But such books jump too far in the other direction. The average traveler to Europe is less trivially minded than they assume. He has serious interests; student tours are now arranged for the study of modern languages and other subjects in Europe for which college credits are given. A man of long experience with American travelers in Europe is writing a literary guide, giving information in regard to scenes and people made familiar by authors of today and yesterday. He plans a similar book for students of music. Nor should the interests of the student of modern politics and economics be neglected. Everyone who has ever attempted investigations in those directions knows that the standard guide-book is full of facts about the catacombs of Rome but has nothing whatever about the silk industry of modern Italy. Since the World War, especially, thousands of Americans go to Europe with a serious interest in present conditions and problems.

And the European guide is even more of a back number than the guide-book. He is repeating the same patter today that his grandfather did half a century ago. It is time for him to learn a new piece.

The Outrages at Nanking

By WILLIAM F. PROHME

(By cable to *The Nation*)

Shanghai, April 4

G. A. KENNEDY, a Chinese-speaking American, formerly a student at the Columbia School of Journalism, went to Nanking and made a two-day observation of the effects and occurrences of March 24. This is a digest of his statement: "By April 1, 27,000 interned Shantung prisoners had been registered in Nanking by the victorious Nationalists. All these, and more, were in the city when the first Nationalist soldiers entered at 3 a. m. on the twenty-fourth. The attacks on foreigners in the morning and afternoon of that day, resulting in the deaths of one American, two British, and one Japanese, and the looting of the consulates of those countries, therefore, cannot be conclusively fixed upon the Nationalist soldiers.

"The first of the four foreign deaths, that of J. E. Williams, vice-president of Nanking University, occurred at 8 a. m. on the twenty-fourth. It has been proved that four other Americans were with Williams at the time the soldiers threatened. Williams drew his revolver and was immediately shot dead. The others were not hurt. The three other foreign deaths occurred in the late afternoon before the bombardment, which was at 4.30 p. m. The Nationalist general entered the city at 5.30.

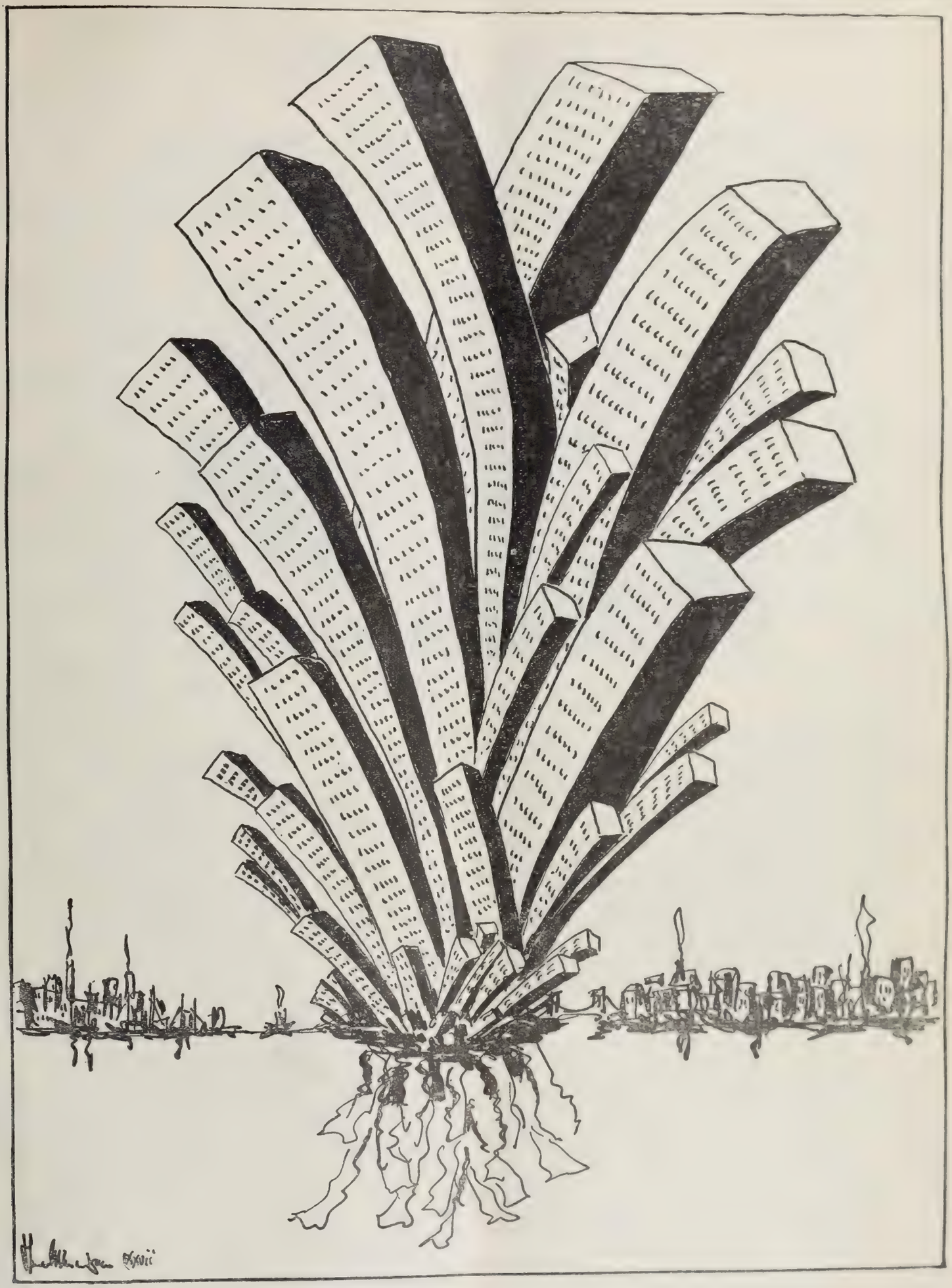
"The foreign houses burned or looted were all on the route taken by the Northerners in their efforts to escape from the city. Foreign houses were not the only houses looted. Hundreds of Chinese were robbed and many killed by the soldiers, presumably, again, Northerners running amuck.

"The physical effects of the bombardment by the British and American war vessels are comparatively slight. About fifty Chinese houses were wrecked, and one foreign-inhabited home was demolished. The number of Chinese casualties was probably under one hundred. But this is uncertain, as they have not yet been recorded."

Despite the uncertainty regarding the affiliations of the soldiers participating in the outrages, the Nationalist military officials concede the possibility that some of the first Southerners entering the city were among the culprits, but they doubt the probability. The previous record of the Nationalist soldiery is unblemished by any such attacks. This is considered strong circumstantial evidence in their favor.

Shanghai itself is thick with the atmosphere of anti-Nationalist propaganda generated by the local British press. The correspondents are working in and affected by this atmosphere.

The bombardment by the British cruiser of Nanking is not changing the Chinese attitude. They are accustomed to such action by the British. But participation by the United States gunboat was a profound shock to the Chinese. The impression that an American gets in talking with the Chinese is that they are profoundly disappointed. They had hoped that the United States would be definitely friendly in all circumstances. Their feeling is that the United States policy is now completely dominated by the British. It is to be noted that the Japanese gunboat at Nanking did not participate in the bombardment, although Japanese nationals and the Japanese Consulate suffered equally with the others.



Top-heavy

The Ferry to Europe

By ARTHUR WARNER

WESTBOUND transatlantic passenger traffic for the year 1492 totaled eighty-eight persons, carried in three ships. There was no eastbound traffic. That did not begin until the next year, when two ships, the Niña and the Pinta, cleared for European ports. (The Santa Maria had gone aground off Santo Domingo and was left behind.) There are no exact statistics of the number of persons carried to Europe on the Niña and the Pinta, but the total was below the westbound traffic in 1492. Then, as now, the foreigner arriving on our shores expressed immediate admiration for the American girl, and doubtless that was a potent reason for the failure of some to return who had booked with Columbus on his first tour to see America first.



From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*

The Return from Abroad—1884

From that day to this westbound travel has continued to be the heavier, but the amount and character of the movement in both directions has undergone amazing changes. Last year—in spite of the Volstead law—661,000 persons traveled from Europe to America, while 431,000 went the other way. That represents the largest movement in either direction since the beginning of the World War, but it promises to be surpassed by the travel this year. Probably never before has the more desired accommodation for the summer-vacation season been sold out so far in advance. Accommodation eastbound for the months of May, June, and July on the handful of cheap and popular steamships carrying only tourist third-class passengers has practically been preempted since Christmas. Accommodation for the same months on what are called cabin ships—those carrying no class above second—has been almost equally in demand.

America is said within recent years to have become motor-mad, dance-mad, radio-mad. One might add travel-mad. Vacations seem to have become more of a necessity than work. We take them in winter now as well as in summer. We flit away for week-ends all the year around. And a trip to Europe is regarded almost as casually as a week-end. The followers of Columbus mutinied en route from disbelief and despair. Even as recently as 1838, the year in which the Sirius made the first transatlantic passage known certainly to have been accomplished all the way by steam, the crew mutinied when the fuel gave out, crazed with the fear that they would never see land again. The other day when the President Harding ran out of fuel in mid-ocean the passengers made a picnic of it, sure that the ship's officers would bring them safely to dock—as they did. The modern spirit toward transatlantic travel is expressed in a recent newspaper cartoon in which a woman, bidding goodby to another at a liner's gangplank, says lightly: "And be sure to give me a ring as soon as you reach London." We eat and dance our way across the Atlantic as we do up and down Broadway.

Not only does the modern traveler cross the Atlantic in a different spirit from the old, but the traveler himself has changed. European vacations are no longer for the so-called upper classes only. They have become democratic. America's phenomenal material prosperity in recent years has seeped into new and numerous places. In this the Restless Age everybody travels. Parents run off to Europe without their children and children without their parents. College boys and office clerks are caught by the same lure. Girls go it alone. Everybody's Stenographer ascends the gangplank of the Leviathan (second-class or tourist third) as nonchalantly as she would leave her desk for lunch.

Yet with all the growth of the tourist habit transatlantic travel is not yet what it was before the World War—not in either direction. In 1913, the last full year before the conflict, westbound traffic amounted to 1,866,000 persons, almost three times the movement in 1926. Eastbound travel totaled 719,000 persons, nearly 75 per cent as many again as in 1926. It is not necessary to look in the back of "Ask Me Another" for the answer. It is to be found in the publications of the Government Printing Office—in our post-war restrictive immigration laws. In 1913 there were 1,406,000 steerage passengers among the total of 1,866,000 coming from Europe; they were almost all immigrants. In the other direction 473,000 of the 719,999 were likewise third-class passengers—immigrants going back temporarily or for good. In 1926 only 313,000 of the 661,000 westbound passengers and 152,000 of the 431,000 eastbound travelers were in the steerage.

In 1924 the transatlantic steamship companies were faced with a crisis. During and just after the war they had made huge profits through chartering their vessels to their governments or by carrying at high rates the multitudinous cargoes offered. Then came the slump. Cargoes dwindled in an era of trade depression while the passenger

business was at ebb. Fares were high; Europe was dismal; travel there was beset with difficulties; Americans had lost the habit of going abroad for pleasure. The immigration traffic was the one bright spot; it seemed destined to develop again rapidly. But the American Congress had other ideas. It passed in quick succession two restrictive laws. The last and most drastic, in 1924, cut immigration to a mere dribble of the former stream. The steamship companies were hard hit. What to do? Some officials fatuously proposed that fares be raised. Others fortunately realized that higher fares would strangle such passenger business as there was. Actually, although not ostensibly, a lowering of rates began.

How? In the first place the companies began to reestablish the one-class vessels at second-cabin rates which had been so justly popular before the war. Such ships sometimes carry third- but never first-class passengers. Hence persons traveling at second-cabin rates actually have the accommodations and prestige of first-class passengers although on slower vessels and without so bristling a display of cutlery on either side of them at table. These vessels are now known as cabin ships. The word is a poor one, meaning nothing, but it has been adopted generally, and so doubtless must be accepted. Nearly every company of importance now operates a number of cabin ships, and they are always popular with experienced passengers to whom speed is not of first importance.

But in addition to the cabin ship a genuine innovation was tried in 1924. It is impossible to say with whom the idea originated. Probably Edward A. Filene, the Boston merchant, deserves some of the credit. He was reiterating publicly at the time his belief that Americans were ready and keen to resume European travel but could not in any numbers afford existing first- or even second-cabin fares. He argued that steamships offered more luxury than most Americans were accustomed to at home; that thousands of persons were ready to travel even in some hardship if they could be assured of economy, cleanliness, and decency. He proposed that the Shipping Board fit out some of its idle or unprofitable vessels with a view to attracting the potential travelers that he had in mind. *The Nation* commended editorially Mr. Filene's suggestions.

Several companies, almost simultaneously, experimented with a plan embodying substantially Mr. Filene's ideas, whether or not they got them from him. They announced a new, manicured, English-speaking steerage, with the odor of garlic and cheese chased out to sea. Only of course they didn't call it steerage. They called it, that first year, student or tourist accommodation. It has since been classified as tourist third-class, with the "third-class" dropped by mutual consent so far as practicable. The idea was to set aside a portion of the third-class quarters—largely empty since the decline of immigration—for students, teachers, and other persons of education but limited means. It was recognized that the average American objected to the existing third-class not so much because of the hardness of the bunks or the plainness of the food as because of the habits of his fellow-passengers and the way he was herded around by stewards and officers.

The United States Line maintains that it was first with this new kind of travel. On the other hand the International Mercantile Marine Company holds that one of its ships, the Regina, carried the first bona fide student party abroad at low rates; that the tour was organized by Earl Hubbell of Boston, sailing from Montreal in 1924. As a matter of fact at least four companies tried the new plan in a small way that same summer. The *Nautical Gazette* of May 3, 1924, stated that the Cunard Line had arranged three sailings with provisions for this special form of third-class travel, while the United States Lines announced four, the International Mercantile Marine three, and the French Line two.

The idea was a sensational success. It caught the public fancy and in college and certain other circles became "the thing to do." A good time was had by one and all. The next year the new kind of travel was extended and put on a permanent basis. It has been increasing ever since. In 1925 some 20,000 persons booked tourist from Atlantic ports, while last year the number was more than doubled and this season will show a still further gain. Several vessels now carry only tourist passengers. Aboard such one is in fact a first-class passenger traveling in a simpler and less expensive way than usual.

If we exclude steerage traffic as almost wholly immigrant, then the other kinds of travel—which may be regarded as tourist—have, taken together, been heavier since 1925 than they were in 1913. In other words more Americans have been going abroad on pleasure or business trips for the past two years than just before the World War, in spite of the fact that the total traffic is smaller. The following figures show the number of passengers from and to Atlantic ports (Canada included) for 1926, by classes:

WESTBOUND		EASTBOUND
95,000	First-class	92,000
100,000	Cabin-class	75,000
117,000	Second-class	69,000
36,000	Tourist third-class	43,000
313,000	Third-class	152,000
661,000		431,000

Fares vary according to the season of the year, the type of ship, and the character of accommodation obtained, but in a rough way it may be said that it is hard to get a satisfactory first-class passage, one way, for less than $250. Cabin and second-class rates range around $150. Tourist third-class costs about $100, and ordinary third-class, or steerage, $10 or $15 less. Even with the practical lowering of fares which has been accomplished by the development of the cabin ships and the novelty of the tourist third-class, rates are higher than before the war in comparison with the cost of living. Before the war one could get a first-class ticket to Europe for from $100 to $125, a second-class passage for from $45 to $60, and third-class accommodation for from $30 to $40. Rates are now more than twice those amounts—in the second-class almost three times as high—whereas the general cost of living is only about 75 per cent higher than in 1914.

There are sound reasons why steamship fares are higher now, compared with other costs, than before the war. For one thing the standard of accommodation—and therefore the expense—has been rising. The lost immigrant traffic is another factor. In former days, even at the low fares asked, the immigrant more than paid his way; he helped to bear the expenses of his more prosperous fellow-travelers in the first and second cabins, although there is no record of receipt by him of any testimonials of gratitude. It is said of the street transit of New York City that the profit is in the straps. So in the steamships

of pre-war days the profit was in the steerage. Finally, the older travel could be handled more economically because it was better distributed. Third-class traffic was heavier, of course, westbound than eastbound, but it was fairly constant throughout the year. On the other hand, the tourist travel, upon which the modern passenger carrier must depend, is highly seasonal and irregular. It flows strong in summer and weak in winter. And the summer flood moves first in one direction and then in the other. In May, June, and July vessels travel eastward as crowded as movie theaters and return with as much unfilled room as a hall in which there is a lecture on "The Duty of the Citizen Toward the Community." In August, September, and October the process is reversed.

A striking aspect of post-war steamship travel is the rise of the Italian lines and the revival of the German business. Fifteen years ago few Americans could be persuaded to travel on Italian vessels, although even at that time many of them were most satisfactory. But the average American settled the argument by saying that he disliked garlic and anyhow: "In case of accident the officers and crew would lose their heads. They'd jump into the boats first and leave the rest of us behind." Recently that attitude has disappeared, and the new, luxurious Italian liners are among the most fashionable on the Atlantic.

Equally interesting is the revival of the German lines. Previous to the war their ships had a high reputation for comfort, courtesy, good food, and a friendly atmosphere. The war cost the German lines practically all of their once magnificent fleet and left them with a stigma of ill-will besides. They have overcome both of these handicaps and their fast-growing fleet of newly built vessels is rapidly restoring the lines their old prestige. The German companies have the advantage that their vessels are all modern and thus adapted to the latest requirements. The North German Lloyd has recently built for its New York-Bremen route the 32,500-ton steamship Columbus, the largest and fastest vessel under the German flag. The Hamburg-American Line has been equally indefatigable in its effort to win back its former eminence on the high seas. Its "spring offering" to the North Atlantic passenger trade is the newly constructed steamship New York.

Neighbors and Friends*

A Plea for Justice to Mexico

By WILLIAM E. BORAH

WILLIAM M. EVARTS, at the time Secretary of State, in discussing our affairs with Mexico, declared:

> The first duty of a government is to protect life and property. This is a paramount obligation. For this governments are instituted, and governments neglecting or failing to perform it become worse than useless.

I suppose few, if any, will differ with this fundamental truth. The only controversy which could possibly arise would be over the manner and method of carrying this principle into execution.

President Coolidge, in his first message to Congress, had this to say:

> Our foreign policy has always been actuated by two principles. The one is the avoidance of permanent political alliances which would sacrifice our proper independence; the other is the peaceful settlement of controversies between nations. By example and by treaty we have advocated arbitration.

With that policy I find myself in enthusiastic accord. Perhaps the highest service in international affairs which our great Government can now render to the cause of peace and to humanity is to demonstrate to the world that when we have been talking about arbitration and advancing the cause of arbitration through speech we have meant what we said. If controversies relative to property rights cannot be arbitrated and are not to be subject to arbitration, then arbitration need no longer be regarded as a thing of substance in the advancement of peace between nations.

A few weeks ago a high official of this Government said in discussing the affairs of Mexico: "We find its hand [the Third International] clutching at the heart of our sister republic on the south. We find it stirring up trouble in Asia, in China, in Nicaragua." And then the speaker significantly added: We must have a strong army and navy "to assist weaker nations to maintain free government." This statement is to be commended for its candor. It tells the whole story. It is too often true that wherever a people may be found seeking to throw off foreign domination, to establish their own government and protect their own interests, some strong government discovers a Bolshevistic conspiracy and thereupon a benevolent desire with the army and navy "to assist weaker nations to maintain free government."

For nearly a hundred years China has been hobbled with signally unfair treaties. Her territory has been from time to time parceled out and her ports and trade controlled and dominated by foreign nations. Many years ago it became apparent that the Chinese were harboring a deep feeling of resentment against these conditions. They indicated their purpose to contest further encroachments and ultimately to be rid of those already established. Sixteen years ago a revolution took place, and since that time the nationalistic spirit has strengthened and spread until now an entire nation seems, whatever its differences may be about other things, determined to be rid of foreign domination. Immediately the cry was raised that there was a Bolshevistic conspiracy, that Russia was at work stirring up trouble in China. It mattered little that the nationalistic movement long preceded the appearance of the Russian Revolution. I venture the opinion that had there never been a Russian revolution, the program in China would not have been materially different from what it has been and now is.

In 1924 an election was held in Nicaragua. The successful candidates for President and Vice-President were elected by a very large majority. The election law was framed under the direction and the election held under the

* Extract from a speech delivered under the auspices of the Trades Council at New Haven, Connecticut, on March 20.

counsel and advice of a distinguished American citizen. The newly elected officers took office on the first day of January, 1925. In August, 1925, two prominent members of the opposing political party started a revolution; their names were Chamorro and Diaz. They drove the duly elected President and Vice-President from the country, compelling the former under duress to tender his resignation. Since that time the conflict has gone on. This is another instance in which it is claimed Bolshevism is clutching at the throat of a small nation and another instance in which it becomes necessary with the army and navy "to assist a weak nation to maintain free government." It will also be recalled that the Bolshevists stirred up trouble in the Riff country, among those hardy devotees of independence and freedom. They were also the conspirators who spread revolution in Syria, so we are advised. I recall that at one time, not many months ago, there were seven small or weak nations struggling for their independence and for their freedom who were charged with being dominated by the Bolshevists and who were being helped by strong nations through their armies and navies "to establish free governments."

All this is but a preface to a discussion of Mexico and Mexican policies. Is the hand of the Third International clutching at the throat of Mexico? For weeks and months the propaganda has been put out that Mexico and Central America have come under the domination of communistic teachings and that this is the cause of trouble in that part of the world. I venture to assert that the Third International, that Russia, has not one thing to do with Mexico or with Mexican policies. No country on this Western Continent has been more outspoken or vigilant against communism than Mexico. Her labor organization and her President have not left the world in doubt. Mexico has her troubles and her own idea of dealing with them, and her policies, wise or unwise, are of her own making. She alone is responsible for those policies and for their execution. Communism and Russian influence have no more to do with either the origin or execution of those policies than they have to do with the policies of our own Government. The only Communists who ever made any trouble with Mexico went there from the United States and were sent back by the Mexican Government.

The agrarian revolution in Mexico began in 1910, seven years before the Russian Revolution. Professor Hackett, of the University of Texas, an able and disinterested student of Mexican affairs, has declared:

> At the outset it may be said that the Mexican Revolution, which began in 1910, was as inevitable as was the French Revolution, and as the causes for that more celebrated European struggle lay in the history of France as a divine-right monarchy, so the causes of the Mexican Revolution of 1910 are to be found in the history of the so-called thirty-five years' presidential reign of Porfirio Diaz.

I believe the facts justify completely Professor Hackett's statement.

Let us look at these facts. They ought to silence the lips of those who would have the American people believe that Mexico has simply gone mad over communism. When Diaz became President of Mexico in 1876, Mexico already had her share of large estates, great ranches, haciendas. Diaz, during his reign, disposed of some 134,600,000 acres of land, part of it legally and part otherwise. Some of it was sold to political parties and some of it was given to his retainers and supporters. This acreage thus disposed of was about three times the size of all New England. The average citizen received none of it—in fact, the small holders were dispossessed and their property confiscated in order to enable the large holders to increase their acreage.

From time immemorial the Mexican villages have owned communal lands, the *ejidos*, averaging in area from 4,390 acres to 17,560 acres. These lands were used by the villagers for raising food and pasturing their animals. The communal holdings were all that stood between the villagers and peonage. These lands under Spanish and Mexican law could not be alienated. But Diaz broke up and destroyed over 90 per cent of the communal holdings—a ruthless, brutal exploitation of the poor people of Mexico. When the communal holdings were destroyed, 3,103,402 Mexicans passed into a state of peonage, they became serfs, working upon the lands to pay a debt that could never be extinguished.

In 1910, at the close of Diaz's administration, there were 834 haciendados [large landowners], holding haciendas ranging in size from 22,000 to 6,000,000 acres. In the state of Morelos alone 20 haciendados owned and controlled the entire state, while 180,000 Mexicans in that state alone were landless. It is asserted that at the close of Diaz's administration 96 per cent of the heads of the rural families were without land and without means of acquiring land. So we had 834 haciendados, while at the other end of the ladder were 12,000,000 propertyless and landless people, forced into cruel and unending economic bondage.

This was the condition of affairs which confronted Mexico at the close of the reign of Diaz. It was a condition which must either have been changed or at least modified or Mexico as a nation must have perished. No nation could long endure with its vast and incalculable wealth in the hands of a few hundred while the million were serfs.

Nothing could show more conclusively that it was the land problem, the economic problem, which brought on the revolution from 1910 to 1920, than the action of Diaz in the closing hours of his reign. A few days before his resignation and flight he submitted to Congress a plan for getting the land back to the people. This bill gave power to the Executive to subdivide the lands and to expropriate large estates for this purpose. The proposal embodied the plan of breaking up the large estates and employed confiscation in order to accomplish that end. It was subject to every objection now made to the land laws of Mexico. It was a futile effort to stay the revolution. It was too late. The people were aroused. The people who had been robbed of their lands, the villagers who had been despoiled of their communal holdings, the people who were hungry, young men whose fathers had been drafted to serve as peons or who had lost their holdings and upon complaint had been shot were aroused from one end of the country to another. Belshazzar's feast was drawing to a close, and the fight of the people of Mexico for their lands was already in progress.

No one will deny the right of Mexico to pass the land laws she passed. As to the future she had an absolute right to establish any land system she deemed proper. Our Government does not question it. Wise or unwise, they were within her competency to enact. The thing which she did not have the right to do, and has not the right to do in the execution of these laws, is to destroy vested rights, to confiscate property. This we are in duty bound to insist she must not do. The supreme question is this: Is Mexico, in the stupendous task which now confronts her, acting in good

faith? Is she in sincerity endeavoring to work out her problem and in doing so to respect the vested rights of our people? I believe Mexico is acting in good faith. I have examined the laws of more than one country where the attempt has been made to break up large estates, and in none of these countries do the laws more thoroughly respect the vested rights of foreigners. For myself, I do not fear to say that I sympathize with Mexico in her task. She may fail in this great national effort, but I do not propose to commit the crime of wishing her to fail. If I should be convinced that there is wilful and deliberate purpose to destroy American life or American property, I think I should be as swift as anyone to go to their protection. But so long as there is evidence of a sincere effort to solve this problem in harmony with our substantial rights, I feel we should cooperate in a spirit of genuine help and friendship. Especially do I feel that these slanderous statements that Mexico is actuated by a spirit of ruin, of destruction, that she is governed and controlled by communistic influences abroad, that she is simply seeking plunder, can bring no good to our own people or in any way protect our interests in Mexico. There is a higher and better and more peaceful and lawful method by which to protect our interests. God has made us neighbors—let justice make us friends. The first step toward justice is to stop making false and unfair statements about Mexico.

Borah—Watchdog on the Potomac

By RAYMOND CLAPPER

Washington, D. C., March 26

THAT faint-hearted flirtation which Mr. Coolidge started up with Senator Borah some time back seems to be over. Breakfast, luncheon, and dinner invitations from the President to the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee are becoming more rare. The resplendent White House limousine no longer rolls up to the north entrance of the Senate office building to pick up the distinguished Senator. Roses from the Presidential conservatory are not being sent to the Borah apartment as often as formerly. The Senator must have made it clear that he and the President could be just good friends, nothing more. At any rate, Borah is now back undisturbed in his favorite role as the watchdog on the Potomac.

Those who believe that democratic government functions best when there is a healthy, outspoken opposition are compelled to count on Borah alone. For he is the opposition at Washington now. Formerly that function was assumed by the Democratic Party. Of late the Democrats seem to have abdicated. The so-called leaders have been going through motions. For instance, they met recently and solemnly resolved, Mr. McAdoo's Toledo speech to the contrary notwithstanding, that prohibition is not a political issue. Toward the end of the last session Senator Robinson of Arkansas, minority leader of the Senate, sponsored a resolution favoring arbitration with Mexico. But the resolution was so general and so innocuous that every Senator voted for it. Senator Heflin, Alabama Democrat, conducted an extremely vocal attack on the Administration's Mexican policy, but his Democratic colleagues looked on silently with apologetic smirks. And it was a Democrat, Reed of Missouri, who answered Heflin, defending the Administration.

Senators, Republicans as well as Democrats, went around complaining that they could not get the facts from the State Department. Who did anything about it? Borah. He called Secretary Kellogg before the committee though with only indifferent support from some of the leading Democratic members of the committee. That was not satisfactory and Borah then sought to get information direct. He wrote to President Calles and was accused of violating the ancient Logan Act. He proposed that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee visit Central America and get facts first hand. Democratic leaders on the committee feared this would embarrass the Administration and they assisted in amending the resolution so that the committee would be compelled to remain within the confines of the United States. When the Administration guard on the Committee on Audit and Control killed off the resolution Borah was the only mourner.

The same sort of thing happened with regard to China. Opposition in the Senate to continuation of the extraterritorial rights came from Borah, and from him alone.

What is the situation now? Congress has gone home. Democratic leader Robinson has gone to Little Rock, Arkansas, and expects to go to the Orient during the summer recess. It is gossiped in Washington that he wants to stop off in the Philippines and see if a political issue can be dug up there, realizing no doubt that his party is not ready to take hold of a hot issue here at home.

Borah, on the other hand, has settled down in Washington for most of the summer. He may go alone to Latin-America later, but barring this possibility he will remain in the Capitol in the role of Horatius at the bridge, working alone to counteract the White House Spokesman, who otherwise with Congress away would have the public ear all to himself.

Perhaps the best indication of the real importance of Borah as the spokesman and sole embodiment of the opposition at Washington is the fact that every afternoon at three o'clock newspaper correspondents gather in his office to question him about public affairs. These meetings are on the initiative of the correspondents, who find them the only means of obtaining the opposition viewpoint and balancing the Administration position.

Borah seldom talks for publication at these conferences. He feels that he cannot talk as freely for publication as he did before he became chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and he has resorted to the same protective device as the President with his Official Spokesman. The system has its drawbacks regardless of who uses it, but in the absence of anything better the two spokesmen functioning at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue act as checks on each other. Taken together they enable the newspapers to furnish the public with a fairly balanced version of what is going on.

Borah's reticence about talking for quotation accounts somewhat for the view prevalent in Washington just now that the Senator's star, after a long ascendancy, is fading.

He suffers by popular comparison with Jim Reed. Borah has had to yield the headlines to some extent to the more spectacular perambulating Senator from Missouri, who has been unusually active in the last year.

But a poll of the headlines is no real index here. Reed has done effective and spectacular work. Borah has done effective but not such spectacular work. Perhaps the Senator from Idaho has learned that to be effective it is not necessary to scold at the top of his voice every day. At any rate, while the Democrats have abandoned the true role of a minority party, a solitary and unwontedly quiet Borah is keeping vigilant watch along the Potomac.

These Modern Women

Lightning Speed Through Life

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the twelfth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for April 27.*]

WE always have been and are now a family of laughers. When father and mother and the seven children with the grandchildren gather each fall in the family camp on the lake shore in northern Maine, we do more laughing in two hours than lots of families do in six months.

There are several reasons for the laughter that has always welled up through our family relations like a clear spring. Perhaps the main reason is that father and mother have loved each other with a feeling that runs through the whole structure of their emotional and mental beings, not a consuming passion but a living and powerful reality. I have never heard them quarrel. Sometimes one turned upon the other with a burst of passionate impatience, but even now when they are far along in years—father is eighty-seven—these occasional gusts end in a quaint bit of humor like a rainbow.

My forebears on both sides were pioneers of New England stock. My paternal grandfather was a doctor, and one of the founders of the village in northern Maine which was, until recent years, a lumber-supply center for the lumbering operations to the north and west. He and a handful of other college-educated men founded the academy, the library, and the churches, and ran the affairs of the town in the days when northern Maine depended for its communications on stage routes through unbroken forest. He was a little man who drove through the woods at a great pace in a very high, two-wheeled untopped gig, hitched to a dappled mare named Nell. Under the seat was a bag of little black pills.

Father was until recently more than six feet tall with a splendid physique, dark eyes and hair, a commanding personality, and what is called in the town "the family gift for gab." He was not a student and did not go to college, but he has been a thinker after his original fashion all his life. He reaches his conclusions as the crow flies, and they are sound and logical.

Mother's people were ship-builders and farmers. Her father, a West Point graduate, was killed when she was very small. She lived with her grandfather, who used to clear a fine farm, plant it to small fruits, and then get rid of it to start all over again on another spot. There are in mother fine feeling, innate reasonableness, gentle understanding of people, and a love of beautiful and gracious things. She has a swift, buoyant spirit, intrepid but with some shyness in it, as if her solitary childhood in the depths of forest country had left its touch upon her. Her schooling was not much, but she has read and studied and gathered knowledge from every direction until she is one of the most well-informed persons I know. Physically she has always had great recuperative power. If this had been lacking she would have succumbed to the amount of manual labor that always confronted her.

As a family, we lived all the life there was to be lived in the community, on the farm, and in the woods. Money was scarce—the only rugs we ever had were moose and deer skins and a chance nickel looked as big as a straw bed—but I do not see how with money we could have got more out of our surroundings. Father was for many years a lumberman in the woods around Katahdin and to the north of it. We children, four boys and three girls, spent our vacations in the string of lumber camps. It never seemed to occur to anybody that girls didn't do everything that boys did. Nobody ever followed us around or suggested fear to us. We were expected to use good judgment and keep our wits sharp. Guns, canoes, axes were utensils to use and handle with skill whenever we had need of them. We met the test of endurance at every hand.

In all that woods life—from the winter camps with their vigorous activities to the spring drives of logs with crashing white waters, log-jams, the ringing bing of cant dogs, dams with their roaring sluiceways—we children belonged, not so much looking on as feeling part and parcel of it. And back on the farm, with woods on four sides of it, we belonged too. We worked hard and played hard, and all the children in the neighborhood were welcome to come and play with us.

We were always going off on camping expeditions of various kinds—and are yet, for that matter. Piling on buckboards behind teams of horses with tent and food; spending a week or two on some distant lake shore, or back over the tote roads to the fire-swept Wissattaquoik Valley for blueberries; on to a Grand Army encampment, for father was a Civil War veteran, or to a county fair perhaps. All expeditions that filled us youngsters with joy as well as the several neighbors' children who went along. And Thanksgiving and Christmas were gorgeous feasts; the relatives all gathered to make holiday, and being a hearty folk, they loved fun as well as a groaning board.

My parents both had the old New England ideal of responsibility for public affairs and were leaders in church and town activities, working tooth and nail for the things they believed in. We children shared in discussions of these questions, as well as of national politics. We had current magazines and papers and a good supply of books. We had

to attend church and Sunday school as long as we lived at home, but we were never urged to join the church. My parents' religious belief is a real thing to them, but it has no bigotry. They never tried to force it down our throats, nor did they any other belief. As I feel back along my childhood I am not conscious of any galling strain, but rather a rapid movement of prodigious and wholesome vigor. Father and mother succeeded in leaving us children a wide freedom of choice. After I left home it never occurred to me to lay any of my decisions before my parents nor did it ever occur to me that their disagreements with my decisions or ways of life could make any real difference in their feeling toward me.

With a few dollars earned by teaching a back-district school—I added some by building my own fires and chucking the wood in through the schoolhouse window—I started forth into the world to seek my fortune. As a small child I decided, one day, to learn to dive. I went out by myself in a canoe to a raft we had in the middle of a bottomless cove, clambered up the springboard, and dived straight down into the black water. If my fears had got the best of me I should have drowned, but they didn't. In much the same way I plunged into the world.

My first venture was ringing the bell of the great door in the Massachusetts Normal Art School in Boston. Our schools at home had no drawing at all, but by making caricatures of the teachers on the blackboards—and being put in the corner therefor—I had discovered a little talent. I had an idea that by training this a bit I might help myself through college. This particular door of the Normal Art School was most imposing and was used only on state occasions; but I didn't know that and rang away at the bell. A six-foot Negro—the first I'd ever seen—opened the door, finally, and stared down at me with bulging eyes. "Was dat you makin' all dat ringin'!" he exclaimed, taking in my diminutive figure in impossible country clothes, "I t'ought 'twas a fire!"

I stayed in that school as long as my money lasted, which was not long. I did not get much out of it. The life of the great city interested me so passionately that I had little time to spend in the musty depths of the school. I hated the plinths and the dead white casts and the stiff designs for wall-paper. One instructor's phrase did become a part of my equipment and has stuck to me like a good angel ever since: I had chased a circus parade through Chinatown when I should have been preparing for an examination; consequently I failed. When I told my charcoal teacher about it he said heartily, "Don't let a little thing like that bother you."

I finally gave up my college ambitions for two reasons: I failed the preliminary examinations—mischief had played a bigger part in my school days than application—and I became obsessed with the idea of teaching an elocution and physical culture system that an Armenian preacher in our town had introduced to me. Having earned half the money necessary to get to Washington, D. C., where the school was located, I borrowed the rest from a Canadian woodsman and departed. My scientist brother, living in Washington, investigated the school and reported it mostly fake, but I entered just the same.

The head of this establishment, learning of my brother's condemnation, took out his wrath on me. He was rascal enough to refuse me admittance to the two classes for which I had paid tuition until I had paid cash tuition for all the classes there were. Somehow I raised the money. It was a disagreeable year, but at the end came an episode that eased my sore heart. Twice in the season the school gave a public performance. The head attempted to shut me out of these, but one of the teachers, a most noble and gifted woman, put me into the final exhibition in spite of him. I wrote my own recitation, a piece that called for character work and humor. It made a huge hit and brought encore after encore. After that requests to recite came from organizations all over the city; so that I left the school with its owner flat as a pancake and my own soul filled with satisfaction.

With a girl I had met in the school I decided, at the close of the season, to go West from Chicago and organize physical-culture classes from town to town. We reached Chicago and our last penny at the same moment. My friend was pretty and amiable but quite unwilling to stand the gaff of hard work, so I undertook to support both of us. We were young, and this expedition covering the better part of a year was a great adventure. We pawned and sold our clothes, and I dipped candy in a chocolate factory, became an expert waitress, clerked in a hotel, and succeeded in organizing physical-culture classes which were big enough to support one but not two.

We put through one enterprising job in a Far Western city that I still think was not so bad for two inexperienced backwoodsmen. It would have turned out well, too, if I had known more about business. We took a whole suite in a leading hotel, went to the best stationer, and had handsome cards printed; we hired the swellest carriages possible and, having found out who were the leaders of society, made calls upon them. Incredible as it sounds, since we had no money and the shabbiest clothes you ever saw, we induced the ladies we called on to be patronesses of a public demonstration of physical culture set to music. We hired a hall and invited the general public, announcing the performance by lively posters.

The hall was crowded. As a result I got a fine class and aroused considerable excitement even among the Mormon elders. Unfortunately I failed to charge enough for the lessons to meet the bills. I just managed to finish the course. By that time the hotel threatened arrest and seized our luggage. We cared little about that because there was nothing inside it. I tried to meet the calamity, but failed; and one night we both quietly slipped out of town. Long afterward I paid my share of those bills.

Soon after this tramp adventure I decided to be a cartoonist—a real political cartoonist. I came to New York without a cent and without knowing a soul. I was unskilled. I had not the slightest idea how to tap the city's resources. I was certain of only one thing: I would be a cartoonist. I did almost everything from working in a disreputable prize-package factory on the East Side to selling Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People" in instalments on West End Avenue. I was often ragged and cold and heartsick and hungry, but after a while I began to get the lay of the land. I attempted to invade the sacred precincts of the big newspapers. I tried Arthur Brisbane over and over, until the youngsters in the outer office grinned at me in derision. One day I sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Brisbane. I told him I had come to the city to earn money as a cartoonist in order that I might raise the mortgage from the old farm in Maine; that I had no training or money but that I did have some cartoons that I should like

to lay before him. The mortgage story was a whopper, but it fetched Mr. Brisbane by the next mail. With what an air I presented myself and my invitation to the dragons at the entrance need not be described. Mr. Brisbane was gentle and kind. He looked at my stuff and suggested that I could undoubtedly raise the mortgage much more quickly by going back to Maine. He said that newspapers had no use for women in this particular line of work and not much use for them in any other.

Life got pretty desperate. I had heard of a teacher at the Art Students League whose criticisms were so harsh that he was not allowed to teach women's classes. I am sure now that this was not so, but I thought: "Now, that's the very man I'll go to. He'll tell me the truth." So I took my sketches under my arm and went to the League. I waited in the half-light on the stair-landing for this man on whom I had pinned my faith. Finally he came up the stairs, a slight man with head bent. Timidly I accosted him: If some time he was at leisure would he give me some advice? I was not a student there. "Of course!" he said as if he'd been waiting for me to ask him, "why not, right now, this minute?" He took me into the members' room, and looked at my sketches. What he said warmed my heart as nothing ever had before or has since.

"You have the talent of one in twenty thousand!" he said. He told me he was giving me the benefit of many years of newspaper experience when he added, "Newspapers have no use for women in this field; your row will be a hard one. Keep out of art schools, pick up what knowledge you need, and keep at it." I was still in a way as much at sea as ever, only now I had a reason for sticking.

In the place where I lived was a college-bred woman who bitterly hated the suffrage cause. Until I listened to her railings I really never knew there was such a thing. Now it did make an impression. I hunted up a street-corner speaker, got some literature and read it, and on the instant knew I belonged. There was no bitterness in my soul, just a recognition of the need to help men and women change their focus a bit. I still knew little about drawing, but I saw that there was not a cartoon on our side, though plenty of fierce ones on the other. I made a sketch in ink of a man standing in a most conceited attitude with both feet on the ballot box holding against his breast a diploma marked "Past master in egotism"; I drew huge donkey's ears on his head and under it I put the caption: "The ballot box is mine, because it's mine."

I went with this to suffrage headquarters. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw's experience with cartoons had been very unhappy. I am sure this unladylike picture filled her with horror. It was certainly not welcome, and I took it to the New York *Call*. The editor literally hugged me! Next day the thing came out on the front page—and a full page at that! I still have the proof, and after all this time I find it not so bad.

Whether in the years since then I have accomplished anything worth while or not, I have thoroughly enjoyed living. Love is no stranger to me. My love affairs began in childhood and have been going on ever since in varying kinds and with as many results. Love is good wherever it comes from. I am married now, and I find that good, too. Economic freedom is good, and I still have it. But it seems to me that in these days of rapidly increasing fair play between a man and a woman neither economic dependence or independence makes much difference. It is the spirit of cooperation that counts and enables two people to make adjustments both inside and outside of their relationship.

I don't know exactly what people mean by disillusionment. I love to live and the longer I keep at it the greater capacity I have for living, and when I die, if it be so arranged that I lose my individual entity, I pray that I may become the lightning that snaps and crackles and whips through a thunder-storm.

A League of Nations Oppressed

By ROGER BALDWIN

Brussels, March 1

FOR the first time in history the black, brown, and yellow peoples and the white working classes of the imperialist Powers have united in a campaign against imperialism and for national independence. From all over the earth they came to Brussels on February 10 in a four-day "Congress against Colonial Oppression and Imperialism" and founded an international organization with headquarters in Paris—the League of Oppressed Nations. Forty countries were represented—seventeen of them colonies or dependent peoples—by 175 delegates ranging from the Chinese Kuomintang, the Indian National Congress, and the Egyptian National Party to the British trade-union lefts, the South African labor movement, the Mexican workers, and the native independence parties in French and Dutch colonies.

It was a responsible and determined crowd. Here were the official representatives of the world's most militant movements of revolt and independence—in India, China, Indo-China, Korea, Indonesia, Syria, and North Africa. Here were a dozen Socialist or Communist members of the British, French, and German parliaments. Here were delegates from seventeen trade-union bodies with a total membership in the millions. And among them was a sizable sprinkling of "intellectuals" and middle-class pacifists, of whom many were women.

The whole crowd was young, enthusiastic, and revolutionary. As you looked them over assembled in the gilded hall of the old Egmont Palace, rented from the city of Brussels, there were not half a dozen gray heads to be seen. And those were old revolutionary veterans with the fire of youth—Georg Ledebour from Germany, George Lansbury from England, and Sen Katayama, Japanese Communist living in refuge in Moscow. Vigorous, alert young men of all races united under the congress banner "National Liberty—Social Equality." The central driving power in them all was the purpose to achieve a national independence, not only political freedom but the freeing of workers and peasants, whether from foreign or native exploiters. In the union of the workers of the imperialist countries and the natives of the colonies a common war can be waged against common exploiters. A dramatic expression of this feeling brought the whole congress to its feet cheering when

Fenner Brockway, secretary of the British Independent Labor Party, at the close of his speech grasped the hand of the representative of the Chinese Kuomintang and pledged to him the relentless opposition of the British working class to war on China. Cheers again greeted the declaration of General Lu Chung-lin, second in command of Feng Yu-hsiang's army, that the only object of that army is to protect the workers and peasants in their revolutionary struggle. A joint manifesto signed by the Hindu, Chinese, and British delegates pledged them to a united and many-sided campaign for the freedom of the workers and peasants from imperialist rule. Behind all the speeches and resolutions burned the fire of the class struggle, with the double inspiration of Soviet Russia and the Chinese Revolution. No Russians were present; there were no representatives of the Third International or the Red Trade Union International. There were many Communists among the delegates, though they were a minority of the entire group, but the feeling of all the others was pro-Soviet in the sense that Russia alone stands uncompromisingly for freedom for the colonies.

George Lansbury in a ringing speech called the conference the most important he had attended in his long career. All the speakers stressed its value as expressing a new and universal understanding by the dark races that their freedom cannot be achieved on purely nationalist lines; that it can be won only as an economic struggle of the workers and peasants against capitalism itself; and that to win it, union with the white workers of Europe and America is indispensable. Whether or not the new league rises to the hopes of its founders as a center for action, propaganda, and financial aid, the force of this new unity must influence the whole movement the world over. The congress was recognized as significant only in the colonial, Communist, Russian, and German press. The capitalist press was almost wholly silent, even the Brussels papers running only very brief items. The Socialist press ignored it after condemning it as merely another Communist effort to mask political purposes behind a non-partisan shield. The Brussels daily Socialist organ after ten days came out from its silence and conceded handsomely that, whatever its origin, the congress had shown itself far above partisan interests and would undoubtedly be of great historic significance.

The idea of the congress was conceived by the same Communists and near-Communists in Berlin who were active in the International Workers' Aid, working in close cooperation with the European representatives of the Kuomintang Party and the Mexican workers. Its early financial support came from those sources. But the congress was not under Communist control, and the Communists, with what the Brussels Socialist paper called "unaccustomed modesty," kept way in the background. No party controls the new organization. It is exactly what its program and make-up indicate, and it should gain the confidence and support of all elements opposed to imperialism and in favor of colonial independence.

Of course China held the front of the stage at Brussels. Every delegate paid tribute to the Chinese struggle as the greatest hope for every other people. The Chinese delegation was the largest and the most active. Cables from Canton, from the army, from the provisional government, from Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, from labor and business groups marked almost every session. The Chinese delegation gave the congress an evening reception at which the whole history of the revolutionary movement was set forth by a former aide of Sun Yat-sen's, whose draped portrait, by the way, was the only face on the walls of the congress rooms. General Lu was there, fresh from the front. He was in Europe, it appeared, to get supplies for his army, mainly in Russia; he had come on from Moscow expressly for the congress.

Next to the Chinese issue I should say French imperialism came in for most attention. The Indo-Chinese fairly flooded the congress with propaganda. One of the leaders of the Syrian Druses, in exile in Palestine, dramatically arrived on the last day of the congress from Berlin, where he had been held for three days by the hesitation of the Belgian Government to give him a visa in the face of pressure by the French. The congress put some counter-pressure on the Belgian Socialist Foreign Minister, and got it. Tall, handsome, young, his passionate plea, though in Arabic, won instant applause before translation. The spirit and force of the man was enough. Another native rebel against French colonial rule was one of the hits of the congress through the power of his speech, his humor, and simple wisdom. He was a tall, rangy young Negro from Senegal. In action on the platform he commanded attention for every word, alternating shafts of delightful humor with passionate denunciation of France. The French Government tolerates in France these rebels against her colonial rule, while repressing them brutally in the colonies. In other words, they are free to agitate wherever it does no good. And they may print only in French, which most natives cannot read.

Of course Nicaragua and Mexico were actively on the program, though American imperialism took a distant third place behind British and French. The South American delegation was strong and determined. The delegation from the United States was feeble—consisting of two Communists and myself. Our six island colonies were not represented, though a Filipino was said to be on his way. But American imperialism was hard to tackle. "Tell me," said one of the Latin delegates, "how on earth we are to be saved from your lending us money?" And the Europeans asked it, too. The United States loomed up as a new type of menace. With the direct occupation of territory, with the national struggles for independence they knew how to deal. But to the problem of economic imperialism the only answer was socialism, with the boycott and united resistance to political interference as temporary tactics.

Of the other imperialisms little was heard. The Indonesians were there, in dead earnest against the Dutch Government's suppression of their workers' and peasants' movements in Java. But the Portuguese colonies were not represented, nor was a word said of them; nor were the Italian. Italy was represented, if that word can be used, by a solitary exiled official of the defunct trade unions. Ireland, old friend of her fellow-oppressed, was wholly absent—settled down, apparently, to home life in the empire. Not a word was said of the Congo, for the Belgian Government in permitting the congress to be held had specified that no Belgian political issue was to be discussed. But despite that, the congress was freer in Belgium than it would have been elsewhere in Europe today except in Germany or Switzerland. This first conference may be only a try-out but it is the beginning of united opposition to the increasing concentration of international imperialist finance.

In the Driftway

AS a professional drifter the writer of this column is naturally interested in other drifting or floating particles—in flotsam and jetsam generally. So he has followed with zest the zigzaggings of the drifting or floating university aboard the Holland-America Line's good ship Ryndam. The Ryndam will return to the United States in May, after an all-winter cruise around the world with some 500 students, a fifth of them young women, who supposedly have been combining foreign travel with scholastic work. The floating university has experienced its share of stormy weather, some of the wildest originating within rather than without, and no doubt the faculty has spent a number of sleepless nights on the bridge wondering if it should send out an SOS call for help.

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THE roughest weather, it is reported, has been due to coeducation. From Paris comes the word that the cruise has developed twelve engagements and that two marriages are "reported though not confirmed." To the Drifter that does not seem a high percentage of romance, even if all of the two marriages should be confirmed—not when one considers that the students have spent at least one coeducational evening on the Grand Canal and presumably have visited the Acropolis by moonlight. The hardships and dangers of the deep are so well known that nobody could have enrolled in the floating university without realizing that he was taking certain risks. Yet the situation has led some members of the faculty, including ex-Governor Allen of Kansas, to declare themselves against coeducationalizing the high seas. For stationary campuses in the Middle West a mingling of the sexes is all right, they think, but to mix oil and water is child's play by comparison with mixing coeducation and the briny deep.

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THE real trouble, one surmises, is that you cannot mix university education and drifting. That's why the Drifter is short on learning and long on flotsam and jetsam. It is impossible to get a shipload of active-limbed, live-minded youngsters to concentrate on logarithms or French irregular verbs when they can go ashore in Mandalay or shopping on the rue de Rivoli. It is doubtful if the proposal that next year there be one steamship for young men and another for young women will solve the scholastic problems of the floating university. It may be that the young women will be easier to manage by themselves, although the Drifter would not care to go surety for that. As for the other sex, it is generally believed that a feminine leaven has a restraining influence. Deprived of that salutary balance, it is possible that another year we shall hear that two members of the sophomore class of the men's floating university have climbed the Eiffel Tower by night and painted in red at the top the numerals "1930." Or that a score of freshmen have been arrested while trying to steal Big Ben out of the bell tower of the House of Parliament and replace it with a year-old Jersey calf.

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THE Drifter knows of no young people anywhere who could profit more by foreign education than those of the United States. But he doesn't see how they are going to get it in a floating university. Leaving aside the distractions of continual stops in successive ports, there is a greater difficulty. A foreign education means getting out of one's native atmosphere into another one. It isn't possible for 500 students traveling together to do that. They carry their own atmosphere with them, imposing it upon any place they visit. No steamship can travel far enough or long enough to take them out of the United States.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Precipitation, Presidents, Pennies, Potatoes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Robert Marshall's article on Precipitation and Presidents suggests, first, that the largest campaign fund has elected its President some twenty-three times out of twenty-four, which is a better correlation than the rainfall figures. Next comes the amusing fact that, by and large, the farmers get more for their crops in a short-crop year than when there is a bumper crop, illustrated most glaringly in the case of potatoes. This would produce the amusing paradox that in these "weather-vane States" it is not so much acute financial distress on the part of the rustics as emotional depression from watching a poor crop that is the immediate precursor to the profound decision to vote for Tweedledee instead of Tweedledum at the forthcoming Presidential election.

New York, March 18 GEO. B. VETTER

Anatole France, Moralist

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his comments upon Anatole France in your issue of January 19 Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch apparently did not feel called upon to discuss the question of morality. But as this question was raised in the book under review, "The Degeneration of a Great Artist," to ignore it is to give a sort of assent to the contentions of its author, Mr. Cerf.

However unorthodox or questionable the attitude of Anatole France may have been in regard to sex relationships, these do not make up the whole field of morality, and I am inclined to think that it would be difficult to name, among his contemporaries, a writer more effectively engaged in promoting the ideals of truth and justice.

Without venturing to challenge your gifted critic's prophecy, one may be permitted to take issue with Mr. Cerf's judgment that the writer who made superstition ridiculous and cruelty hateful, and was remarkable for the wide range of his sympathies, "sought knowledge for amusement rather than improvement and did nothing to promote the establishment in the world of sound ethical principles."

The delicacy of feeling which Ruskin noticed in "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" developed into a profound understanding of the lives of others as such figures as M. Bergeret, L'abbé Coignard, and Crainquebille followed one another upon the stage. If the delicate and telling shafts of irony were aimed at the government, the army, the church, and big business, it was because these venerable institutions were careless of the peace and happiness of the people whose lives they controlled. The "cynic and sensualist" stood for the rights not only of Frenchmen but of all men.

The generous sentiments that pervade his imaginative writing are not the only revelation of his moral standards. Instead of remaining "aloof from the hurly-burly of his times," as Mr. Krutch infers, his love of fair play and his detestation of violence compelled him to leave the study for the platform. The

volume of speeches entitled "Vers les Temps Meilleures" bears witness to his participation in politics and suggests that his pessimism was tempered by hope.

He may have been unwise to rely upon the Socialist Party as an instrument of liberation, but in spite of mistakes and inconsistencies, the advocates of equal freedom and the friends of tolerance will, for generations to come, find in his works so much to quote that he may be saved from oblivion until there are no more oppressors and oppressed.

Folkestone, England, February 8 FRANK W. GARRISON

Who Will Help Barbusse?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Henri Barbusse sends me a copy of an extremely eloquent appeal which he has written, addressed to world opinion upon the subject of "the invading barbarity of Fascism." He wishes to have this appeal signed by persons whose names would carry weight in all countries of the world, and he asks my help in obtaining signatures. It happens that I am inconveniently situated to carry on such work.

It occurs to me that there must be among your readers some persons having leisure and enough money for postage who would be glad to assist M. Barbusse in the work he has undertaken. Let me say that for several years I have been receiving, through my mail, continued evidence of the heroic devotion of this great French man of letters to the cause of the oppressed workers throughout Europe. Surely there must be, amid all the materialism and cynicism of our great rich country, enough of our old-time idealism to cause a few people to wish to help M. Barbusse. His address is "Vigilia," Miramar par Theoule (A.M.), France.

If those who write to him will send me a carbon copy of their letter, I will be glad to act as a clearing house and put them in touch with one another, so that they may cooperate.

Long Beach, California, March 17 UPTON SINCLAIR

Why Italy and Britain Are Allies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I, too, wondered what might be the other half of that bargain between the British and the Italians at Shanghai until I read the following paragraphs in the *Survey Graphic's* admirable number on Fascism:

> Obviously any large Italian expansion in Africa is not an immediate possibility. When and if it becomes practical politics, it can only be carried through with the assent of Great Britain. Hence Mussolini has every reason for maintaining the best possible relations with Downing Street. This is true also as a means of attaining more limited objectives, as, for example, a position of equality in the international control of Tangier; the rounding out of the Somaliland on the Indian Ocean and the Italian colony of Eritrica on the Red Sea; political penetration in Yemen and Arabia.
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> The first week in February saw a singular manifestation of the present close relations between Italy and Great Britain. Mussolini then accepted and indorsed substantially all of the points of Sir Austen Chamberlain's Far Eastern policy. An Italian expeditionary force in China is a possibility.

Cessna, Pennsylvania, March 7 G. F. BLACKBURN

To Music Lovers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am appealing to you in the interest of the great Festival Theater at Bayreuth, which gave to the world the traditions of Richard Wagner's magnificent works. I feel certain that you will do whatever you can to save this great institution from the eclipse which threatens to put out the light forever. The fund which Richard Wagner himself, with the aid of contemporary friends and admirers, established to assure its future, has, through Germany's financial collapse after the war, completely disappeared. Royalties from the master's works automatically ceased thirty years after Wagner's death, and there is no source of income other than the summer festival ticket sale. The continued presentation of Wagner's great works and the maintenance of the Festival Theater have become entirely dependent on the assistance of altruistic and art-loving circles.

Since Wagner's works now are world property, and music the universal language, music-lovers of all countries will want to share in maintaining this Festival Theater as a memorial to Richard Wagner. One hundred thousand dollars are necessary; I have begun to raise a fund in my native country—Sweden. In July and August of this year the Bayreuth Festival Theater will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary.

May I ask your readers to consider this appeal and if possible to send me contributions in care of the Metropolitan Opera Company?

New York, March 23 NANNY LARSEN-TODSEN

The American Citizenship Foundation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 12 you referred to the American Citizenship Foundation of Chicago and its drive to obtain an endowment of two million dollars, and also stated that their purpose was to control and supervise the speakers at all church and public forums, lecture courses, etc. I am convinced that you were mistaken in some of these statements. Not that I believe in this sort of work. Citizenship teaching is much more needed among some of the men behind foundations of this kind than among our foreign-born immigrants, as witness the case of Senator-elect Frank Smith, Samuel Insull, etc. It will interest you to hear that the drive for two million dollars has completely broken down, and that according to reliable reports the foundation is now in financial difficulties and that the active man, George Bond Ellison, has retired.

New York, April 4 M. I. K.

[Independent inquiry has convinced us that the statement that this foundation intended to control speakers and had established a blacklist was erroneous, and we regret that we were misled by the press reports upon which we based our comments. It will, however, be no loss if the movement comes to an end. In our opinion it was another effort by men of great wealth and of corporation managers to regiment the foreign-born and to teach them what they should think about our institutions.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Advertisers, Publishers, Masses

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I did not know until I read *The Nation* that I had been quoted in the newspapers as saying that none of the faults of the American press was of its own creation. In my speech I had in mind the demand of advertisers for quantity circulation and the fact that publishers in their desire to get mass circulation are ignoring class readers. If advertisers and advertising agencies insist upon regarding mass circulation as the basis of their decision, the poor publisher will have to follow the policy of printing only those things which appeal to the mass. My statement was that, recognizing the difficulties of American publishers in fighting against the mass idea, the amount of news they do print for the benefit of the class reader is amazing. I feel that on the whole they give a much more rounded summary of the news of all classes than the newspapers of any other country in the world.

Washington, D. C., March 28 DAVID LAWRENCE

Books, Music, Plays

The Man Economy Has Caught

By RAYMOND HOLDEN

A mouth of ivory snow and coral,
A plenteous body's quiet horn,
Breasts like a swelling bloom of laurel,
These are the crowns that I have worn.

Here, with no crown, I have no power
And crickets could outwit my brain.
Fallow she lies. I may not plow her
Who lies beyond this picket rain.

What in this arch of hill and valley
But the field, woman, is worth thought?
What but her grain could hope to rally
The man economy has caught?

First Glance

IN the six episodes reconstructing Emerson's environment which Van Wyck Brooks uses to fill the first half of his new book, "Emerson and Others" (Dutton: $3), Mr. Brooks, as might have been expected, returns to the one theme he has never deserted since he began to write, or at least to publish. The sterility of the American scene, the failure of American life to support and enrich the American artist—this is his theme, presented already in so many ways and through so many personalities that in the hands of a less lovely writer it would long ago have become intolerably wearisome. For the most part, of course, Mr. Brooks has applied himself to the contemporary situation—and so we have here, among the miscellaneous essays which complete the volume, an essay on The Literary Life in America containing the sentence: "If our writers wither early, if they are too generally pliant, passive, acquiescent, anemic, how much is this not due to the heritage of pioneering, with its burden of isolation, nervous strain, excessive work, and all the racial habits that these have engendered?" So also we have, in a passionate tribute to the late Randolph Bourne, this statement of Bourne's ruling hope: "It was for a new fellowship in the youth of America as the principle of a great and revolutionary departure in our life, a league of youth, one might call it, consciously framed with the purpose of creating, out of the blind chaos of American society, a fine, free, articulate cultural order." But the theme is no less the concern of Mr. Brooks as he looks with delicate, expert eye at Emerson's Concord and Boston, as he listens, all affectionate attention, to the Transcendental Club.

> One topic especially stirred the club: the American Genius, the causes that hindered its growth. On this titanic continent, with nature so grand, why should genius be so tame? One had only to think of Bryant—chaste and faultless, but uncharacterized. Or Dr. Channing's preaching, the sublime of calculation. Allston was thin, and Greenough was thin, and Irving and Prescott and Bancroft. Not one drop of the strong black blood of the English race! No teeth and claws, no nerve and dagger. A pale, diluted stream. There was the topic of topics: the lukewarm spirit of the day, as Father Taylor called it. Who cared whether Bryant wrote good poems or not? Whether Greenough made a good statue? The great poems had been confessions of the faith of races, the great statues had been worshiped. No necessity of the people called these Americans out. And alas, why look for art where society was unbelieving, honeycombed, hollow?

Mr. Brooks, like Lewis Mumford in "The Golden Day," goes all the way back to Emerson's New England to find an American place and time when and where the accident of genius combined with the circumstance of a suitably growing society to produce literature both American and fine. In Emerson Mr. Brooks finds, perhaps, the first subject with whom he can wholly sympathize; and the result is a particularly lovely book, even for one who has several to his credit. Emerson in his study and in his garden, Emerson strolling to Boston, Emerson lecturing, Emerson writing, Emerson editing the *Dial*, Emerson talking with Ellery Channing, Bronson Alcott, Thoreau, and Margaret Fuller, Emerson conscious of young reforming spirits engaged in a comical though admirable search "for modes of life, perhaps, familiar enough in history, or in other parts of the world; for careers and social customs, disciplines, that a simple colonial society had never dreamed of providing, had not been able to provide"—Emerson in all these aspects shines here in a few pages, and shines, as Henry James did in Mr. Brooks's last book, largely in his own words, which are plucked like gleaming threads from the "Works" and the "Journal" and woven into a living tissue of quotation. For Mr. Brooks's perennial complaint I have less use than I suppose I ought to have; for this book, however, as indeed for most of its predecessors, I have much use. It gives me joy—and for a moment I believed everything Mr. Brooks said about America.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Belated Masterpiece

Decadence. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Veronica Dewey. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

THE idea of a new novel by Gorki is sufficiently hard to get used to. Russian literature as we have come to know it, that amazing volcanic panorama which the introverted energies of a great people heaved up before nineteenth-century Europe, has tended to recede into the perspective of literary history—an extinct volcano apparently, whose extinction coincided with and was no doubt related to the eruption of Russia's political crater. Here and there a sputtering of spent fires, but hardly of the ancient heat, hardly fierce enough to disturb the hardening crust of critical judgment. But this almost posthumous performance of Gorki is doubly upsetting. For it seems that Gorki not merely has added a postscript to the rather important chapter he occupies in Russian literature but has actually succeeded at this late date in rewriting it.

Not that this chapter didn't need revision. The position of Gorki was a precarious one. It rested on a pedestal of achievement which, while creditable enough in itself, was not proportionate to the statue which surmounted it. When one thinks of Dostoevski one conjures up "The Idiot" or "Brothers Karamazov," and immediately a satisfactory equation is formed. Similarly, "Anna Karenina" can be put against Tolstoi; "Fathers and Sons" against Turgenev; "The Seven That Were Hanged" against Andreev; and any volume of his evenly perfect stories against Chekhov. But what can one set against a reputation like Gorki's? None of his novels. "Foma Gordyeef"

was an ambitious failure, "Mother" a piece of propaganda, "Three of Them" a tediously prolonged short story. Nor his best-known, much over-rated play, "Lower Depths," wherein a motley of unindividualized types are loosely threaded together with a Tolstoian moral. There remain the short stories. But how many of them can stand by themselves, apart from their creator, like Chekhov's stories? Most of them are helplessly tied to the umbilical cord of Gorki's lyric love of humanity, and can seldom wander far afield. The truth is that so far Gorki's chief literary creation has been his own rarely beautiful personality—indirectly in his objective work, and directly in his autobiographic series: "Childhood," "In the World," "My University Life." Significantly enough, only in these frankly autobiographic works does he achieve the necessary detachment which characterizes finished art. He has got out of his own way by putting himself in as one of the characters, and is thus saved from stumbling over himself in his over-eagerness to understand and explain them. But while autobiography as a human document is at a premium in other literatures, Russian literature is too well human-documented to appraise it unduly.

Suddenly, one might say unexpectedly, Gorki reaches over himself and places a novel on the top shelf of Russian fiction, beside "Brothers Karamazov," "War and Peace," and "Fathers and Sons." Whether it be the detaching influence of the revolution, which pushed him gently but firmly off the political-social arena, so that he found himself a properly disinterested bystander; whether it be the calmer, clearer vision of age from which the froth of opinion has subsided—the result is undiscountable. "Decadence" purports to trace the degeneration of a peasant family turned merchants; but with due respect to Gorki's object, the work is too alive to be confined to any formula. It must be remembered that "Brothers Karamazov" was originally entitled "The Life of a Great Sinner," and was planned as a polemic against atheism. There are no types in this book that one can pin down with an apt adjective and be sure of. Three generations of human beings grow and decay capriciously before our eyes like trees in a forest, in obedience no doubt to inevitable laws, but not accountable to our preconceived logic. We see their natural, unexpected development through the years, and can only scratch our heads reminiscently: "just think of it, I knew him when . . . ." There is Ilya, the founder of the house of Artamanov, an emancipated serf turned manufacturer, an Adam still fresh-formed from the earth, with the strength of the earth and its compulsive desire to grow. There is his son Pyotr, with something of the dull strength of his father, but in whom the blind impetus that impelled his father is spent. There is his wife, Natalya—we follow her from the time when, unknown to herself, she is a fairy princess, the object of the secret adoration of Nikita, Pyotr's hunchback brother, until the time when even her stolid husband exclaims: "All you can do is to eat, sleep, and put grease on your face." There is the grandson Ilya, a young eagle who deserts the Artamanov chicken-coop as soon as he finds his wings. And there is his brother Yakov, who, from within the fat folds of his timid soul, is yet able to sense maliciously the hollow pompousness of his more active cousin, Miron, who aspires to the Duma. There is the town idiot, Antonushka, whose head is a-jangle with incoherent verses, and the digger Tikhon, whose mind is a blunt spade, obstinately trying to dig a meaning out of life. In an exchange between them, Gorki sums up Russian literature:

> "What are you trying to get out of him?" Artamanov would ask with a solicitude which he did not understand.
> "I want him to explain the superhuman words he uses."
> "But they are only the words of an idiot!"
> "Even an idiot must have some sort of reason," Tikhon would say stupidly.

Life "is a story told by an idiot, full of sound and fury"; but here the Russians part company with Shakespeare. For it is their blind faith that "even an idiot must have some sort of reason."

ALTER BRODY

The Negro Problem: A Restatement

The American Race Problem, a Study of the Negro. By Edward B. Reuter. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.75.

THE American Negro problem has a deceptive simplicity. It is not until the student really gets into the data that he realizes the extent to which complete mastery is well-nigh impossible for one individual. Unfortunately there are few students who understand that the many aspects of American Negro life take one into intricate problems not only of sociology and economics, but of biology, racial mixture, ethnology, and history. This is the essential reason why almost all books about "the Negro problem" are so thin and superficial. And this is why it is so gratifying to take up Mr. Reuter's book on the subject and to realize that here are balance, mature consideration, and sanity in a sociological study which has been held to almost a purely sociological plane, and which attempts neither to encompass all possible aspects of the problem nor to solve it for all time.

The book is essentially for the classroom and for persons who wish to consider a problem thoroughly before they feel they can express themselves intelligently on it. It "is designed to serve as an outline and as a point of reference as well as to provide an organization and a point of view. It is not intended as a substitute for the study of concrete material." Its convincingness lies, I must repeat, in the fact that it remains at all times a sociological study. Thus, for example, we have a discussion of race. But here, instead of a diffuse consideration of the biological problems involved, we have rather a short and concise statement of the generally accepted idea of race, after which Mr. Reuter immediately goes into a full study of the social significance of the term, and particularly the social importance of the fact of racial differences. And when one considers for a moment the extent to which the difference in pigmentation between the Negro and the White has been an important factor in making for social differences between the two groups, the significance of concentrating a discussion of race on this point becomes immediately apparent. Mr. Reuter also understands the importance of historical background. Often in his discussion we are taken back to slavery times so that the development of particular phenomena or attitudes can be traced for us. Too many discussions of social situations neglect the time perspective, which, indeed, has come to be regarded as something belonging essentially to an ethnological technique. It is gratifying to see how the method illuminates the subject in hand.

We are first presented with a fundamental aspect of the American Negro problem—the population statistics regarding it. Here Mr. Reuter is thoroughly at home, and his statements are illuminating. Not so much can be said for his next topic, that of racial differences, but this is obviously a bow to a point that cannot be disregarded, and one imagines that he regains his historico-sociological footing with relief in the following discussion of the accommodation and the assimilation of the two racial groups in this country. From here on is clear sailing, and the consideration of the development of the Negro from slave to freeman, with the consequent racial differentiation and racial consciousness on the part of both groups, is clear, well-organized, and authoritative. In the course of this the problems of Negro health and family life, of the economic and educational status of the Negro, of the Negro church, and of the Negro in crime are brought forward, and one realizes how thoroughly they have been thought through. Thus, although the usual statistics regarding the extent to which Negroes are criminals are brought forward, we are not allowed to pass on them without being reminded that current prejudice against the Negro makes it easier to arrest a Negro than a White man, easier to convict him, and easier to get a long sentence for him. This balancing attitude is typical, and I venture to predict that Mr. Reuter will be assailed more than once by the

anti-Negro as well as by the racially conscious Negro groups.

The book is so considered, indeed, and of such high quality, that one regrets its shortcomings the more. Thus, where Mr. Reuter touches African ethnology, as in his short discussion of African tribal family life, he is obviously treading terra incognita. Certain statements about race might be amended, also, but this is not serious. One would wish for greater completeness in bibliography—thus it is unfortunate that Cox's "White America" is not recommended as an exhibit for the extreme pre-White position, while the lacunae in the citations concerning the anatomical aspects of Negro-White physical differences are at once apparent. I also feel that Mr. Reuter's conservatism regarding the general situation, while usually admirable, has led him to undervalue the achievements of the American Negroes in the literary and artistic field. And this promising development is still sufficiently tender to make one wish for leniency rather than overstrict understatement.

But these points are essentially minor ones. Indeed, the last chapter of the work, on the present status of the problem and its future, is such as would alone more than balance them. As for solutions of the Negro problem, those which have been advanced thus far are dismissed with a "brief comment." To my mind no comment was ever more to the point: "There is no solution."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Nothing New

George Rogers Clark: His Life and Public Services. By Temple Bodley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

WESTERNERS cling tenaciously to three principles when they write about their great revolutionary hero, George Rogers Clark. First of all, his enterprise against the Illinois country was extraordinarily hazardous; secondly, his success won for the United States the Old Northwest; and thirdly, all contemporary criticism of Clark and his enterprise was false. Mr. Bodley runs true to form. He has presented to his readers the usual portrait of a gilded hero, a Napoleon and Sir Galahad rolled into one. The expedition against Kaskaskia is thus heralded: "A more daring offensive is hardly to be found in history." After describing the surrender of Vincennes by Hamilton to Clark, the author declares: "From that day to this, the country north of the Ohio has been ours." The last half of the volume is an attorney's brief for the defendant against various accusations of misconduct, one of which involved him in treason.

Mr. Bodley is very much excited about the neglect of Clark's fame by historians. That there has been neglect cannot be doubted. But no advance toward a better understanding can be made except through the establishment of what Clark actually did and a careful evaluation of his accomplishment. Hyperbole gets us nowhere. Within our own day the importance of events west of the Alleghanies has become generally recognized. Students both East and West are reinterpreting our history, and the influence of the frontier has been made a part of the historian's creed. Clark's contribution to the welfare of the United States has become a favorite object of study and there is now emerging a sane view of his acts. The new view borrows nothing from the ignorance of the older Easterners or from the extravagance of the Westerners. Clark's march through the flooded prairies from Kaskaskia to Vincennes, the most remarkable of his military deeds, is now proclaimed heroic by all. There have been during the history of the world, however, several military episodes wherein the endurance of men was more severely tried and the genius of the leader even more completely exemplified.

Like previous biographies of Clark Mr. Bodley has followed too exclusively the historical sources emanating from Clark and his immediate associates. For instance, the occupation of the Illinois country is told in the words written by Clark. The Mason letter and the famous Memoir are excellent sources for an understanding of Clark's own mind, but when it comes to facts the statements in them should be checked up by other contemporary sources. This has not been done. The author has neglected that mass of documents from the French villages which have been printed by the Illinois Historical Library in the "Cahokia Records" and the "Kaskaskia Records." These volumes would have brought to his notice many a problem needing careful consideration. The origin of the expedition was not so simple as Mr. Bodley thinks it was. How far it was inspired, if at all, from Kaskaskia itself he does not tell us. He could also have learned that the British had abandoned the Illinois and were making no effort to protect it. Detroit was the center of their line of defense. All Clark did was to travel the well-known water and land route and occupy an undefended village where a large minority, if not an actual majority, of the villagers received him with rejoicings. The attack on, and defense of, Verdun in the late war appears to have been more hazardous.

The exaggeration of the consequences of the occupation of the French villages, a most common failing among Western historians, is a much more serious error than extravagant claims of heroism. The British line of defense on the Great Lakes was never seriously threatened. Throughout the war their Indians and partisans overran the Old Northwest and threatened Kentucky. Clark was pushed back to the Ohio River and was ordered to build forts for the protection of Kentucky. Such was the condition in the West when negotiations of peace were opened. So unimportant were the doings of General Clark that they were not noticed by the negotiators. Had the British Prime Minister desired to make the Ohio River the boundary of Canada he would have encountered no opposition from Spain or France. He did not so desire. The forces that gave the Old Northwest to the United States were not generated at Kaskaskia. To seek the origin of them one must probe the souls of the two principal negotiators, Lord Shelburne and Benjamin Franklin. Of a knowledge of the peace negotiations, however, Mr. Bodley appears to be innocent. His volume may afford entertainment to the uncritical; to the student it has nothing to offer.

C. W. ALVORD

Old Clothes

Fine Clothes to the Jew. By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

MR. HUGHES is right when he reprimands Mr. Schuyler in *The Nation* for denying the necessity for a Negro expression. Such expression is not only unavoidable, but it is also most desirable for both America and the Negro. The original American from Europe has done nothing with his heritage and is certainly now too distant from it to convert it to contemporary uses. Whatever hope there is for an American art lies with the minor races. To urge a cultural assimilation of the Negro is to urge the Negro to lose his singular identity and to enter into something only nominal. For him to become an American is for him to toss away a unified character for something unestablished and as yet unattractive. For what shall he exchange his native systemic heritage; for contradictions unfused?

The Negro is conscious of his singular identity. But as yet there are few among his artists equipped to meet this consciousness of identity with a consciousness of its material. The Negro artists divide themselves into those who have capitalized the fact of color without paying for it by the study of its essence and peculiarity, those who recognize the need for a separate expression of a racial material but whose aesthetic apprehension or control is not adequate, and those who attack the essential material for what it can yield under aesthetic suasion. It is evident that an artist is great in proportion as he approaches the third category. Of the Negro poets only Jean Toomer has entered it with both feet. Langston Hughes is as yet on the threshold of the second category, and there

is no visible progress in his present book beyond "The Weary Blues" to reveal that he has become sensible of his poetic problem, which is *to convert the material.*

Whatever value as poetry the Negro spirituals or blues may have, duplicate spirituals or blues have only duplicate values. In the conformation of the inherent qualities of these indigenous songs to an original personal intelligence or intuition lies the poetic performance. And Mr. Hughes has not made the material so conform. One critic has attributed to his work "force, passion, directness, and sensitive perception." The "force" is the material's, not the poet's. It remains literal, unconverted. The "passion" is not great enough to convert the *attitudes* of his verse (attitudes simply rewritten from the material) into integrated experiences or even effective quasi-experiences. "Directness" in itself is of no importance; it can intensify or sharpen initial power or give precision to inventiveness. His "perception" is not sensitive, for what he sees it takes only eyes to see. He reads what is written, no great feat; he hears well, that is, his receptive pitch is accurate. But what of the final instrument of poetry that recreates the sensations in terms of a personal idiom? He is apparently unaware of even its existence.

Mr. Hughes has been called an interpreter of certain of his race. Perhaps. I see nothing in his verses to convince me of their experiential authenticity. But interpretations are only reutterances at best. Not even a translation creates the new utterance which is a poem. I find in the work of Langston Hughes the recording of certain Negro songs. I have no doubt it is as good a record as we own, for he has here and there done a little rewriting. But beyond that he has made no individual contribution. HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

Books in Brief

Party Campaign Funds. By James K. Pollock, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Mr. Pollock wrote, of course, before the investigations of the Reed "slush fund" committee showed how lavishly the Republicans of Pennsylvania and Illinois spent money in their Senatorial primaries last spring, but since the data which he uses, and which it must have cost him much labor to collect, relate mainly to the years since 1912, what he has to offer bears closely upon a present situation with which Congress may bestir itself to deal. As a concise survey of federal and State laws relating to campaign funds, and a record of party expenditures in recent campaigns, the book easily supersedes all others in its field. Mr. Pollock does not go to extremes in criticizing the system or suggesting further checks and balances. The size of a campaign fund, as he rightly points out, is not the most important matter: what needs attention is the source of the fund and the uses to which it is put. Neither federal nor State laws, the latter the only ones that are concerned with primaries, insure satisfactory publicity, and the laws themselves appear to be extensively violated or ignored. Beyond a more effective publicity and a better system of accounting lies the need of "more statesmanship and less partisanship," which is the same thing as saying that we cannot expect to get rid of the evils of money in elections until we develop a higher order of citizenship and insist upon knowing fully who supplies the cash and who gets it when it is spent. The book is heartily to be commended.

Minutes of the Albany Committee of Correspondence, 1775-1778. Vol. II: *Minutes of the Schenectady Committee.* Prepared for Publication by the Division of Archives and History. Albany: The University of the State of New York.

The records of the Schenectady district of what, at the time of the Revolution, was Albany County are the only minutes of the various district Committees of Correspondence in New York that appear to have survived. Of these there remain three fragments, covering somewhat more than half of the period from May, 1775, to August, 1779, and with their publication, which has been carried out with textual literalness under the direction of Dr. Alexander C. Flick, State Historian, the documents have at last been made available for students. The labors of the Schenectady committee appear to have been quite as multifarious and important as those of the Albany body, and historians and antiquarians will find much to interest them in the proceedings of an organization which, in addition to incessant labors in enforcing loyalty and helping on the war, thought it well to order physicians "and others" to desist from inoculation of the small pox," urged magistrates to avoid wasting powder by firing salutes at New Year's, bound its members by oath "not to discover their proceedings in regard to disaffected persons" in order that "it shall always appear as if this committee are unanimous in opinion about such matters," ordered the arrest of Negroes "that may be found to run on the streets after ten o'clock," heard witnesses who swore "on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God," and fined tardy members "the price of one bowl of toddy" for their neglect. There is a consolidated index to the two volumes.

The Giant of Oldborne. By John Owen. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Judged by this one book, John Owen deserves to be better known in America. He writes a clear, simple prose, poetical without affectation, and has a delicate insight into the souls of his characters. Daniel Windmill, the giant, is a sensitive boy, cursed with a long, gangling, weak body and an intense capacity for joy and suffering. His story, which could lend itself so easily to bathos, is told with taste and distinction, and a very moving sympathy.

The Best Plays of 1925-26. Edited by Burns Mantle. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.

The seventh annual issue of Mr. Mantle's well-known and invaluable compilation. Besides the condensed versions of the ten "best plays" there is the cast of every play presented in New York during the season.

The Best Short Stories of 1926. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

This is one of Mr. O'Brien's lean years; his selection of the "twenty best" may be representative, but it is not exciting. The value of his annual as such is, of course, undiminished.

Music

New Wine in Old and New Bottles

IT is pleasant in this year of solemn ritual to have an occasional ballet come along to remind us that we cannot always believe what we hear. Casella's "La Giara," for instance, when first presented last year by the Philharmonic as an orchestral suite, seemed fairly modern. It had, it is true, some of that old-fashioned emotional substance which comes from the blood rather than from the brain, due perhaps to the hot, rhythmic little folk tunes which strewed the score. At the same time, however, there were enough of those lemon-edged dissonances which have marked the various "periods" of Casella's progress to stamp the score with the seal of his present modernistic tendencies. How astonishing then to find this modernism denatured, as it were, by choreographic interpretation when the Metropolitan presented this work in its entirety as its last novelty of the season! The story, one must admit, does not lend itself to much subtilizing. An old and valuable jar belonging to Don Lollo, a rich farmer, is broken during a merry-making by the peasants. To make matters worse, the real culprit is no other than the accepted suitor of Don Lollo's pretty daughter. All are in terror of the farmer's whip when someone has the happy thought of fetching an old hunchbacked journeyman who has just passed that way boasting that he

can mend anything. He now declares he can make the jar like new, but to do so must do it from the inside. He keeps his promise, only to find that he cannot get out again on account of his hump; whereupon the Don, to the horror of all, kicks the jar with its human contents down the hill. Fortunately, the old man lands on a load of hay. The peasants bring him back in triumph; and as the Don, realizing his deed, has fled from the house, there is general rejoicing. As Miss Galli conceived the miming, there were pretty sentimentalities between the lovers and hearty, vigorous whirling among the peasants. Even the setting had the good old rural operatic atmosphere of twenty-five years ago. There were the little stone house with its coquettish shutters, the garden for the lovers, and the sward for the villagers to dance. And in these familiar surroundings and sentimentalities all the discords and angles of modernism dissolved into a nice, jolly ballet, so innocent of futuristic leanings that the Metropolitan's corps of dancers seemed perfectly at home in its demands. If the composer had any other intentions they remained a secret with the conductor, Tullio Serafin.

And now comes Adolph Bolm doing modern ballets also, only for the League of Composers, and making modern music seem new by infusing into it the emotions we read about in the program notes but seldom hear. "The Tragedy of the 'Cello," for instance, by the young Polish modernist, Alexandre Tansman, might have seemed somewhat stale and banal if heard only as music. Even so, the tale itself is slender: the Violin and the 'Cello are rivals for the love of the Flute. They fight a duel, the 'Cello is killed, and the Violin and Flute, united in matrimony by the Diapason, take up their new home in the case of the late 'Cello. Pointed with a mockery by Mr. Bolm and his company, that is carried out in both costume and setting by Nicholas Remisoff—late of the Chauve-Souris—the music catches the satirical slant of both miming and décor, and, with it, a raison d'être. Again, in the Chinese ballet, "The Rivals," which Mr. Bolm built on a Chinese legend of the sixth century, and Henry Eichheim on a Chinese ceremonial theme of the seventh, the score takes on, through the illusion of the stage, an authenticity that neither the Chinese theme nor the Chinese instruments which Mr. Eichheim utilized could in themselves have imparted. On the other hand, the "visualization" of three preludes by Scriabin—Désire, Enigme, Caresse Dansée—was not so successful, because the music itself is so definite in its suggestion that carrying the suggestion farther merely renders it literal.

In spite of this, Mr. Bolm and his company taught us the valuable lesson that music written for the ballet is dated largely by the manner of its stage presentation. Tansman's score, for instance, written in 1924, seems even newer for Mr. Bolm's interpretation of it; while Casella's, written even later and in an equally modern idiom, might have been, like the Metropolitan's version and stage directing generally, of twenty-five years ago. The eye does indeed play strange tricks upon the ear!

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Clemence Dane Discourses

AT the center of Miss Clemence Dane's imperfect but absorbing drama "Mariners" (Plymouth Theater) lies one of those situations of compelling force which have the power of fixing the attention of the spectator and which require no commentary. A ghastly though daylight horror grips the imagination, and though the author allows herself to be seduced by certain discursive tendencies, the dramatic power of her situation triumphs over the somewhat hesitant treatment which she gives it. She seems for a time unable to get to the point and, once she has got to it, she hurries away as fast as possible in another direction, yet for all the fumbling involved in this procedure the high moments of her play remain memorable.

In the all too brief glimpse which the second act gives us of the disordered household of a middle-aged minister who has allowed himself to be married to a Cambridge bar-maid, we have drama in something like its starkest and purest form. Everything about the characters and their situation—the love which brought them together, the impotent, raging tantrums which express the wife's baffled realization of her own unfitness, and the minister's patient resignation to the irreparable ruin into which he has been precipitated—is at once understandable and hopeless. No judgment and no remedy is possible. The fact, completely comprehensible and completely ineluctable, exists, and it grips the imagination as all facts must grip it which are powerful not because they are regarded from any particular point of view but because they are powerful in themselves. The situation needs no elucidation or commentary; there is no explanation that can be offered and no conclusion that can be drawn half so impressive as it is in itself. No use to which it can be put, no point which it can be employed to prove but is insignificant by comparison.

Such situations, requiring only that they be realized, are rare indeed, and in default of them we fall back upon deduction and theories. We construct plays which are interesting because they illustrate this or because they prove that; but when we are presented with one so significant in itself, we resent the essential levity involved in attempting to do more than to state it with clarity and succinctness. Yet Miss Dane, though she shows more than once that she has the power to realize the situation, is nevertheless unwilling to trust its inherent strength and has insisted upon using it for a purpose which seems by comparison infinitely trivial. She has constructed a subsidiary plot which deals with the doubts of a young flapper who has engaged herself to a post-war wastrel and who concludes from the spectacle of the minister's tragedy that love after all is worth the cost. She even goes so far as to ask us to concern ourselves with a happy ending which provides "another chance" for the wastrel in spite of the fact that the magnitude and the passions of her tragic characters dwarf her little heroine into absolute insignificance and make her and her pale affairs a frivolous intrusion. Nobody cares what lesson the girl draws from the drama she has witnessed, nobody cares what conclusions may be drawn by this moralist or that from the fact embodied in the central situation. To use that situation to set a flapper right in her philosophy of love is a mere impertinence.

Yet it is for such unimportant affairs that Miss Dane abandons the powerful story which she has not completely told; after giving her auditors a glimpse of great and terrible passions she expects them to be content with a commonplace moral and commonplace people. Doubtless she supposed that she needed to give her drama a meaning, but the fact which this play so clearly demonstrates nevertheless remains: A passion is, dramatically at least, more interesting than an idea and a fact more impressive than a moral. The story of this minister and his bar-maid should have stood alone. It is most powerful when it is not explained, most meaningful in its meaninglessness.

The production afforded by the Actors' Theater is an admirable one, Arthur Wonter being particularly impressive as the minister and Pauline Lord finding in the role of his wife a part almost exactly suited to her talents. Miss Lord is, perhaps, not so fine an actress as she was at first supposed, but she is at least an absorbing person with a pathos of her own which she lends to the characters whom she portrays. "The Crown Prince" (Forrest Theater) is an interesting if somewhat conventional romantic tragedy with all the dramatis personae taken from the "Almanach de Gotha." Mary Ellis is the royal mistress and Basil Sydney the prince who kills himself for love. "The Willow Tree" has been transformed into a pleasing if not very exciting libretto for a gorgeous operetta called "Cherry Blossoms" (Forty-fourth Street Theater).

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The International Settlement of Shanghai

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

SHANGHAI, like Topsy, "just growed." The separate administration of the "International," the French, and the two native cities is a product of circumstance and habit rather than of forethought or of treaty. The "rights" which the foreign troops are defending today have been acquired by use, not by negotiation. In peace times you walk or ride in your ricksha from the native city to the International Settlement, and from the International Settlement to the French Settlement, and from the French to the other native city without knowing where the boundary-line lies. It all seems like one great city. Only your ricksha-coolie, who has to pay for a separate license in each administration, knows the difference.

Today the "International Settlement" is governed by a municipal council elected by the foreign taxpayers. It is a city with a population of 850,000, about 97 per cent of which is Chinese. The Chinese pay 80 per cent of the taxes, but cannot vote or even enter the public parks maintained by taxes. The Municipal Council consists of nine members, of whom custom decrees that six shall be British, two American, and one Japanese. The chairman is an American, Stirling Fessenden of Maine; but the real executive is English, the Commissioner General, Major Hilton Johnson. The council is theoretically responsible to the Consular Body, but in fact acts independently. Since the 1925 disorders the council has offered three seats to Chinese, but the Chinese Ratepayers' Association refused the offer, demanding equal representation. More radical Chinese demand proportional representation, which would mean Chinese rule.

The French Settlement is ruled by the French Consul General. A municipal council elected by the foreign taxpayers, with merely advisory powers, functioned until the recent crisis, when the consul dissolved it, substituting an executive committee one-half foreign and one-half Chinese. The French Settlement lies adjacent to the International Settlement, and, like it, has an excellent waterfront. Its population is smaller than that of the International Settlement, but has about the same proportion of Chinese.

North of the International Settlement is the native district of Chapei, which includes many large factories and a considerable modern residential district. South of the French Settlement is the district of Nantao, including the old Native City. Both districts have nominally elected municipal councils, really appointed by the local gentry and business men, subject to the provincial civil or military authorities; in 1926 their administration was merged. Their population has been estimated at half a million.

After the First Opium War, by the Treaty of Nanking (1842) the British obtained the right to reside in five Chinese cities, including Shanghai. The supplementary treaty of 1843 provided that the grounds and houses, and the rents or prices for them, should be equitably arranged at the prevailing rates; and that such premises should be set apart by the local Chinese officials in consultation with the British Consul. Other Powers acquired equal rights by subsequent treaties. But the provisions for the government of the foreign settlements of Shanghai were not made by treaty, but by local "Land Regulations" drawn up by the foreigners and sometimes, but not always, approved by Chinese officials. Nor is it true, as is often said, that the foreign settlements of Shanghai were built upon an unoccupied swamp, for the early records are full of disputes arising from the unwillingness of the Chinese inhabitants to part with their land. When land finally was obtained, it was in the form of leases in perpetuity subject to an annual payment of land tax, called "rent."

The original Land Regulations, drawn up by the British Consul in 1845, and approved by the Chinese *taotai*, made no definite provision for municipal government. Article XXII provided that "The interpretation of the regulations, their correction if necessary, and any additions to them should be the duty of the local authorities [Chinese and foreign] in communication together." These regulations gave the British Consul general powers over the foreign residents; he even claimed the right to forbid an American to raise the Stars and Stripes within the settlement. The Americans acquired territory for a separate settlement in 1848, as the French did in 1849, but the Americans continued to live in the British settlement, and in 1852 forced the Chinese to admit that according to the treaties they had equal rights to hold land in it. The perils of the Taiping Rebellion, however, brought the foreigners together, and in 1854 a new set of regulations was drawn up, the American, British, and French consuls approving. No Chinese authorities were consulted regarding this redraft. The 1854 regulations provided for a joint elected municipal council for the three settlements; unlike the 1845 regulations, they permitted Chinese to reside within the foreign district. This was largely due to the fact that the Taiping Rebellion, then raging, brought to the settlement hordes of Chinese refugees, who were willing to pay enormously for the privilege of living under foreign protection. The foreign Shanghai realtors made huge profits, housing them in dangerous tenements. The Consular Body more than once instructed the Municipal Council to dispose of these shabby structures, but the realtors refused. Finally the consular authorities, in agreement with the impotent *taotai*, drew up further regulations requiring natives to obtain a license from the foreigners before buying, renting, or building land or houses in the foreign settlement. Such natives were taxed equally with the foreigners but given no representation in the municipal government.

Repeatedly these 1854 regulations state specifically that the Chinese have sovereign rights to the land within the settlement; the Chinese Government was to receive a small annual tax, and deeds were to be sealed by the Chinese authorities. But the sense of independence was growing; in 1862 an independent Free State of Shanghai, under the protection of the four Great Powers, was proposed, and the British Consul refused to permit the Chinese to tax their own subjects within the settlement. The London Government, however, took a different position, declaring that:

> The lands situated within the limits of the British Settlement are without doubt Chinese territory, and it cannot reasonably be held that the mere fact of a residence within those limits exempts Chinese subjects from fulfilling their natural obligations.

The local British, however, have had their way from that day to this, despite treaties, home governments, or reason.

France formally withdrew from the International Settlement in 1862 and set up her own jurisdiction; in 1863 the Americans formally and finally merged their settlement with the British. The American Minister proposed in 1864 revising the constitution of the settlement, under a charter from the national Chinese Government, suggesting that the local authorities should levy only municipal taxes, and that Chinese taxpayers should be represented on the council. To this the Shanghai foreigners objected, fearing domination by the Chinese, significantly suggesting that as a safeguard to life and property the "spirit rather than the exact words of the treaties should be adhered to when necessary."

The land laws were again revised in 1866, without consultation with any Chinese authority, and in 1869 the foreign ministers approved the revision. In 1882 came another revision. Chinese participation in the government was again suggested in that year, but the British insisted on its omission. The 1882 revision gave the Shanghai municipality greater independence of the consular and diplomatic authorities, fuller police and tax powers, and the right to compel surrender of land for roads. This constitution, which virtually made the International Settlement an independent nation by itself, was not approved by the Diplomatic Corps until 1898 (and then with some modifications), and has never been submitted to the Chinese. Clause XXVIII of these regulations, still current, reads:

> Hereafter should any corrections be requisite in these regulations, or should it be necessary to determine on further rules, or should doubts arise as to the construction of, or powers conferred thereby, the same must be consulted upon and settled by the foreign consuls and local Chinese authorities, subject to confirmation by the foreign representatives and Supreme Chinese Government at Peking.

Meanwhile certain theories as to the powers of the settlements, which are today of vast significance, had grown up. The settlements have claimed the right to regard themselves as neutral territory in civil or even international wars to which China was a party, to refuse to permit belligerent troops within their borders except with special foreign permission, to give asylum to political refugees, and to bar or expel Chinese whom they dislike. These seem to be mere assumptions of power. Westel W. Willoughby, professor of political science at the Johns Hopkins University, says in his monumental "Foreign Rights and Interests in China":

> As a matter of treaty right it is difficult and perhaps impossible to sustain this claim of the settlements and concessions of the right to grant asylum, or, indeed, to demand that their areas remain free from all belligerent opinions in times of civil war, but what lack there is of legal or treaty right has been largely supplied by custom acquiesced in by the Chinese authorities. . . . There remains, of course, the more fundamental or theoretical question as to whether derogations of sovereign or territorial rights can be validated by other than specific and explicit consent upon the part of the Power whose rights are diminished.

The British Consul, indeed, said at the meeting which inaugurated the Shanghai municipality on July 11, 1854:

> Neither Great Britain, nor the United States, nor France, has undertaken by treaty to protect their subjects ashore in Chinese territory, nor could they, by treaty, legally do so without the consent of the Chinese Government.

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But the British, French, and Americans shortly thereafter did land troops to defend the settlement, and time and custom have led to the conviction that they have that and the other rights they have assumed, despite the protests of the Chinese and the lack of treaty authorization.

It should be added that the present limits of the International and French settlements reach far beyond those originally drawn. This process of enlargement has been rather informal. The municipal councils privately bought land for roads outside the settlements and then built roads and cross-roads; foreigners built houses along these roads; foreign police, without agreement, were sent to patrol these roads; water mains, street lights, pavement, telephone systems were extended, and eventually the new territories were officially included. The last such extension was in 1898. But in 1913 the Municipal Council, authorized by the Consular Body, sent its police to clear a revolutionary army from the northern suburb of Chapei, on the ground that its operations had "disturbed" trade; and the barbed-wire entanglements, where the combined foreign armies mount guard in 1927, have been erected far beyond the boundaries of what, in any sense except that of immediate occupation, can be called foreign territory. To the foreigner in Shanghai, today as throughout eighty years of the foreign city's growth, foreign might is right, and nothing else counts.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF

The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1927.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Editor—Oswald Garrison Villard, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.
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Business Managers—None.

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of March, 1927.

[Seal] MARY E. O'BRIEN

(My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

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ARTHUR WARNER is associate editor of *The Nation.*

WILLIAM E. BORAH is United States Senator from Idaho.

RAYMOND CLAPPER is the Washington correspondent for the United News.

ROGER BALDWIN, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, is now in Europe on various missions.

RAYMOND HOLDEN is an American poet now living in New Mexico.

ALTER BRODY, playwright, poet, and critic, will contribute an article on Yiddish literature to the Spring Book Number of *The Nation,* April 20.

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LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation,* spent last spring in the Orient. He has written a series of articles on China which are reprinted in a pamphlet, "Young China."

The author of Lightning Speed Through Life is an artist.



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I would not wish to a dog or to a snake, to the most low and misfortune creature of the earth—I would not wish to any of them what I have had to suffer for things that I am not guilty of. But my conviction is that I have suffered for things that I am guilty of. I am suffering because I am a radical, and indeed I am a radical; I have suffered because I was an Italian, and indeed I am an Italian; I have suffered more for my family and for my beloved than for myself; but I am so convinced to be right that you could execute me two times, and if I could be reborn two other times I would live again to do what I have done already.

THIS WAS THE ELOQUENT and moving and courageous close of Bartolomeo Vanzetti's address to Judge Webster Thayer of Massachusetts who sentenced him with his companion, Sacco, to death. The judge is reported not to have lifted his eyes once to receive the blows that Vanzetti dealt him; if Sacco and Vanzetti are electrocuted on July 10 Massachusetts justice should never again be able to lift its eyes. Whether these men are guilty or innocent is not the point at issue today; whether or not they had a fair trial in a Massachusetts court is the question. Hundreds of thousands of persons believe they did not. Governor Fuller will be recreant to decency, humanity, and justice if he permits "the passage of a current of electricity" through the bodies of these two men to stop forever the possibility of justice being done.

THE BORAH-BUTLER DEBATE in Boston attracted a great deal of attention in the newspapers and was even heralded as making the prohibition issue the foremost one in the coming Presidential election. To us it advanced and retarded nothing, and left the situation as it was. The views of these two gentlemen were as well known before the debate as after. Unfortunately for President Butler's position, as the conventions and the election come nearer the politicians are showing about as much affection for the prohibition issue as for the glowing end of a red-hot poker. As for Senator Borah's plea to uphold the Constitution, New York City Republican politicians are quoted as saying that he got the better of the argument. But they will be the last to take a genuine stand for law enforcement, or to see to it that the whole Constitution is really upheld. They will themselves continue to honor it in the breach while saying sanctimoniously that the sacred Constitution ought to be upheld at any cost. Wherein has the public profited? When, if ever, there is an overwhelming demand for the repeal of the amendment it will be repealed. There is nowhere today evidence of any such tidal wave of emotion outside of the sanctum of the president of Columbia University. The best result of the debate is that it led Senator Borah to declare that he was also in favor of enforcing the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. When he seriously attacks that task, how many thousands of public men who protest today their devotion to the Constitution will rise up to smite him!

THE EERIE MYSTERY of the "forged documents" which reached President Calles is still dark, but a few rays of light have picked out corners of the gloom. Someone in the office of the American military attaché in Mexico City stole a series of 275 genuine documents from the diplomatic files. Photostatic copies of these—perhaps the originals—together with what are said to be cleverly forged distortions of other documents were sold to the Mexican Secret Service and reached President Calles. The State Department has been conspicuously silent concerning the realities and the fakes; it acts as if it had been "caught with the goods." Among the real documents seized were plans for an invasion of Mexico—such plans, it is blushingly explained, as all military attachés collect; among the fakes, it is said, was a note to our ambassador saying that while Congress was too hostile to make intervention possible, the prohibition of export of arms to revolutionaries could be lifted without Congressional sanction. That doesn't sound like a fake; a score of Washington newspapermen know that it is what Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Olds have been telling their cronies. When the stories first leaked out we believed that there had been forgeries as well as thefts; if the State Department continues its mysterious mumness we shall begin to wonder whether the documents that so excited President Calles were not genuine after all.

JOHN E. WILLIAMS, the one American who lost his life at Nanking, was known to his friends as a stalwart friend of the Chinese people, whom he had served for half his life. We printed last week the statement of another American, who had visited Nanking since its tragedy, that Dr. Williams was killed after drawing his own pistol. Mr. Kennedy's report, based on statements made to him by student eye-witnesses, obviously disturbed the State Department, then planning its protest against the Nanking attacks. It cabled to the United States Consul General at Shanghai, and received this reply:

> The Americans were wholly unarmed and no resistance was made by them whatever. While one of the soldiers was taking a watch from him Dr. Williams, without resisting or touching either the soldier or the watch, stated that the watch belonged to his mother and that the soldiers would not want it. At this point another of the soldiers shot Dr. Williams, and killed him. Two other soldiers looted his dead body. They then walked away unconcernedly.

Earlier reports attributed to Dr. A. J. Bowen, president of Nanking University, who was with Williams, give still another story:

> The soldiers stopped us and demanded our valuables, which we handed over. Dr. Williams, who was a noted Chinese scholar and spoke the language like a native, then stepped up and addressed one of the soldiers and protested at the action. The soldier immediately shot Dr. Williams through the temple, killing him instantly, after which he robbed him, taking everything of value, even stripping the clothing from his body.

THESE ARE AMONG A DOZEN CONFLICTS of testimony as to what happened at Nanking. We do not yet know how many Chinese were killed by the Anglo-American bombardment, and even the State Department has not dared deny Mr. Kennedy's statement that thirty Chinese homes were destroyed. Mr. Kennedy obtained his information on the spot, in Nanking. He may have been wrong; the State Department's Shanghai informants also may have been in error. The only way to settle the question of fact would be by a neutral investigation in Nanking. We should like to see an inquiry as to the responsibility for both foreign and Chinese deaths in Nanking conducted by disinterested parties, including other Asiatics—say by a joint French and Turkish committee. Certainly to base an ultimatum solely on the statements of excited Americans and other imperiled foreigners, without inviting Chinese to participate in the investigation, is to behave as the Austrians behaved after Serajevo in 1914. It is to follow a criminally partisan policy of war.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE gave a complete catalogue of reasons for vetoing the Philippine bill for a plebiscite on the question of Philippine independence. He was against it because it would mean nothing and because it would mean too much, because it would feed agitation. But most of all, he was against it because he is against Philippine independence. The bulk of his long veto message was a lecture on the economic advantages of remaining part of the United States. That strayed a long way from the initial question: Should the Filipinos be permitted to vote whether or not they want independence now? Mr. Coolidge obviously thinks Filipino desires of small importance; if the Filipinos want independence they ought not to, and he does not intend to let them have it—or even to say that they want it. That is a dangerous position for the President of the United States to take at a moment when all Asia is throbbing with new hopes and dreams.

THE FILIPINOS WOULD LOSE by severing their ties with the United States, the President says. They would have to pay for their own defense; their bonds would require higher interest rates, and their products would have to pay tariff duties on entering the United States. Since 70 per cent of their exports go to the United States, he says, this would be ruinous. He forgets to say that it has been the deliberate policy of the United States to tie the islands to us by a tariff net. Does he intend to grant them the eventual independence which Congress and a series of Presidents have promised them? If so, why does he not recommend a program of gradual lessening of the tariff bonds, so that the Philippines can prepare themselves for economic as well as political independence? The present tariff makes the islands every year more dependent on the United States; to argue that its operations make the Philippines unfit for independence is ironic cruelty.

THE PRACTICAL COLLAPSE of the disarmament preparatory commission of the League of Nations need surprise no one. It will be, however, a bad black eye to the League. That body is pledged by the Versailles Treaty to disarmament, as Count Bernstorff has so unpleasantly been reminding the preparatory commission. He has even gone so far as to say that if the other League members will not disarm the Germans will arm—which can hardly be expected to please the French. Of course, there will be no disarmament in Europe if the will to disarm is not there; if the nations continue to send to disarmament conferences the old-fashioned diplomats, and large delegations of generals and admirals—as does the United States—who will certainly never be eager to legislate their professions out of business. The deeper these officials get in considering each nation's factories, man- and woman-power, railways, inventions, waterpower, boundaries, commercial airships, coast lines, etc., the more hopelessly involved they become. What folly! The way to disarm is to disarm, to show courage, to take chances, not to try to match every French revolver or rifle against every British or Italian weapon. Far better reading is the news that thirteen conservative French deputies have introduced a bill calling for the abolition of battleships, and battle cruisers, and submarines. That has the right ring! And so has Louis Loucheur's interview, after a visit to Berlin, in which he declared that the French wish more than ever for a lasting reconciliation with the Germans and a permanent economic union between the two nations.

LIBERALS HAVE WON two by-elections in England. When Wedgwood Benn left the Liberal for the Labor Party he resigned his seat in the House of Commons. The Leith Laborites nominated for the place R. F. Wilson, a Left-winger who preached "confiscation." Benn, when a Liberal, had defeated Wilson by 5,319 votes; this time Wilson polled only 1,111 votes less than the successful Liberal candidate. That was hardly a thrilling Liberal victory. Haden Guest, who won the North Southwark seat for Labor in 1924, recently resigned from that party in protest against its opposition to sending troops to China. This time he stood as an Independent; the Tories put up no candidate against him; he fought the election on his Chinese policy—

and came out a bad third. The Liberal won, with 7,334 votes; the new Labor candidate stood second, with 6,167; Haden Guest polled only 3,215. The *Manchester Guardian* hails this as a great victory for progressive Liberalism; the *New Leader* says it means rather that "anti-Socialist electors are turning from the Conservative to the Liberal Party."

THE PITIFUL DISPARITY between justice and the law has never been better illustrated than in the case of the State of New York *vs.* Francesco Caruso. Caruso's child lay dying with diphtheria; a doctor, summoned too late, injected antitoxin into his spine; the father, believing the needle's stab to have been the cause of his death, stabbed the doctor in turn. Now he has been convicted of murder in the first degree, and unless an appeal is successful or the Governor intervenes, he will die in the electric chair. "I am satisfied with the verdict," says the doctor's widow. "I believe justice has been done." Caruso, in jail, tortured by fear of what will become of his wife and his four other children after he dies, says despairingly: "Doctor give Joey medicine and Joey die. I get crazy, kill doctor, and scare everybody. Now people say, medicine no kill Joey. I hope they show me to read and write before they kill me. Maybe I understand more good if I see things on paper." The law in the case is plain: A murder, not in cold blood indeed, but nevertheless an innocent and unarmed man done to death in a most cruel and unexpected and unjustifiable manner. The state demands that the murderer pay for his crime with his life. This is as right as right can be. But what has it to do with justice? Does the law take into consideration a piteous ignorance, a mind crazed by grief, a primitive fear of science; does the law answer the question: How will society be served by the death of this murderer? Does the law concern itself with realities like poverty and ignorance and fear and grief? Rhetorical questions, these, to which the answers are too well known.

THE *REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM* of literary censorship has been reached, and in Canada, too, just when the United States seemed the logical candidate for the prize. Hester Prynne is recipient of the censor's protective care, Hester Prynne of "The Scarlet Letter," who spent so many hours embroidering her sin upon her bosom. Hester, by grace of the Canadian censor, has now been made an honest woman; the Quebec Board of Moving Picture Censors have demanded a marriage somewhere in the picture, to legitimatize little Pearl, or else there can be no showing of the film. There is a rumor, not yet confirmed, that the story of the Woman Taken in Adultery is to be deleted from all Canadian Bibles. Meanwhile, one wonders what will become of the scarlet letter in "The Scarlet Letter." What will the "A" stand for now? Can it be that it will be the first letter of a word synonymous with "censor"?

THE TWO SENSATIONAL PLAYS—"The Virgin Man" and "Sex"—which found their way into court in New York have both been duly found obscene and the producers of both have been duly sentenced, the one by judges, the other after a trial by jury. Whatever else these events may prove they certainly demonstrate that there is no possible need for the establishment of a censorship when it is as easy as it was shown to be to obtain a conviction when occasion arises. It is, however, worthy of note that in the charge which Judge Donnellan gave to the trial jury in one case he laid particular stress upon the fact that the section of the penal code under which the defendants were indicted was intended "not to protect the morals of the mature and adult but of the young, the ignorant, and the sensually inclined," and one is moved to inquire if all art is to be judged, not according to the value which it may have for those to whom it is addressed but only by its possible effect upon the "young, ignorant, and sensually inclined"—if, that is to say, government is to be ordered always in the interest of the worst and least valuable element in the country. Meanwhile, Governor Smith has signed the theater padlock bill upon which we commented editorially two weeks ago. He expresses the pious hope that the Commissioner of Licenses will use discretion in applying it, but from our own observation we have scant faith in the virtue of laws which become monstrously unjust unless they are administered with discretion by those in whom arbitrary power is invested.

ALICE AND IRENE LEWISOHN have announced that the Neighborhood Playhouse will be closed at the end of the present season. For twelve years the Misses Lewisohn have been responsible for both the financial and artistic direction of the Grand Street organization, and in spite of the fact that many of its productions have received universal praise, its expenses have exceeded its receipts by more than half a million dollars. The theater itself is so small that even the tremendous popular success of such pieces as "The Dybbuk" has not made it possible to recoup the losses sustained on other productions, and the Misses Lewisohn have decided that whatever the social meaning of the experiment their work cannot continue in so small and remote a house. They refuse to say whether or not they plan to begin again upon a larger scale at some later time, but every one interested in the American theater will eagerly hope for a renewed effort. No single organization has contributed more to make the New York stage significant, and without them the New York theatrical season would lack no inconsiderable part of its interest and beauty.

WHAT'S THIS? A New York judge threatening to fine a woman ten dollars for contempt of court in that she powdered her face and used her lipstick in his august presence? Surely this is judicial intolerance and old-fogyism carried to the limit. Where does this wearer of the ermine live? Not in New York City surely, else he would see women powdering their noses in subways, in elevators, in the theaters, at table in the restaurants, on the streets—all over, in short. The secrets of the toilet are everywhere as openly revealed as are the flappers' knees. Does not the judge realize that customs change? It is not merely that youth is having its fling and desires self-expression in cosmetics as well as other things at its own time and its own place; even the mothers and grandmothers use their powder puffs indiscriminately. Who shall cry bad taste and worse manners in the face of this new and truth-telling frankness? Manners have been outgrown, and so has concealment of the method of creating blush or pallor. Why not turn the tables on the judge by getting a permanent injunction from one of his brethren of the bench to keep him from interfering with the right of any citizen to beautify himself or herself in the courtroom or anywhere else.

The Silence of Governor Smith

WHEN Governor Smith informed the State of New York after his election that he would not lift a finger to win a delegate for his own nomination to the Presidency or personally enter the field as an active contender, he stored up trouble for himself because it was interpreted as meaning that he would remain silent on national issues. The spirit of his utterance was excellent, and it is of course essential that he, although an avowed candidate for the Presidency, should continue to devote himself to the duties of his present office as did Grover Cleveland prior to his election to the Presidency. But this self-denying ordinance which the Governor passed ought not to be taken by him and his advisers as binding him not to express himself on public issues or to take cognizance of questions which may be asked of him between now and the national conventions. We are only a few weeks from the beginning of the Presidential primaries; in some of the States a candidate to be considered must file petitions and state his intentions. If Governor Smith or his friends intend to exercise the right to do this, he should make unequivocal statements as to his position on the problems of the day.

The issue has been forced by the publication in the *Atlantic Monthly* of Charles C. Marshall's article demanding that the Governor answer whether, if elected, he will be the President of the United States independently of Rome. Mr. Marshall cites papal encyclicals, in which the Church of Rome seems to demand of Catholics who govern temporal states that they shall yield authority to the Pope. According to *America* Mr. Marshall's citations are erroneous, that Jesuit weekly declaring that at least one of them is falsified, that others are not fully quoted, or are torn from their fair context. By multitudes of Protestants we suppose Governor Smith's reply will be awaited with profoundest interest. We, however, cannot get up the slightest excitement over the papal quotations. Catholics have an easy way of adjusting themselves to the realities. "Al" Smith has been Governor of New York now for more than six years. If anyone can point to an act of his which was dictated by the hierarchy or the Pope we shall be interested to hear of it. His bitterest Republican enemy has not charged that the Governor has been under priestly control during his residence at Albany. Clear up the issue he will. His reply has already reached the *Atlantic;* it will, we hope, not be limited to echoing what *America* says about the accuracy of Mr. Marshall's quotation. It should be unequivocal and frank. But whatever the form of his answer, we have no fear that if elected Governor Smith will violate his oath of office to oblige the Pope in Rome.

What we are interested in is the Governor's position on the issues of the day. We know how he stands on water-power and conservation, on home rule and state ownership of natural resources, on education, child welfare, corrupt practices, housing, and a few labor issues. But there are other questions. If Governor Smith is to have the support of the Progressives, of whom 467,293 cast their votes for Senator La Follette in New York State in 1924, while 109,028 similarly voted for the Wisconsin Senator in New Jersey, he must let them know what position he will take on outstanding national and particularly foreign issues. There is Mexico. Not only is the Catholic issue involved here, but a very deep and far-reaching issue of Americanism in its best sense. We cannot say now whether a Progressive ticket will or will not be placed in the field in 1928, but if there is any doubt as to Governor Smith's attitude toward the policies of Messrs. Kellogg and Coolidge in Nicaragua, Mexico, and China we venture to prophesy that strenuous efforts will be made to put a third ticket in the field. Progressives have learned that foreign policies are of enormous moment in their reactions upon domestic questions. If Governor Smith stands for imperialism abroad, for the policy of the "mailed fist" in the Caribbean, which eventually means control and subjugation of Latin America by our Government in cahoots with the international bankers, Progressives will wish to have nothing to do with him. They will seek someone else to vote for.

Again, on the question of prohibition the voters are entitled to know just where he stands, and whether he believes that it should figure as an issue in the coming campaign and what, if he should be elected, he proposes to do about it. We believe that this will prove his most difficult problem. It is our belief that the nearer we come to the convention the more the Democratic politicians will, like Senator Carter Glass, advise that the issue be left alone. Mr. Glass has just publicly told Governor Smith that the Presidency has nothing to do with prohibition. Senator Edwards of New Jersey, who has just come out for the nomination of Governor Smith, is one of our greatest Wets, but we notice that in his interview he did not once mention the liquor question. He declared that Republican and Democratic leaders both are convinced that Governor Smith has caught the imagination of the people and that even in the South the cry of Catholicism is waning as time passes and people realize that the Americanism of so tried and true a public servant as Governor Smith would be bound to rise above any religious tenets. Senator Edwards had much to say about the faults of the Republican Party and President Coolidge's third-term candidacy, but he did not find it timely or tactful to mention prohibition.

Indubitably Governor Smith is riding on the crest of the wave. Every day more politicians come out for him and the opposition fades. But he has a long way yet to go. The American people want to know a lot more about his plans and his program. They want to know whether he stands for the Wilson policies abroad or not; whether he is really for or against the League of Nations; whether he believes in sending marines all over the globe. They want to know his attitude on the debts owed us by foreign nations, and whether he is as ready for government ownership of railroads as he has been for State ownership of water-powers and forests and canals and canal terminals and State control of the milk supply of the State of New York. If Governor Smith wishes to give his candidacy an impetus which cannot be blocked he will define his position as unequivocally as did Grover Cleveland, the last man who went direct from Albany to the White House. If to the glamor which now attends his name as one who has come up from the sidewalks in true American fashion he can add a reputation for courage and forthrightness on national issues, he will pretty nearly have won his nomination.

Whose War in China?

ONE hundred and seventy-two fighting ships, flying the flags of eight non-Chinese nations, besides thirty or forty colliers, tugs, and transports, are now riding in Chinese waters. Forty-five of them are at Shanghai, forty-six are patrolling the Yangtze, and the rest are stationed up and down the China coast. America has three admirals on duty in China, Great Britain three, France one, and Japan one.

If anyone still thought that this enormous naval concentration was intended simply and solely to protect the lives and property of foreigners in China he must have been sorely puzzled by the events of April 6 and 7, when the Dutch dean of the Diplomatic Corps in Peking, after consultation with the British and American ministers, gave Chang Tso-lin permission to violate the Boxer Protocol and enter the Legation Quarter in order to sack a portion of the Russian Legation; the French authorities permitted Chinese police to enter the French Concession in Tientsin in order to raid the Russian consulate there; and the British and Americans on the Municipal Council of Shanghai posted about the Russian Consulate White Russian guards, who searched every person going in or coming out, including Chinese civil officials. More, these Russians turn out to have been members of the Northern army who were taken into the International Settlement after their defeat and immediately incorporated in its police force! (It is not generally understood in this country that whole regiments of the anti-Nationalist armies in China are made up of half-starved "White" Russians.) This is something more than protection of foreign lives and property; it is a kind of concealed warfare.

"The belief grows among military and naval experts," Thomas F. Millard cables to the New York *World* from Shanghai, "that the sending of foreign troops to China is preliminary to the expected clash between Great Britain and Russia." It looks that way; it looks also as if Great Britain were utilizing the events in China to make the United States her ally in such a contest. "Why," Eugene Chen, the Nationalist Foreign Minister, asked the British Minister, "does Britain bring her quarrel with Russia into our country?" Why, indeed? And an American may well inquire why America, too, has to be dragged into Britain's struggle to maintain her dominance in Asia.

There are 35,000 foreign troops in Shanghai today—apart from the bluejackets on shipboard and 10,000 more are on the way; whereas the Chinese Nationalists have only 10,000 soldiers in all the Shanghai region!

There is something very strange in this situation; one might almost suspect a deliberate plan to build up a military concentration in Shanghai as a base for a real attack upon China. Why does the American Government at one and the same time urge the missionaries to evacuate their posts, and send more and more troops to protect them? Why does it inform the American people that it maintains its freedom of action, yet send its consul in company with the British consul to present identic notes protesting against the events at Nanking and demanding reparations, without waiting for a neutral investigation?

"American consular officials are using all their resources in an effort to persuade Washington to join in strong action with the other Powers," Mr. Millard states. (Incidentally, we urge our readers to follow his Monday cables to the *World*, for no other American cabling from China has half his insight or his common sense.) If the consular officials have, like the newspaper correspondents, succumbed to the hysteria of the fear-stricken foreign community in Shanghai, they should certainly be asked to follow the missionaries to places of safety where their sanity can be restored. "Strong action" at this moment would be a colossal disaster; it would mean that the White Powers deliberately set themselves against the struggle of a continental race for freedom.

Those are right who see in the Chinese drama a struggle between Russia and Britain. But in this struggle Britain stands as the representative not of industry but of empire, and Russia as the friend not of communism but of national freedom. The simultaneous attacks upon the Russian consulates, sponsored by the foreign Powers, were evidently part of a concerted effort to disgrace Russia with the Nationalists by embroiling her with the Northern Chinese. Russia refused to be trapped; she protested, of course, but made no threats. From this diplomatic intrigue America ought to hold aloof, sympathetic with Nationalist China and uninterested in defending the fortresses of empire. In the absence of positive direction we seem to be drifting along, a tail to Britain's kite.

The Business of Book-Making

THE London *Nation and Athenaeum* has recently launched a general discussion of the book trade, and the discussion is now meandering through its columns after the amiable if inconclusive British fashion which permits everybody to have his say either in a regular article or through the medium of the long letters signed "Pro Bono Publico" or "An old Eton Boy" and allows the subject to be gradually widened in a series of concentric circles until it includes the universe. In the beginning somebody suggested that all was not well with the publishers and Mr. Stanley Unwin replied with a volume which the *Nation and Athenaeum* quoted. Then somebody else had the temerity to assert that books are too dear, and Mr. J. M. Keynes instantly mobilized his battalions of statistics to show that they are not. Still another indicated advertising as the panacea, whereupon Mr. Leonard Woolf pointed out its dangers. Thus matters were left standing much where they were before, until at last somebody remembered to charge that after all the general public was to blame and, since the general public is nobody in particular, there was a general disposition to let it go at that.

Meanwhile the Oxford University Press continues to publish solid and sumptuous books at pretty solid and sumptuous prices, while Mudie's Library supplies popular fiction at such a small charge that the majority of English authors outside the Nat Gould class are coming to depend upon the returns from American sales supplemented by the whopping fees they receive from Mr. Feakins and his fellow lecture-impresarios.

In many respects America has much less to complain of, for book production and book sales have both bounded upward within a generation. Our free libraries, probably because they make no effort to supply every reader with the current book he wants at exactly the moment he wants it, have never interfered with book sales to the extent to

which the popular subscription libraries of England have interfered with them there, and though we have no university press comparable to that of Oxford, the author who addresses a popular audience has a pretty fair chance of reaching it. Even though the writer whose field is scholarship or criticism still has a difficult time making a living, his struggle is less long and desperate than it has been at any time since he came to depend upon the public rather than the patron, and as for the writer who has the good fortune actually to catch the public fancy, his financial rewards are such that not only artists of the past but its Maecenases as well might envy him.

Yet it must be remembered that this prosperity which many publishers and many writers enjoy is part of the general American prosperity and does not indicate a *relative* improvement nearly as striking as a first sight might suggest. Authorship is still one of the least profitable professions—not to be compared, for example, with medicine or law—and book production is still quantitatively one of the least important and profitable industries. An ingenious advertising writer has recently been collecting statistics to show that there are two hundred times as many tobacco dealers as bookstores in America and that Americans spend seventeen or eighteen times more money for candy, ice cream, and soda water than they do for books. The prosperity of literature as a business is due, then, to the enormous size of the market, not to any amazing responsiveness in the public, and there is no reason to fear that we are becoming a nation of bibliomaniacs.

Doubtless the time will never come when people will spend money as freely for books as they do for soda water. Perhaps it is not even desirable that it ever should. But the fact remains that even in America, where the vast majority of people have a financial margin which makes the purchase of non-essentials possible, they spend comparatively little for books. They think twice or even thrice before buying a book; with nothing else does acquisition by purchase seem so desperate an expedient. Many a man who, as a matter of course, spends a hundred dollars a year for theater tickets and even attends the opera occasionally, considers himself a patron of literature if he has bought three books during the season.

Many explanations have been given for this anomaly, but we are inclined to think that books have always suffered from a certain air of virtue which is associated with their possession. They are not like clothes and food, absolutely necessary, but neither do they constitute the sort of dissipation that even theatergoing does. There is something so laudable about buying and reading them that one hesitates to put into them the money which one devotes to luxuries—it is too much like dropping it into the collection plate or doing something else equally virtuous, and therefore unexciting. If book-buying could only come to be regarded as a conspicuous and frivolous expenditure; if preachers would only denounce men impartially for wasting their money in road-houses, night clubs, and bookstores; if serious fathers would only have heart-to-heart talks with their daughters over the size of the spring-book bill from the Fifth Avenue shops, then more books would be bought. As it is, they have to struggle along as something which has its place in a dun, unexciting region between the necessities and the luxuries, something which the poor cannot buy and which does not make possible enough of a splurge to interest the rich.

Free Speech and the Legion

ONCE more the American Legion looms up as a menace to the liberties of this country; once more it has proved how completely the spirit of Prussianism which its members once set out to conquer has entered into their own minds and possessed them. The West Chester, Pennsylvania, post has now dared to lay down the law in Pennsylvania that there shall be no criticism of the Government or its policies in any institution which is maintained by public money in that State. As the first step, under the leadership of Major John A. Farrell, the West Chester legionnaires have brought about the dismissal of two professors from the State Normal School. A frightened trustee or two has declared that the school is being reorganized into a higher grade institution of college rank, and that the dismissals were merely in accordance with the reorganization. But the Legion post knows better. These teachers, it says, were guilty of what in its judgment is subversive teaching; they have encouraged a Liberal Club which has dared to criticize the policy of the government in Nicaragua and Mexico, and that has got to stop. Says Major Farrell: "They dug their own graves. They expressed defiance of the feelings of citizens who still believe in patriotism and that our country is not always wrong." Hence they had to go. The Legion swears it accomplished this; that it compelled the head of the school to yield.

The youthful Liberal Club responded as if it had imbibed the spirit of 1776. It held another meeting on April 10, in the home of one of the members, and listened to Robert T. Kerlin, one of the two men dropped. The other is John A. Kinneman. No one questions his competence as a teacher; nor does anyone doubt Mr. Kerlin's scholastic ability. Mr. Kinneman, besides being interested in the Liberal Club, voted and worked for the Democratic candidate for Senator, William B. Wilson, at the last gubernatorial election. He was marked for slaughter thereafter. He is a brilliant man of power and personality, of independent views, who dares to think for himself and make others think, and that kind of teacher is not wanted at West Chester. Professor Kerlin has been personally and favorably known to the editors of *The Nation* for some years. His chief offense is that he takes his religion and his patriotism seriously; being a good American, he declines to accept the new doctrine that the Administration temporarily in power in Washington is beyond criticism. Moreover, although Southern born and for years a teacher in a great Southern military school, he refuses to draw the color line.

Two years ago Professor Kerlin was nearly dismissed for having colored men in his home and inviting four colored teachers to sit with the faculty at a school meeting—the very line of conduct which ought to make him beloved in West Chester, once an anti-slavery stronghold. Now it is the home of the father of General Smedley Butler, whose aunt was one of the committee which ousted the professors. The prominence of the victims, the widespread publicity given to the cases, the protests of prominent citizens, a petition signed by virtually all the students, the revolt of the Liberal Club, the outspoken opposition of the West Chester newspaper, the *Local News*, and of the Willard Straight Post of the Legion in New York bid fair to make this a case about as famous as the Scopes trial. Is West Chester to become another Dayton?

Sacco-Vanzetti

By GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

BRINGING Daniel Webster's panegyric down to date—Massachusetts! "There she is. Behold her and judge for yourselves. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill" and William Lloyd Garrison and the Sacco-Vanzetti case, "and there they will remain forever."

Massachusetts justice has spoken its last word in the fateful controversy over the rights and wrongs of the two obscure Italians whom it has lifted into fame and is now awaiting judgment on the performance. Meanwhile the word, like the shot fired at Concord bridge, has been heard round the world. But the judgment is not in the storm of indignation aroused by the refusal of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth to reopen the case but in the still, small voice of reason and, as luck would have it, at the moment when we are called upon to form a reasoned judgment on the performance we are furnished with Professor Frankfurter's admirable critical review of the case from the beginning.*

The beginning goes back seven years to the arrest, May 5, 1920, of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti on the charge of having participated in a pay-roll robbery committed in South Braintree, Massachusetts, which resulted in the deliberate murder of two men who had the money in their possession. The robbery was a slick, workmanlike job of a gang of four or five men in a car, accomplished in a minute or less and followed by a clean get-away. What the murder gang left behind them was the dead bodies of the victims, a clear picture of the shooting by two unidentified men, and a blurred impression of the escaping car filled with foreign-looking men, probably Italians.

It was a combination of tragic accidents that brought Sacco and Vanzetti under suspicion of complicity in the Braintree job. The former, a "steady" shoe-worker in a Stoughton factory, and the latter a prosperous fish-peddler at Plymouth, were involved together in radical propaganda and it was in the effort to hide their compromising literature and warn their friends against the federal police that they found themselves caught in the net that had been spread for other fish. On the same day, three weeks after the commission of the crime, they were placed under arrest on a charge of murder. More than a year later, May 31, 1921, they were placed on trial at Dedham before Judge Webster Thayer and a jury.

Let it be said at once that no lawyer, sensitive to the honor and dignity of his profession, can read the record of that trial without shame. Habitually the real issue in the case—guilty or not guilty of murder—is swamped by testimony on wholly irrelevant issues, drawn out by the District Attorney, allowed and sometimes followed up by the court. At one time the defendants are being tried as draft dodgers; at another time for concealing and circulating radical literature; and again for not loving the United States as they should or for speaking disrespectfully of Harvard College. It was a bungling, ill-managed performance. One gets the impression that the only person on the place who knew what he was about was the District Attorney, Katzmann, who cunningly invoked against the luckless defendants all the fears and prejudices of the mob spirit that was rampant in the community from which the jury was drawn.

As a matter of law, the only issue in the case was the identity of the murderers, and the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti rests technically on a mass of flimsy and discredited identification evidence, on speculative inferences from conduct alleged to show consciousness of guilt, and, finally and conclusively in the case of Sacco, on deliberately falsified testimony of a gun-expert to prove that a bullet found in the body of one of the murdered men was fired from the defendant's gun. This shameless imposture, which made Sacco's conviction all but inevitable and naturally carried with it that of Vanzetti, was made the basis of the first attempt to secure a retrial of the case. It is only charitable to assume that Judge Thayer's ingenious but contradictory handling of this piece of evidence, both at the trial and in his memorandum denying the motion for a new trial, was due to his inability to grasp the import of the facts submitted to him.

The case has now reached an impasse. The evidence directly bearing on the participation of the defendants in the crime was all in and had been considered and passed on by the jury. Who is to say that the jury was unduly influenced by the prejudicial testimony showing that the defendants were pacifists and draft-dodgers in time of war, enemies of the established order at all times? Certainly not Judge Thayer, who had cooperated with the District Attorney in thrusting this evidence upon the jury. Certainly not the Supreme Court, which would not think of questioning the discretion of the trial court. One wonders whether it was all as coldly automatic as this makes it out to be, or whether there was the fire of passion back of the dispassionate utterances of these Olympian minds. Possibly the whole hierarchy of judicial powers had something of the feeling of the foreman of the jury, who, when told by a friend that he did not believe Sacco and Vanzetti guilty, replied: "Damn them. They ought to hang anyway."

But now the case takes a new turn. Celestino Madeiros, a young Portuguese with a bad criminal record, held under a death sentence in the same prison with Sacco, sends the latter a note confessing to the South Braintree crime and declaring that neither Sacco nor Vanzetti had any part in it. Following the clue thus supplied the defense was able in a short time to secure a substantial body of evidence in the form of affidavits and corroborating circumstances tending strongly to show that the crime had been, as indeed it appeared at the time to be, a professional job and that it was committed by the notorious Morelli gang, which had induced Madeiros to take a hand in the enterprise. It was this newly discovered evidence that was made the basis of the latest application for a new trial for Sacco and Vanzetti.

Did they get it? The whole world knows now that they did not, and wonders. But to those who have followed

* "The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti." By Felix Frankfurter. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.

the workings of the judicial mind in the preceding stages of the case there can have been little of surprise in the result. The Supreme Court, equally with Judge Thayer, had assumed a defensive attitude. "Athanasius contra mundum." The Commonwealth against Sacco and Vanzetti was no longer a mere law case to be dealt with on well-defined legal principles. It had become a cause: The Commonwealth against a world of Reds and Red-sympathizers; law and order against the forces of anarchy and disruption.

But if justice has been betrayed in its own house, it still lives in the spirit of the people of Massachusetts. The swelling tide of public sentiment for justice through and beyond the law, which the Sacco-Vanzetti defense has called into being, is palpable evidence that the heart of the old Commonwealth is still sound. And, as for the pathetic Sacco and his brave comrade, let them live or die in peace. They have done their work. Plucked by the heavy hand of the law from their futile anarchist propaganda, they have become the prime agents in a better propaganda, that of making justice just in the country which, after their fashion, they loved.

Clarence Darrow

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

THE Attorney General of Tennessee was addressing the court and a battery of microphones in a sweltering courtroom in the town of Dayton. The burden of his remarks, in theory at least, concerned the validity of an unusual statute under which a freckle-faced young teacher was being tried. "Mr. Darrow," said the Attorney General with an expansive gesture, "is the greatest criminal lawyer in America today." He turned to an elderly, coatless, gallused man seated at the counsel's table, whose enormous head was tilted forward so that his jaw rested on his chest, his bulky shoulders hunched up, a long wisp of stringy hair fallen over one eye. "His courtesy is noticeable, his ability is known," the Attorney General continued genially. And then with a deep frown and a look of indignation he shouted: *"Great God!* the good that a man of his ability could have done if he had aligned himself with the forces of right, instead of aligning himself with that which strikes its poisonous fangs at the bosom of Christianity!"

Through a good many years people have been saying something of the sort about Clarence Darrow. His views on the labor movement, religion, prohibition, capital punishment, and so on have, for a generation and more, been rousing men to similar denunciations. But in spite of the unconventionality of his ideas, or perhaps because of them, he continues at seventy to hold public interest securely, and to add to the flavor and zest of life in the United States.

I

Clarence Darrow was born in the little Ohio village of Kinsman, April 18, 1857, and there he spent his boyhood. His father had studied for the Unitarian ministry and had been ordained as a minister. But before he could actually serve as a pastor the doubts concerning God and the universe, which were later to assail his son, became so strong that he withdrew from the ministry and established himself as a small furniture manufacturer in Kinsman.

The years Clarence Darrow spent under his father's roof left an unusually deep impression upon him. His mind constantly drifts back to those early days; his conversation and writing are rich with clear pictures of his boyhood. The best writing he ever did—in his novel "Farmington"—is nothing more than a philosophical reverie upon the life in Kinsman which seems still to hold so much for him.

The Darrow household was quite out of the ordinary. The father had a passion for books; every moment he could possibly spare from his little factory he spent reading. This love of books he taught his children, to whom he gave daily instruction, supplementing that received at the district school. Religion had no place in the Darrow home, although both parents came of a long line of Puritans. The elder Darrow had forsaken the cloth to become the village atheist, and the fiery pamphlets of Thomas Paine took the place of the family Bible. His political views were as radical to his neighbors as his religious ideas: he was an ardent Greenbacker and a follower of old Peter Cooper. As a young man in Pennsylvania he had known John Brown and had become an Abolitionist of the most fervid sort; his Ohio home was a station on the underground railroad. When the works of Darwin and Spencer and Huxley appeared, the old scholar read them eagerly, sometimes spending most of the night over them.

Darrow was once asked by a newspaper-feature writer: "To what do you attribute your success?" The reporter had been interviewing leading business men whose answer to this question was invariably: "I owe my success to hard work." "That goes for me, too," said Darrow. "Hard work, in fact, is responsible for my choosing to become a lawyer. When I was sixteen I hired out to a nearby farmer. I had never done any hard work before. The first day I pitched hay, and the sun was hot and I got very tired. The second day the farmer set me to knocking fat potato bugs off the plants into a pan of kerosene. By noon I was disgusted. I chucked away the pan and the job, and swore I'd never do another day of hard work in my life—and I never have."

Across the street from the Darrow home was a tinner who was justice of the peace as well. Here the boy listened to one pettifogger abuse another, and acquired a passion to outdo them. A blacksmith nearby, also a "J. P." and a one-horse lawyer, offered young Darrow the use of his books. Darrow explains that he "studied law with a blacksmith and began practice before a tinner." After he was admitted to the bar he began practice in the village of Andover, soon moving to Ashtabula. There he lived for six years, becoming city attorney. He came to Chicago in 1887, at the age of thirty. He was in most respects a typical young lawyer with no unusual economic notions, distinguished if at all only by a very serious attitude toward life and a remarkable faculty for debate and impromptu speaking. One night he seized an opportunity to address a meeting of Democrats in the old Central Music Hall, speaking on free trade. The speech was a sensation; the politicians recognized his ability to drama-

tize an issue, and he was straightway made an assistant corporation counsel, in charge of important cases. From this point of vantage he watched the political machinery of a city work—and his illusions about political democracy were forever dispelled so that, years later, he was to say: "It is the mediocre, the thimble-riggers, the cheap players to the crowd, the men who take the customs and thoughts of the common people, who weave them into song and oratory and feed them back to the crowd, who get their votes, and from them nothing ever did come and I fear nothing ever can."

He soon became acting corporation counsel and one of the most powerful men in the City Hall. The next step was logical; he joined the legal staff of the Northwestern Railroad. Meanwhile, as he rose rapidly in the conventional role of corporation lawyer, a host of doubts were perplexing him. The agitation for an eight-hour day had reached its climax in the explosion of a bomb at Haymarket Square and the death of several policemen. The city was in a tumult, and the blood of labor leaders was demanded—and given, after a mock trial. These events stirred Darrow. Himself tough-minded, practical, and ambitious, his sympathies were touched by the prospect of these dreamers calmly mounting the scaffold for the sake of their ideas. He decided to find out more about those ideas. Chicago was then a center for militant unionists and he sought out their meeting places. He marveled at the devotion of the group of rare spirits who then led the movement. The injustice of society and its implacable cruelty, especially to its dreamers, "the Prometheans who tried to carry candles for the world," oppressed him. The prospect of becoming a successful and wealthy railroad attorney gradually lost much of its seductiveness.

Then, in 1894, came the great strike of the American Railway Union against the Pullman Company, led by the late Eugene Debs. The strike soon became a fight to the finish between all the railroads, supported by federal troops and a federal judge's "blanket injunction," and the strikers. Debs was arrested and jailed for contempt of court. Darrow could no longer contain his resentment. With one stroke he cut himself off from all hope of a conventional success at the bar, and threw himself into the task of defending Debs.

For the next fifteen years Clarence Darrow was the country's outstanding defender of labor, at a time when labor was more militant and idealistic and employers more hardened and desperate than ever before or since. The cases he was called upon to defend were almost invariably criminal prosecutions in bitterly hostile communities. His success in persuading the most carefully "selected" jury to bring in acquittals was soon the talk of the country.

The wood-workers' conspiracy case, tried in 1898, is typical of these fights. The employees of a large lumber mill asked their employer, George M. Paine, a baronial old fellow, to make certain improvements in their working conditions. He refused to deal with them and a strike was called. Paine, who held title to the entire county government, obtained the indictment of the strikers' leader for "conspiracy"; a conviction was almost a matter of course. Darrow, for the defense, presented the case, not as an ordinary criminal prosecution, but as a part of a dramatic struggle of the poor against the rich and powerful, in which the humble jurymen found themselves suddenly in the camp of the "conspirators." It was too much for the jury; they voted an acquittal and went home to their suppers with a warm feeling of virtue.

The defense of indicted labor leaders—part of a bitter guerrilla warfare between the unions and the employers—occupied most of Darrow's time during the opening decade of the new century. It was in this work that the acute railroad lawyer, turned labor advocate, came to be known in every town and hamlet; everywhere dinky lawyers in one-horse towns began to affect white washties, baggy trousers, and the newspaper version of the Darrow jury manner. His most widely known cases included the Haywood trial at Boise, Idaho, where he was opposed by a young lawyer named William E. Borah; the McNamara dynamite case, and his victory in defense of himself at Los Angeles, on a trumped-up charge of bribery.

Some observers think that Darrow, at this time, conceived of himself as a great leader of the common man, and that he planned to use his tremendous hold upon the affections of the working class to play for the highest political stakes. There can be no doubt that a calculating and ambitious man, with the devotion of ten million men to draw upon, and the friendship of such leaders as Altgeld and Bryan, would have been scheming just such a rise to political power. But Darrow became a leader of labor not in obedience to a design but upon an impulse, and in spite of himself. The labor cause in the militant nineties appealed to his emotions, to a strong, almost irresistible sympathy for the under-dog. Here is the unifying element in a life which is otherwise almost incoherent. Bred of a sensitive imagination which gives him an uncanny and disturbing faculty for understanding the suffering of all unfortunates, it has plowed his face with care and put into his eyes the sadness of wisdom. It has driven him out of the comfortable conformity in which men find tranquillity, to make him spokesman for inarticulate mechanics and miners, murderers, highwaymen, and "niggers"—the despised and beaten of the earth.

The wide public interest in Clarence Darrow has in recent months been maintained by his participation in three criminal trials, in which his genius for turning an ordinary case into a drama of far-reaching significance is well illustrated. In the Loeb-Leopold hearing he addressed a single judge—and a listening world—upon the mechanistic philosophy and the cruelty and blindness of our criminal law. The trial of Scopes at Dayton was saved from becoming simply a fundamentalist revival by his salty sarcasm and his fearlessness. In the trial at Detroit of eleven Negroes charged with the murder of a white man he raised the whole question of the Negro's right to live decently in the urban North.

II

Within the same week I have heard a bishop and a prominent Socialist express wonder and dismay at Clarence Darrow's hold upon the interest and even the affection of large sections of the American public. But there is no mystery about it; agree with him or not, Darrow is a charming, colorful figure. His avowed pessimism notwithstanding, he finds living zestful and infinitely entertaining. He is intensely interested in men, and understands their pretensions and their troubles. His ideas are usually unconventional and expressed with a sly wit and warm geniality which the toughest cannot resist. He is rarely argumentative, never didactic, always tolerant and good-humored. Free of bustle and hurry, he walks through the streets, his hands jammed deep into his coat-pockets, the last calm Chicagoan.

The secret of Darrow's amazing ability to master a jury is the same that underlies his attractiveness to the public

generally: He knows what moves men, and how to amuse them. Men, he has learned, act because their emotions, not their minds, have been aroused. His whole effort in winning a jury—and he begins the campaign when they first step into the box to be examined—is to stir their imagination, to make them put themselves in the place of the man accused.

No trial in which he participates is ever very solemn; there is a steady fire of humor which melts even the fiercest prosecutor; and a jury in a genial, joking frame of mind is not inclined to hangings! Even under the merciless pressure of the Loeb-Leopold hearing he never became sour. One day he was chatting with the reporters during a recess, and complained to them of their frequent mention of his wrinkled and baggy clothes. "As a matter of fact, boys," he said very soberly, "I suppose I pay more for my clothes than any of you, and my pressing bills are higher. But you damn dudes take off your clothes when you go to bed!"

There is nothing of the slick platform orator about him when he delivers an address or participates in a debate. He shuffles about, as awkward and embarrassed as a schoolboy "speaking" a piece; he hunches his enormous shoulders; he writhes and twists. This almost grotesque awkwardness and apparent self-consciousness before an audience is not, however, part of his jury manner. When he faces the jury he stands before the box, composed and serious, his arms folded across his massive chest, his huge head dropped forward, the eyebrows drawn to a Mephistophelian angle above the grim round eyes. Although his arguments sometimes last through two or even three days, there is never any "rehearsal"; every sentence is impromptu and delivered without a note. His voice is a low rumble, almost a growl, and his words are weighed and very slow, like some old philosopher explaining very simply the sad truths of life to immature students.

But when he begins the attack upon the prosecution the philosopher becomes the fighter, with head lowered, his loose under-jaw now tight and hard, his arms swinging viciously, voice harsh and brazen like a hideous alarm gong. This transformation is so amazing that most juries are startled. But it is not long before the fighter disappears, and Darrow becomes again the genial, satirical maker of gibes—the engaging old fellow whom few juries have ever been able to resist.

Darrow is probably wittiest in the many debates in which he has participated in the past twenty years. He has debated upon a variety of large questions: "Is the Human Race Getting Anywhere?" "Is Life Worth Living?" capital punishment, immortality, religion, prohibition, the mechanistic philosophy, and so on. His opponents have been anthropologists, ministers, professors, Senators, and judges, most of whom have been routed not so much by Darrow's intellect as by his irresistible flow of good-natured cynicism.

He has debated religion upon many occasions. Through his argument runs a vein of gentle scoffing. He will say: "Of course I know that Confucius was as great a philosopher as Billy Sunday, and that as a thinker Buddha was the equal of Billy Bryan. But still all orthodox people know that Confucius and Buddha were spurious and the Billy brothers are genuine."

Although as a young man he was attracted by the doctrines of socialism and still has the devotion of many Socialists, he has often enjoyed poking fun at them. In talking to an audience of Socialists he said:

> Now, as far as socialism affects your life today, it is because it is a dream, a religion, nothing else. Why, I have known Socialists who haven't been awake since I knew them. They never will awaken. They are living upon a dream; they are taking dope. Practical socialism is not a political theory; it is a religious doctrine. When you fellows look at a man with that far-off, dreamy look, and say, "Are you a Socialist?" it is exactly the same as the liquid stare of the Salvation Army lassie, who looks into your eyes and says, "Do you love Jesus?"

In spite of his thoroughgoing pessimism, Darrow finds the greatest flavor in life. He enjoys baseball, and can play a keen game of poker. He is fond of children. In fact, his book on "Crime, Its Cause and Treatment" was written at a camp in Wisconsin with two youngsters, the children of friends, hanging on his neck and playing havoc with his papers. He enjoys talking with the ordinary run of men. In a court recess, while the other distinguished counsel are engaged in important "conferences," Darrow can usually be found discussing the latest prize-fight with the elevator man or listening meekly to a bailiff's theory of "what this here country needs . . ."

And yet his despair over the cruelty and futility of the world is so deep that the joy he takes in living seems inconceivable. A few years ago John Howard Moore, a brilliant naturalist and beloved brother-in-law, killed himself one morning in Jackson Park in sight of the Darrow home. Darrow delivered a memorial address which shows how, intellectually, he despises the life which in fact he enjoys. He said:

> John Howard Moore wrote and worked with feverish haste, and he believed that the blind and heartless world would listen to his words and mend its ways. But humanity went on trading and dickering, lying and cheating, marrying and dying, and never heard his voice. One day he opened his eyes and knew his work was in vain, and feeling the weight of the universal sorrow on his soul, he took his life. The coroner's jury determined that "he died from his own hand, while suffering under a temporary fit of insanity." I tell you he died from his own hand while suffering under a temporary fit of sanity. . . . Poor, dead dreamer! You are not the first or last mortal to learn the truth. Other men have awakened from the mad and blissful dream of saving mankind from itself. I, too, have dreamed my dreams, had my illusions, and wakened from my sleep. . . . Among all who are gathered here there is but one whom we can felicitate on this event, and that one is our friend who lies peaceful and all unconscious of the world. If any word of mine could call back his troubled soul, I should feel myself guiltier far than I would to cause a brother's death.

In many sections of the country Clarence Darrow is regarded, quite literally, as the earthly manifestation of the Evil One. There are many who feel as did the late Mr. Bryan, who said during the Scopes trial:

> Mr. Darrow embodies all that is cruel, heartless, and destructive in evolution. He is the finished product of evolution, the most perfect that has developed in the United States, and proves the criminal folly of intrusting to the tempestuous sea of life an intellectual ship without a moral rudder and a compass.

The fact is, of course, that Darrow has no quarrel with any man to whom religion holds out consolation or hope, making life more palatable. "I know there are millions of people in the world," he has said, "who derive consolation in their times of trouble and solace, in times of distress, from the Bible. I have never tried to impose my views on

religion on any human being. I have a right to my own views, and I would fight as hard to protect every other man's views as I would fight to protect my own."

III

At forty Darrow was a partisan. At seventy he has become a philosopher. At forty the partisan, stirred by the suffering and wretchedness of men, led a gallant attack upon those economic forces which he believed deliberately held the workers in bondage. At seventy the philosopher feels even more deeply the suffering of humankind, but he neither blames nor excuses. He now believes that man acts as he does because of stimuli from without and is as little responsible for his conduct as a machine of steel. Darrow as a young man dreamed of a day when the intelligence of man would rule, when his bestiality and cruelty to his fellows would give way to love and kindness. The old philosopher believes such dreams to be mere opiates with which we drug ourselves against the terrifying facts: that man is not a creature of infinite possibilities, that he is ruled by his emotions, not by his mind, that he has the same "purpose" as the amoeba—simply to wriggle along as best he can.

Some fifteen years ago, in addressing the prisoners in the Illinois state prison, Darrow said: "It is not the bad people I fear so much as the good people. When a person is sure that he is good, he is nearly hopeless; he gets cruel—he believes in punishment." The good people are still his chief concern, the good people who are forever sitting in judgment on their fellows, who seek to force every one else into their mold of goodness, to adopt their good habits of drinking, of worship, of thinking—even of procreating. The metamorphosis of the partisan is now complete: Darrow has become the most feared enemy of the cocksure and omniscent, the ablest libertarian of the day.

"Bolshevist" China

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

WHEN Wu Pei-fu came back to power in Hankow three years ago, loudly applauded by the Americans and British in China, he ordered his subordinates to cut off the heads of the leaders of the railwaymen's unions—and they did. When the Canton Nationalists arrived at Hankow in September they sent their young men out to organize unions in every trade and industry of the city and a great wave of strikes swept the industrial center up the Yangtze. In the last two and a half months of 1926 there were 160 strikes, involving 200,000 workers in the Hankow region. Some were settled the day they broke out; some lasted two weeks. And when the strike wave subsided these wild Bolshevists had established the ten-hour day in heavy industries and the twelve-hour day in commercial establishments, and had raised the minimum wage in the district from $1.50 a month, gold, to $3.75 a month. That is Chinese "bolshevism."

There is a split in the Kuomintang, the Chinese Nationalist Party. But it is not so much a split between "moderates" and "Bolshevists" as between militarists, who would be satisfied to have the Nationalist movement stop when it had put generals of the Southern party in the places of power previously occupied by generals of the Northern party, and civilian democrats who want to put an end to military despotism and extortion and really to create a new China.

The Nationalist movement is at a dangerous crisis. It has won such sweeping victories that its enemies are joining it, and it runs the risk of being swamped. The Shanghai foreigners, who have always been able to bribe old-fashioned Chinese generals and politicians, want to see it swamped. In the past, when one Chinese general defeated another, he put his own friends in the chief revenue-bearing offices, but accepted and retained the old subordinate officials. The old channels of graft flowed on unchanged; for the masses of the people the shift of overlords meant no change at all. But the Kuomintang generals are subordinate to the civilian councils of the party. When a loyal Kuomintang general conquers a province, he does not stay to exploit it; he turns its administration over to the party committees, and moves on to fight new battles. The so-called "moderate" split threatens because some of the new-found allies of the Kuomintang—perhaps even Chiang Kai-shek himself—look longingly upon the fleshpots of the old system.

The Kuomintang political leaders intend to make it impossible for a hostile general to recapture a Kuomintang province. This may be called Bolshevist technique; whatever its name, it is effective. It creates chaos and excitement for a time; but it explains the invulnerability of the Nationalists. They organize workers in trade unions, peasants in farmers' unions, women in women's organizations; for all these oppressed classes they produce results, and out of them they create a public spirit which makes reconquest almost impossible. Mere honesty goes a long way. Take the financial situation of Canton Province, still their strongest base. Since the 1911 revolution tax collections in that province had never exceeded $15,000,000 gold; in the ten years before the Kuomintang took power they had averaged $10,000,000. In the first year that T. V. Soong, the Harvard graduate who is the Kuomintang Minister of Finance, was in charge, they rose to $24,000,000; in the second year to $33,800,000, and Soong's credit was by that time good enough to borrow—honestly borrow—$15,000,000 more. He did not raise the tax rate; he simply forced the local grafters who had kept their collections to turn them over. He increased the appropriations for education, justice, trade, and agriculture fivefold and still had enough left to finance the start of the Northern Military Expedition!

In Hupeh Province, where Hankow lies, the militarists had for years collected special taxes which were supposed to be used for building dikes to hold back the river floods. But no dikes were built; the money was squandered. The Hankow "Bolshevists," not yet six months in power there, are already building dikes—they have appropriated $4,000,000 for the purpose. They have engaged an American engineer, Oliver Todd, who for years had served with the International Famine Relief, to assist them.

The Nationalists encourage the formation of farmers'

unions, and these agitate against high land rentals. In the old days the farmers often organized for self-protection —sometimes in protest against militarists who forced them to grow opium poppies. Again and again the local gentry (landlords) forced the arrest of such farmers; now the gentry who try to interfere with the farmers' unions suffer arrest. They do not yield gracefully; and they can still buy occasional military support. On December 30 sixty soldiers suddenly appeared in Sanpu, near Hankow, where the farmers' union had led an anti-opium campaign, and attempted to arrest its leaders. One farmer was killed, several were wounded, before the raid was beaten off. Near Hanyang the farmers rose against the corrupt local gentry who had misappropriated dike funds and had even kept from the small farmers seed grain intended for them; there again there was a bloody conflict, and the new Nationalist authorities gave their aid to the farmers.

Wherever the Nationalists go they open schools—schools for workers, schools for farmers' union leaders, schools for women, schools for political leaders. They are indeed agitators, they seek to destroy the whole rotten fabric of the old governmental system, and to create a new. It is part of their technique to excite people. They do not stop to be fair to individuals. They interrupt foreign as well as Chinese trade and business; often their revolutionary agitation means a temporary closing of all the old-fashioned schools, including the mission schools. Foreign opposition to the Nationalist movement of course helps to crystallize it and to fix its determination to reestablish complete home rule for China; but the anti-foreign and anti-Christian outbreaks are essentially mere excrescences. They would disappear quickly if the foreigners did not defend with such an insane show of force privileges which they must know they will soon lose.

All China has been won to half the Nationalist program—that which is directed to the reestablishment of national independence. The fundamental conflict between "moderates" and "extremists" is, I think, between short-sighted men who think that the Nationalist passion can subside without causing fundamental changes in China's social fabric, and those who recognize the inevitability of industrialization in China and are determined that their country shall not pass through all the miserable phases of capitalistic industrialism which created a disinherited proletariat in the West. You may call them Communists—some of them call themselves Communists—but in judging them and the men who oppose them it is well to remember that the outcome of their extremism in Hankow is that men who were paid $1.50 a month now receive $3.75, and instead of working sixteen hours a day work twelve.

Thompson the Cowboy Rides In

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN

Chicago, April 8

THREE candidates ran for the high office of Mayor of Chicago: William E. Dever, the late mayor, running to succeed himself; John Dill Robertson, a former health commissioner, running for some reason best known to himself; and William Hale Thompson, mayor of Chicago on two previous occasions, again seeking office. In 1915 Mr. Thompson, who likes to ride police horses and wear cowboys' hats, swept into office on the slogan: "A Prosperous Chicago." Four years later, notwithstanding the shrill outcry of reformers, Big Bill was reelected on the promise that Chicago would not be involved in the next World War—or possibly it was the Irish Revolution. In 1923 the city, becoming aware of a slight odor of corruption emanating from City Hall, decided to take Thompson out for a rest and elected the Democrat, William E. Dever. Mr. Dever functioned quietly and apparently with some degree of efficiency. But beneath the placid surface dwelt trouble. The "organization" was restless, the boys were not finding enough juicy bits in the political pot. Democrats and Republicans both were becoming irritable. Dever seemed certain, however, to succeed himself, when suddenly back into the arena galloped Big Bill. There were doubts, of course; the public had been thoroughly annoyed at Thompsonism in 1923. Still, there he was, big and hearty, radiating prosperity and good-will. Maybe the public had forgotten. They had. Thompson rolled up some four hundred thousand votes in the primaries, and the fight was on.

Brennan, the supposedly sinister Democratic boss, ostensibly extends his support to Dever the Democrat. The so-called "silk-stocking" Republicans want none of Thompson, so they go to Dever. To offset that, thousands of regular Democratic votes go to Thompson because Dever won't play their kind of politics and in addition is reputed to wear a white collar. The third candidate, John Dill Robertson, a most estimable gentleman, is merely a pace-maker, but he serves to enliven the race with pithy comments on his one-time friend, Bill Thompson.

Big Bill is the star of the show and deserves particular note because he is so clearly an expression of the sort of thing the American voter cannot resist. A big lumbering man with rather more than one chin; a hearty, back-slapping manner with constituents; a friendly way with little children and foreigners; a cowboy hat. He talks in a curious, rough, throaty voice that curls to a crest and breaks into waves of picturesque invective.

If Big Bill is not a mental giant, it is beyond question that his campaign has been directed by someone with genius; someone who knows how to reach the great mass who vote by their emotions and to whom the real issues of any campaign mean little. For these people it is only necessary to send up brightly colored balloons proclaiming as civic issues matters as fantastic as any that Alice ever encountered in Wonderland, and then guide their hands over the ballot while they gaze skyward. Let Mr. Dever accuse Mr. Thompson of wasting Chicago's money. Mr. Thompson retorts effectively by shouting that the superintendent of Chicago's schools is a paid agent of King George:

> Read These Histories Yourself. The ideals you were taught to revere, the great Americans you were taught to cherish as examples of self-sacrificing devotion to human liberty, are subtly sneered at and placed in a false light so that your children may blush with shame when

studying the history of their country. Read "A History of the United States" by William Fiske Gordy, "Our United States" by William Backus Guitteau, and Lewis and Rowland's "The Silent Reader"—the textbooks that have been revised and rewritten for the Dever-Merriam-McAndrew school board, falsified and distorted to glorify England and vilify America—and then you'll understand why "America First" should stir to action every red-blooded man and woman in Chicago until the city is rid of pro-British rats who are poisoning the wells of historical truth.

Mr. Dever may retort that these same textbooks were adopted during the former Thompson administration, but by that time Mr. Thompson is in another part of town insisting that America's young men shall never again be used for cannon-fodder in France—while he is Mayor of Chicago. One of Mr. Robertson's orators suggests that Mr. Thompson may have been concerned in a recent stag party involving some ladies in the nude. Whereupon Mr. Thompson's supporters tear the heavens apart proclaiming that he loves children, and Mr. Thompson doubts (very loudly) that Mr. Robertson can eat eggs without getting them in his whiskers. So presently the question of table manners becomes a vital issue in the campaign.

Mr. Dever's predilection for golf knickers and white collars takes on an additionally sinister meaning when it is suggested that the owner hankers to graduate to knee breeches at the Court of St. James's.

"'America First,' and not 'America Second,'" shouts Mr. Thompson, "because the American who says 'America Second' speaks the tongue of Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr!" And in a full-page advertisement in the Chicago *American* he continues:

> Vote for William Hale Thompson and "America First," a red-blooded American, whose forefathers helped rock the Cradle of Liberty. Rid Chicago of these British lackeys—let them go to England, rally under the folds of the Union Jack, and sing "God Save the King." Let Chicago again take its place as the champion of true Americanism.

Mr. Thompson has strong opinions as to the relative merits of Britishers and Americans:

> There never was an Englishman that was the equal of an American. If there was he could make a million dollars in an hour and a half by beating that brave *sailor* boy, Gene Tunney. But there isn't. And John L. Sullivan didn't wait for the Britishers to come over here. He went over there and beat all the best men they had.

He further indicts Mr. McAndrew, superintendent of Chicago schools, as an ally of King George because he refused to allow school-children to solicit funds for the preservation of the ship Old Ironsides!

> The reason, of course, was that Old Ironsides licked hell out of every British ship she met and the King of England wouldn't like to have us preserve that ship. So he gives his orders to his stool-pigeon, Mr. McAndrew, and our children are not permitted to solicit pennies to preserve a priceless heritage.

How the crowd loves it all! They pack the armories and halls when Thompson talks and cheer him to the echo. Blare of bands. Song pluggers singing "America First" and proclaiming Thompson the greatest living American. Ex-service men on the platform. Remember the boys in France and vote for Thompson! Auto horns and rattles. Phalanxes of white-carnationed ushers rushing to clear the aisles for the speakers. The Stars and Stripes. And lastly, the treat of the evening, Big Bill himself. They stand on chairs, grab his hands, and fight to get near him.

Against all this Mr. Dever plugs along in his dignified, unspectacular way. Mr. Robertson proceeds about his unseen projects with large-type utterances concerning the "smashing of crime rings." But the heart of the mob is with Thompson the Cowboy, who brings color into the drab lives, daubs the landscape with fire and brimstone, and fills the thirsty ears of the multitude with large words. What more can be asked of a mayor? If the sinister figures of electric-light barons and traction magnates are woven into the fabric of his organizations, who cares? The old cry of the Roman mob rises—"Panem et circenses"—and the Big Boy is swept into office on a tidal wave of half a million votes. For this is the land of Barnum, William Jennings Bryan, and Aimee Semple McPherson.

In the Driftway

IT was with distinct irritation that the Drifter learned the other day that Dead Horse Inlet, down where the Borough of Brooklyn wanders away in a series of salt marshes into the Atlantic Ocean, had been renamed Gerritsen Inlet. The deed was done by order of the United States Geographic Board at the request of a group of "prominent citizens" (which is to say, in most cases, real-estate promoters with $100 lots to sell at $500). The change seems as unjustifiable to the Drifter as the action of the Board of Aldermen of New York City in altering the historic name of Blackwells Island to Welfare Island. As the island is known chiefly as the seat of the city's penal institutions, it would seem that to sentence a man to thirty days in the workhouse on Welfare Island would be one of those "cruel and unusual punishments" forbidden by the Constitution.

* * * * *

GEOGRAPHIC names in America are usually good. We have taken the Indian nomenclature as a basis and, in spite of considerable manhandling, have preserved a foundation that is individual and colorful. We have added some good English names in the East and South, some French history and poetry in the Mississippi Valley, some Spanish music and imagery in the Southwest, and everywhere bits of description and reminiscence that are alive with native spirit and tang.

* * * * *

NO section of the country is richer in fine flavorful names of various sorts than Long Island, where by official decree Dead Horse Inlet is now defunct. There are Indian mouth-twisters like Neguntapogue and Arshamomaque, Ketcabonock and Mannetohill, Speonk, Yaphank, Potunk, and Mashomack. Added to these is some much-to-be-prized fisherman-and-farmer lingo in Wading River and Baiting Hollow, in Black Stump Road and Granny Road, in Tobacco Lot Pond, Gravesend Bay, Hell Gate, Great Hog Neck, Skookwams Neck, Jo Coe's Marsh, Pattersquash Island, Pumpkinpatch Channel, Fishkill Hassock, and Plum Gut. The Drifter trembles for the future of Plum Gut if a realty company ever becomes active in the neighborhood. What realty companies can do is attested by the presence on Long Island, cheek by jowl with such historic and descriptive joys as those noted above, of places like Edgemere, Success, Glendale, Cedarhurst, Floral Park, and North Woodside.

YES, we are generally fortunate in our geographic names in America; but we have done less well by the streets of our cities, where after using up Main, State, Water, and the names of the Presidents, we have commonly thrown up our hands and resorted to numbers. In this respect most Old World cities have the better of us. The Drifter once went to London expressly to live on (or in) Oldstairs, Wapping. He had seen a drawing of it in a magazine, and was lured partly by the appearance and still more by the name. As it happened, he found it impractical to take up quarters there, and squatted instead in that reservation of American tourists which has been well described as "Bloomsbury, U. S. A." But the names of streets and quarters in London remained a fascination. One may linger in Angel Court or Paradise Walk, commune in Crucifix Lane or Paternoster Row, moon in Love Lane, Huggin Lane, or Bride Lane. Also (if one is a coarse-minded lout) one may revel in Beer Lane, Brewery Road, and Wine Office Court. The Drifter does not know of any Dead Horse Inlet in London, but is sure that if there were one the townsmen would be proud of it—as they ought to be. No good Englishman objects to Rotten Row, to Garlick Hill or Craven Hill, to Tooting or Barking, to Thistle Grove or Wormwood Scrubs, to Shepherd's Bush or Highbury Barn, to Houndsditch or Shoreditch, to such living descriptions as Cowcross Street, Bird-in-the-Bush Road, Three Colts Lane, or White Conduit Street; nor to homely reminders like Cheapside and Eastcheap, Haymarket and Poultry, Old Jewry, Ironmonger Lane, and Ropemaker Street.

* * * * *

LIKEWISE in Paris. It is one of the regrets of his misspent life that while in that city the Drifter never lived in the Passage of Hell or the Impasse de l'Enfant Jésus-Christ; but he believes himself to be a better man for knowing that there was one—of each. Then, too, there was the way of the Little Butcher Shop, of the Washerwomen of Sainte Opportune, of Much Begging, and of the Cat That Fishes. Finally, he remembers the names, though he has forgotten the whereabouts—maybe never knew it—of the street of the Daughters of Calvary and that of the Field of the Lark. To the latter he would like to return to pass his last days when he is 150 years old and sadder, if not wiser, than as he pens these lines. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Ten Years After

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just finished reading Ten Years After by Oswald Garrison Villard and wish to say that it's the best thing I have read since I got out of service.

I served fourteen months in France with the A. E. F., thinking that I was fighting for the things that were promised. I realize the mistake now and more as the years go by.

Lake Charles, Louisiana, April 6 I. A. GLUSMAN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: That is a splendid editorial by Mr. Villard, Ten Years After. . . . How evident it is now that the World War and our entrance into it were the most ghastly failure in history. Poison-gas propaganda and mob psychology did the mischief. Probably a hundred thousand of our people were killed directly or indirectly by the war or pestilence. In addition to this, the billions it cost us in money were worse than squandered! Not a thing have we got to show by way of compensation. Let us thank God that there are men like Mr. Villard and Mr. Holmes, who have the honesty, courage, and frankness to acknowledge the truth. . . .

High Point, N. C., April 6 A. F. WHEELER

We Hope So Too

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On behalf of the Chinese students in New York, we take the great pleasure to express to you our hearty appreciation for the impartial, righteous, and sympathetic attitude of your paper toward the recent situation in China.

We sincerely hope that such noble and truth-seeking spirit of the intelligent American press be continued and promoted, and firmly believe that the long-established friendship and goodwill of these two sister republics be strengthened thereby.

New York, April 8 H. C. WU, Chairman,
EDGAR C. TANG, Secretary,
National Affairs Committee of Chinese Students in New York

Women and Children

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Chinese situation is indeed grave, for have not women and children been brought forward to the first line of defense? A recent issue of the New York *Mirror* pictured on its front cover a Chinese villain seizing a white woman by the hair with one hand and threatening her with a huge and wicked looking knife in the other. Messrs. Steep and Moore, star American correspondents, write indignantly of Chinese "carnage" and "fiendishness," and can hardly depict coherently what they can see and gather, so outraged has been their manhood and so aroused their righteous wrath.

In China anti-foreign posters picture the brutal foreigners in much the same way (Mr. Moore reports a Chinese poster showing a foreigner stabbing a Chinese girl), and Chinese equivalents of "carnage" and "fiendishness" are as freely used.

Those of us who are old enough to remember those mythical years 1914-1918, and the obscene pictures that the belligerents drew of one another, need not be reminded what effective weapons the "innocent women and children" were in carrying on and winning the war.

Women and children are almost infallible barometers of war psychology and atmosphere. When one group of human beings accuse another of brutally treating and attacking women and children, those with weather eyes know that the two mean business and bad business at that. Let us hope, then, that the women and children will be withdrawn from the front lines (and from the headlines) of the warring propagandists and kept in the safe sanctity of their homes.

New York, April 8 WANG CHI-CHEN

A Solution of the Farm Problem

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have a suggestion to make, simple but fundamental. Discussion of it must be educative, whether or not it is legislatively practicable.

Let farmers and friends of farmers boldly demand that the next Congress declare that whenever the Secretary of the Treasury learns that title to an importation of foreign goods has been obtained by any United States citizen or corporation by definite exchange or barter of United States farm products, the said importation shall be admitted free of duty—provided, however, that the total value of such foreign goods so admitted free of duty in any year shall not exceed the estimated total value of surplus farm products for that year.

This suggestion asks for farmers nothing but an oppor-

tunity to get goods for goods. No bounty is to be paid; no government subsidy or revolving fund would be needed. It would merely partly compensate the farmers for the general burden to them of the tariff. The plan would stimulate exports and increase rather than decrease employment. The loss of government revenue would not be serious. There would be no price-raising effect upon consumers.

I do not wish especially to be known in connection with this proposal. I am old and living a retired life, and have never had much influence. *The Nation* can give the idea wide publicity, and enlist support for it.

Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, March 14 G. W.

Who Was the Criminal?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is true that the late filibuster in the Senate during its closing days last March was responsible for the failure of the Congress to enact the Urgent Deficiency Bill. It is true that the failure to enact that bill is now responsible for many inconveniences and many injustices in the operation of the executive branches of the Government. But why put all the blame on the "conservative" statesman, David A. Reed of Pennsylvania? Why not let it fall justly also on some "Progressive" statesman?

Look at page 5664 of the *Congressional Record* for March 4. The Urgent Deficiency Bill was being discussed. Unanimous consent for its passage had been requested. The Vice-President said: "Without objection, it is so ordered, and the bill is passed."

Therefore it is clear that at a certain moment the enactment of the bill was accomplished.

But, as you will further note from the passage to which I have invited your attention, Mr. Howell of Nebraska was already addressing the chair and was ejaculating "Mr. President."

The Vice-President thereupon listened to Mr. Howell and heard Mr. Howell object to unanimous consent and was obliged to remark: "The action on the passage of the bill is reconsidered."

Mr. Howell, in the course of objecting to the passage of the bill, spoke bitterly of the hard-heartedness with which the managers of the bill had refused to include in it an appropriation of $12,000,000 for the Missouri River, which is a river extremely interesting to his constituents. Mr. Howell's position was that he would object to the passage of the bill unless he could have an opportunity to endeavor to include the Missouri River within the scope of its beneficences.

I do not criticize him. I only wish to point out that his "progressive" shoulders, as well as the "conservative" shoulders of Mr. David A. Reed, deserve to be loaded with responsibility for participation in the alleged crime—I emphasize the word alleged—of conducting a filibuster.

Washington, D. C., April 3 William Hard

Gesegnete Mahlzeit!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Apropos of Mr. Ward's letter in your issue of March 16, it may be of interest to note a variation of the German custom, universally practiced in the Scandinavian countries. As soon as the guests are seated, the host bids them welcome in three words, "Velkommen til bords" ("Welcome to our table"). As they rise from the table, the guests bow to the host and hostess, expressing thanks in the three words, "Tak for maten" ("Thanks for meal"—hospitality).

Chicago, Illinois, March 15 J. C. M. Hanson

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Equivalent expressions of "Ich wünsche Ihnen eine gesegnete Mahlzeit!" are daily used in China.

Grinnell, Iowa, March 19 Fanchen Loh

Asking Another

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During my constant correspondence with Eugene V. Debs he sent me the following verse, expressing in a delicate and generous way his feelings toward me:

Sometimes it's only the lilt of a song
That brings you back to me;
Sometimes down in the heart of a flower
It is your face I see.
Sometimes the smile of the lifting morn
Is all your smiling, too.
Everything glad in the whole wide world
Seems just a touch of you.

Because this is such a beautiful verse, in addition to the fact that I received it from Debs, I would like to see it printed in *The Nation* asking who was the original poet. Although Debs wrote most delightful letters, I never was informed that he was the author of any original poems.

Kalamazoo, Michigan, March 7 Albert M. Todd

"The Massacre at Fort Pillow"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have just read your article A Hun of the Civil War, referring to the recent death of the Confederate general, John McCausland. You mentioned "the massacre at Fort Pillow." There was no massacre at Fort Pillow. I accompanied General Forrest in all his daring and desperate enterprises. Now that bitterness has gone out of the hearts of the people, permit me to recite the facts, the whole truth, about the capture of Fort Pillow, April 12, 1864.

Soon after his advent into west Tennessee, General Forrest was distressed by well-authenticated instances, repeatedly brought to his notice, of atrocious outrage upon non-combatants by the garrison at Fort Pillow. This garrison consisted of a battalion of whites, commanded by Major Bradford, and a Negro battalion under Major Booth, who commanded the post. Many of Bradford's men were deserters from the Confederate army. Under the pretense of scouring the country for arms and "rebel soldiers," Bradford and his subalterns had traversed the surrounding country with detachments, robbing the people of horses, cattle, beds, wearing apparel, plate, and money, besides venting upon the wives and daughters of Confederate soldiers the most obscene epithets, with two extreme outrages upon the persons of the victims of their hate and lust.

The families of many of Forrest's men had been thus grievously wronged, and many of his officers united with the citizens of the country in petition. Forrest determined to capture or destroy the nest of the marauders.

He reached Fort Pillow at daylight on the morning of April 12. His advanced guard surprised the Federal pickets and captured them. The Federals had six pieces of artillery with a garrison of 580 men. The attack was made soon after sunrise, and the Confederates quickly surrounded the works. Forrest sent into the fort a flag of truce, with the following note:

> As your gallant defense of the fort has entitled you to the treatment of brave men, I demand an unconditional surrender of your force, at the same time assuring you that they will be treated as prisoners of war, this to include Negro soldiers as well as the whites.

The answer, received after some delay, required an hour for consultation with officers. Forrest immediately replied, in writing, that he would give twenty minutes for a decision, and added: "If I am obliged to storm the place, I cannot be responsible for the consequences, so great is the animosity existing between the forces." At this point the smoke of several gunboats was discovered ascending the river, and one of them

was seen to be crowded with troops. Soon the answer came, written in pencil: "Your demand does not produce the desired effect." Forrest then sent one of his staff officers to say he was anxious to prevent the useless loss of blood, but unless his demand was acceded to he would attack at once. The answer was—"No." Forrest then called to his bugler—"Blow the charge!" and the hungry, ragged Confederates, leaping headlong into the ditch, clambered over the breastwork, opening from its crest a fearful converging fire upon the garrison.

At a prearranged signal the garrison, en masse, white and black, with arms in their hands, broke for a place of refuge under the bluff where they had been led to expect naval aid. As they sped down the precipitous bank they turned repeatedly to return the fire. But the Confederate fire was deadly, and some three hundred fell before reaching safety. The gunboats failed to give any assistance. The naval commander kept his vessels at a safe distance and many of the Federals threw themselves into the river and were drowned.

There was no surrender. The garrison did not yield, did not lay down arms, nor draw down their flag; with arms still in hand, they fled toward another position, and while on the way returned the fire of their pursuers. Generals Forrest and Chalmers, with their staff officers, rushed among the men and signaled to stop fire; all allegations to the contrary are malicious inventions, started, nurtured, and accredited at a time of and through a sentiment of strong sectional animosity.

Among the prisoners was Major Bradford, the commanding officer of the post, after the death of Major Booth. He was temporarily paroled to supervise the burial of his brother, after which, under a pledge not to attempt to escape, he was placed for the night in the custody of Colonel Robert McCulloch, who gave him a bed in his own quarters and shared with him his supper. This trust Major Bradford violated; while his host was asleep he escaped.

The wounded of both sides were placed under shelter and the care of Confederate surgeons. The Federal wounded, black and white, received prompt surgical attendance. The following day General Chalmers signaled a passing transport and transferred to the cabin seventy wounded officers and men, white and black.

New Orleans, Louisiana, February 14 JAMES DINKINS

Help Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps one of your readers may be able to suggest what a middle-aged woman who has lost her hearing could do to add to her resources. Highly intelligent and educated, a lip-reader, able to write and typewrite, knowing German and some French, having some business experience, she is unable to find any work suited to her capabilities, because of her handicap.

New York, March 23 F. DEMAN

Put Him on the Free List?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Please do not send me your magazine for another year. If I had to face the prospect of reading your magazine for another year I should hang myself.

Los Angeles, March 17 HENRY MUGRIDGE

Hail, Old Timer!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I inclose my subscription for the coming year. I first began to read *The Nation* in 1865, so you see I am among the most ancient of its clientele. Keep up the fight for liberty in all of its phases. More power to your pens!

Lansing, Michigan, March 19 JOHN F. CROTTY

Young China

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

Associate Editor of *The Nation*

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International Relations Section

American Imperialism in Chile

By ARNOLD ROLLER

AND now Chile has been added to the growing array of frankly dictator-ruled countries. On February 9 Colonel Carlos Ibañez succeeded by the mere threat of a military revolt in forcing the Government, in which he was Minister of War and Interior, to abdicate. He deported the liberal Premier, named himself as successor, and also retained the Ministry of the Interior. On April 7 he had himself appointed Vice-President also, after forcing the temporary retirement of President Figueroa Larrain.

The coup ends a brief democratic regime in Chile inaugurated in January, 1925, when the workers helped the young liberal army officers, headed by Colonel Ibañez, to oust the reactionary military dictatorship of Altamirano.

Upon assuming the role of dictator the first act of Ibañez was to arrest, imprison, and exile all his opponents. He defied the constitution, disregarded parliamentary immunities, choked off court protests. He suppressed the Communist press, six dailies in all. He arrested and deported Conservative as well as Liberal and Communist Deputies and Senators, including the ex-president of the Chamber of Deputies, who is also the owner of the largest conservative daily of Chile (*El Diario Ilustrado*), the Communist Senator Manuel Hidalgo, and the Communist Deputy Luis Cruz, head of the Chilean Labor Federation. Not only did Ibañez completely ignore the protest of the Supreme Court against the disregard of constitutional immunities and against these deportations, but he had Felipe Urzua, president of the Court of Appeals, deported also, and later he even arrested the president of the Supreme Court, Javier Figueroa, the brother of the President of the republic. The bourgeois opponents of Ibañez, together with the Communist Senator and a few other members of Parliament, were deported to Ecuador, while 300 Communist workers were sent to the Island Más-a-fuera, belonging to the group of the Juan Fernandez Islands in the Pacific about 500 miles from the mainland. There are no houses on this island, and the deported men had to take along building material and seeds for sowing the next year's crop.

Ibañez not only struck at the class-conscious workers and the feudal and clerical interests of the landed aristocracy, but also against certain liberals representing the native financial and mining interests. Thus he appeared to be opposed to and by everybody—conservative aristocracy, liberal industrialists, and Communists. Who, then, are the new Prime Minister's friends? Who pulled the strings and paid the bills? Where did Ibañez draw the courage and assurance to antagonize so many elements? According to all dispatches, this new Fascist Ibañez regime is supported by the "Democrats," representing the petty-bourgeois elements, and also by a part of the "radical" Deputies; both representing the extreme left wing of the bourgeois parties. The "Democrats" were the precursors of the Chilean Socialist Party, which later became the Communist Party. Many of the most important leaders of the Communist Party and also the founder of the party, Racabarren, came from this "Democratic" Party which finds its adherents mostly among the unorganized and unskilled workers. Though one of the leaders of the "Radical" Party, Santiago La Barca (not to be mistaken for the Communist Deputy Contreras Labarca), was deported for opposing Ibañez, the majority of the party supports Ibañez. Ibañez is mainly supported by the army officers, who are mostly sons of the petty bourgeoisie, and who two years ago played a "revolutionary" role against the navy officers, who are mostly sons of the aristocracy, and by the unorganized workers and the "Democrats," whose strength has greatly declined. Thus an analogy with the "popular" support of Italian Fascism is established.

There remains the question as to the financial support of the Ibañez regime. This question seems to be answered by the statement made on March 7 by Ibañez's Minister of Finance, in which he attacked the native nitrate magnates, accusing them of having forced the nitrate industry to a crisis in order to compel the Government to reduce or eliminate the export tax. He threatened that "any further movement seeking to force such action will be taken as directed against the state." "By lowering the sales price and cutting the prices," the statement continues, "the magnates could have kept their plants open during 1926, but they preferred to suspend operations, depriving the Government of 100,000,000 pesos (about $12,500,000) in export duties and occasioning a loss to the country of 30,000,000 pesos ($4,750,000) monthly in salaries, meanwhile trying to blame the tax for the paralyzation of the industry." The statement concludes with the words: "The plants must renew operations because the country demands it."

In fact, the nitrate situation was almost disastrous for the Government. The export taxes on nitrates formed more than half, and in 1916 80 per cent of all government revenues. But the estimated production for 1927 would have netted the Government not more than 17 per cent. In 1890 Chile supplied 80 per cent of the world's nitrogen and only 20 per cent in 1926.

This statement is accompanied by another: That "the Government is fighting a political oligarchy which would enable the privileged classes to thrive on public misery" and that it was "necessary to save the country from the Bolshevist danger and simultaneously put an end to the governing class, which through its methods made the people eager recruits to the Communist cause."

The explanation of this hitting high and low may be found in two facts. In the same demagogic declaration "against the oligarchy and the governing class" it was announced that the Government considered it necessary to establish a new sales system in the nitrate industry, abolishing the limitation of production, and that after June 30 the present system would not be continued. The second fact is that the American Guggenheim interests acquired immense nitrate tracts from the Chilean Government and had secured control of one of the largest British nitrate companies, which will operate under the name Anglo-Chilean Consolidated Nitrate Company with new processes suitable for large-scale production in competition with the German synthetic nitrate.

Hitherto the quantity of nitrate which each company might sell has been determined by the Nitrate Producers Association, in which native Chilean and British capital was largely represented. The Chilean and British nitrate producers were attempting to limit the production of Guggenheim, who had asked for an allotment corresponding to one-third of the total output of Chile, and whose

improved processes threatened to ruin the native producers. As early as November, 1926, a bulletin of the United States Department of Commerce predicted that the Nitrate Producers Association would refuse to grant this allotment to the Guggenheims; but that by July, 1927, the association would be dissolved, leaving the American company unhampered thereafter.

Ibañez fulfilled the "prophecy" of the United States Department of Commerce to the exact date. He announces that restrictions on nitrate production will be abolished on June 30. Thus the new Chilean Government, which calls itself "the nationalist Government of Chile"—abandoning all old party denominations—prepares the ground for the unhampered exploitation of the workers by American capital, by destroying all labor organizations and at the same time betrays the interests of the native Chilean industrialists to American capital. Nothing is now in the way of cheap production of nitrates.

At the same time, the American State Department, which shows such sensitiveness in regard to parliamentary forms and constitutional usurpations in Nicaragua, announced that the Ibañez coup did not affect American interests unfavorably in Chile.

As in most Latin-American countries, British capital, which entered earlier than the American, is generally allied with the feudal landlords and clericals, whose power Ibañez is also trying to curtail. Thus the program of Ibañez represents a triple victory for American imperialism, against the Chilean workers, against the Chilean industrialists, and against British imperialism.

Civil Liberties in Poland

THE following account of the suppression of civil liberties in Poland, based on documentary sources, comprises a part of a pamphlet to be issued shortly by the International Committee for Political Prisoners, 2 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

Freedom of Worship

"Freedom of conscience and religion is guaranteed to all citizens. . . . Every religious community recognized by the state has the right of organizing collective and public services; it may conduct independently its internal affairs; it may possess and acquire movable and immovable property, administer and dispose of it; it remains in possession and enjoyment of its endowments and funds, and of religious, educational, and charitable institutions. . . ." (Polish Constitution, adopted March 17, 1921.)

According to an official report to the government by the Polish conservative publicist, Srokowski, up to 1923 over 500 Orthodox churches in the Ukrainian and White Russian provinces of Poland were seized by Polish authorities and delivered to the Roman Catholic clergy. Most of them have been transformed into Roman Catholic churches, some were closed entirely. Orthodox bishops have been imprisoned, interned in monasteries, exiled or replaced by appointees of the government.

In Kholmland alone—the westernmost Ukrainian province under Polish rule—"of 287 Eastern Orthodox churches which existed there since time immemorial, 237 have been forcibly taken away from the Ukrainian population." Many more seizures were made during the last three years, the regular proceeding being like this typical case. "The church of Stuzyca, district of Lublin, was built in 1870, the cost of building as well as procuring the site having been borne entirely by the members of the local Eastern Orthodox congregation. This congregation has now 1,850 members. However, on May 11, 1924, this church was occupied by Catholic priests and their parishioners, whom they had been openly instigating against their non-Catholic neighbors. The invaders were accompanied and assisted by the state police, and when the members of the Orthodox congregation tried to defend their church the police beat them up, pulled the women by the hair, and threw them down the church steps. The mounted policemen forced themselves among the crowd and trampled down many men, women, and children."

In many cases, blood was shed and scenes of medieval fanaticism and horrors were revived.

All complaints of the injured congregations have been as yet in vain. They can not reclaim their properties or seek redress in court, because, by the decrees of December 16, 1918, and July 9, 1921, the Polish government has assumed the legal guardianship of all properties of the Eastern Orthodox Church in Poland, and the government alone could be the plaintiff in any court.

The Roman Catholic religion, to which the constitution of Poland grants only the "chief position among enfranchised religions," is actually the state religion. The Catholic church is supported by public taxation and has many sovereign privileges with regard to the administration of justice and to public education. As "the faith of the nation," the Catholic religion is forced upon the heterodox population of Poland.

Instruction in religion being compulsory in every educational institution for all pupils under eighteen years of age, in hundreds of public schools Ukrainian and White Russian children are forced to go to Roman Catholic churches. The same situation prevails in state-supported children's homes and orphanages.

Free Speech

"Every citizen has the right to express freely his idea and convictions in so far as he does not thereby violate legal provisions." (Polish Constitution.)

By a decree issued in January, 1919, the Communist Party of Poland was declared illegal and has remained illegal ever since. The "Communist Parliamentary Faction," consisting now of six members, is the only group in Poland which, thanks to parliamentary immunity, may use that name. All Communist organizations, publications, and propaganda activities have been suppressed. Possession or distribution of Communist literature, public utterances which may be construed as Communist propaganda, and membership in what may be termed an organization of Communist tendencies are characterized by the Polish political police and by the courts as crimes punishable under the old codes of law of Czarist Russia, defining all kinds of activities directed at the overthrow of the existing social and political order. Month after month, penalties ranging from one to six years' imprisonment are imposed on Communists, Communist sympathizers, and alleged Communists in Poland. According to the Warsaw "Chronicle of Repressions," the record of political trials held before the Polish courts of law during the month of April, 1926, shows a total of 34 trials, 280 persons tried, and 108 found guilty and sentenced to a total of 273 years' imprisonment. The same publication lists also several hundred arrests made in April. Although the proximity of May Day might have spurred the police and the courts of Poland to an anti-Communist drive, some of the heavy penalties meted out in April are not unusual. In 1924 Paul Sierankiewicz, editor of *Plug*, a radical weekly, was tried on a charge of membership in the Communist Party and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. The evidence was supplied by the Krakow police, who had found at the door of Sierankiewicz's apartment a parcel containing Communist pamphlets. He was not at home when they were found, and nobody could tell who had left them there.

The following is not an unusual news item: "On April 12 fourteen young men and women went to trial before the district court of Luck, the public prosecutor charging them with having formed, in 1924, a so-called Komsomol, or organization of Communist youth. The defendants are pupils of the Ukrainian gymansiums (high school) in Luck. At the hearing in court they complained that when examined by the state police they

had been beaten up and forced to sign confessions. The trial lasted three days. Seven of the accused were acquitted; five boys were sentenced to eight years' imprisonment at hard labor; two girls of sixteen received sentences of four years. The prison terms do not include the 19 months they spent in jail awaiting trial." (*Kurjer Warszawski*, Warsaw, April 16, 1926.)

"On November 8, 1926, the peasants Michael Bily of Berezowicia and Omelan Jackminsky of Ostrow were put on trial before the District Court of Ternopol, the public prosecutor charging them with subversive activities against the government. Two books on Communism, which had been found in Bily's house, were presented as evidence. The charge against Jackminsky was that he had transported a package containing Communist proclamations. At the trial Bily testified that he never was a member of the Communist Party, and never was a propagandist. He had the two Communist books among many others on political and social subjects in which he was interested. Jachminsky admitted that while in town he had been requested by a man he did not know to turn over a parcel to his neighbor Antkow, which was no unusual request to be put up to a farmer who had come to town, and which he did without unwrapping the parcel. Although actually no definite offense could be established, the jury—all Poles, two of them leaseholders of big estates—brought in against Bily a verdict of guilty of treason against the state, and the court sentenced him to death on the gallows. Jachminsky was punished with one year's imprisonment only." (*Dilo*, Lvov, November 11, 1926.)

While in Poland proper only Communist and near-Communist beliefs and activities are systematically suppressed, the policy of suppression is intensified with the distance from Warsaw. In the outlying district Polish peasants are oppressed, Socialists are gagged, and in the Eastern provinces the "national minorities" are persecuted, regardless of their political beliefs or activities. Thousands of secret agents, confidential informers, and agents-provocateurs are employed by the *Defenzywa*—political police—to uncover secret organizations. The alleged secrecy is accepted by the courts as plain evidence of criminal dealings. The proximity of Soviet Russia and the racial kinship of "Polish" Ukrainians and White Russians with the people across the border make a Soviet connection or Communist leanings appear plausible even when they are supported by nothing but the depositions of the police officers who accused them. Expressions of political or social discontent, objections to the policy of the Polish government or the local administrations, the outcry of a peasant whose land has been seized by military colonists, are just as likely to fall under the Austrian high treason law or the subversive activities provisions of the old Czarist code.

Freedom of the Press

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed. Censorship, or the system of licensing printed matter, may not be introduced. Daily papers and other matter printed in the country may not be debarred from the mails, nor may their dissemination on the territory of the republic be restricted." (Polish Constitution, Article 105.)

The Secretary of the Interior, the provincial governors (Voyevods), and the police can delete partially or totally, suspend or suppress any publication. The function of deletion is called "confiscation." Their decisions must be executed irrespective of the right of appeal, and when appealed, they are ratified by the courts almost automatically. Moreover, the editor may be prosecuted under the old Russian law. But while in old Russia press offenders were punished with incarceration in a special prison for politicals, now in Poland they go to the regular prisons, and in addition suffer the loss of citizenship rights.

In Galicia, a former province of Austria, the "Imperial Royal Press Statute" of 1862 is still in force. It provides an advance censorship, with the prosecuting attorneys as the "censors in press matters," who must read every publication before it may be circulated. They may delete and prosecute. A paper may be totally suppressed by the police.

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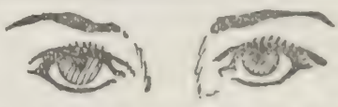
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By these means, the organs of all the radical trade unions have been suppressed. The Communist press has been reduced to a few "sympathetic" sheets, hardly fit to survive, so colorless are they. In 1924 the weekly *Wycinki* (clippings), which had been reprinting only censored news from other newspapers, was suppressed on the ground that its "assortment of clippings showed a marked tendency." In the provinces the independent peasant press and even the organs of the Polish Socialist Party, which is generally not unfriendly and often very friendly to the Polish government, suffer "confiscations" calculated to ruin a publication both politically and financially. The post offices supply the police with mailing lists of the radical and opposition press.

The amount of freedom enjoyed by the "national minorities" papers may be estimated from the following figures, showing the confiscations by the District Attorney of Lvov of Ukrainian political papers during the first nine months of 1926:

	Issue confiscated	Not confiscated
Dilo	93	122
Rada	53	17
Nowy Czas	48	20
Hromadsky Holos	31	7

No Ukrainian paper is allowed to exist in Volhynia, a province of Poland with 1,500,000 Ukrainian inhabitants, constituting over 80 per cent of the total population.

Freedom of Assemblage

"Citizens have the right of combining, meeting, and forming associations and unions. The exercise of these rights is defined by statutes." (Polish Constitution, Article 108.)

In cities the police and in rural districts the Starosta (chief of the county administration) must be notified weeks in advance about the time, the place, and the purpose of every public meeting. According to a decree issued during the war, they may even require the text of addresses to be made. No notification is necessary in cases of so-called meetings for "invited guests," but they must gather behind closed doors, and the police may enter the premises—to make certain that everybody present has a written invitation and that the person who issued the invitations knows every "guest." Thus, for instance, the last convention of the Radical Peasant Party (1926)—a legal political organization which has been in existence for over thirty years—was raided and dispersed by the police of Lvov three times in one day. Practically the entire time of the convention was taken up by the police scrutinizing the letters of invitation and by the party secretary issuing new invitations to the delegates to meet in some other place—to be raided again.

Under the general right to forbid a public meeting, the authorities in rural districts do so frequently under the pretext of an "epidemic prevailing in the vicinity." It may be typhoid fever, or smallpox, or glanders, or a disease of the cattle, or "a contagious disease" in general, and the infected "vicinity" may be hundreds of miles off. The epidemic, real or imaginary, works only against political meetings and never interferes with religious pilgrimages, official parades, or even county fairs.

In both cities and villages public meetings are being forbidden on the ground that they "may endanger public safety," or "peace and order." Often the answer to an application simply is that "permission to hold a meeting is refused," and this is final.

In cities the right of peaceful assemblage is practically nullified in times of strikes. For "reasons of public safety," no permits are issued for strike meetings, and if the strikers meet without permission the illegal gathering is scattered by the police and by the military. As a rule, strikes in Poland are suppressed by armed force, wholesale arrests, and police terror, and, moreover, in many cases strikers are prosecuted under the anti-strike articles of the old Russian penal code. In those parts of Poland in which Russian law is not applied, the German and Austrian acts against violence and against resisting public authorities are used. The unemployed, always very numerous in Poland, are never permitted to meet peacefully and to discuss their grievances. The proximity of Soviet Russia always gives a good excuse for invading constitutional liberties for reasons of public safety.

Radical trade unions and workers' professional organizations are subject to incessant police persecutions. Their locals are searched over and over again, and for the most trifling reasons padlocked by the police. Trade-union secretaries live in constant danger of arrest, and when a strike comes or an unemployment crisis is imminent, they are invariably arrested. Twenty-six trade unions, with all local branches, were dissolved in the course of one year, 1924. During the first six months of 1925 the police of Warsaw suppressed the organization of the building trades, leather workers, tobacco workers, cloakmakers, and commercial employees; the union quarters were seized by the police. The dissolution has to be decreed by a court, but court action in such cases is considered a mere technicality. The proceeding at the industrial court session is secret, the defendant union is not represented by counsel, and the police reports and the testimony of *Defenzywa* agents form the basis for the decision of the court, which simply sanctions what has already been done by the police.

Contributors to This Issue

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What Made These Women "Modern"?

The thirteenth article in the series of personal revelations by well-known women will appear next week. John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, will analyze these articles for The Nation, *in an attempt to discover the underlying causes of the modern woman's attitude toward men, marriage, children, and jobs.*

Some Notable Spring Books

BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS

Amos, James. Theodore Roosevelt: Hero to His Valet. John Day. $2.
Anthony, Katharine. Memoirs of Empress Catherine II. Knopf. $5.
Asbury, Herbert. A Methodist Saint. Knopf. $5.
Barthou, Louis. "I, Who Adore . . ." New Aspects in the Life of Richard Wagner. Duffield. $2.50.
Baumann, Emile. Saint Paul. Putnam. $3.50.
Beasley, Pierce. Michael Collins. 2 vols. Harper. $10.
Belloc, Hilaire. Robespierre. Putnam.
Benjamin, René. Balzac. Knopf. $5.
Best, M. A. Thomas Paine: Prophet and Martyr of Democracy. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Brewster, E. H. The Life of Gotama the Buddha. Dutton. $4.
Broun, Heywood, and Leech, Margaret. Anthony Comstock. A. and C. Boni. $3.
Bruce, William Cabell. Below the James. Houghton Mifflin. $2.
Burbank, Luther, with Hall, Wilbur. The Harvest of the Years. Houghton Mifflin. $4.
Carco, Francis. The Life of François Villon. Knopf. $5.
Colman, Edna M. White House Gossip from Andrew Jackson to Calvin Coolidge. Doubleday, Page. $5.
Corbett-Smith, A. Nelson: The Man. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Cunninghame Graham, R. B. Pedro De Valdivia. Harper. $3.50.
De Pourtales, Guy. Polonaise: The Life of Chopin. Holt. $3.
Diehl, Charles. Byzantine Portraits. Knopf. $5.
Dorsey, George A. The Evolution of Charles Darwin. Doubleday, Page. $2.
Edgar, Pelham. Henry James. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
Eliot, George. The Letters of. Dial. $2.50.
Emperor Frederick III: The War Diary of. 1870-1871. Stokes. $5.
Figner, Vera. The Memoirs of a Terrorist. International. $3.
Fisher, H. A. L. James Bryce. Macmillan. 2 vols. $8.
Garnett, Mrs. R. S. Samuel Butler and His Family Relations. Dutton. $3.75.
Gerry, Elbridge, Jr. The Diary of. Brentano's. $2.
Gissing, George. Letters of. Houghton Mifflin. $6.
Glaspell, Susan. The Road to the Temple. Stokes. $3.50.
Golder, F. A. John Paul Jones in Russia. Doubleday, Page. $10.
Gorman, Herbert. Nathaniel Hawthorne. Doran. $1.50.
Gottschalk, Louis R. Jean Paul Marat. Greenberg. $3.
Greene, Evarts B. A New-Englander in Japan. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
Guedalla, Philip. Palmerston. Putnam. $5.
Haldane, Elizabeth S. George Eliot and Her Times. Appleton. $3.50.
Hamilton, J. G. De Roulhac. Henry Ford. Holt. $2.
Harrison, Austin. Frederic Harrison. Putnam.
Haydon, Benjamin Robert. The Autobiography and Memoirs of. Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. $7.50.
Herold, A. Ferdinand. The Life of Buddha. A. and C. Boni. $2.50.
Hirst, Francis W. The Early Life of Lord Morley. Macmillan. 2 vols. $10.
Huxley, Leonard. The Life of Darwin. Greenberg. $1.75.
Jensen, Carl Christian. An American Saga. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Lamb, Harold. Genghis Khan. McBride. $3.50.
Lardner, Ring W. The Story of a Wonder Man. Scribner. $2.
Lawrence, T. E. Revolt in the Desert. Doran. $5.
Ludwig, Emil. Napoleon. Boni and Liveright. $3.
Ludwig, Emil. Wilhelm Hohenzollern. Putnam. $5.
MacKaye, Percy. Epoch. Boni and Liveright. 2 vols. $10.
Maclay, William. Journal. Introduction by Charles A. Beard. A. and C. Boni. $5.
Maude, Aylmer. Family Views of Tolstoy. Houghton Mifflin. $4.
Morris, Lloyd. The Rebellious Puritan: Portrait of Mr. Hawthorne. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
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Pouquet, Jeanne Maurice. Anatole France and Madame. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
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Sadleir, Michael. Anthony Trollope. Houghton Mifflin. $5.
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Spring Book Section

Poems *by* Clinch Calkins

The Skater

He cuts parabolas upon the ice
And flees his fellows on swift wings of steel—
Is caught, and with elaborate device
He proudly patterns out an eight, a wheel.

His merry laughter from its yarny nest
Flies warm upon the air. His mittened hands
Hotly unfasten his young crimson vest—
The ice remains unmelted where he stands.

Children of Earth, laugh not so loud,
White on the bitter night
Your breath is but a cloud.

Oh Lad So Passionate

Oh lad, so passionate, so full of dreaming
Never there was and never will be hereafter.
I knew this when I let him hear my laughter,
I knew this when I let him hear me crying,
I knew this when he laid his sighing mouth
On my mouth's sighing.

More golden youths may come, golden and gleaming
And one may lay his ear upon my sighing,
And one may still my cries with his mouth's crying;
But never a lad to set the heart aflying!
But never a lad to set the heart aflying!

I Sometimes Think

I sometimes think I know how I shall die,
Since I have little time to spare for dying.
A winter day my pretty mare and I
Shall walk into a wood and come out flying—
Startled by some wild animal's queer crying.

And over hills blue heliotrope with cold,
She'll take a course to make a meteor wonder.
A lemon west; a little moon of gold,
And, knowing my heart, my heartless mare there, under,
Running the miles until my knees lose hold
And I shall lie quite limp beside a wall—
My horse too far away to hear me fall.

The Tree of Heaven

Noon bares the bole of the diurnal tree.
Young leaves of twilight clothe its boughs around.
Stars spread ephemeral bloom eternally.
Dawn, like a ripe fruit, drops without a sound.

Tribute

The night is storming in the trees,
The night is raging on the plain;
The night is raising high the seas
And raining in the hearts of men.

Oh martyr, feel again the stone
And drink again the hemlock cup!
Oh Christ be crucified again
And from the grave be taken up!
If giving once will not suffice,
Give twice!

For breath that man must draw alone
Is one death ample to atone?
Yes. So it be his own, his own.

Old Men

I. WAITING IN LINE

Old man with tired cheeks—
Old man with tired, stretched cheeks,
Do not despair!
Do not look so weary of waiting in line;
It grows shorter in front of you.
Your turn will come soon.

If some thoughtless, lusty youth
Jostles you aside,
Jealous of your place,
He will not be given your rest.
It is not for rest that he will be asking.
No. The rest will be saved for old men.
Old men can make use of all rest.

II. LOOK BACK

See the old man coming out of the old house.
He bends over.
I think he is searching for the present.
His friends have told him that it is the same as the past—
The same rain, the same sun, and that the trees are as beautiful as they once were.

I think his bright eyes see even no grayness in the rain.
To him also it is only wet.
The sun has no shining, only heat, and not enough of that to warm his bones.

How like skeletons the trees are. The flesh of their beauty has been corrupted.
It is fall. He cannot find the path with his stick because of the leaves.
Look back! Is he coming? Do not let him follow me. I cannot lead him.
I follow the blind trails
That are marked falsely, and at the end of them I am brought short.
Leave me and lead him, my friend. Go back and take his hand,
Show him the road to the new country where the past is.

Thwacks from the Motherland

By H. L. MENCKEN

MR. C. E. M. JOAD prefaces a terrific philippic against all things American* with a disarming quotation from the late F. Giordano Bruno: "Se non è vero, è ben trovato." He needs it, for he confesses that he "has not had the privilege of visiting the United States," and the fact is visible on almost every page of his book. Much of the evidence he relies on, indeed, seems to have been derived from the travelers' tales of returning English actors, baffled English lecturers, and the more humorous and ingenious members of the corps of cabin-stewards of the Cunard line. Thus, on page 83, he begins a long diatribe with the postulate that "the films are the literature of America"—which is to say, the *only* literature—and on page 89 he permits himself the grave announcement that the lamented J. Gordon Cooglar was "the one famous Southern American poet." The one criterion of eminence in the Republic, according to the agents he appears to trust, is money. "The artist, the scientist, the musician, the statesman, and the author are held of no account unless their claims to consideration are backed by money." A rich man, regardless of his private virtue, "is king of any company he chooses to enter." This preeminence, it seems, takes on a transcendental character, and so works miracles. "Thus a rich man who had lost his eye recently purchased another from a poor man, the transfer of optics being hailed as a marvel of medical science." And no wonder!

But it is not necessary to swallow all of Mr. Joad's evidence in order to discuss his conclusions. They are, in brief, that the machine civilization which now threatens the whole world has reached its highest development in the United States, that the influence of American gold is rapidly extending it, and that if its proliferation is not checked it will destroy most of the values that men have cherished for ten thousand years. I see nothing against reason here. The facts, in truth, are apparent to everyone, and even some of the most startling testimony that Mr. Joad introduces, though it is not true, is at least consonant with what is. We have surely not yet come to the pass that "a rich man is king of any company he chooses to enter," but we have certainly developed a respect for mere money which goes far beyond the bounds of the seemly and ordinate. I know of no other country in which the hollow imbecilities of a Judge Gary would get the respect they get here, nor in which so preposterous a vacuum as Mr. Mellon would be venerated as a great statesman. The English also bend the knee to men of money, and so do the Germans and the French, but they have not yet come to the point of mistaking them for philosophers. The English had a fair chance to venerate Otto H. Kahn, but seem to have muffed him. The Germans read Henry Ford, but do not confuse him with Mommsen and Goethe. The French, I fear, if Charlie Schwab went to live and make speeches among them, would regard him as a comic character. Even the Portuguese, Serbs, Rumanians, and Greeks would probably laugh at Cal.

Thus Mr. Joad is often right in essence, even when he is wrong in his specification. It is not true, literally, that J. Gordon Cooglar was "the one famous Southern American poet," but nevertheless there is an inner plausibility in the dictum that makes it somehow disconcerting: if the majority of Southern fanciers had their way it *would* be true. Similarly, it is not true, literally, that the dreadful bilge of the movie-parlors is the only American literature now in being, but there remains an uncomfortable possibility that it may be true on some not distant tomorrow. Try to put together a list of American imaginative authors, all of the first chop, who have never taken the film shilling. I can think of Cabell and Sherwood Anderson, but there I begin to wabble; the complete roster is surely not long. The rest of the scrivening boys and girls have all submitted to the loathsome embraces of the Hollywood art-fosterers. The effects of this psychic fornication are not concealed from Mr. Joad's atrabilious eyes. The movie rubber-stamp, he observes, begins to show itself upon even the swellest varieties of our national swell letters. The self-same novelists who, but a decade and a half ago, swore upon Alps of Bibles (and meant it) that they'd never yield to the foul caresses of Hamilton Wright Mabie and Anthony Comstock—these same novelists, planning their masterpieces today, find it a sheer impossibility to rid themselves of sneaking, Freudian thoughts of Gloria Swanson and Jack Gilbert. It is sad, but it is *vero*.

Such sadnesses fill Mr. Joad's tome—an instructive work, but extremely depressing. Purge it of all its errors of fact—some of them really shocking—and its general thesis remains defensible. More, its general thesis remains a fair statement of the view of the republic held by civilized Europeans. That view is not only critical; it is downright indignant. We are, it appears, not only a nation of barbarians; we are actually hard to distinguish from criminals. Unless we are dissuaded from our course by remonstrance, and, if remonstrance fails, by a resort to *force majeure*, the civilization that men have been struggling for since the dawn of history will go to pot. The wisdom of Judge Gary will supplant that of Plato and Aristotle; Henry Ford will displace Thucydides; Luther and St. Francis will be shelved for the Rev. Dr. Billy Sunday and the beauteous Aimée Semple McPherson; the epic and the sonnet will be alike engulfed by the scenario; the whole world will wear Arrow collars, eat Uneeda biscuits, and read the *Saturday Evening Post*. I do not argue that these transformations are sure to come to pass; I merely report that a fear of them is widespread in the world. Mr. Joad simply puts into a convenient book, weighing exactly one pound (it is printed on feather-weight paper), what gnaws at the hearts of hundreds of thousands of the European intelligentsia. One cannot pick up an English newspaper without getting some flavor of that dread and indignation. It is an ironical situation, and no doubt full of lessons for specialists in the historical and ethical sciences. The Yankee saved civilization, and now civilization damns him to Hell. He put down the accursed Hun, and now the Hun, compared to him, becomes an archangel. As a professional patriot I resent all this. But on days when my patriotism passes a dividend I confess that I am consoled by certain pizzicato snickers, or, as they say in the Motherland, sniggers.

* "The Babbitt Warren." By C. E. M. Joad. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Yiddish: Our Literary Dominion

By ALTER BRODY

IN the last decade and a half so many Jewish names have appeared on the American literary scene that they have agglutinated into a more or less well-defined Jewish province on some critical maps. As it contained critics of its own, tags were not found wanting for the group, on which were inscribed mystic mottoes such as "Hebraic Power," "Biblical Simplicity," "Prophetic Passion"; and from time to time articles appear about the American Jewish Poets, the American Jewish Fiction, by the American Jewish Critics. To which none of the poets or novelists in question takes exception—for what artist would go out of his way to deny that he had prophetic passion, Biblical simplicity, or power of whatever nationality? And so, while there is a general awareness of the existence of another American Jewish literature, in Yiddish, it has come to be accepted as a supplementary exhibit, of interest only to the specially inquisitive, like objects in the family curio cabinet.

To this East Broadway can hardly be expected to subscribe. Just as once, in things communal, it regarded itself as the Sanhedrin of American Judea, and took no notice of self-appointed "Jewish Committees" from "Uptown," so at present, in things literary, it regards its Anglicized expatriates as outsiders, with no share in the body of Jewish culture, which, it insists, is and must be Yiddish. In the teeth of all the gloomy croaking about the inevitable demise of Yiddish, it nails its flag to the mast and maintains, in the words of the Yiddish critic Niger: "If Yiddish should ever become a language without children, the Jews will be children without a language for their *Jewish* thoughts and emotions."

Though I find my own portion in Israel thus questioned, I must confess this dictum sounds like good anthropology to me. Modern anthropology has long since torn to tatters the romantic mysticism of inherited racial traits, upon which a non-Yiddish Judaism must be built. There are omniscient critics who can tell at a glance the "Jewishness" of any poem or picture; but biochemistry has not as yet isolated "Jewish blood," and to date anthropology seems content with the conclusion that the inheritance of racial traits is solely through the non-biological machinery of the lingual-cultural-political-geographical organism called a nation. In the case of the Jews, who have for some eighteen centuries been without a geographical-political reservoir for the preservation of racial traits, the lingual and religious conduits are the only ones left. In so far as contemporary Judea can be bounded at all, it is by the walls of the Ghetto and by the Yiddish language. When the Jew leaves the Ghetto and stops speaking Yiddish he loses definability. Certainly he cannot identify himself by a book that St. Paul, Martin Luther, and the American Bible Society have made pretty nearly everybody's property. Not a very "broad" point of view, but how else can one explain the almost religious faith with which a considerable group of brilliant young writers, many of them products of American schools and colleges, cling to an obscure German dialect which has been the vernacular of the bulk of the Jewish nation for a longer period than Hebrew?

But its literary history, particularly in America, is comparatively brief. Here, in uncanny foreshortening, is a literature that has gone through its archaic, classic, romantic, and decadent periods in less than half a century; some of whose early primitives are still alive and able to argue in the cafe with their ultimate decadent successors. Like American literature it has ties to a mother tongue and a mother literature across the sea; but at the outset its new background stamped it with a character of its own.

This background, it must be admitted, was not as fertile as the one it left behind. The first Russo-Jewish writers, whom a wave of "back to the people" brought to Yiddish, may have had a poor opinion of it as a literary medium. But actually they started under circumstances as auspicious as any of the major European literatures. The thousand little Jewish towns thickly sown in the Pale formed a compact, continuous body—the nearest approach to a country that the Jews have had since they were driven out of Palestine. Though Jewish life there was urban, as in America the wives and daughters of the artisans and petty tradesmen of the Pale, barred from the study of Hebrew and the law and kept in ignorance and submission by their husbands, grew up into a simple but imaginative peasantry—which is the life-blood of all language. A woman's tongue the scholars of the Ghetto called it, contemptuously. But that's why it is so delightfully garrulous and wayward, sung rather than spoken, with rhythm for grammar; that's why the Yiddish folk-songs are almost all feminine—either plaintive lullabies or love songs full of the suppressed skittishness of the brief Ghetto girlhood. When the fathers of Yiddish literature took it in hand to make of it an up-to-date literary medium, the genius of the folk speech squirmed through their fingers and gave their work a whimsicality and extravaganza that was not in the realistic Russian models they had in mind.

In America the Yiddish writers were all too successful in that object. They brought with them a language already "refined" in Russia; and the intellectual proletariat of the East Side—the most serious in the world—was not in the mood for idle fancies. Their folk-songs were the sweatshop lyrics of Rosenfeld and the socialistic verse of Winchefsky; and in prose what they wanted was "a slice of life." So did their sweethearts and fellow-workers, equally class-conscious and intellectual, whose highest recommendation was that "they understood life." There were their mothers and grandmothers, still incurably romantic under their bewigged piety. The orthodox journals ministered to them. To this day one may observe wizened matriarchs of the Ghetto bending solemnly over "An Absorbing Mystery of Life in the Royal Court" in an occasional idle hour. But the orthodox papers were aesthetically unimportant. The stage was set ideally for a school of remorseless realism, with an audience that did not wince at the rawest revelations. And so it came to pass that when Stephen Crane died it was on the despised East Side, all unknown to America, that the gap between "The Red Badge of Courage" and "Sister Carrie" was filled—by Kobrin, Pinsky, Libin, and others. Long before Sinclair Lewis founded the Babbitt-baiting school of literature, Kobrin wrote his novel "Orah of the Beard," an analysis of a Brownsville Babbitt. Abraham Cahan, however, editor of the *Forward*, and thus foster-father of so much of Yiddish literature, had himself no confidence in the permanence of the language; and the result was that "The Rise of David Levinsky," an integral part of Yiddish realism, was written in English—to startle an American public not yet accustomed to such work.

When the war broke out the local school was for a time almost overshadowed by distinguished refugees from Europe—Asch, Raisen, Hirschbein, Jonah Rosenfeld—but though these readily assimilated the American scene, they are only partially American. Asch is perhaps the most important figure in international Yiddish literature, and his American and European work exemplify both branches of the literature. In his earlier, European career he produced "Motke the Vagabond," a novel as fanciful and as folk-flavored as Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World." In America he wrote "Uncle Moses," merely a more powerful study of Babbittry than "Orah of the Beard."

American Yiddish literature is a chapter of "proletcult" that might interest Soviet aestheticians. Most of the Yiddish writers were factory workers and almost all their readers were; some of the younger writers still divide their time between literature and the shop. One result is that the East Side of Yiddish literature is hopelessly lacking in the "picturesqueness" that characterizes it in American fiction. It is not written for literary slummers. "O wad some power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as others see us" is not always sound artistically. The Yiddish writers fortunately did not have to take into account "how others see us." Addressing a public to whom the East Side was not in itself interesting, and unable to delineate the Jewishness of their characters by the means of Yidgin English, they had to depend on psychology rather than spelling. Translations of Yiddish novels, therefore, seem surprisingly un-Jewish. Like Sherwood Anderson and others who strike bottom psychologically, they attract the accusation of "Russian." A representative series of translations would open up a panorama of Jewish life that would be refreshing to an American public fed up on stage Jews. It would not give us The Jew, but perhaps—Jews.

In poetry Yiddish lagged for a long time behind its prose—repeating the phenomenon of nineteenth-century Russian literature, of a Byronic falsetto in verse existing side by side with a prose naturalism. Strange that the Yiddish poets, whose illiterate ancestors the *Badchans* (wedding minstrels) had developed in Europe a balladry as lyrical as Elizabethan song, and whose descendants play such an important part in our "Negro" jazz, have themselves shown no capacity for rhythm beyond following the mechanics of meter. Only recently under the impact of the new American poetry did the younger Yiddish poetry find its natural voice. But of many talented younger poets Mannie-Laib is the only one combining naturalness with music.

It is the work of these younger men in prose as well as verse that is worth watching, for its own sake and for the crucial drifts which are sweeping through it. As Yiddish life is moving out of the Ghetto mold which shaped it the newer Yiddish literature is faithfully following, even though it be to its death. Finding themselves in a surge of alien forces, the younger Yiddish writers are valiantly striving to master them and make them their own before they are mastered by them. So that on the covers of recent Yiddish books one deciphers in Hebrew lettering such titles as "Kentucky Poems" (by I. Schwartz), "New England" and "The Far West" (by Raboy), "America" (by Chester). Different books and different men, but what unites them all is the almost physical passion with which they hug the American landscape, its trees, its flowers, its animals, its people, and above all the soil itself; as if the suppressed soil hunger of two thousand years had suddenly overflowed in them and filled them with one thought: to root themselves into it, and become as native to it as the trees. This is less evident in a psychologist like Opatashu. But in "Races," his latest collection of stories, the Jew plays but a minor part, and the longest of them deals with a Southern lynching party. On the other hand, there is Kloomak, who solves the problem by taking refuge in a world "out of time and out of space." There, in a land which has no name, peopled by characters without nationality, and governed by no law but that of beauty, he has created a series of idealized feminine types that remind one strangely of another refugee, Edgar Allan Poe. And Ignatov's characters, twisting in the Laocoon of their own individualism, though nominally Jewish, are no more Jewish than Strindberg's characters are Swedish.

Lavick seems to be almost the only one of them who can extract nourishment from the Ghetto and its traditions. His "Golem" is a dramatic poem of seventeenth-century cabalism into whose symbolic tapestry is woven an intellectual panorama as vast as that of "Faust." A minor strand out of this complicated pattern is of special significance. When the Messiah, disguised as a beggar, reveals himself to the Rabbi and begs to be permitted to liberate the Jews from their suffering, the Rabbi sends him away, saying that the time has not come. The truth is that the Jew—and by that I mean the Ghetto Jew—had become so at home in the inner, other-worldly life which his history forced upon him that he feared to be redeemed from it and brought to earth. He had become a spiritual being who, in an inversion of the Antaean myth, died when he touched earth. This same disembodied spirit, for whom the outer world and its problems exist only as necessary evils, is the hero of Lavick's prose drama "Shmattas" (Rags), probably the only play in which local Yiddish drama achieves literature.

But the outer world is seeping in, and the quintessential spirit of the Ghetto, the distillation of two thousand years, is being diluted with other forces. The *Luftmensch* is being forced to descend and take root. Certainly in America. Lavick's "Golem" has been an event in contemporary Yiddish literature; but the tendency is all the other way. Most of the younger Yiddish writers are not concerned so much with interpreting the Jew to himself as with interpreting America to the Jew. There is the problem for the Yiddish critics who intrench themselves in the dictum that Yiddish will survive as the language of the *Jewish* thoughts and experiences of the race. But as it happens Americanization is the major Jewish experience just now. So that the Yiddish writers, faithfully voicing this experience, are becoming more and more American in thought and content; whereas among the nostalgic Jewish expatriates in American literature a sort of parlor Judaeism is becoming increasingly fashionable. Which is more Jewish, a poem about the Kentucky mountaineer written in Yiddish or a novel of Jewish life written in English, is a problem which seems to be worrying the theorists on both sides.

In the meantime it seems a pity that the primitive energy of a folk speech as mobile as Yiddish cannot be brought over in all its poetic garrulity to enrich American literature and teach it to use its hands as all vigorous languages do. Perhaps when the last of the Yiddish writers are through Americanizing themselves they will rediscover Yiddish and recreate its rhythm and imagery for us in their new tongue. If they do that, they will only be paying a hitherto unpaid debt.

Native Drama in Our Southwest

By MARY AUSTIN

THE landing of the Pilgrims on the coast of Massachusetts was dramatic in situation; the entrada of the Spanish Colonists by way of the Chihuahua Trail was so by intention. There is all the difference in the world between the cultures that might be expected to spring from such beginnings. Arriving at the crossing of the Rio Grande amid hardships before which the Pilgrim crossing pales, the expedition sat down on the bank of the Rio Grande and witnessed a comedy of their adventure written by Captain Farfán and played by his company. Thus on the 29th of April, 1595, modern drama began in our Southwest, which was taken possession of next day with a pageant of banners and ritual in the name of all the Blessed Personages, the King of Spain, and St. Francis. The founding of their first capital, now Chamita, New Mexico, was celebrated by a horseback pageant of Christians conquering the Moors before an audience augmented by two pueblos of Indians who sat securely on their housetops against the possibility of being eaten by the "long-tailed elk" on which were mounted the strange bearded men. From this gallant beginning the chief entertainment of New Mexico has been, aside from horse-racing and cock-fighting, dramatic, and almost exclusively native.

The century of extensive Spanish colonization along the Rio Grande was also the "golden" century of Spain, in which Lope de Vega wrote his thousand comedies, Pedro Calderon wrote his religious plays, and Lope de Ruega regenerated the Spanish theater, introducing music between the acts and sometimes into them, thus opening the way to grand opera. In that happy age the king also wrote plays and the people took as much interest in literature as in bull fights. It was the century marked in its beginning by Cervantes's "Don Quixote," and distinguished toward its end by the substitution of the guitar for the viola as the popular musical instrument of Spain. Most of what came over in the saddlebags and in the memories of the Colonists of that period was wiped out by the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. But after the reconquest by De Vargas in 1698 every settlement began to have societies of players whose performances became social institutions, existing in some of the outlying towns to this day and in others rapidly reviving under the sympathetic revaluation which has been the gracious result of the most recent invasion of New Mexico by working artists. Collections of the various local versions of the more popular plays are being made, and the privilege of attending their presentation is eagerly sought. It is still impossible, however, to trace out the entire connection between what goes on in New Mexico and its possible derivation from drama in Old Mexico and Spain. Quite certainly nothing much came from Spain after the first half of the eighteenth century, and after the first quarter of the nineteenth the slender trickle of cultural influence from Mexico definitely ceased. A generation later the American invasion, with its characteristic bargain-counter rush, forced the Spanish Colonial culture back upon itself, and almost succeeded in causing its complete extinction. Only under the conserving influence of the church, careful of what is ritualistic and symbolic in culture, the Spanish Colonial drama has survived in whatever was definitely of religious significance. At present only one of the native plays of that period which is not religious in theme is still being played or has been collected in entirety. This is "Querneverde," sometimes known as "Los Comanchos," a drama which seems to have been written in Taos County about the middle of the nineteenth century and which deals with the exploits of Querneverde (Green-Horn), a Comanche chief who harried the Spanish settlements of that time.

One is entirely within the fact in speaking of "collecting" these Spanish Colonial plays. Writing among the New Mexican settlements was never much practiced, and so seriously were the dramatic societies taken that membership became hereditary; parts as well as costumes and properties were handed down often from father to son, and in many cases passed from generation to generation without once being written down. I have heard, for example, of manuscript copies of the play "Nuestra Señora de Guadaloupe," but my own version was taken down entirely from word of mouth; and of the less popular plays, which may yet be performed from memory, there is not even a tradition of a written version. One must collect a part speech by speech—with its cues—from an old man at Ranchos de Taos, another from a great-grandmother somewhere about Socorro, and missing fragments where they can be found. There was, of course, marked preference for the "fat" parts, such as Lucifer in "Los Pastores" (The Shepherds) or the Chief in "Los Comanchos," and these can often be found letter perfect, as the player learned them from his father forty years ago. People who do not trust much to print have excellent memories.

"Los Pastores," as may be guessed, is a Nativity play. and still frequently played on *Nochebuena* (the Good Night), first before the priest's house and then in the patio of the local *rico* or other influential citizen. In remote villages where there is no resident priest and no *sala* large enough, the performance will take place in the schoolhouse or the church, and the interest and appreciation of the audience is never a whit dimmed by the fact that most of them have been present at all the rehearsals. The costumes are traditional and suggest the period in which Agamemnon might be played in a powdered wig with ruffles and Lady Macbeth in hoopskirts. I have seen "Our Lady of Guadaloupe" done at Santa Fe with no setting but a rock of crumpled paper, a few tissue roses, and a single ecclesiastical chair; the long journey between the rock of Tepeyac, where the Vision appeared to Don Diego, and the Bishop's palace, indicated by the chair, being so completely presented by the actor in fifteen feet of flat space that the audience missed nothing of its mountainous character, its fatigues and misgivings. In these native players the power of entering into the part, which is shared by a native audience, is quite capable of so completely engaging even the sophisticated attention that it is only afterward that the observer recalls that the Star of Bethlehem was an evil-smelling oil lantern hitched along on a rope, and that the audience has united in helpful suggestion when the mechanism by which the Angel of the Annunciation is let down from heaven has been unaccountably stalled. And with both audience and players one has relapsed into reverential awe when the difficulty has been overcome.

Such plays as "Los Pastores," "Our Lady of Guadaloupe," and "Las Estrallas," and "Los Comanchos" show literary quality with an explicit folk flavor, and such vari-

ations of style and handling as suggest Colonial origins. Even the Nativity play is so completely localized that no one has yet been able to trace it to a Spanish derivation. But if such origin could be predicted it could probably only be proved out of old monkish manuscripts. "Los Pastores" and the "Guadaloupe" are both found south of the Rio Grande, and may have originated there, but "Los Comanchos" could not have arisen south of Santa Fe.

Also of distinctive New Mexican origin is the yearly "Passion Play" of the Penitentes, now so rapidly disappearing before the assaults of the bargain-counter spirit which incites Americans to rush in wherever there is rumor of beauty and strangeness, to tear it to tatters of sensation. This American version of the drama of the Crucifixion is played out in entirety between the first Wednesday in Lent and Good Friday, and its source is obscurely traced to the Dark Hours of the Spanish settlements between the withdrawal of the Franciscans by order of the newly established Republic of Mexico and the coming of the French priests in the 1880's. It is possibly a local revision of the Third Order of St. Francis, which came into the country with Oñate, or fragmentary recollections of whipping brotherhoods such as were common in Europe throughout the period of Spanish colonization. Unquestionably it drew from penitential practices of various Indian tribes; for by that time Spanish and Indian blood were well mingled in New Mexico. More than anything else it drew from the dramatic urge that brought the Spanish settlers over the sea and up the whole arduous length of the mountains of Mexico, along the Jornado del Muerte (Journey of Death), to face the wild hills and wild tribes of the Rio Grande. And not only from that impulse, rooted in the love of conquest and adventure, but from the world-embracing missionary spirit of the century. It was most deeply informed with what is in some measure at the root of all art, man's profound, incurable passion for expiation.

The Penitente play culminates during the last three days of Holy Week in what was formerly a detailed realistic crucifixion. But after the church resumed its direction of its Spanish-speaking membership in New Mexico, many realistic features disappeared. The Cristo is no longer nailed but tied to the cross, and the most dramatic penances take place within the morada, or are screened by midnight and remoteness. Within the past four or five years there has been a disposition to substitute a painted life-size image for the Cristo, and to enlarge the dialogue until it approaches the proportions of literary drama. As much as I have been able to hear of this dialogue is far superior in directness and simplicity to the pretentious blank verse of the Oberammergau "Passion Play." Such is the reverent purity of spirit in which this humble rendering of the dramatic climax of the Christian story is made that it was not until hours after the effect of seeing it at Talpa had worn away that I remembered how the three Marys chewed gum in the pauses of their parts, and how the two parts of Pontius Pilate and Caiphas had been combined into one by the simple expedient of a Roman robe and a Hebrew high priest's hat. This was the first time the whole story had been presented at one session, the usual method being to represent the betrayal and abandonment of Jesus, with which are often curiously combined incidents of the hours of darkness, on the evening before Holy Thursday; the Via Dolorosa with the meeting and parting of Jesus and his mother, on the afternoon of Holy Thursday, and the crucifixion at the traditional hour on Friday, each one at appointed places. Left to itself, the Penitente performance would inevitably develop into a true passion play of considerable power; but it seems evident that the tourist passion will prevail over every other and that the beautiful occasion will pass without a trace.

This Penitente play, with the Matachina, links the Spanish Colonial theater with the Pueblo Indian dance-drama. For still in New Mexico the Puebleños keep up the annual mask dance typical of that on which all European play-acting is founded. In the corn dance, the deer dance, the fire dance, and a score of masked, ritualistic performances all the forms and devices of the dramatic vehicle before it split into the allied but definitive arts of dance, song, and dialogue, may be studied. The Penitente play, besides being communal and ritualistic in character, as Indian dances are, and expiatory, as we now know Greek drama was at its best, mingles whippings, genuflections, solemn processions, and other modulations of the dance impulse with its dialogues and spoken prayers. Midway between the dance-drama of the Puebleños and the miracle play is the Matachina. Matachina is a generic name applied in Spain to an old type of ballad dance, reapplied in Old Mexico to more than one modified survival of native dance-drama. But along the New Mexican border the name refers to one specific dance which has all the earmarks of Indian origin with super-imposed Christian handling. The costumes are unquestionably derived from Roman ecclesiastical robes, particularly the head-dresses; the wands used by the dancers are three-branched, such as are used in many Indian-Catholic ceremonies to signify the Trinity—and in many Mexican-Indian rites for the fruitful corn-mother. There are not wanting hints that the use of these things might have originally been derisive; and more than a hint that the aboriginal foundation of the local Matachina was of phallic significance. For what else was the miter, of which the Matachina head-dress is plainly reminiscent, but the phallic crown? But whatever the original intention, the Roman influence has triumphed since the Matachina is recognized as a dance suitable for exclusively Christian festivals, such as Christmas and Easter. At the same time there are reasons for suspecting that this might have been one of the native Mexican dances which the church in the beginning of the Spanish conquest undertook to repress because it was found that they keep a sense of nationalism alive among the conquered tribes. For the leading characters of the Matachina can be found both north and south of the border, with two sets of names: El Monarch, Montezuma; El Toro, Cortez; the Bride, Malinche (mistress of Cortez); and sometimes a hair-and-horn masked figure which is recognized either as the Devil or as one of the Sacred Clowns familiar to dance-drama audiences. Altogether it seems probable that this was an aboriginal fertility dance made over by the church into a masque of the Soul's (the Bride's) struggle with the world, the flesh, and the devil. For which violence to their traditions the tribes compensated by reading into it secretly their own forced acceptance of Spanish rule. As an example of transition from dance-drama to popular entertainment the New Mexican Matachina is worth more study than has been given to it.

So much has been written of late about the beautiful and inspiriting dance-dramas which may be seen not only in the pueblos of the Southwest but at the tourist festivals

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of Santa Fe and Gallup, that description here would be superfluous. To the student the chief use of these ceremonies, besides providing a high type of aesthetic entertainment, is to enable him to divide the several elements of gesture, both realistic and symbolic, from the literary components of drama. Beautiful enough to engage every aesthetic reaction, even that least worthy and by the average onlooker most coveted one of sensation, the fire dance, the buffalo dance, the Yebetchi challenge the intelligence at every contact. As if all the primitive life of man from the very earliest were gathered up in them, about to burst into the final flower of art expression. To the uninstructed, however, they remain largely unintelligible because the explicatory acts and incidents of the drama are many of them performed in the *kiva,* as in the Penitential drama they take place in the *morada,* as in the best Greek tragedy they took place off stage. So that one wonders if the Greek habit of having the killings and other acts of violence done behind the scenes, instead of springing, as popularly supposed, from a Greek sense of propriety, did not rise from an earlier ritualistic custom of having them happen in the secret ceremonial chamber. The whole dance-drama complex is thus a mine of information and illumination as to dramatic origins and as to the possible use of elements of form and expression that in the modern theater have gone as flat as uncorked champagne; synthetic gesture, significant setting, the use of masks, of climax, of sacred clowning. Indian comedy, a subject too vast for more than descriptive mention, is sufficiently close to modern comedy to be easily understood by any audience. It springs from the tribal need of social correction by laughter and is the business of the Koshare, the Society of Sacred Clowns personating the spirits of the ancestors. Historic events, such as the entrada of Coronado and the killing of Estevan, the first Negro, are often used as pegs on which to hang corrective farces, and of late the absurdities of modern white life are satirized for the benefit of the younger generation.

While at present the office of native drama in the Southwest seems to be that of reinstruction in the fundamentals of dramatic and theatrical practice, it cannot be seen as providing other than the securest groundwork for a type of dramatic writing which will be inevitably fitted to carry all that the Southwest has to express. In so doing it will probably be found to be more expressive for what we call American uses—meaning by that the concurrent output of our mingling strains and local environment—than anything derived from purely Nordic sources, such as Greek and Elizabethan playwriting. Already the incursive interest of creative workers occupies itself with the separation of Indian dancing from its tribal elements in order to save it for aesthetic service, as Greek drama was saved. On this point public opinion is somewhat at fault, arguing that apart from its tribal significance Indian dancing will cease to have meaning and power. But the whole history of plastic art goes to show that the only way any of it was ever incorporated into the evolutionary history of culture was to cut it out cleanly from the creedal and mythologic root as poetic tragedy was cut off from Hellenic pantheism, as European drama was excised from the medieval theology. Several movements have begun looking toward such a saving result; an association for the revival of Spanish Colonial Arts at Santa Fe, Witter Bynner and Camilo Padilla for the encouragement of Spanish Colonial lyricism, an Indian Art Museum for Indians. The emergence of a native Southwestern drama is only a matter of a little time and intelligent fostering.

In particular I expect to see a new school of gesture—taking the word in its widest sense in which the human personality can be used as a vehicle of expression. Here alone, in Indian drama, do we approach the condition in which gesture is speech, as in the Spanish Colonial plays we rediscover something of the provocative relation between manners and art. And if such evolutionary processes go on, screened as they are by little-understood languages, so much the better for their successful escape from the present gaucheries and dulness of American drama.

First Glance at the Season's Books

By MARK VAN DOREN

THE sensation of the season is, of course, Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry." Final proof of this was furnished me the other evening when one of the most narrowly read men I know—a citizen whom I would have accused of complete indifference to books both new and old—asked me if I had seen Upton Sinclair's "Elmer Gaunt." If Mr. Lewis's novel against the Non-Conformists had got down that far, I said to myself, it had gone and would go everywhere. And apparently people in all States are at present undergoing the query: "Have you read 'Elmer Gantry'?" Eventually, no doubt, most of them will say yes; and all of them will argue concerning the extent to which Mr. Lewis has given a fair picture of a certain kind of preacher—who will or will not be assumed to exist. All of which is extremely interesting as a social phenomenon, but not so interesting for literature, since it has never been necessary to ask of a good novel whether its hero was "true to" some contemporary type which may possibly not have been there to be true to. We do not go to literature for evidence that human beings exist, and we do not care whether heroes of good books exist outside the books. So there will be less discussion than there might be concerning the quality of "Elmer Gantry." Yet when have many readers cared for such discussion?

Colonel T. E. Lawrence's long awaited "Revolt in the Desert," cut down from his longer work, "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," seems to be getting the attention it deserves, though I am not sure of this; it is a great book, and it may not thunder in the bookstores. Personally, I was more interested in learning through it about Feisal and his fanatical countrymen than I was in listening to the Methodist-Baptist lingo of Brother Elmer. And the season has offered or will offer half a dozen books of unquestionable distinction. There is to be a new essay by Santayana. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The King's Henchman" was a little disappointing as drama; but it amply fulfilled its author's promise as a poet. Eugene O'Neill is soon to publish a full-length play, "Marco Millions," in advance of its performance in any theater. I cannot doubt that it will be important, and I am interested to see Mr. O'Neill thus coming into his own as a dramatist whose plays are recognized for their literary significance as soon as written. I am looking forward with especial eagerness to John Living-

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ston Lowes's "The Road to Xanadu," which I understand is a very long and ingenious exploration, by the author of one of the few good modern books on poetry, into the processes of Coleridge as he composed "Kubla Khan" and otherwise discovered himself in verse. It ought to take its place among the richest offerings of the season in belles-lettres. So already has Paul Valéry's "Variety," which gives American readers their first opportunity to sample the intellectual wares of a very much talked-of Frenchman. In Maxim Gorki's "Decadence" we are said to have, after years of waiting, another Russian masterpiece. Roger Fry, a truly distinguished critic of art, adds to his distinction with "Transformations." And there are announcements of two extended works in American history which ought to make a great deal of difference. One is Charles and Mary Beard's "The Rise of American Civilization" and the other is Vernon L. Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought." The Beards are better known than Mr. Parrington for a certain keen integrity of criticism which makes the reading of their histories an intellectual pleasure; but Mr. Parrington has this quality in abundance and one may expect from the four volumes together a reinterpretation of American ideas which will be at the same time conscientious and entertaining.

The list of spring books is heavily loaded with titles carrying an Americana flavor. But not too heavily. Never, it would seem, has there been so much demand for volumes dealing with our past, important or unimportant; never has there been so much willingness on the part of authors and publishers to supply the demand freshly and intelligently. The "Anthony Comstock" of Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech, making as it does an analysis not only of Comstock but of censorship, scarcely could have been done so well, if done at all, in an earlier generation. The process of revising our judgments of standard American authors goes on with two works devoted to Hawthorne, by Herbert Gorman and Lloyd Morris, and with Van Wyck Brooks's six essays on Emerson. Mary Best, I am sure, looks squarely at Tom Paine, Joseph Dillaway Sawyer produces one more extended life of Washington, and The American Library announces an edition of William Maclay's fascinating "Journal." All this in the field of biography, which also sees this spring an extraordinary number of important works coming from abroad—the "James Bryce" of H. A. L. Fisher, the "Morley" of Francis Hirst, three separate lives of Buddha, the "Napoleon" and the "Wilhelm Hohenzollern" of Emil Ludwig, and Aldous Huxley's new edition of Haydon's "Memoirs" (to be compared, as someone has pointed out, with Susan Glaspell's portrait of another unadjusted genius, her husband, George Cram Cook, in "The Road to the Temple"). In the field of American history there is Bernard Fay's study of France and the United States at the close of the eighteenth century, there is John Bach McMaster's new volume on the Lincoln period, and there is Hendrik Willem van Loon's "America" (with pictures). C. E. M. Joad looks at us and calls our land "The Babbitt Warren"; André Siegfried announces that "America Comes of Age"; while here at home Langdon Mitchell more modestly tries his hand at "Understanding America," and in "Fire Under the Andes" Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant is content to analyze the genius of a few living Americans. I have not spoken of such antiquarian excursions as those made by Edna Kenton into the Indian sections of the "Jesuit Relations" or by Richardson Wright among "Hawkers and Walkers in Early America."

In fiction it is good to see that Arthur Waley brings forth a third volume of the "Tale of Genji" and Romain Rolland the third part of "The Soul Enchanted," and that new stories are published by Arnold Bennett, Theodore Dreiser, Ludwig Lewisohn, Thomas Mann, Arthur Schnitzler, Olive Schreiner, Evelyn Scott, Upton Sinclair, Hermann Sudermann, Sigrid Undset, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Virginia Woolf, and E. H. Young. I have heard it said, finally, that the season is poor in poetry; but E. A. Robinson, Robinson Jeffers, and "H. D." are on the list—the first with "Tristram," a major American poem—and so I cannot agree.

Books

Morley and Bryce

Early Life and Letters of John Morley. By Francis W. Hirst. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $10.

James Bryce. By H. A. L. Fisher. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $8.

JOHN MORLEY and James Bryce (late lordships sit lightly on their names) had much in common in the circumstances of their life and work. They were born in the same year, grew into manhood during the great Victorian era of complacent progress, passed from an early manhood of scholarship and literature into parliamentary life as members of the radical wing of the Liberal Party in the great Gladstonian epoch, spent many years of arduous labor as members of the Commons and as Ministers, lived through the horrors of the Great War, and died in the disillusionment of the Bad Peace. Neither was "meant" for politics, or equipped with the moral obtuseness and capacity of self-deception needed for supreme success in a field where nice intellectual distinctions and fine moral scruples are out of place. Neither showed his best qualities in the House of Commons, though Morley did doughty service as a platform speaker in the early times of the Home Rule struggle, while Bryce was stirred to moral eloquence in the cause of oppressed Eastern nationalities and both of them bore a gallant part in the uphill fight for higher education. In substance their Victorian liberalism was the same, in its faith in representative institutions, its support of nationalism, freedom of trade, and peaceful relations between nations, its distrust of the imperial spirit in the relations between strong and weak peoples, its application of the healing principle of equality of opportunity in every sphere of conduct. Neither of them had much trust in governments as instruments for the positive welfare of the governed, and the growing tendency toward "social" not to say "socialistic" legislation was to both suspect, though Morley in his last years, disgusted by the conduct of his Liberal associates during the war, entered into friendly relations with leaders of the Labor Party. Neither at any time showed any clear perception of the need for revision of liberal doctrines which the constantly growing pressure of economics into politics demands of modern statesmen.

But the main interest of these two biographies lies outside the strict diocese of politics. For both men won their distinction in other fields. Morley had made his mark as the great exponent of the intellectual makers of the French Revolution and as one of the chief editors and journalists of his age before turning to parliamentary life, while Bryce took on practical politics as an adjunct to his busy career as professor, lawyer, historian, and traveler. In all essential characters the two men were widely different. Trained in the schools of Bentham, J. S. Mill, and Comte, the rationalism, utilitarianism, positivism of the mid-century meant much to Morley, little or nothing to Bryce. Indeed, no more revealing passage occurs in Mr. Fisher's brief and fine commentary upon Bryce's mind than the disclosure of his complete indifference toward that large prov-

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ince of the intellectual life termed philosophy. While Morley remained through life a complete, though tolerant, skeptic in religious matters, Bryce seems to have retained a vigorous sort of free Christianity, based partly perhaps on some strain of mysticism, partly on reverence for the creed of his fathers. While Morley, therefore, was a freethinker in the full sense of the word, for Bryce there were sanctities he would not probe with reason.

The very principles which Bryce brought to bear upon politics were more purely moral and intuitional than those which inspired Morley. From Burke and the French thinkers, from Mill and the great controversies raised by Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and the coterie of London intellectualists to which he attached himself in early manhood, Morley drew an armory of doctrine which he strove in no pedantic spirit to apply to the practical causes of human progress. Age and experience transposed his use of these weapons of reason; expediencies won more and more upon principles in his official life. But he remained through life a rationalist in a stricter sense than Bryce.

Both men had singularly attractive personalities. Morley was the more vivacious, with more heightened and brilliant expression alike with tongue and pen, drawing on a rich store of personal reminiscences with bright phrasing and flickering allusiveness, perhaps the most interesting talker of his time. Bryce could pour out more copious learning, excelled in sagacious criticism and sharp probings into dark issues of fact. Full of a quiet appreciative humor, he had little of the irony which gave sap to much of Morley's talk and writing. Bryce's greatest claim to personal distinction lay in that he knew more than any other man of his own or any other time. There may be tucked away in the seclusion of some university or other home of learning two or three scholars who have read and remembered as much booklore as Bryce, but when one takes into account his first-hand intercourse with men and things in all parts of the habitable globe, he assuredly stands outside all competition. From earliest boyhood, through his long span of over fourscore years, he set himself the task of Herodotus to visit strange lands, see everything there was to see, and question everyone he met. How different from the ordinary tourist was his travel! The geology, the flora and fauna, the archaeology, history, current politics and economics, the scenery, the habits of the people—he gathered everything into his net. Nor did he confine himself to the main thoroughfares of travel; he penetrated every bypath and recess in search of information. "He had a genius for putting the right questions." Could any other man have written his "American Commonwealth," or that amazing work of erudition, "Modern Democracies," the product of octogenarian wisdom?

Neither book under review can rank as a full biography. Mr. Hirst's two volumes only bring his hero up to 1885, while Mr. Fisher deals lightly with Bryce's long parliamentary career and devotes virtually the whole of the second volume to the chief task of his latest years, his close relations with America as ambassador, missioner, and informal correspondent. Morley had a favorite question he used to put to anyone who praised a book or other work: "What does it all come to?" Now, no great formal achievement in the world of politics can be attributed to either of these men. Posterity will regard Morley as a very considerable figure in literature, as a great interpreter of thought, and as a brilliant commentator upon life. But his work for Ireland, for India, and for other political causes to which he devoted so much energy could have been done as well or better by a ruder, less sensitive politician. So too with Bryce; his vehement campaigns for expelling the Turk from Europe and rescuing Armenia and other subject nationalities came to naught, while his diagnosis of the causation of the Great War led him to oppose every attempt at peace without victory, though he lived to realize something of the crimes and policies of a distorted peace.

Bryce's great work lay in his skilful and persistent efforts at a better understanding between Americans and British. For this he had a special gift. It was well said of him that he was "a natural American," by which was meant that his qualities and aptitudes expressly fitted him for mixing in easy, friendly, understanding terms with all sorts of people in the great republic. Class, race, creed, culture presented no barrier to him. But especially was he sympathetic with the descendants of the puritan stocks, both East-Anglian and Scotch-Irish, who have figured so powerfully among the influential forces in modern America. During his numerous visits he moved largely among the educational, political, and business leaders, absorbing knowledge of their country and communicating knowledge of his own. This personal bond between the countries has counted for not a little in the years of strain through which we are now passing. Nor was this influence confined to personal contacts and oral communications. Apart from his great books, all through his life his pen was busily engaged in articles and letters directed to the same end. "One of his many occupations during the eighties was to contribute a London Letter to the New York *Nation*, 'the best weekly not only in America but in the world' (I, p. 178)," and the most valuable passages of Mr. Fisher's second volume are from private letters addressed to President Lowell, Dr. Eliot, and other old friends.

Mr. Hirst's "Thomas Jefferson" will have made him well known to many American readers as a skilful and sympathetic interpreter of liberalism which endures through the centuries and transcends political frontiers. Nor has Bryce been less fortunate in his interpreter. Mr. Fisher's wide range of historical erudition and his personal contacts with the art of government have well fitted him for the difficult task he has here so successfully accomplished.

J. A. Hobson

Bruegel of the Peasants

Peter Bruegel the Elder. By Virgil Barker. The Arts Publishing Corporation. $2.

THE reproduction in permanent form of Mr. Barker's admirable essay which appeared in the Bruegel number of *The Arts* will be welcomed by all who hold those "damnable opinions" which direct men's minds back to the sweet-smelling mold of the earth uncontaminated, unsoured by insalubrious miasmas of mysticism. Mr. Barker is one of those privileged people whose imagination is capable of taking fire when it comes in contact with genius. Below the restrained and orderly measure of his prose we feel the underswell of an aesthetic and intellectual response, vigorous and authentic. By taste and training he is well fitted to appreciate and interpret the technical excellence of Bruegel's work, and, what is even more important, to understand the philosophic implications latent in the amazing canvases of the great artist. For it has long been recognized that Bruegel is one of the greatest champions of that "open secret" which has been carried down, from age to age, by certain bold and enlightened spirits, the secret namely that it is wisest for the sons of men to give little heed to the false prophets who would have them cast deceitful glances up at the sky. Bruegel's work, like the writings of Homer, Rabelais, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Anatole France, would seem to suggest in no faltering tone that the highest reward on earth is to be found in contemplating with inspired vision the simple poetry that surrounds the life of man, as generation after generation, for so brief a period, he goes out into the fields to sow and to reap. Let Robert Browning and Alfred Noyes whistle never so prettily the disciples of Bruegel of the Peasants will not easily be persuaded that crested larks nest in the heavens. There is miracle enough in the sudden crying of a child taken from its mother's womb, in the love of a girl and a boy, in the shocking majesty of Death!

"The earth is the only thing that knows how to deal sensibly with man." This is what, as Mr. Barker so admirably indicates, Peter Bruegel iterates over and over again. For this sturdy countryman whose genius made him tremble like

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springtime foliage, burgeon like August fruit, was incapable of envisaging any scene, secular or religious, as being independent of what was entirely natural. If this Fleming had been present at the crucifixion of Our Lord, at that most intense hour in our history when for one supreme moment, to those present, the very veil of our senses seemed on the point of being rent from top to bottom, we can well conceive that the dicing of the soldiery, the braying of the Palm-Sunday ass, or the squeaking of the twilight bats would have been what chiefly occupied his "silly thoughts."

He understood well that "Death is inexorable, man of little moment." For him life as he knew it upon earth sufficed, like Wolfgang Goethe he had no wish to evade truth. Why should he? Without the knowledge of the long hours of absolute peace, of absolute oblivion that is the eventual heritage of every peasant and burgher, these people of his could never dance jigs, peel the bark off trees, prod their cattle, slide upon ice, and eat devil's pancakes at the rate they do in his pictures. He would not have the world changed by one jot. "Big fish eat little fish"; he knows it and he approves of it. He likes human beings when they are most at their ease. If they are gross then he would have them be gross, would have them snouting on the ground like hogs after beach mast. If they are tender he would have them be tender, trembling with compassionate solicitude over the Massacre of the Innocents.

Mr. Barker's admirable appreciation reveals all this to us. Our only regret is that once or twice by the use of an ill-chosen word he mars the weight and dignity of his style. "Part of his realism is his robust laughter, which is the only solution to the fix in which human beings find themselves." And again: "In Ghent a mob sacked the Abbey of St. Peter and . . . ran smashingly at large through the city." Still more distressing: "But one can move from one to another without any feeling of shifting gear or changing speed." In contrast to such minor lapses is a sentence like the following: "In giving himself over so unreservedly to the impermanent, Bruegel took what was for him the only way to the permanent." That is a discerning observation and goes far to explain the artistic power of this extraordinary painter, "who loved to frighten his companions, often also his own pupils, with all kinds of goblin noises."

LLEWELYN POWYS

Wyndham Lewis

The Lion and the Fox. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper and Brothers. $4.

The Art of Being Ruled. By Wyndham Lewis. Harper and Brothers. $4.

FIFTEEN years ago it might well have seemed to the casual student of contemporary thought that the world had settled comfortably down to a liberal orthodoxy. It had, to be sure, agreed to the existence of many individual disagreements, but since it had accepted variety rather than unity as the most characteristic feature of the aspect under which the universe was to be regarded and had recognized opinion rather than truth as the ultimate possible achievement of the human mind, it was not surprised that opinions should differ. Detailed disagreements notwithstanding, democratic conceptions of the function of government, mechanistic theories of natural science, and relativistic theories of both art and morals had coalesced into a recognizable type of thinking, and whatever voices were raised against it were definitely voices from the past.

The last few years have seen, on the contrary, the emergence of tendencies which, taken together, seem to represent the beginning of a revolt against this type of thinking. In science a neo-vitalism invents such conceptions as that embodied in the theory of emergents and, seizing upon an anomaly like that which the Quantum Theory presents to the mechanist, attempts to revise our whole conception of nature by regarding what was formerly called "dead" material as something which presents characteristic features of the organism; in politics one may observe a recrudescence of authoritarian theories even apart from such definite practical embodiments of them as Fascism and Bolshevism; and in the theory of criticism there is a revival of interest in "standards" and "impersonality," both of which seemed to have been disposed of for the last time when Anatole France made a football of Brunetière. One cannot read, let us say, A. N. Whitehead on science and T. S. Eliot on criticism without realizing that they both represent, not a continuation from late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century traditions, but a break with them. They are radical in the literal sense of the word because, however they may tend in a direction contrary to that of contemporary "radicalism," their ideas involve a complete revision of the basic assumptions accepted by the "advanced thinkers" of a few decades ago.

This new movement has no single and universally recognized leader; it has only—though the term is unfortunate in view of the fact that the movement might, on its political and artistic side, be called authoritarian—"representative men." And perhaps none of them has been concerned with more of its aspects than Wyndham Lewis has been. A friend of Eliot and of Ezra Pound, he was first known as an ultra-modern painter and critic of art; later he published, some ten years ago, the novel "Tarr," which anticipated "Ulysses" in making a definite break with the socio-romantic traditions of contemporary fiction; and now, within the past year, he has published here the two books at present under consideration—one of which is an extended piece of literary criticism dealing with a particular subject, and the other a general discussion of government in the broadest sense of the word. A rooted opposition to the popularization of art and philosophy is, it may be added, part of the new movement, and Mr. Lewis's books, though written with great force, are difficult reading. They make no concessions to those who have come to expect a journalistic ease even in discussions which concern themselves with weighty abstractions.

In "The Lion and the Fox," subtitled "The Role of the Hero in the Plays of Shakespeare," Mr. Lewis advances a highly interesting conception of Shakespearean tragedy. He considers the crucial conflict of the Elizabethan mental life to have been the conflict between the ideas of feudal Christianity and the new realism of Machiavelli, and he bids us regard Shakespeare as a man who, without Machiavelli's hard, exclusive interest in man as a political animal, was, nevertheless, fully aware of the conflict, and who presents in his chief heroic figures the spectacle of a series of men with whom he greatly sympathizes, but who, because of what Mr. Lewis calls their "Celtic" ideals, go down in defeat before the forces upon which Machiavelli's realistic philosophy is built. Shakespeare, so considered, becomes then a greater and robuster Cervantes, dealing essentially with the same conflict as that with which Cervantes was concerned.

Considered merely as a specific piece of interpretative literary criticism, this theory, as expounded in Mr. Lewis's learned and laborious book, is of considerable interest, but it is even more important when he relates it, as he does, to the whole complex of ideas exposed in the more inclusive statement of his general philosophy, "The Art of Being Ruled." This philosophy, or this world program, is composed of too many interrelated parts to be summarized in a review, but some idea of its nature and temper may be given. Hating science as the influence which has destroyed human values by leading us to regard them under analogies drawn from the world of non-human things, hating democracy because it has established the reign of the inferior man, and hating Nietzsche because he vulgarized the idea of aristocrcy by making every mediocrity claim the privileges of the superman, Mr. Lewis has found a political ideal which is that of a sort of Pax Romana coextensive with the world, and an artistic ideal which is that of a classicism possessing the standards of right reason and order—both of these things to be brought about by an abolition of that amateurism in government and art which democracy has encouraged.

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A criticism of these ideals cannot possibly be made a matter of a few phrases, but whatever one may ultimately think of them, Mr. Lewis has a mind of arresting force. Since he is one of those writers whose whole philosophy and temperament are cast in an unfamiliar mold, there is scarcely a page which can be read without active attention and which does not provoke some active process of acceptance or resistance. No one in the slightest degree interested in the attempt now being made in many quarters to formulate a philosophy radically different from that which has gradually gained almost universal ascendence during the last two hundred years can afford to neglect him. He is one of the most incisive of the neo-radicals whose thought is a continuation from scholasticism rather than from anything which has come in since the Renaissance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

What Was the Question?

Why Religion? By Horace M. Kallen. Boni and Liveright. $3.

THIS is a peculiarly baffling book. It is maddening in its gratuitous obscurities and ambiguous in its aims. Setting out apparently to answer the question Why religion? it leaves at least one reader utterly in the dark as to what questions have been asked, what answers have been given, and what the answers mean. Mr. Kallen has obviously read a good deal about religious practices and ideas and not a little of the now aging "new" psychology. There is any amount of illusory information, scrambled into any amount of pretentious and irrelevant psychological jargon. The range is from sex orgies in primitive religion and matriarchy in primitive society to the organization of the church of Christian Science and the methods of deifying a president in a democratic society. There are the curiously complicated statements of any number of miscellaneous ideas, from the dismissal of the clergy as a guild whose craft is that of manipulating the supernatural to the familiar Jamesian idea that religious belief emerges and becomes important in times of personal and social crisis. There are confused trappings of the latest fashions in psychology. The Œdipus complex and the fear of the Father are disproportionately invoked in the confused and omnivorous story Mr. Kallen gives of the making of the gods. But when it is all over, and it is one of the most fatiguing books this writer has ever read, one is compelled to ask: Why this book on religion? The unpleasant conclusion is inevitable that these are random notes for lectures carelessly exfoliated into a book.

A writer on any of the serious and profound issues of existence certainly does not owe it to anybody, and certainly not to professors of philosophy, to be simple. There is no law compelling him even to be clear. But to judge a book one must be able to detect what it is about. If that cannot be done, after careful efforts by a reader familiar with the literature of the subject, the book already stands judged.

The chapter on The Religious Experience, which ought to be fairly central, is certainly twenty-four pages of the most confusing miscellany available in contemporary philosophy. The net result which may be arrived at after considerable effort is that the religious experience occurs at time of crisis and that it becomes the starting-point for reformation of old cults and the beginning of new ones. But all this one might have found out much more comfortably from James. Mr. Kallen proceeds, very indirectly, to show how the beliefs that arise from the religious experience are "preferences" rather than merely acquiescences. He indicates, also in the most roundabout way, that religious beliefs function as instruments of salvation in perturbed lives or societies. There is a complicated statement of the simple facts concerning tabu, mana, totem, and ritual, facts out of Frazer expounded in language out of nowhere.

It would be foolish to scold a thinker for his verbal mannerisms unless these seriously interfered with the reading and understanding of his book. One might pass over Mr. Kallen's



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grammatical ailments—"To the experimentalist Christianity is a way of life and he proposes to translate the way into the plain and simple language understanded of the times," "Progress is not the same with perfection," and a dozen other mistakes that seem deliberate aspirations to elegance. One could forgive Mr. Kallen a hundred annoying affectations that are half the time simply incompetent English: "Judaists" where he means "Jew," "conventual" where he means "conventional," "formulary" where he means "formula," and such jargon as "omnocompetence," "intercombination," "paramountcy," and "repristination." What one cannot forgive him is the elaborate verbiage in which he dresses up to the point of absurdity trivial ideas or none at all. In Mr. Kallen's diction, "one thing leads to another" becomes "Each fresh development becomes a condition and circumstance for the exfoliation of others." One cannot forgive a "humanist" (as he describes himself in the preface) for publishing a book that save in the titles to its chapters seems to have no plan at all, and, save for the determined reader, no attainable coherence or clarity.

Two or three parts of the book apparently say something new and interesting. It is a pity Mr. Kallen could not have said these things without ruinously interrupting and obfuscating himself. Mr. Kallen has suggestive ideas on the importance of property in the solidification of church doctrine and power. He has something new to say about the eruption of the unpredicted in experience as the essence of the supernatural. At least so far as one can understand. There seems very little point in answering the question Why religion? with riddles. Why bother?

IRWIN EDMAN

Breadless Ireland

The Bible in Ireland. By Asenath Nicholson. Edited with an Introduction by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. The John Day Company. $3.

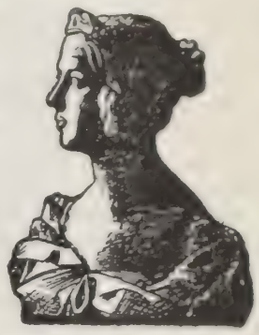
TRAVELING through the length and breadth of Ireland in 1845, a Vermont woman, Asenath Nicholson, observed a state of affairs which should have aroused all the instincts of self-preservation which the country possessed and even forced the thing that called itself a government to take some action. In large tracts of the country it was not possible to get bread. "Not a loaf of bread was in this town, and the Methodist lady where we stopped said there had been none for six weeks." There was another town where "I went from street to street, and almost from door to door, to find a roll of bread and a cup of cocoa. . . . At last I found a few small loaves, took a penny's worth, and left the town to walk to Oranmore, a distance of fourteen miles." There are, of course, other things besides bread which people can live on—meat, meal, potatoes. But in Ireland of that time meat and meal were even rarer than bread. There were only potatoes.

No one in 1845 seemed to reckon on what would happen if potatoes failed in the soil out of which too many potato crops had been taken already. A catastrophe came and a second catastrophe came on top of it, with such heart-rending consequences as we can read of in Carleton's novel "The Black Prophet." But the leaders of public opinion at the time seemed to be making no reckoning. "Three hundred and sixty-five days a year we have the potato," a young peasant said to Mrs. Nicholson. "The blackguard of a Raleigh who brought 'em here entailed a curse upon the laborer that has broke his heart. Because the landlord sees we can live and work hard on 'em he grinds us down in our wages, and then despises us because we are ignorant and ragged." This is the clearest judgment made upon Ireland of the time by any contemporary. If only a few thousand of his kind had felt it they could have saved themselves and their race from irreparable disaster.

The landowners took everything except a boiling of potatoes from the people and spent the greater part of their revenue abroad; the Protestant church by law established took a tenth

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of their crop and stock from the peasantry; but the revolution that was made due by such social injustice was being slacked down. "They feel daily more and more the iron hand that crushes them; and were it not that Father Matthew has sobered them, and O'Connell is enjoining 'Peace, peace,' their forbearance would cease." So Ireland staggered on to the disaster of 1846 and 1847. After that disaster another Ireland came into being: gone was the Ireland that was mainly Gaelic-speaking, with its traditional poetry, stories, and music; gone was the Ireland of Carleton's peasants and Charles Lever's squires. An Ireland mainly English-speaking, shorn of its traditional arts, shorn, too, of its kindliness, its love of diversion, and a certain honesty in dealing, came into being.

Asenath Nicholson told herself that she went over to Ireland to bring the Scriptures into the cabins, but we must believe that what really brought her there was some imaginative emotion—such a passionate and magnanimous curiosity as brought Charles Doughty to the Bedouin tents. "Often when seated at my fireside," she writes, "I have told those most dear to my heart that God would one day allow me to breathe the mountain air of the sea-girt coast of Ireland; to sit in their cabins and there learn what soil has nurtured, what hardships have disciplined a race so patient and so impetuous, so revengeful and so forgiving, so proud and so humble, so obstinate and so docile, so witty and so simple." At last, with hardly any money in her pocket, without any recommendations to the powerful and the influential, she went among the people of Ireland. They shared what they had with her, and she, with a hardiness that seems incredible, subsisted on a scanty and monotonous ration, slept on bare floors, tramped incredible miles along unsheltered places, with the rain and the wind buffeting her. She mentions that the people mistook her "for a holy Saint Brighid." She did not know that according to the most beautiful of Irish traditions Saint Brighid often went through the country, living with the people and suffering with them, blessing them and bringing them peace. More often than she knew, this Vermont woman, with her disinterestedness, her readings of the Gospel stories, her practical kindliness, must have been taken for Saint Brighid as she sat in some poor and simple cabin.

Her book was called originally "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," and its reissue with a changed title is well justified. Let us say at once that it has no episodes such as those which make "The Bible in Spain" so memorable. The writer has nothing of Borrow's dramatic invention. She gives us the experiences of a discerning woman of good judgment and good heart, who writes straightforwardly though by no means prosaically. On every page of her book there is character. And in the last ten chapters, in which she describes her journey through Kerry and Connacht, she is vivid and often eloquent. Can we forget the old man who guided her around that "bay of all bays," Bantry Bay, and whom she subsequently found seated upon a wall eating a piece of bread?

> I asked, "Do you expect to go to heaven?" "No, ma'am, I shall never go to heaven. The poor, ma'am, are great sinners, and must not expect to go there." "The poor will certainly go to heaven, if they repent." He still insisted. "The poor are very wicked, and must not expect to go there. No, no, ma'am, I shall not get there." As he was departing, I said: "John, I shall see you no more, and I beg you to go to Christ and be saved." He paused, resting on his stick; and giving me a piercing glance of despondingbitterness, he shook his head, and answered emphatically: "That can never be for me."

She saw Ireland verging on dissolution, and she noted not so much the misery of the people as the rare virtue still possessed by them—something that was apart from the world and that could help them to form a real nation. It was in the Kerry women whom she looked after.

> I looked after them among the rocks, more with admiration for the moment than with pity; for what hearts, amid splendor and ease, lighter than these? And what



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heads and stomachs, faring sumptuously every day, freer from aches than theirs, with the potato and the sup of milk? This woman who danced before me was more than fifty, and I do not believe that the daughter of Herodias herself was more graceful in her movements, more beautiful in complexion or symmetry than was this dark-haired matron of the mountains of Kerry.

This Bible-vending Vermont woman had the early American passion for freedom and democracy, the reluctance to accept any form of oppression. Seldom did Ireland ever take in a stranger who so deeply sympathized with her, who had such will to understand her. Not knowing Catholic lore and custom, she missed understanding the whole of Ireland. Still, she was never misled. And how generous was her loyalty to what she saw and what she understood. PADRAIC COLUM

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The two outstanding characteristics of James's personages are reproduced with sedulous care. First, Mr. Ford's people are one and all so filthily wealthy that it almost doesn't matter what happens to them. One has really to apply an onion to the eye of one's soul in order to be able to weep over the amorous tragedies of a group of people whose average yearly income is about a quarter of a million. In the second place, the formula James came to England to learn is the basis of this work by his former disciple. All of Mr. Ford's creatures—Edward Ashburnham, the Good Soldier of the title who reminds one of Stephen Leacock's irresistible aristocrat who "drained a dipper of brandy and water and became again the perfect English gentleman"; Leonora, his glacial and efficient wife; Dowell, the simple-minded American narrator with a personality like a walking-stick, and Florence, his coldly sensual wife with her noble ambition to be the great lady of a Wiltshire estate—all of them are dominated by the mystic necessity for preserving what is called "good form." We have already met this Toryism in Mr. Ford's Tietjens; but Tietjens, fortunately, was educated and humanized by a war which was not at all sporting. Here, however, we have a complete set of museum specimens. Nothing could more completely mark the difference between pre-war English society and our own deracinated generation than the importance Mr. Ford's people attach to doing the correct thing and concealing properly all the improper emotions. Like all good Christians they live by a divinely-revealed Book; but it is a Book of Etiquette. The most amateur psychologist might have foreseen that eventually tragedy would visit all of them, almost entirely as a result of this continuous series of repressions. Edward cuts his long English throat, Dowell becomes a sort of professional cuckold for ten years, the young girl Nancy goes mad, and Florence Dowell swallows prussic acid. And all this because they must so complicate their lives by silences, secrecies, and afternoon tea gestures that an explosion is necessary to resolve the tangle.

Even if this apotheosizing of the "cricket" psychology were absent, one other quality in the book would avail to remind

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us of its predominantly historical interest. I speak of the preternatural seriousness with which the subject of adultery is treated. Like many English and would-be-English aristocrats, these people are all sentimentalists. (Edward, for example, in a moment of weakness, weeps for days because two hereditary Van Dycks and some family silver are sold from his estate.) This romanticism is most easily excited by the problem of adultery, the theme on which "The Good Soldier" is based. Hearts break, eyes glaze, hands tremble, long, dreadful silences ensue—and why? Because Florence deceives her calf-like husband by sleeping with the glorious Edward. Because Edward's wife knows it, but must not notice it. Because Florence's husband must never be made aware of it.

Reading this story (sub-titled A Tale of Passion), one becomes conscious of one of two things: either that county-grown English novelists are incurable romantics; or that the entire viewpoint in regard to adultery has undergone a radical transformation, at least in literature, since 1914. A modern civilized writer, if he wishes to retain any reputation for sane judgment and maturity, is forced to acknowledge the almost complete contemporary collapse of the cavalier love ethic; and if he desires to employ the adultery motive, he is forced to return to the only methods which still hold dignity and interest for the modern intelligence. He must treat adultery either farcically, as Molière did; or ironically, as Joyce does. To view it through a medium of romantic emotion, either in the lava-like D'Annunzio manner or in the restrained "English" manner of Mr. Ford, is to invite the attention not of the critical reader but of the antiquarian, the historian of morals, and the necrologist.

On the other hand, "The Good Soldier" is filled with many arresting, almost amazing, qualities. Mr. Ford, for example, employing some peculiar magic of style and viewpoint, has managed to tell a fairly interesting story about a group of almost utterly unintelligent people. Leonora is the only character who seems to be in complete possession of a complete brain; the others swish their riding crops, sit at the county assizes, drink port, invest in consols, and lose a hundred thousand without batting a single English eyelash—all this with the regularity of well-bred robots. It was formerly thought (or should have been) that the place for dull people was in the naturalistic novel of low life; but Henry James and Ford Madox Ford have managed to construct an admirable art-form about these same people in high society. It is a glorious victory.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

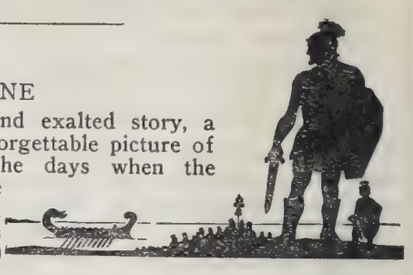
Who Killed Cock Robin?

An Adventure in Constructive Finance. By Carter Glass. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.

THAT ill-fated book "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House" appears to have given great pain to everybody concerned —to the public, which vainly tried to read it; to the publishers, who mistakenly figured on selling a huge edition of it; and last, but by no means least, to Senator Glass, whose sense of justice it outraged because Professor Seymour editorially ascribed credit to the Texas Colonel in connection with the writing of the Federal Reserve Act and the securing of its passage. For Professor Seymour asserts that "the Colonel was the unseen guardian angel of the bill," with much else of like purport; while Senator Glass in reply asseverates that "Professor Seymour's narrative on 'Currency Reform' is a profanation of history," with much, much more, of like and liker tenor. As the Senator's book has already appeared in serial form, newspaper readers will need only to be reminded that in giving major credit for the Federal Reserve Act to President Wilson, the story in its inference, though not in its words, does not withhold a proper meed of praise from the Chairman of the House Committee on Currency and Banking, who in those far-off ante-bellum days was none other than Carter Glass of Virginia.

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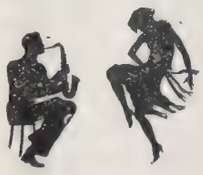
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Somehow the main question at issue does not really seem so dreadfully important. After all, we do have a Federal Reserve system which has effectively centralized our banking reserves and given us an asset currency. The devising of it was a job that required economic knowledge, political ingenuity, and grueling hard work. The Chairman of the House Committee did his full share, and he doesn't propose at this late date to have the credit for the job passed on to Colonel House or Mr. Paul Warburg or Senator Aldrich or any of the other people whose friends claim the glory for them now that the system has shown its worth. No; let the glory go to the dead President, says Mr. Glass. Well, well, it's all natural enough, and the book, judiciously read, tells a deal about the legislative history of the measure. One lays it down with a question in mind: When is a central bank not a central bank? A moment's reflection gives the answer: When it is a Federal Reserve System, and when the people are therefore preserved against the machiavellian machinations of Wall Street. Truly, great is Diana of the Ephesians! But it is a good banking system all the same.

H. R. Mussey

The Days That Never Were

Montmartre, Past and Present. By Jean Émile-Bayard. Translated by Ralph Anningson and Tudor Davies. Illustrated by Lucien M. Gautier. Brentano's. $4.50.

The Latin Quarter, Past and Present. By Jean Émile-Bayard. Translated by Percy Mitchell. Illustrated by G. Lorin and F. A. Cazals. Brentano's. $4.50.

Paris. By Sidney Dark. With drawings by Henry Rushbury. The Macmillan Company. $6.

The Epicure's Guide to France. Volume I. Paris, the Environs of Paris, Normandy. By Curnonsky and Marcel Rouff. Harper and Brothers. $4.

BOHEMIA, as all wise men know, is a state of the mind, not of the map. It exists only in anticipation and retrospection. While hacking our way through we call it poverty, loneliness, lack of recognition, and the devil of a hard time. The classic answer to him who complains "I'm not the man I used to be" is "No, and you never were." And to the young husband who declares "You don't make pies like mother used to make" the modern wife retorts "Neither did she."

Well, does that mean that one can no longer write of *la vie de bohême* without expecting to be laughed out of court? I hope not. For imagination is as real as statistics, and the stuff that dreams are made of is sometimes more solid and lasting than that which goes into elevator apartments and skyscraper offices. An outstanding characteristic of a generation that is trying to be realistic is its passionate reaching after romance. Although we have ceased to believe in our gods as gospel, we cling to them as a beautiful fairy story. It is still lawful to manufacture nectar and ambrosia provided we do not violate the pure-food-and-drugs act by advertising them as cures for consumption and cancer as well as for nostalgia and housemaid's knee.

If Jean Émile-Bayard sees Montmartre and the Latin Quarter through too golden a haze, it is at least comforting to pick up a couple of books by a Frenchman who cares for history and tradition, in contrast to the volumes by smart Americans which concern themselves only with the "gay night life" and a thousand and one asininities which exist chiefly for foreign consumption. The "sacred butte" of Montmartre (not to be confused with the boulevard district just below it) has in recent years been the retreat of French artists in distinction from the colony in the Montparnasse quarter, which is international. Even during the World War I recall that modern apartment houses were pushing upward on the butte, in odd contrast to the old buildings and lanes about them, and since the signing of the peace the demolition has been yet more rapid. Monsieur Émile-Bayard tells of the effort of the artists

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to hold their own, but he says: "The legend that the artist is a Bohemian is dead and buried."

So, too, the post-war Latin Quarter is grown more somber and serious. "The spirit of present-day youth reaches maturity before the due season." This apparently in spite of the craze for athletics—which Monsieur Émile-Bayard finds distasteful. "Formerly brain ruled muscle; now, it is to be feared, the contrary is the case. Youth once grew enthusiastic over thought; now, particularly since the war which made youth very if not wholly practical, it worships champions!" The *grisette* has disappeared. Even a decade ago, when I lived within sound of the bells of the Sorbonne on the Street of Mister-the-Prince, the word had dropped out of current language, while the young lady herself was of doubtful authenticity. And now:

"There remains in the Latin Quarter as a worthy companion for the zealous student only the *étudiante*, the 'studentess.' These are hard times and the spirit of the feminist movement peeps out in women's courageous acceptation of celibacy or of work to lessen the cost of married life. Bernerette, Lorette, Rougette, and Musette now are typewriters, and amid bursts of laughter rap out their 'friend's' thesis for his university degree. He, by the way of thanks, kisses their lips in the old unchanging way."

Sidney Dark writes "a series of personal impressions" of the more permanent as opposed to the effervescent Paris. I find myself in hearty agreement when he says: "I do not think that its people are notable for their courtesy, for I have many times watched elderly gentlemen boarding crowded trains on the 'Metro' with the aid of the points of their umbrellas." Also: "I think I know the French for what they are and not for what admiring ignorance or racial prejudice believe that they are, and on the whole I find them very good."

The authors of the first volume of "The Epicure's Guide to France" spread tantalizing meals in more places than one could eat his way in and out of in years. They also give some mouth-watering recipes. After eating "of all kinds of cooking, from the admirable and learned Chinese cooking to the dreadful thermochemical and doctored food served in the American Palace-Hotels," they are convinced "that one can be fed almost anywhere but that one really eats in France only."

ARTHUR WARNER

The Whole Story of a Great Reformer

John Wyclif: A Study of the Medieval Church. By Herbert B. Workman. Oxford University Press. Two volumes. $12.50.

THE profession of matador calls for skill and courage. But this modern pastime is mere child's play in comparison with the risks incurred by one in medieval times who dared to enter the lists against papal bulls that bore down with inquisitorial fury upon recalcitrant individuals. Even if one survived to die a natural death, there was still the prospect that one's mortal remains might be exhumed half a century later and burned with heretical honors. To a sport-loving age like that of today the story of a reformer such as Wyclif should make a strong appeal. While the specific cause championed by him may no longer excite us, the very persistence and daring of the man give an abiding charm to his career.

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by an account of his political connections. A third topic, naturally treated at greatest length, concerns Wyclif's views on the necessity of ecclesiastical reforms and his personal efforts at their realization. The continuation of his cause by his followers is too briefly treated, but an additional volume is planned on the "Origins of Nonconformity."

A new account of Wyclif's life and work, that would embody the findings of the last half-century of research, was much needed. For this task no one was better fitted than Principal Workman of Westminster College, London. Already he was a foremost English historian of medieval Christianity and he had been devoting himself particularly to the study of Wyclif for a dozen years past. Every page that he writes gives abundant evidence of wide reading both in the original sources and in the modern literature of the subject. But in these days when outlines are popular, and a millennium of culture may get scarcely a hundred pages, will the reading public endure two large volumes on a single historical personage? Probably the author never asked himself this question. His motives were purely scientific. Evidently he aimed to write a comprehensive, well-proportioned, and critically evaluated account that would stand for many years to come as an encyclopedia of authentic information on the subject. This quality gives these volumes their chief claim to esteem.

Timid persons who fear to venture far into a book whose pages sometimes suggest the proverbial thin ice of text over a chilly depth of footnotes may b prematurely dissuaded from attempting to read this new biography of Wyclif. Really, it is interesting even though it is insistently informing. Although dates, proper names, and cryptic citations of authorities bristle on almost every page, there runs throughout the whole narrative a keen human interest and a lively appreciation of those matters that were of vital concern to people in Wyclif's own day. Amid the most forbidding array of statistics there is constantly interwoven some pertinent phrase from Wyclif or his associates that lends to the whole the vividness of real life. Everywhere throughout the story there breathes the spirit of this reformer as expressed in his memorable utterance that "if there were a hundred popes and all the friars were turned into cardinals, in matters of faith their opinions ought not to be believed except in so far as they have their foundation in Scripture."

SHIRLEY JACKSON CASE

The Progress of Roger Fry

Transformations: Critical and Speculative Essays on Art. By Roger Fry. Brentano's. $10.

MR. FRY'S previous book of essays, "Vision and Design," established him as the most influential of the liberal wing of art critics writing in English. The present volume, drawn from six years of subsequent criticism, shows a steady progress toward full perception and balanced appraisal of a wide variety of artistic forms. Touching on subjects as diverse as Chinese bronzes, post-impressionist drawings, the paintings of Sargent and Van Gogh, it adds significance and interest to all of them. No reader with a mind of his own will agree with all of its theories and judgments, certainly, but its author asks for comparison of findings rather than agreement. He raises a host of tantalizing questions and a desire to see more of the things he writes about, which is perhaps the best result that a book of art criticism can achieve. Mr. Fry's discourse is rambling and fragmentary, never thorough or final, but never tiresome, and as free from cheap cleverness as it is from heavy pedantry—both diseases common to critics. He can berate the stupid public and its idols with vigor, and cheer for unheard-of promising youths without forgetting old masters whose reputations he thinks undeservedly clouded. Indefatigable in the quest for new experiences, he is disarmingly modest in admitting past mistakes and present puzzlements.

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horizons than a consistent doctrine, and "Transformations" continues that enlargement. In the former book the essay on Giotto, which had been written twenty years before, was accompanied by a footnote which told of the author's partial disagreement with it after that lapse of time. He no longer believed that the dramatic, story-telling idea in a picture was the essential factor determining its value; "pure form" was the thing, and our reaction to it should be disentangled from our reaction to its implied associated ideas. Accordingly, the later essays in that book tried to estimate various works of art in terms of "pure form," which meant chiefly the design formed by the arrangement of planes and masses in deep space, together with the decorative effect of their lines, lights and shadows over the surface of the picture. Color was barely and infrequently touched on, and great colorists like El Greco, Cézanne, and Renoir were analyzed with little or no reference to the function of color in producing their three-dimensional designs.

In "Transformations" the final essay, on Plastic Color, is devoted entirely to this function, and to an historical sketch of the tendency, culminating in Cézanne, by which color was made an integral part of the expression of solids and spaces. Throughout the book references to color are far more frequent than in its predecessor, even in discussions of inferior colorists like Fra Bartolommeo. What, one wonders, has opened Mr. Fry's eyes to color after all these years? And are they quite open yet? If so, would he credit Rubens and the seventeenth century, rather than the sixteenth-century Venetians, with "the notion of a single all-pervading dominant note of color—the color of the main illumination"? Would he not by now have enlarged his interpretations of El Greco and Renoir?

Mr. Fry's interest is still divided between "pure form" and the dramatic or "psychological" idea, and he admits, in the first essay, an inability to merge the two interests except in the more trivial works of art where neither makes a strong appeal. Hence there is a constant shifting between the two in his discussion, and sometimes his early romantic imagination breaks loose, to carry him far from the picture at hand. For example, one caricature, whose human associations to this reviewer were those of a battered Whitechapel fish-wife, is entitled La Duchesse d'Uzès Douairèire. In it Mr. Fry sees "the sublime self-confidence and indifference to opinion of the descendant of a great aristocratic race with all that these conditions of life have engraved on the pale and faded countenance." But elsewhere he can sum up the aesthetic fundamentals of a whole school of art in a brilliant *aperçu:* Chinese painting "was always conceived as the visible record of a rhythmic gesture. It was the graph of a dance executed by the hand."

One might go on, if captious, to question many of Mr. Fry's particular judgments: his analysis of Seurat's Poseuses (now in this country) or his rather wandering attempt to answer I. A. Richards's charge that he separates unduly the aesthetic from other activities. But that would be to give a false impression of his genuine importance as an intelligent, open-minded critic, far ahead of his generation. As Mr. Fry himself says (in dealing gently with the sculptor Epstein), "the Philistines are upon us, and we have to close up our ranks."

THOMAS MUNRO

Dream and Reality

Rhapsody. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Otto P. Schinnerer. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

ALTHOUGH the past few years have seen the publication in America of a number of Schnitzler's novelettes and stories, these translations, with possibly the single exception of "Fräulein Else," represent the great Austrian's pre-war period. "Rhapsody" is unmistakably of today. In the form of this brief novel Schnitzler eschews the broken rhythm and staccato style which made "Fräulein Else" seem so expres-

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sionistic; but in its subject matter he is engrossed more than in any previous novel with the discoveries of modern psychology. Though Schnitzler was a prober into the subconscious many years before psychoanalysis became the current rage, he is not even now ready to interpret all life by its teachings. Where after all is reality—in the ordered circumstances of our daily lives, in our actions when we are caught in the spell of an exceptional moment, or in our dreams? This is the question he poses in "Rhapsody"—and like a true artist leaves unanswered.

Fridolin and Albertina are a happy, rather humdrum married couple. On an evening toward the end of the carnival season in Vienna Fridolin, summoned to the bedside of a dying patient, goes forth to a series of erotic adventures which culminate when, intruding masked upon a mysterious orgy, he is saved by a beautiful unknown from discovery and certain punishment. When he returns home Albertina in a burst of frankness recounts to him some lascivious adventures she has had in a dream—adventures which, Fridolin decides, reveal her secret treachery and cruelty. The following night Fridolin, seeking his beautiful unknown, finds a body in the hospital morgue that might or might not have been the enchantress of the secret revels; the body now seems to him a symbol of the preceding night, "a pale corpse doomed to irrevocable decay." Once more he returns to Albertina, Albertina who though she has discovered that her husband, contrary to their mutual promise of frankness, had lied to her the previous night is as ever generous and forgiving.

In "Beatrice," the story of a mother who commits suicide when her son discovers her amour with one of his school friends, Schnitzler presented a situation that was unsavory because it was not adequately motivated. In "Rhapsody," where the scene shifts from a domestic hearth to the room of a diseased girl of the streets and then to a house where libertines of the nobility dance with naked courtesans, one is not repelled because there are no false notes. By the use of the most trifling incidents in the previous history—subjective and objective—of Fridolin and Albertina, Schnitzler prepares for all that occurs.

To assume that the experiences of Fridolin on his night of fantastic adventures were dreams in the conventional sense of the word is to miss the point of the novel. "No dream is entirely a dream" and "the reality of one night, let alone that of a whole lifetime, is not the whole truth." Thus, through his two protagonists, Schnitzler at the very end of "Rhapsody" reiterates his theme. Related to that theme is the underlying idea that though most of our conscious seekings end in frustration, happiness flowers for the seeker in unexpected ways. Together theme and "counter-subject" make of "Rhapsody," for all its brevity and unpretentiousness of scope, a fine fughetto of modern life.

RUTH SAPIN

Books in Brief

The Need for Eugenic Reform. By Leonard Darwin. D. Appleton and Company. $4.

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Drama

Revolutions to Order

HOW to start a war with Mexico is the subject discussed in the rousing new melodrama "Spread Eagle" (Martin Beck Theater) which two newspapermen have written and to which George Abbott, its director, has contributed his sure theatrical touch. Were it not for its theme the play would hardly be notable outside the chronicles of the commercialized stage, for from the standpoint of form and expression it is no more than an unusually efficient, highly polished, and well-oiled thriller with a regulation Mexican bandit and a regulation assault upon a lonely mining shack guaranteed to raise the hair upon any gallery god's head, but it involves an inversion of the usual assumptions of the popular play which renders it not less than epoch-making in the history of modern melodrama. For once the gallant soldiers of the good old U. S. A. are not avenging heroes but plain boobs enthusiastically engaged in doing the dirty work for cautious patriots with a bank roll to save, and for once the arch-villain is not a treacherous foreigner but a high-powered American business man with a mahogany desk, an urge for profits, and an impenetrable smoke-screen of lofty ideals.

According to the story the president of the Spread Eagle Mining Company has just financed a Mexican bandit leader in the hope that the latter will stir up enough trouble to bring about an intervention, when his daughter introduces to him a young man looking for a job who happens to be the son of an ex-President of the United States. It occurs to the financier that if this young man should get himself killed he would thereby do more to arouse public sentiment than any one otherwise could, and accordingly he sends him to a nice, dangerous post just in the path of the forthcoming revolution. He is indeed killed according to the plan (or rather he is thought to have been) and then when the intervention has got well under way the financier—having patriotically enlisted himself as a dollar-a-year man—journeys down to the border in a private car in order to see the show.

Now, both the director and the authors of the piece are first-rate and up-to-date showmen. They know exactly the kind of effects which a Broadway audience demands, and they have catered to this audience in various ways, for they have sprinkled the play with a goodly number of wise-cracks in the current style, and when the last act showed signs of fraying out they brought the curtain down upon a fine piece of hokum. They have, nevertheless, managed most of their business—including especially the bits intended to give the audience the sense of bustle and tension of the mobilization—with unusual address, and the irony is not only smashingly effective but conveyed in terms calculated to inspire even the man in the street with thoughts which would have sent him to Leavenworth for a good long time if he had been so incautious as to express them a few years ago.

Moreover, all this is, be it remembered, not a story printed in the *New Masses*, the *American Mercury*, *The Nation*, or any of the other dangerous periodicals subsidized by Russian gold for the work of destroying American ideals and preparing for the nationalization of women. Neither is it a play written for production before a specialized audience in some corner known only to the intelligentsia. It is, on the contrary, a strictly popular melodrama, presented in a Broadway theater, designed to attract the man in the street, and so managed as to be as sure as any play ever is actually to attract him. Nothing could illustrate more clearly than the possibility of such a play illustrates the enormous strides which disillusion has made in the popular mind. The play is, indeed, because of its strictly popular character, a more legitimate cause for alarm on the part of the hundred-percenters than any number of highbrow journals and highbrow plays, for when even melodrama repre-

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sents patriotism as bunk then patriotism is in a very bad way indeed. No censor responsible either to political superiors or to the organized busybodies who appoint themselves the guardians of national opinion could possibly allow such a play to remain open a week even if (as is extremely unlikely) he ever allowed it to get on at all, but fortunately there is as yet no law under which "Spread Eagle" could be prevented and it will probably continue for a long time to come to furnish excellent entertainment and very effective propaganda.

Only the most inveterate of Barrie's admirers consider "The Legend of Leonora," which Grace George has just revived at the Ritz Theater, a good play. To me its fantastic story of the charming mother who pushed a man off a railway train because her little girl had a cold and he would not shut the window is, despite some flashes of humor, merely the most nearly insane of the fantasies by means of which its author has revealed his infantile fixations. In "Fog Bound" (Belmont Theater) Nance O'Neil struggles with a lugubrious and unexciting emotional drama.

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JAMES RAMSAY MacDONALD is welcome in America. The only regret one can have in connection with his visit is that it will last only eleven days instead of eleven months. If he could give us a year of speaking, it would be of tremendous benefit to the people of the United States. They need to see for themselves what a great Socialist looks like and how he talks and acts, for there are still multitudes in this country who look upon all Socialists as desperate anarchists; they refuse to differentiate between them. The fact that Mr. MacDonald has held the highest office in England, and may well hold it again, would give him a hearing such as no American of his political views could obtain. Meanwhile, the trend of English public opinion to the Labor Party continues, despite the fact that the Liberals have recently won two by-elections. But Mr. MacDonald's problems of leadership increase rather than decrease. The secession of Mr. Wheatley from the Opposition Bench to a rear seat in defiance of the long-established tradition that an ex-Minister shall sit on the Opposition Front Bench emphasizes the growing friction between the right and left wings of the Labor Party and cannot but weaken the solidarity of the party in its next electoral campaign. Indeed this growing cleavage may encourage the Conservatives in the plan advocated by some of the die-hards to go to the country next fall and see if there is not one Conservative victory left in the bolshevist bogy and the question of the Government's policy in China. The most ardent critics of Ramsay MacDonald, it must be added, have the most extraordinary difficulty in suggesting anyone who has the stature and vigor requisite for filling his place as leader.

GOVERNOR SMITH has met, promptly and straightforward fashion, the challenge which Charles C. Marshall offered him in the April *Atlantic Monthly*. His letter in the May number is a frank and persuasive declaration of personal religious faith, joined to an emphatic repudiation of the implied charge that loyalty to the Roman Catholic church has ever been regarded by him as inconsistent with loyalty to the Constitution and laws of the United States. His own record, he has a right to say, is his chief answer. Governor Smith is no theologian, and when it comes to interpreting papal encyclicals and other theological statements he wisely falls back upon the doctors and ecclesiastical officials, who are familiar with such matters. What will count most with the average American, however, is the admirable paragraph in which the Governor summarizes his creed. He is a Roman Catholic, but he recognizes no power in the church to interfere with the operation of the Constitution or the enforcement of the laws. He stands for complete freedom of conscience and the absolute separation of church and state. The decisions of ecclesiastical tribunals have force for communicants alone, and the public school and the church school have a right to exist side by side.

THE EFFECT OF GOVERNOR SMITH'S DECLARATION will undoubtedly be great. By the twenty million Roman Catholics in this country the article in the *Atlantic* will of course be regarded as a complete refutation of the charges of political insincerity which have long been made against them and their church. It will also, in all probability, be accepted as final by all others, of whatever faith, who do not desire to keep a religious controversy stirring in national politics. That it will overcome crass ignorance or bigoted prejudice is, of course, too much to expect. But as a political argument the Governor's statement will certainly advance his claims to a Presidential nomination; if for no other reason than the necessity which some of his political opponents will now be under of insisting that, on the religious issue, he has not told the truth, and a charge of untruthfulness on any matter is an extremely difficult one to lodge against Governor Smith. If the *Atlantic* articles have not wholly dispelled a controversy, they have done much to clear the air, and now that the religious issue has been squarely met the clearer the positions of all candidates—and near-candidates—can be made on more important issues, the better.

TWO EVENTS give fresh hope that the feeling against Germans and Germany, which still lingers among certain benighted people who have not yet recovered from the war-time propaganda and lying, is gradually yielding to better sense and better taste. Thus, the American Chemical Society has reelected as honorary members two of the greatest chemists of our age, Wilhelm Ostwald and Walter Nernst, whose names were dropped by the society after we

went into the war. A third, Richard Willstätter of Munich, whom the society recognizes as being the greatest organic chemist in the world, has been added to the roll of honorary membership. It is to be hoped that an apology went with the notice of these elections; it still seems incredible that great American scholars and students and scientists such as compose this society could have been guilty of such pettiness of spirit, even in the hysteria of war. At the same time the arrival of the new Hamburg American liner, the New York, in the metropolis was made the occasion for unusual courtesies by the Mayor of New York and his wife, who named the vessel when it was launched. All the way up the river the ships of all nationalities in the harbor gave the new craft a royal welcome—a pleasant reminder that the passions of the submarine war are forgotten by seafaring men.

SENATOR GEORGE W. NORRIS was one of the Senators who voted against our going into the war with Germany. He is today the only survivor of that group. Stone of Missouri, La Follette of Wisconsin, Lane of Oregon, and Gronna of North Dakota are dead, and Vardaman of Mississippi is in retirement. A correspondent asked Mr. Norris the other day if, after ten years, he regretted having voted against the war. "No," he replied, "I never have. I would vote today precisely as I voted ten years ago today." And then he spoke as follows:

> The real heritage of the war is to be found here at home. It was here that the soul of America was to have been purified. The millions of our youth who went into that orgy of murder were promised a new and better order of things. For the thousands of our young men killed and maimed, for our billions spent, for the countless millions of heartaches, we have what? We have political corruption such as was never dreamed of before, we have a new crop of millionaires such as the world has never before witnessed, we have a crime wave that staggers the imagination of the world, we have gigantic, war-grown combinations of trade and money that are squeezing billions annually out of the people who "gave till it hurt," and they are doing it under the fawning and paternalistic eye of the government. We have a national avariciousness, and sense of grab, grab, grab, that cannot be eradicated from the national consciousness for generations to come. This we have. Why? Because the war did what a few of us believed it would do—it stupefied and paralyzed the moral consciousness of the American people as nothing else could have done, and because it was a war of gigantic commercial interests from beginning to end.

Who can deny the truth of this?

THE RETIREMENT of General E. H. Crowder as Ambassador to Cuba takes from that sphere of action a man who more nearly than any other American has approached in skill and knowledge the proconsuls which England has been for generations dispatching to India and Africa. His function in Cuba has been far more than a diplomatic one; it has borne a real resemblance to the position of the British commissioners to Egypt, for, thanks to the Platt Amendment, General Crowder had a big club to flourish whenever he gave advice to the Cuban President. His long association with the Wood Government in Cuba gave General Crowder a background of Cuban history since 1898 such as is hardly possessed by any other living American. To the development of Cuba he has personally contributed not a little but more and more his task has been to smooth the path of American economic empire. His ability has been beyond question—witness his skill in drawing up and working out the draft law of 1917, which will forever remain a blot upon the American tradition. If he was ruthless then, it is only fair to say that he has kept the mailed fist more under cover in Cuba. The man who takes his place will find it difficult, indeed, to offer anything in exchange for the knowledge and understanding of the Cuban people which has distinguished this general turned diplomat.

THE NEW YORK *TIMES*, in its issue of Friday, April 15, attacked *The Nation* because it believed the statement in the Shanghai dispatch printed in our issue of April 13, as to the circumstances of the death of Dr. J. E. Williams in Nanking, had been proved erroneous. We cannot blame the paper whose biased and inaccurate dispatches from China have roused such widespread protest for seeking to establish a *tu quoque* against us. But we would point out to the *Times* and to our readers that the statement to which the *Times* objects was printed in quotation marks as the testimony of a responsible American writer, known in Shanghai and New York, after inquiry as to his record and reputation, regarding what he had learned in Nanking. When other Americans denied Mr. Kennedy's report we at once printed their denials in even fuller detail, and cabled to Shanghai for confirmation of his story. We are not prepared to follow the New York *Times* in assuming that when a conflict of testimony exists the anti-Chinese side must be right. As Americans, we naturally hope that Mr. Kennedy's report that Dr. Williams was armed was false. No man or paper is infallible; we should not criticize the *Times* if its Shanghai correspondent merely made an occasional slip. But the New York *Times* dropped an able correspondent of proved ability to judge the Chinese chaos accurately; it replaced him by a man who for years had been an adviser of the Japanese Government, and who had made clear at the Baltimore Conference in 1925 that he thought the only trouble with China was the Chinese. From this correspondent it has been getting not only ridiculously inaccurate prophecies, but continuously hostile, bitter, and biased reporting of the events in the disturbed territory of China.

BETWEEN THE LINES of the cabled dispatches one can only guess what is happening to the Nationalist Party in China. The correspondents in Shanghai cannot tell; probably the Nationalists themselves do not know. Chiang Kai-shek seems to have succumbed to the human ambition for personal power; and merchants, foreign and Chinese, in Shanghai, are only too ready to finance an old-fashioned militarist against such labor groups as Mr. Godwin describes elsewhere in this issue. At Hankow, meanwhile, where forty-two foreign warships point their guns against the capital of the Nationalist Party, tension is naturally acute. The foreign gunboat policy may unite China in a new wave of desperate bitterness, or it may merely aid in producing disillusionment and chaos.

THE FABULOUS GROWTH OF THE TABLOID newspapers in New York City continues. Thus, the *Daily News* has added 147,000 daily readers during the period from April 1, 1926, to April 1, 1927; the *Mirror* 95,000, and the *Graphic* 193,000. The average net paid circulation of

the *Daily News* is actually 1,145,481. The *Times* and *World* have shown substantial gains and the *Herald Tribune* a small one. For a time it looked as if the development of the typographically conservative newspapers had been entirely stopped. Indubitably, court scandals helped to boost the circulation figures of the tabloids. Also, these happenings enabled them to touch the low-water mark of sensational journalism in America. Meanwhile, except in the case of the *Daily News*, the question of financial success for these papers remains unsolved. They cannot begin to print advertising to the extent possible in the old-fashioned type of newspapers. In the case of one of these publications it is interesting to note that various large advertisers have finally concluded that they do not wish to aid in supporting a publication which has aroused so much public protest. This is one way of making life more difficult for purveyors of human slops; we should like to see a buyers' strike as well.

"AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY" is the latest book to be pronounced obscene by the District Attorney of Boston in his attempt to sterilize Boston literature. Extracts from the book, thought objectionable by two Boston police officers, were submitted to Judge Murray in that city in a case brought by Boni and Liveright to test Boston's book-banning campaign. The judge said he could find nothing obscene in the passages cited; unfortunately the policemen had not read the book from cover to cover and had therefore no further evidence to present. Both policemen, however, denied that their own morals had been corrupted by the passages they had read. The judge is reported to be at work on the two volumes. We shall soon know whether or not he comes out of the ordeal unscathed. Boni and Liveright is thus far the only publishing firm to protest, though a dozen books have been interdicted. Harcourt, Brace and Co., publishers of "Elmer Gantry," also forbidden to Boston readers, have done nothing. "Perhaps the matter is primarily the concern of the people of Boston," a telegram from that firm announces. It is heartening to read the protest signed among others by Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Alfred R. McIntyre, of Little, Brown & Co.:

> As citizens concerned with public decency and the maintenance of public sanity, as publishers associated . . . with books and magazines of honorable reputation, we wish publicly and seriously to protest against the high-handed, erratic, and ill-advised interference of certain public officials with the sale and distribution of books, many of them of recognized standing and freely sold elsewhere throughout the United States.

THE MASSACHUSETTS STATUTE forbidding the sale of "obscene and indecent literature" is capable of broad interpretation, and therein lies its danger. For years the booksellers have sent copies of doubtful books to the District Attorney's office for inspection; if the District Attorney or one of his associates could read the book without being seized with a desire to commit adultery or otherwise disgrace his high office, the book was pronounced pure and fit for general consumption. This amiable arrangement is to be continued no longer. District Attorney Foley has announced that his office is not a censorship bureau and that hereafter booksellers must interpret the statute for themselves and not bother him. At the same time he has threatened offending booksellers with jail sentences instead of fines for infraction of the law. One hardly knows what the result will be. Perhaps the courageous action taken by Boni and Liveright will bring about a repeal or amendment of the statute; perhaps the list of possibly obscene books will grow and grow until it includes all the volumes in the shop. Perhaps, being forbidden all other literature, the citizens of Boston will read the minutes of the Sacco-Vanzetti trial. That might result in justice in one quarter at any rate.

E. W. HOWE is not only the Sage of Potato Hill, Kansas, and one of the best prose writers in America; he is the occasion of a dinner soon to be given at the Hotel Biltmore in New York. One hundred and twenty persons will pay ten dollars apiece to sit in the same room with the author of "The Story of a Country Town" and the editor of *E. W. Howe's Monthly* while Irvin Cobb presides. Undoubtedly the editor rather than the novelist will be feted, and by the same token the champion of business rather than the artist of the sardonic phrase will be acclaimed by Bruce Barton, Bernard M. Baruch, and other members of the dinner committee. Mr. Howe's special merit is that of possessing a terribly simple pen which obeys a ruthlessly plain and cynical mind. If the business man only knew it, Mr. Howe—who does not know it either—destroys him along with most other men by attributing to him qualities which he cannot possibly have. The business man does not know it, and so he gives his champion, who argues that the *Saturday Evening Post* must be a good magazine because it is a rich one, a ten-dollar dinner. There are many such anomalies in Mr. Howe's career. One other just now is that his daughter, Mrs. Mateel Howe Farnham, has won a $10,000 prize with a novel called "Rebellion," and that the newspapers call the book "an up-to-date version of 'The Story of a Country Town.'" There is a sense in which Mr. Howe still is and always will be a rebel. But his worshipers seem not to know it.

MOST OF THE NEW YORKERS who were not at *The Nation* dinner on April 12 seem to have been within seeing distance of the great fire which stripped the top ten stories of the new Sherry-Netherlands Hotel of their wooden scaffolding. It was a lovely spectacle, and it may become a Manhattan legend—these white flames wrapping the graceful head of a forty-story skyscraper while 700 policemen fought the crowd away below and innumerable firemen swarmed the roofs of adjacent buildings to play water on the timbers as they blazed, broke loose, fluttered like feathers, and fell. It was a wonder that blocks of residences and clubs to the northeast did not go. None went; only two firemen out of all those exposed to the rain of thirty-foot embers were injured; and passers-by the next day reported the hotel itself as looking quite clean and whole. The wonder of wonders was the silent beauty of the thing. The closer spectators heard spitting and crackling in that high, hot place; most citizens, however, looked on as at a torch planted suddenly in the midst of the city—a torch so vast and tall that no sound could come down from it to say why the thing was there or what it intended to do. The fire, by and large, did nothing except give several hundred thousand persons a thrill. That it did no more may be explained, no doubt, on several technical grounds—fireproof construction, the very height of the building, and the skill of the fire department. But there may have been another reason; the flames may have had their own personal business to attend to up there, and may never have intended to descend even to Fifth Avenue.

The Tree Man

IN the thick shade of the forest it is impossible to tell which trees have crowns that tower above their surroundings. They are not always those with the most impressive trunks or the most conspicuous foliage. So, perhaps, it is not surprising that the death of Charles Sprague Sargent passed almost unnoted by a public that is excited by a Snyder trial, the death of a Valentino, or the coma of a bath-tub impresario.

But Professor Sargent is not in danger of being forgotten. The hundreds of thousands who each year visit America's greatest garden, the Arnold Arboretum in Boston, will remember him. It is his life work, and it is enduring—unless a soulless generation should cut off its water supply, pour soot upon it, trample its grassy walks, and neglect it as New York City neglects its Central Park. There are still trees there which were saplings in the days of the Boston Tea Party; and there are saplings there today of species which, in the Sierras and the Himalayas, become forest giants. What they can do in cold New England will not be known for another century or two—and it was only half a century ago that the City of Boston leased the Arboretum to Harvard University for a thousand years, upon the pledge, first given to the trustees of the estate of Benjamin Arnold of New Bedford, to grow there, so far as possible, every tree or shrub able to endure the climate of Massachusetts. Six thousand species grow in it today. Sargent's emissaries scoured Sakhalin and Formosa, Tibet and West China, the Himalayas and the snow-clad peaks of Equatorial Africa, Europe and the two Americas, the Caucasus and the Barbary Coast in his lifetime, but still he was not satisfied. There were regions yet unsearched. "Harvard College," he wrote a few years ago, "will not have fulfilled its agreement with the Arnold Trustees until it has caused to be explored, through the Arboretum, the forests which cover the ranges of the Altai Mountains, the southern boundary of Central Siberia, and the great interior region south of those mountains."

He gave his life to trees. For fifty-five years, beginning when the Arboretum was only an idea in his own and a few other brains, he served as its director. He found himself, as he once said, with a worn-out New England farm, "nearly ruined by excessive pasturage, to be developed into a scientific garden with less than $3,000 a year available for the purpose. . . . The prospect . . . would not have been encouraging if the men interested in it had had at that time as much knowledge as hope and enthusiasm." He never retired; until two weeks before his death he continued his daily visits to the Arboretum.

In the movement for conservation of forest resources he played a part, but his main interests were remote from the hurly-burly of politics. Indeed, when in 1880 the Chamber of Commerce of St. Paul sent out letters asking support for its project of granting public lands for schools of forestry Sargent characteristically, but impoliticly, replied that it would be of no use; there were no men in the United States qualified to teach forestry, and there would be no students because there was no demand for trained foresters. In connection with the 1880 census he made for the Government a census of its forest wealth, one product of which is the unique Jesup Collection of North American Woods in the American Museum of Natural History of New York City. Out of that experience also grew the intimate knowledge of American trees which reaches the larger public in his handbooks and manuals, and the elite in the fourteen magnificent volumes of his "Silva of North America," a cyclopedia of the trees of a continent.

Books perish; trees endure, and from their seeds new trees grow. Mr. Sargent was characterized by the American Genetic Association as "easily the outstanding leader in the world of plant introduction." Since Chang Kien brought the grape and alfalfa and, according to tradition, the walnut from Persia to China in the second century before Christ no man, perhaps, has done so much to mix the floras of the earth. It began in 1878, when a former president of the Massachusetts College of Agriculture sent Sargent the first seeds to reach America of the now familiar tree lilac and climbing hydrangea. Four years later a Russian doctor who had heard of Sargent's plans sent him seeds of North China trees. In 1892 he himself went to Japan, and found there trees of which the Japanese themselves were unaware. In later years his colleague, E. H. Wilson, traveled to the Far West of China, seeking specimens for the Arboretum. A thousand species of plants grow in the Arboretum today which had never before seen America; scores of the hybrids and the immigrant shrubs and trees most familiar to modern gardeners are products of Sargent's earlier years—the Japanese yew, the evergreen bittersweet, the universal Japanese clematis, and the tinted Thunberg's barberry among them. When others had declared the Cedar of Lebanon impossible in New England winters, he found a sturdier stock in the Taurus Mountains.

Systematic scientific work lay unseen behind Sargent's achievements. His was not the brilliant improvisation of a Burbank. The trees in the Arboretum are not only labeled for the public; behind each label lies a number, and behind that a card catalog record. In solving the mysteries of the perplexing genus of hawthorns—1,056 species of which have been distinguished, 672 by Sargent alone—he raised 200,000 hawthorn plants from more than 4,400 lots of seeds gathered from all over the world.

These things are Greek to the general public. The library, the herbarium—unrivaled for woody plants—mean little to the people of Boston. But they flock to see the magnolias, the cherries, the crabapples, the lilacs, azaleas, rhododendrons, hawthorns. "Lilac Sunday" is as definitely a part of the Boston calendar as Easter. There is not another city park in the world with such steep cliffs clad with dark hemlocks as the Arboretum's Hemlock Hill; Japan itself has few finer vistas of cherry blossoms, beginning with the little Higanzakura, whose petals open pink but fall white, continuing with the dwarf Fuji and the noble Sargent cherry, with blossoms an inch and a half across, running riot for three glorious weeks. Imagine a hillside with a hundred and ninety varieties of lilacs, and azaleas blooming from Mayday into July! It is a glorious park; the city's newspapers know it and tell the people, and all Boston—Yankee, Irish, Jewish, and Italian—walks, drives, or trolleys to see it in flower. Surely it is not within the imagination of man to conceive a more splendid memorial. Charles Sprague Sargent made it.

How Rich Are You?

THE United States has been growing prodigiously rich since the hard times of 1921. The pocket-book of the American people bulges larger by a third than half a dozen years ago, while merely in the three years from 1922 to 1925 the national wealth leaped upward by a tenth. We gather these facts from information just made public in several different quarters. The National Bureau of Economic Research, in preliminary estimates based on recent studies, places the current income of the American people at $89,682,000,000 in 1926, against $62,736,000,000 in 1921. Distributed among the 44,600,000 persons gainfully employed, the average income last year was $2,010, compared with $1,537 five years previous, a gain of 31 per cent. Nor was this a fictitious advance coupled with higher price level, as was most of the gain during and just after the World War. Prices actually fell slightly between 1921 and 1926, so that in purchasing power the increase was somewhat more than 31 per cent. The figures in regard to the 10 per cent jump in national wealth in three years come from an inquiry by the National Industrial Conference Board, which places the amount at $355,000,000,000 in 1925, against the census estimate of $320,000,000,000 in 1922. These amounts are based on physical wealth only, excluding credits and currency.

Fine! These figures will be tasty mouthfuls for politicians, employers, and others bent on making people believe that they were never so well off before. But is it true? It might be pointed out with benefit that material wealth is no index of happiness, or that in our present crowded and complicated existence it takes more material wealth than formerly to maintain an equivalent degree of comfort and health. But the figures of increased income are open to a more direct attack. The important question is not, How rich is America? It is, How rich are *you?* An increase in average income is of no advantage to the average man unless he gets his share. Indeed, it is a detriment, for it leaves him relatively less well off than before. There is unimpeachable statistical evidence that the average man has not got anything like his share of the amazing increase in wealth that has taken place in the last half a dozen years. It has gone in overwhelming proportion to the groups that were already dripping with fat.

It was different in the roaring industrial years from the beginning of the World War until the tire burst in 1920. The increase then in national income—chiefly offset by higher cost of living—was not confined to the well-to-do. In general, small-salaried persons and probably most kinds of unorganized labor suffered, but workers in the unionized trades came out of the catch-as-catch-can struggle with about the same proportion of the prize-money as they had managed to acquire at the outset. Taking again the figures of the National Bureau of Economic Research, we find that, in 1914, the average income of the 44,600,000 persons gainfully employed was $836. By 1920 it had reached a temporary peak (not attained again for five years) of $1,851, a gain of 102 per cent. During the same period the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates that the average rate per hour of the pay in organized trades throughout the country increased by 95 per cent—somewhat less than the average income. The actual earnings of factory workers in the State of New York advanced from an average of $12.48 per week in 1914 to $28.15 in 1920, an increase of 125 per cent—considerably more than the average income. But although organized labor about held its own in the gain in national income between 1914 and 1920, that increase was not real. It was almost completely wiped out by the higher cost of living. In actual purchasing power, the National Bureau of Economic Research estimates that the increase in national income amounted to somewhat less than 10 per cent.

On the other hand, the gain of nearly a third in average income from 1921 to 1926, inclusive, was pure velvet—and a little better. Did labor, organized or otherwise, get its proportion? It did not. It failed to share even approximately in this astounding increase. The average rate per hour in unionized trades throughout the country advanced only 22 per cent, while the actual earnings of factory workers in the State of New York rose from $25.72 in 1921 to $29.02 in 1926, less than 12 per cent.

To whom did the money go? Information in regard to federal income taxes just made public in Washington suggests the answer. For 1925—the last year tabulated—207 persons reported an income of more than a million dollars each, almost treble the seventy-five taxpayers who scheduled such amounts in 1924. The only other year approaching such a condition was 1916, the pinnacle of the war profits, when 206 persons reported incomes of over a million dollars. In 1921, the first year of the period studied by the National Bureau of Economic Research, only twenty-one persons reported incomes in excess of a million dollars. But even more striking than the return in regard to million-dollar incomes is the fact that there was an increase in 1925 over 1924 of all net incomes in excess of $5,000—the percentage rising constantly with the size of the amount. Net incomes in excess of $5,000 increased by 16½ per cent, in excess of $25,000 by 31½ per cent, in excess of $100,000 by 88 per cent, in excess of $300,000 by 104 per cent, and in excess of $1,000,000 by 179 per cent.

If we think back, we will recall that the greatest market in the history of Wall Street began to bubble late in 1924 and boiled furiously throughout 1925. It has been boiling pretty continuously ever since. Securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange increased in market value in 1925 by $4,907,270,138, an amount equivalent to more than half of the world's total gold supply. Taking into account securities of all sorts, it is estimated that the gain amounted to a round seven billions. In other words, the greater part of the tremendous industrial wealth created in the United States since the beginning of the World War has been carried forward and capitalized in recent years in higher values of stocks and bonds; it is going in a proportion and in an amount never before approached to those who are already well off. We are building a new inequality of wealth beside which the old was almost a Utopian parity. To speak of increase in "average income" is a tragic jest, because the average man is not sharing in it.

In pointing out these facts are we, as some will charge, fomenting discontent with the present industrial order? Are we arraying the dispossessed against their dispossessors?

Well, we hope so.

Nanking—Serajevo

WHAT are we in for in China?

On April 11 the American, British, French, Japanese, and Italian consuls at Hankow and at Shanghai presented "identic" notes to the Chinese Nationalists. "For the prompt settlement of the situation created by the outrages" at Nanking the Powers demanded:

> 1. Adequate punishment of the commanders of the troops responsible for the murders, personal injuries, and indignities and material damage done, as also of all persons found to be implicated;
>
> 2. Apology in writing by the commander-in-chief of the Nationalist army, including an express written undertaking to refrain from all forms of violence and agitation against foreign lives and property;
>
> 3. Complete reparation for personal injuries and material damage done.

To these demands was appended the ultimatum:

> Unless the Nationalist authorities demonstrate to the satisfaction of the interested governments their intention to comply promptly with these terms the said governments will find themselves compelled to take such measures as they consider appropriate.

Eugene Chen, the Nationalist Foreign Minister, replied on April 14. He stated that the Nationalist Government was prepared to make good all damage done to the consulates. For personal injuries it was "prepared to make all reasonable and necessary reparation except in cases where it can be definitely proven that the same were caused by the British and American naval bombardment on March 24, or by Northern rebels and agents provocateurs." Punishment of the commander or of individuals, he said, assumed that the Nationalists were guilty of the March 24 outrages, and he proposed that " the question of punishment should await the findings of a government inquiry now in progress, or of an international commission of inquiry to be instituted immediately by the United States and the Nationalist Government." Mr. Chen added that

> As the laws of nations and the recognized practices of civilized states prohibit the bombardment of cities on the territory of friendly states the Nationalist Government proposes a commission of inquiry also to investigate the circumstances of the bombardment of the unfortified city of Nanking by naval forces of the United States.

Any written apology would, of course, also await the result of the investigation; but Mr. Chen stated formally that "the protection of foreign lives and property repeatedly has been declared a settled policy of the Nationalist Government." He repeated the pledge, adding that only a change in the treaties would remove the causes of the trouble.

Only Great Britain and the United States, of course, were asked to join in the inquiry into the circumstances of their bombardment of Nanking, but substantially similar notes were sent to the other Powers. No self-respecting government could well go further in accepting the Powers' demands, but already the dispatches from China indicate that the reply is "inacceptable," and the foreign Powers are conferring upon what "measures" they shall "consider appropriate." Some hint is given by the fact that 42 foreign warships have been concentrated at Hankow, seat of Eugene Chen's Government.

Is it the old story—Serajevo, the ultimatum, the world-war madness all over again?

The Sense of Joy

GEORGE MOORE once complained against the disposition of readers to insist that an author have a sense of humor, and to deny him that quality if he happened to be the kind of author who does not crack jokes. The sense of humor, said Mr. Moore, can be present in the form of a presiding spirit which makes in general for intelligence and illumination, which never ceases to remind both the writer and the reader of that twofold aspect of all things whereby they can seem in a flash either tragic or comic, either lamentable or absurd. Mr. Moore might have gone on to complain against the curiously superstitious emphasis we place upon the sense of humor—demanding that it exist, and almost daring it to show itself lest someone, admitting his lack of it, be forthwith damned. Not long ago, indeed, Heywood Broun of the New York *World*—himself a humorist among other things—made precisely this protest And we hope the doctrine spreads. For we know no ignorance greater than that which supposes happiness to be the possession exclusively of laughing men, and intelligence to be chiefly a matter of understanding that one thing cannot be more important than another.

The superstition is that we are "saved" by a sense of humor. Saved from what? If it is from dulness, well and good; no one can expect to get far with a campaign for dulness. But if it is certain other things, not so well and good. The sense of joy, for instance. Few speak of that; yet it is the distinguishing mark of supremely and passionately happy persons. It is the passion with which these persons are happy that renders them suspect to the humorous and that keeps them misunderstood by all who assume that error and illusion are necessary obstacles to felicity of any lasting kind. It is also their solemnity—for they are almost invariably solemn in their exaltation. Their very humorlessness is the thing that saves them from depression and loss of faith; their failure to preserve a sense of proportion is what preserves their joy. The sense of proportion, incidentally, is invoked quite as often as the sense of humor is, and by the same people. It ought to refer to that balance which, presumably, we can observe being struck by nature among all the positive forces which compose her energy. Too often the appeal to it merely means an unawareness of positive forces and compelling passions; one is only saying, in other words, that nothing matters—except proportion.

To the possessor of the sense of joy there is always some highly abstract thing that matters very much. He may have difficulty in saying what this thing is; but his struggles to do so are likely to result in great poetry, great eloquence, or great mystical utterance of some kind. Milton and Wordsworth are among the greatest of poets, and they are that not in spite of but because of the complete humorlessness with which they pursued a certain symbol through the manifold forms of the world. Wordsworth lacked common sense, but he had the sense of joy—"joy" is almost the commonest word in his vocabulary. Joy over what? He never said, and possibly he never knew, any more than Jonathan Edwards knew what made him at once the happiest and sternest of men. Such ignorance is appalling to the humorous—and the humorous have a right to be appalled. The pity is that they cannot contrive to enjoy the sensation.



Ourselves and Our Inheritance

The Albanian Peril

By G. E. R. GEDYE

Belgrade, April 1

SOMEWHERE east of Belgrade, where the cart-tracks that do duty as roads get fewer, the peasants' huts rarer, and the forests thicker, lies a deep belt of jagged blue mountains varying in height from 3,000 to 8,000 feet. Winding its tortuous way through the heart of this wild and primitive country is the largely imaginary line which we glibly speak of and which geographers trace with facile pen as the Albanian-Jugoslav frontier. No river and no clear-cut mountain range serves to define it; no racial division helps to maintain it. On each side of this arbitrary line, in huts on the lower slopes or in caves in the heights, are scattered families of both Albanian and Serbian blood, some united across the frontier by family ties, some divided by blood-feuds, the balance of which alters from time to time when a chance shot permits.

Along some of the more disturbed but defendable sections of this line you will see the forests cut back for a hundred yards on either side of the road, in order to avoid, as far as possible, giving cover to komitadjis and brigands. Every two hundred yards stands or walks a gendarme, but never out of sight of his fellow, his carbine loaded and the safety-catch off. The gendarmes are outnumbered by little wooden crosses set irregularly at the side of the road and painted white. Each one indicates the end of the story of some incautious traveler or of a gendarme who left his safety-catch on a fraction of a second too long.

It was on this frontier that Jugoslavia was suddenly accused, through a campaign launched virtually simultaneously in the Italian and part of the British press and through Italian diplomatic channels, of mobilizing troops and making other military preparations for an invasion of Albania, and of encouraging Albanian refugees to overthrow the government of Achmed Bey Zoghu, their President. With such conditions along such a frontier, the most conscientious individual examination of charges of this kind obviously cannot amount to much. One is thrown back on a study of recent history and on the balance of probabilities.

Since the failure of Prince Wilhelm von Wied to establish himself as ruler of Albania in the Teutonic interests, Albania has been without a Mpret, as the hereditary ruler was called. Jugoslavia and Italy contended for control of its destiny. Under the Treaty of London one of the many things which Italy obtained as her price for deserting the Triple Alliance in 1914 was the recognition of an Italian protectorate over Albania. This unhappy piece of bargaining, dignified with the title of "treaty," has brought, and will bring, much evil in its train for Europe. One consequence of its abrogation was the compensating declaration which Italy obtained from the Council of Ambassadors recognizing her as the natural guardian and protector of Albanian interests. She established herself inside the country through the Premier, Monseigneur Fan Noli, who ruled in the absence of a Mpret. Jugoslavia's counter-move was to permit and encourage Achmed Zoghu, an adventurous Albanian conspirator, to assemble and arm on her territory an expedition, largely composed of Russian "White" counter-revolutionaries, which overthrew Fan Noli. Then, if ever, was the moment for a British protest. There has been no attempt to deny Jugoslavia's complicity in this adventure. But Fan Noli had just put himself beyond the pale—he had recognized the Soviet Union, with whom Italy was coquetting and Jugoslavia was not. He was left, therefore, to his fate, and the Tory press suggested that the adventurous Achmed was the chosen of his people.

After he had proclaimed a republic and declared himself President, Achmed Zoghu's fickle affections turned across the Adriatic and away from his Jugoslav paymasters. The latter were anxious, but refused the suggestions made for a partition of Albania into spheres of influence between themselves and Italy. Seeing that Achmed was the creature of Mussolini and about to sell his country to Italy, the Jugoslavs seem to have encouraged last November's abortive attempt to unseat him.

The Pact of Tirana set the seal on the work so carefully accomplished by Italian agents in Albania. At the present time Italy, through her control of the Albanian National Bank and the Albanian Development Company, which has the sole right to build roads and to construct railways, has made Albania and her mineral wealth a close economic preserve for herself; by her right to reorganize the army, to construct an Albanian navy, and to build harbors she has not only secured the control of new naval bases which would prove invaluable in corking up the Jugoslav navy in time of war, but has established herself in Albania in a way which is a threat to Jugoslavia very much as the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria-Hungary was a threat to old Serbia.

Jugoslavia sees Albania threatened with the ultimate fate of Bosnia—annexation. Achmed Zoghu has played her false and become the willing instrument of Italian policy. He has still his bodyguard of Russian "Whites," but there is no reason to suppose that he enjoys any greater popularity in Albania than any of his predecessors have enjoyed when they tried to collect taxes from its wild mountain inhabitants. The Serbs, like every other Balkan people, have intrigue in their blood. There are several thousand Albanian refugees on their soil, whose numbers were increased as a result of the abortive attempt to overthrow Zoghu last November, and who find many supporters among Jugoslavia's 400,000 loyal subjects of Albanian race. What more likely than that there is continuous plotting on Jugoslav soil against the man who is regarded as having sold his country to Italy?

It is only fair to say that not one shred of evidence of Jugoslav complicity in these alleged plots has yet been produced by Italy. M. Peritch, the Jugoslav Foreign Minister, has given me personally the most explicit assurance that his government is doing everything in its power to prevent both plots and raids and has removed all the Albanian refugees to Bosnia, out of harm's way. As to the categoric accusations made in Rome and London of aggressive Jugoslav military preparations on the Albanian frontier, common sense alone indicates that they can be dismissed as wildly improbable. Jugoslavia has been forced to yield again and again to Italian pretensions to territory on the Balkan

peninsula since the war, and that at times when Italy was not the great military Power that she is today. Many of the Dalmatian Islands, the port of Zara, right in the center of the Jugoslav coast line, the islands of Cherso, Lussin, Grande, and Lagusta, all hugging the Jugoslavian coast, have one after the other been secured by Italy, causing bitterness but no warlike preparations in Jugoslavia. Even Italy's acquisition of Fiume was accepted without an actual clash, though one came very near. I was in Fiume last summer. It is a city of the dead. Italy took it merely to prevent it becoming a rival in Jugoslav hands to her Adriatic ports. Deprived of its hinterland, its volume of trade has dropped to one-third and is still falling, but its grass-grown quais cause Italy no concern. Already, the Jugoslavs assert, the number of Italian subjects who are racial Jugoslavs exceeds that of the population of Albania. Is it possible that, after having yielded so frequently in the past, at this moment Jugoslavia should have desired to precipitate a conflict with her powerful rival?

It is particularly useful to consider the state of Jugoslavia's armaments. Admittedly, she has about the finest fighting material of the Balkans in her indomitable peasant troops. But she has a veritable museum of rifles and no field guns of later date than 1915. It is regrettable, but, placed as she is, far from surprising, that she should be endeavoring to modernize her equipment. Like Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, who also began their existence within the French political orbit, Jugoslavia aspires to step out of the ranks of satellite Powers dependent on France for military supplies as well as political backing, and there is no reason to get excited at the reports that she is building her own munition works, reequipping her army, and organizing her defenses. Indeed, these reports, circulated in recent months from Rome, tend to discountenance the latest reports that she intended military action in Albania. If she is engaged in reorganizing her army, she certainly cannot intend to initiate a campaign which would mean war with Italy.

If, however, this reorganization be considered from the standpoint of Italy, it will be seen that there is good reason to precipitate matters. The Tirana Pact, egregiously described as a "Pact of Mutual Guaranties," firstly empowers Italy to come to the rescue of Albania if she is attacked, and similarly guarantees to Italy the support of the Albanian army and embryo navy if she herself is attacked by another Power. It does more than this, however; it allows Italy to "intervene" should the security of the present Government be threatened from within. Albania is a mass of warring mountain tribes divided into a score of hostile camps by countless petty but bitterly upheld differences. Achmed Zoghu and his Russian "Whites" have no very secure tenure of office or of life, quite apart from Serbian influences, in a country, a great deal of which has never been made amenable to his authority.

What would actually occur were a revolution in Albania to endanger the regime of Achmed Zoghu, or were that gentleman, for any reason, to see fit to declare that he was in peril? Under the Pact of Tirana, he would notify the Italian Government of the state of affairs and request intervention. Before acting, the Italians should persuade the Council of the League that grounds existed justifying their intervention under the Treaty of Tirana as registered with the League. That body, in view not only of the Tirana Treaty but also in view of the unfortunate declaration extracted from the Council of Ambassadors in 1921 to the effect that Italy was the ideal guardian of Albanian interests, would presumably agree to the landing of Italian troops in Albania to protect Achmed Zoghu. If Corfu and other examples of Italian precipitancy may be taken as precedents, it is safe to assume that Italian action would in fact precede any decision of the League.

There are other interesting features of this Jugoslav-Albanian excitement. Just before it began, on March 14, the London *Times* drew attention in a leader to the Jugoslav tendency to seek a rapprochement with Russia. It is a fact that there has been a strong movement in the country, largely restrained by the powerful influence of King Alexander, to recognize the Soviet Union. Almost simultaneously with the launching of the Rome campaign was the launching of a big Belgrade municipal loan in New York, while other important negotiations are in progress to secure the American capital which Jugoslavia so urgently needs for the development of her magnificent natural resources. The effect which these rumors of wars might be calculated to have on Middle Western investors, on whose confidence such loans largely depend, can easily be imagined: over here it is anticipated that they will have served to enforce the ban of the City of London on loans to Jugoslavia.

Sir Austen Chamberlain has given the most implicit assurances that could be desired that there is no truth whatever in the persistent belief of the Continent that Great Britain is forming, or desires to form, an anti-Soviet block. Clearly, at one point the British Government intervened to restrain the Fascist ardor of the London *Times*, but on the Continent it is universally remarked that such countries as Greece, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Italy, which are under some form of "White" dictatorships, are always treated in British Tory circles as "consolidated." Poland, in particular, is constantly cited as a country which had the worst imaginable "press" in London, until the military dictatorship of Marshal Pilsudski was forced upon her at the point of the bayonet. Since then reproaches have ceased, despite the many encroachments of that dictatorship on public liberty. But as soon as the Government of any state—like that of the ill-starred Fan Noli of Albania—talks of Soviet recognition, terrible reports of its disorganized condition (imperiling, of course, all capital investment in its territories) find their way into the reactionary press of many countries, particularly of Great Britain.

As to the Albanian scare, it is over for the moment, but the danger to Europe will remain latent as long as peril to Achmed Zoghu can be held to justify the landing of Italian troops in Albania, and as long as "imperial" speeches from Rome cause apprehension in Jugoslavia, with its fertile territory greater than that of overcrowded Italy and its population of only 12,000,000 against Italy's 40,000,000. If the Treaty of Tirana can be so amended as to make intervention by Italy dependent solely upon a decision by the Council of the League that Albania is in imminent peril of lapsing into anarchy or bolshevism, or is menaced with external attack, a great deal will have been done to take the sting out of this dangerous instrument. For the League decision, to be of any value, and to avoid such scares as that recently created, it would probably be necessary to establish a small League Commission resident in Albania (on which neither Italy nor Jugoslavia should be represented except in an advisory capacity) with power to inspect both sides of the frontier under escort. This, like most commissions, would be a nuisance. But a nuisance is preferable to a war.

These Modern Women
The Long Journey

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the thirteenth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for May 11.*]

FARM life in New England is—or was, before the day of the automobile—lonely and isolated enough at best. Picture its overwhelming loneliness for a child without brothers and sisters, who had to trudge a mile and a half to the one-room country school where some fifteen or twenty pupils gathered to learn the three R's—and little else. Only twenty years ago the round of my existence was from such a home to such a school; yet for the last ten years I have been a city dweller, readily adapting myself to conditions in crowded centers of population. Has this experience been simply a part of the general urban drift of rural youth? Perhaps, but as I look back it seems to me that I can discern certain specific influences which were operating even in those early days to shape my maturity.

The lack of playmates forced me to find many of my childhood satisfactions in a land of make-believe. I kept imaginary playmates to a much later age than do most children, and began day-dreaming long before the period of adolescence. Perhaps this over-development of my imaginative life made it easy for me to share my moth
dreams with her. My mother was not happy in her ow
life; she would have escaped from the dull routine and hard labor of the farm had she been able. Her one consolation was the determination that her daughter should have the things for which she had longed so passionately. In our talks together she dwelt upon her desire that I should not be tied down to household cares and that I should follow a professional career, as many of my other relatives had done. Through her descriptions I became well acquainted with Great-aunt Abbie, who was a pioneer schoolmistress; with Cousin John, who was a professor in a famous university, and with Cousin Josiah, who was a specialist in children's diseases in Boston. I sometimes think these never-seen individuals became more real to me than the neighbors and farmhands whom I saw daily.

At any rate, my day-dreams and ambitions fell docilely into line with my mother's aspirations for me. I never pictured the romantic episodes or the domestic scenes which are the subjects of most maiden reveries. I was not sure what I should do when I grew up, but I was determined to gain a position worthy of the many important figures in my mother's family. I, too, would win fame by virtue of high achievement. I have a tender feeling for those young illusions. I have none left in these days of facing reality, but without the driving power of such dreams I might have accomplished even less.

My parents were unhappily married. From this reality I was not guarded. Popular books in the field of child study were not available at that time, and my mother, in unburdening her mind to me, probably had no conception of the effect her confidences had. In all the struggles between my father and my mother I identified myself completely with her, and always thought him in the wrong. One day I heard her tell him that only the thought of my welfare prevented her from seeking a divorce. I solemnly assured her that I, too, could do without him, and from then on I continually urged her to follow this course. When I was a sophomore in high school my mother acted upon this advice, and the figure of my father passed out of our lives.

But the shadow of those early experiences darkened my attitude toward men and marriage long after. I was sure that I should never marry, never give any man an opportunity to ruin my life. My mother upheld me in these views. By the time I lost this support through going away to college I had read enough feminist literature and studies on marriage to encourage an opinion which had its origin in my early emotional experiences.

My mother was, without doubt, the source of a driving ambition which was sufficiently strong to buoy me up through periods of ill-health or of economic stress. But the antagonism toward men which she had also fostered dwarfed and warped my emotional development. Insistence upon one goal—the attainment of distinction by my own efforts without the need to love, honor, or obey any man—became the guiding fiction to which I tried to shape my life. The result was continual rebellion against things as they

As long as I believed, in harmony with my early teaching, that sex was a degrading and disgusting phenomenon which men enjoyed but to which women submitted only because it was a part of wifely duty, the appeal of celibacy and independence was enhanced. But with the biology and psychology courses of college and university, sex took on a new meaning. It was probably as much of a shock to me to learn that women had their share of the sexual instincts and emotions as it was to many of my classmates to come into contact with philosophical doubts concerning the religious views which they had unquestioningly accepted. My own churchgoing had been at a minimum, indulged in purely at my own whim and inclination, so that I was able to slough off what little superstition I had acquired without any sense of discomfort. But to readjust my ideas and my philosophy to a world which had suddenly lost its feminine integrity, and in which women needed men even as men needed women, was a serious matter.

It took many hours and days of reading to furnish me with a background against which I could evolve a new philosophy to settle this conflict. Westermarck, Crawley, Freud, Adler, Jung, Havelock Ellis, and Ellen Key became my daily familiars. At last I emerged with a modified viewpoint. The necessity of a normal sex life for women was a scientific fact, and I must bow to the truths established by science. I was not, however, compelled to accept the institution of marriage, which was plainly a lineal descendant of primitive rites and ceremonials having its beginnings in ideas of magic later carried over into the folkways and mores. I could recognize that I had normal sex emotions but I need not give up my freedom and independence by sub-

mitting to any such religious or legal ceremony. By this formula, I was able to preserve my guiding fiction intact.

It is amusing, now, to look back on this process of reassurance. Men and women are inevitably possessed of a power over each other which cannot be thought out of existence or evaded by refusing to legalize a relationship. Whether or not it is conventionalized, love has a coercive effect upon individual behavior; refusal of marriage cannot alter this fact. My fine theories, which were only attempts to effect a reconciliation of my natural longing for love with my desire for personal autonomy, never stood the test of experience. Once or twice I was tempted to relinquish my profession for the ancient position of woman as wife, but the spirit of independence was too strong. I might play with the idea of submission to masculine authority, but at the first sign of any real or permanent enslavement I shrank away and clung to my liberty. There was always my work to stabilize me in these crises. And as steadily as if there had been no such thing in the world as unsatisfied emotions, I won professional advancement. The loss of dear companionship could be forgotten after a time, in the world of books waiting to be read or to be written; my feelings were eased tremendously by writing.

The long struggle between my own two greatest needs —the need for love and the need for independence—probably had its effect upon my final choice of a profession. I had originally intended to write, but the drive to understand human motives and conduct, which arose out of the necessity of solving my own problems, developed into a desire to understand all behavior, and I turned to the social sciences. Probably this was a happy decision. Had I been only a writer, I might have prolonged indefinitely my separation from reality. Through a more scientific approach, I began to see things as they actually were rather than as I wished them to be. I even came to understand that in spite of the intensity of my feeling about marriage I might be able to accept the outward form so long as the inner spirit of the relationship embodied freedom. Thus, at thirty, I went forth to meet the fate which I had so long feared—and found it good!

It is fortunate for me that this venture has been with a man of insight, imagination, and humor, who cherishes no desire to be owner or tyrant. He respects my work as much as I do his. If he does not feel quite so keenly as I the need of economic independence after marriage, he is more eager that I have leisure for creative work than I am myself. Nor is this because my writings bear witness that I am his wife, for I keep my own name. To us, marriage is no sacred bond which it would be sacrilege to sever. Rather, we regard it as a form to which we have submitted because it is the only way in which we can give expression to our love without interference. With marriage, thus interpreted, I am content. It is as if I had accomplished the impossible feat of eating my cake and having it—for I have both love and freedom, which once seemed to me such incompatible bedfellows.

Kerensky

By LOUIS FISCHER

ALEXANDER FEODOROVICH KERENSKY is forty-five years old. He is the head of a government which has ceased to exist and the editor of a paper which has ceased to appear. One pities him especially during his American stay, for we are a cruel people and we love to fete and lionize. So we have treated Kerensky as a great leader and as the representative of something which he knows he neither leads nor represents. In Europe, as he follows the depreciating currencies from Prague to Berlin to Paris, they leave him in peace. There he is merely the publisher of a thin little Russian émigrés' tabloid which barks but has no bite and which nobody takes very seriously, certainly nobody in Russia. It requires courage to live such a life after history has cast you into the dustbin, and on the Continent Alexander Feodorovich either avoids the limelight or people don't bother to play it on him.

Here, however, we open a wound and remind the poor man of what he once was. I watched him carefully at a recent dinner in his honor, given by foreign correspondents, at the Brevoort in New York. A finely domed forehead marked with deep temples and crowned with a crop of short bristles; the rest of his face an anti-climax. Eyes that are weak and watery, a mouth without force, and a receding chin differentiate him sharply from Trotzky, with whom he has been compared as Russia's best orator. Kerensky has a beautiful tenor voice, and the few words he uttered in his native tongue before reading from the French were a delight to the ear. But he is soft and mellifluous where Trotzky is dynamic and magnetic. Trotzky is iron and steel; Kerensky is velvet and silk. It was Kerensky's forensic skill, his power to impress the multitude which brought him to the fore in the February revolution. It was his lack of action and his insistence on talk when deeds were demanded that made him such a miserable failure in November, 1917.

The Bolsheviks never considered Kerensky a difficult obstruction; they knew him too well. While they were in the very process of proving that his government was really provisional, he stood in the gilded halls of Peter solemnly warning the Communists not to be naughty. The record of events on November 6, 1917, is the most condemnatory proof of Kerensky's weakness in the face of a practical situation.

Everything was set for tomorrow's revolution. The Petrograd Soviet had announced the date. Now hear Kerensky, this Russian Canute: ". . . We are confronted with the opposite—a lawless issue of cartridges and arms as well as the ordering of two companies for the aid of the revolutionary staff. In such manner I establish before the Provisional Council the complete, clear, definite attitude of rebellion of a part of the population of Petrograd." In the hour of crisis and on the eve of his overthrow his chief interest was to "establish," to score legal points. And so he continues: "I have suggested that the necessary action be taken in the courts." In twenty-four hours he would be in hiding. There was shooting in the streets while he spoke. Yet all he could do was to threaten Lenin, Trotzky, and the others with court proceedings.

At that moment Konovalov handed Kerensky a note. While I watch Kerensky at the Brevoort, I can see him in Petrograd, that afternoon of November 6, snatching for the paper with his nervous, sensitive hands. It is an order of the Petrograd Soviet to all the regiments at the front to prepare for the struggle. "Therefore," shouts Kerensky, the lawyer but never the governor, "in the capital at the present time exists a condition which in the language of legal authority and the law is called a state of rebellion." He was winning his case by proving that the Bolsheviks actually were revolutionists.

What was to be done? The Bolsheviks and their friends "must be immediately and finally disposed of." (Laughter on the extreme Left, says the stenogram.) But while the provisional statesmen debated and cheered Kerensky, "army trucks went thundering about the city and firing began in the streets."

The next day a crowd of sailors forced their way into the Marie Palace and one of them stepped up to President Avksentiev, Kerensky's side-partner. "Stop talking," said the sailor. "Go home. There is no more Council of the Republic." All power had passed to the Soviets.

And so when he is lauded at banquet tables or praised in drawing-rooms Kerensky must introspect in the true manner of the Russian intellectual and think: "How strange that these Americans, these people of action, should pay attention to me, who muffed my opportunity, who fiddled while revolution raged."

Nor did he have even a plan of action. He drifted without a program. While millions were demanding peace, bread, and land, he promised more war. He would convene a Constituent Assembly. "More talk," the masses said. The Provisional Government was a political makeshift, but it never had an economic platform. Even so anti-Bolshevik a writer as Professor Karlgren of the University of Copenhagen says:

> When the peasants after the February revolution were put off by the parties then in power with promises that their interests would certainly be considered if only they had patience, they began soon enough, from fear that they would have to wait in vain, to take matters in their own hands, to drive away the landowners, and divide their land and belongings among themselves.

The division of land began before the Bolsheviks appeared on the scene, and when they took power they sanctioned, legalized, and aided it; but Kerensky had nothing to do with this phase of the Russian economic revolution or with any other. He would have continued the *status quo*.

Politically, too, in many respects, there was continuity between Kerensky's regime and that of the Romanoffs. For instance: Boris Bakhmetieff was first the Czar's financial representative in the United States. (Nicholas II's investments here amounted to $50,000,000 in the Pennsylvania Railroad, $16,000,000 in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and $5,000,000 each in the New York Central and Baltimore and Ohio railroads.) When the Czar fell, Bakhmetieff became the Ambassador in Washington of the Kerensky Government. Subsequently he was the accredited envoy of Kolchak and Wrangel in this country.

Or take Serge Ughet. This strange name still appears in the lists of members of the Diplomatic Corps published regularly by our Department of State. He is still the "Financial Agent of the Russian Government." It was he who spent the $187,000,000 credit opened by the United States Treasury for the Kerensky Government. But he was first appointed to Washington by the Imperial Czarist state. Kerensky took him over. When Kerensky disappeared, Serge Ughet found no difficulty in transacting business in this country for Kolchak, Denikin, and Wrangel. Mr. Ughet remains to this very day in an office on Park Avenue and admits that he gets his expenses from the so-called Council of Ambassadors in Paris, an unofficial body composed of Czarist and Kerensky diplomats who even now dispose of money lent by the French and British exchequers to Denikin, Kolchak, Wrangel, and other counter-revolutionaries.

I asked Ughet whether any of the $187,000,000 credit with which we had presented Kerensky was still available. For it had been rumored that Kerensky had come to these shores not only to get money for the *Dni*, his moribund sheet, but also to obtain ten or fifteen million dollars of unused American credit which he claimed as the only legal survivor of the Provisional Government. But Mr. Ughet insists that the entire $187,000,000 is gone. Was it all spent by Kerensky? No. Fifty-six million dollars remained when the Bolsheviks seized power. What became of that huge sum? It went to pay for supplies. And what happened to the supplies? They were shipped to Denikin, Semionov, Kolchak, etc.

The "Russian Financial Agent" was kind enough to explain one of these shipments in detail. While Kerensky was at the helm, 500 locomotives were ordered for the Russian Government from the Baldwin and American locomotive companies. Immediately after Kerensky fell the United States Government obligingly took over 400 of the engines, but the remainder got to Seattle and from there 80 were sent to Vladivostok for the Chinese Eastern Railway and 20 to Novorossiisk for Denikin. "Now," I ventured to Mr. Ughet, "Washington regards the $187,000,000 credits as part of the Bolshevik debt to this country. Do you think the Soviets should pay for locomotives presented to their enemies?"

"Yes," he replied, "all this material went to Russia. Besides the Bolsheviks captured most of the locomotives anyway."

I smiled, but did not say—because it would be no use—that on this principle the Communists should pay for captured guns or for the cartridges that killed Red Army soldiers. They all went to Russia.

Kerensky's retention of Ughet and Bakhmetieff, both Czarist agents, was characteristic. He no more broke with the past at home than he did abroad. Kerensky had eleven men in his Cabinet. Four were Cadets "who followed Miliukov in preferring a constitutional monarchy of the English type. They not only refused to proclaim a democratic republic as the popular parties desired but they refused to pledge themselves not to establish a monarchy prior to the convening of the Constituent Assembly."* Yet Kerensky kept them in his Ministry.

On March 15, 1917, the Czar abdicated. On the same day Miliukov announced that "the power will be transferred to the Regent, Grand Duke Michael." Yet Miliukov, the monarchist, was the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Kerensky who called himself a Socialist.

The composition of the Kerensky Government was first proclaimed by Miliukov in a speech to citizens, soldiers, and sailors in the Tauride Palace.

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* "The Russian Bolshevik Revolution." By E. A. Ross. 1921.

"At the head of our Ministry," says Miliukov, "we have placed a man whose name signifies the organized Russian public" (Cries: "Propertied public!"), "who was implacably persecuted by the old government; Prince G. E. Lvov, the head of the Russian Zemstvo" (Cries: "Propertied Zemstvo!"), "will be your Premier and Minister of Interior. He will replace his persecutor. You say 'Propertied public'? Yes, but the only one that is organized—which, therefore, will give other classes of Russian society an opportunity to organize."*

And yet Kerensky talks of democracy. His government in 1917 was admittedly a government of the propertied public. The people demanded land. He gave them a government of landlords and property owners. The masses had overthrown the Czar. He threatened to give them another. The millions wanted to lay down their arms. He was busy organizing offensives which sent tens of thousands to certain slaughter. Kerensky's democracy was always the democracy of the Constituent Assembly, of a forum for more words. But he had no ear for the will of the people and no courage or desire to let the people rule.

Today Kerensky is a tragic figure. He announces that he has patience with the Russian people. But he will never compromise with the Soviet Government. Neither will I ever compromise with Judge Gary. I want him to know it, and to worry about it, and to abdicate, too, because of my attitude. What Kerensky says or thinks is just as important to the Bolsheviks as my thoughts are to Judge Gary.

Labor Takes Power in Shanghai

By FRANK GODWIN

Shanghai, March 26

ON Sunday, March 20, the troops of the victorious Nationalist army were in the neighborhood of Shanghai, having utterly defeated the Northern forces opposing them. The railway line between Shanghai and Nanking had been cut in several places, and the Nationalists were virtually in control of all of China as far as the Yangtze River. The Northern soldiers who were in Shanghai were Shantung troops, "the worst bandits, murderers, rapists, and incendiaries in China," as a high official of the Shanghai (foreign) Municipal Council described them, and the Chinese districts surrounding the International Settlement of Shanghai would undoubtedly have shared the fate of Hangchow, Kashing, and other towns which were looted by the retreating Northerners had it not been for the sudden appearance here of armed workers.

The labor unions of Shanghai are well organized and powerful bodies, in spite of the suppressive attitude of both the foreign and the former Chinese authorities toward them. They are whole-heartedly (as indeed may be said of the entire Chinese people here) in favor of the Nationalists. On account of this they have been subjected recently to a murderous campaign by hired anti-Nationalist gunmen in the International Settlement (which murders, the British municipal police declared, were carried out by the labor unions themselves), and to a reign of terror of wholesale beheadings and shootings by the Chinese authorities in the territory surrounding the settlement, men sometimes being taken from the French Concession (with the apparent connivance of the French authorities) for this purpose.

These organized workers, many of whom were acquainted with the use of arms, were determined to prevent wholesale looting and killing by the retreating Northern soldiers pending the arrival of the Nationalist forces in Shanghai. As soon as the regular armies from the South were within striking distance of Shanghai a movement began which meant not merely a military occupation but a revolution. The workers in the Chinese districts stormed various places (in the south, the Arsenal; in the north, police stations), obtained arms, and took over the civil power of the Chinese area. In the south of the city the organized railway workers, with street-car men and others, well-equipped with the arms from the Arsenal, captured the railway station from the Northern troops (after a fight of some hours), hoisted the Kuomintang flag, and then proceeded to take over the police stations and other points. In the north of the city other workers, mostly postmen, street-car men, and factory workers, took control of the police stations and, armed with rifles and revolvers, attempted to capture the railway station just outside the International Settlement, which was strongly defended by Fengtien troops (including "White" Russians) with heavy artillery and armored cars.

Here the attack, beginning Monday afternoon (March 21), continued until late Tuesday afternoon. The armed workers, among whom the railway men and printers were now taking an important part, sniped at the Northern soldiers from roofs and windows, and in addition made repeated assaults both on the railway station and on the big armored car which moved up and down along the line through the district. With desperate courage many of the workers ran up to the cars, shoved pistol or rifle muzzles into the apertures, and fired inside, killing or wounding some of the defenders, but at terrible cost to themselves, hundreds being wiped out by the fire of the machine-guns and field-pieces. The armored car was almost impregnable to men without heavy artillery.

The Northern troops, responding to the attack, proceeded to lay waste the entire district around the railway station. The fire station was first destroyed, and most of the firemen shot dead as they endeavored to escape from the burning building, so that there could be no interference with the work of burning buildings. Assuming (apparently correctly) that every civilian was an enemy, anyone seen on the streets was shot at, and hundreds of peaceful civilians, from old men and women to little children, were shot dead or destroyed in the fires which soon began to blaze around the station. As the inhabitants ran out of their burning homes they were shot down. All Monday night the flames mounted to the sky, and Tuesday the soldiers still kept up their work. Some of the "White" Russians were already making their way into the International Settlement, but most of the Chinese still held out, looting many

* "The Russian Bolshevik Revolution." By E. A. Ross. 1921.

buildings before they burned them. Some of the soldiers came into the settlement loaded with loot, which the municipal authorities did not interfere with in the slightest.

Throughout the Chinese districts, except around the North Railway Station and along the line where fighting was going on, the armed workers maintained peace and order. Parades and processions celebrating the Nationalist victory were the order of the day. Crowds filled the streets, and foreigners in these districts moved about without experiencing any antagonism whatsoever. The present writer walked about through these areas, or went by motor car, without molestation or interference of any kind. The control by the workers was not stringent, and many of the new guardians of the public peace moved about with no weapons but slender bamboo sticks, giving a false impression of laxity which some looters tried to take advantage of with the result that two of the latter were promptly shot dead, and no further looting was attempted.

In striking contrast to this free and friendly atmosphere was the panic prevailing in the foreign concessions which include most of the territory and population of the city of Shanghai. All around the settlement boundary were heavy barricades and barbed wire, with British troops and marines of various nationalities on guard. Even in parts of Chinese territory where foreigners had residences the foreign forces put up barricades and barbed wire. One of the most amusing features of the situation was the fact that between the International Settlement and the French Concession, which adjoin each other, barricades and barbed wire were put up on both sides, by the French to keep out dangerous characters from the International (predominantly British) side, by the British to keep out dangerous characters from the French Concession. A state of emergency, practically equivalent to martial law, was declared by the Shanghai Municipal Council.

Monday morning the whole Chinese population of Shanghai took a holiday in honor of the coming of the Nationalist liberators. The general walkout not only included the workers, called out by their unions, but thousands of shopkeepers who, throughout the city, closed up their shutters and devoted the day to celebrating. In the Chinese areas controlled by the workmen there were meetings and parades. In the settlement the meetings were indoors, and even the shooting off of fire-crackers (China's characteristic expression of jubilation from time immemorial) was banned by the police. Frightful stories were given wide circulation by the Shanghai Municipal Police and by the British press (there is no American daily press) of Shanghai, regarding the "state of anarchy" in the Chinese districts where "Communist ruffians" were carrying on "reigns of terror." All these stories were pure inventions by anti-Nationalist elements, but they were given to a gullible and panic-stricken public as facts, creating a psychology akin to frenzy among the mass of Europeans and even Americans here. All sorts of articles were printed and distributed in the British papers, all sorts of rumors invented and published, of a type to stir up animosity, foment trouble, cause public alarm, and incite to a breach of the peace.

Monday evening and Tuesday the Nationalist troops occupied the Chinese districts. Tuesday afternoon regular artillery reached the North Station, where the Fengtien soldiers were still holding out. Upon the news that the regular Nationalist army was approaching there was a mad stampede among the Northern bandit-troops. All along the northern border of the settlement in the neighborhood of the railway station hundreds of these men, Chinese and occasional Russians, laid down their arms and begged the British troops on duty to open the gates and let them into the settlement. At several places along the line this was done, but the fleeing troops, in a frenzy of fear after their reign of slaughter, pillage, and arson, began to pour through the gates at a pace which alarmed the British troops into firing at them with machine-guns in order to stop the rush. Sixty-five were killed on one street and more than a hundred at another place. Scores more were shot down at various places along the boundary.

In fairness to the British soldiers it must be said that many did not understand that it was Northerners who were making the rush. There was a widespread impression that the men "crashing the gate" were Nationalists. One soldier on North Honan Road walked over to one of the dying men and kicked him viciously, with the remark: "Well, there's one of the bloody Cantonese I got." To make up for this unfortunate misunderstanding, it was announced the following day that all the bandit-soldiers who had been accorded the hospitality of the International Settlement in their flight from the drastic justice of the people would be sent by boat to Shantung to assist further in the war which their chief, Marshal Chang Tsung-chang, is making against the advancing forces of Chinese Nationalism, a war which he ingenuously explains is to protect the Chinese people from the horrors of communism. Tuesday night the last of the brave "anti-Communists" were gone, excepting for a hundred or so taken prisoner by the Nationalist soldiers, including a number of "White" Russians.

"Gone but not forgotten." The bandit-troops left behind them in Chapei acres upon acres of charred and blackened remnants of Chinese homes, with the roasted bodies of young and old within. Scores of bodies, mostly workmen but many elderly gentlefolk and young children, lay in pools of blood along the streets. As a final act the troops had mined the streets and open spaces close to the railway station, but the keen-eyed labor snipers saw this, and removed the mines as soon as the last of the bandits had been either disposed of or had been taken into the kindly embrace of their friends of the foreign settlement.

Thus the whole Chinese area of Shanghai outside the International Settlement came into the Nationalist hands, with the exception of a few square miles of territory to the north and west of the settlement which are occupied by British and Japanese troops. How long they will stay there is not known, but it is not likely that the Nationalist authorities, when their administration is established here, will tolerate the presence of foreign forces upon territory to which the foreigners have no legal title or right whatsoever.

The general holiday of the Chinese people ended Thursday morning, and there has been a general resumption of work. In some places, however (most of all in the post office), a serious shortage of labor exists, due to the fact that many of the workers are engaged in police and other public work in the Chinese areas. These official duties are, however, already being turned over to the authorized representatives of the Nationalist Government. The labor unions are retaining their hard-won arms and ammunition, and four hours' military drill is now included in the week's program of the educational committee of the labor unions.

On Wednesday, March 23, with Nationalist troops a few miles from Nanking, the capital of Kiangsu Province, the order was given to the Northern troops to evacuate the city. Nanking is a great city of the old style, the city wall having a circumference of some twenty-odd miles. There is little modern industry, and the labor unions which were so successful in maintaining order in Shanghai are embryonic at most. Thursday's attacks began upon foreigners. The origin of these attacks is obscure, but several things are certain: They started when both Northern and Nationalist soldiers were within the city walls. The Northern soldiers (who have a propaganda staff with them) were furious at the shooting of their fellows by the foreign troops in Shanghai two days before. The savagery and lack of discipline of these bandit troops could be utilized by Northern propagandists to the disadvantage of the Nationalists, who would naturally be held responsible for whatever went on in the city after they had captured it. But there are also reports that the Nationalists' hands were not clean. "Soldiers in Nationalist uniforms" are said to have been responsible for the looting of the American Consulate and other places. A Japanese report states that Cantonese troops fired upon the Japanese warship from the shore.

The following day the Nationalist army was in full control of the city and order was rapidly being restored.

This is the situation today. The Nationalist troops are masters of China clear to the Yangtze, and are forcing their way toward Peking in the north. The province of Honan is already in their hands, the province of Shensi to the west is in the hands of their ally Feng Yu-hsiang (the "Christian General"); Shansi to the north is in friendly hands.

In Shanghai a new thing has come—labor control. The laborers took over power as a temporary thing, and are now yielding it to the regular Nationalist forces, but they have not surrendered their arms, and remain as a bulwark against possible attempts at military rule here. There is a new spirit among them which, developed and enlightened, may lead the workers of China to greater things than their revered philosophers have ever dreamed of—possibly, even, to political power and industrial freedom.

[Since Mr. Godwin wrote his article Chiang Kai-shek has broken with his own Nationalist Party and bloodily disarmed the workers who resisted him, at a cost of several hundred lives.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

To My Mother

By MAYNARD MACK

There is a loveliness in things like these:
The first dull flare of dogwood on the hills
In May—the fragrance of the cherry trees
Along a country lane—and daffodils.
There is a loveliness in feathered seeds,
In rain, and sky—and in the lonely wind,
Brooding like Pan among his broken reeds
O'er fields loved once, but left long since behind.
There was a beauty in these things, but now
That I have learned to know the gentle grace
Of years, the wistful peace of a tired face,
And calm of care-worn eyes, and silver hair—
Oh now a bud and blossom on a bough
Are little things that I have lost somewhere.

Swift Injustice in Oklahoma

By MAURINE HALLIBURTON McGEE

WHILE it is improbable that the latest occupant of death row at the McAlester penitentiary will be forced to pay the penalty given him, Judge Charles Swindall of the Twentieth Judicial District of Oklahoma has not yet been moved by the storm of protest which arose upon his decision in the case of nineteen-year-old Dave Brown, whose chief crime, it seems, is that he refused to divulge the names of his two accomplices in a daylight bank robbery at Jet, Oklahoma. No one was killed, no one was wounded by the prisoner or his companions, but under a new law robbery with firearms is punishable by life-imprisonment or death. The boy's confession was the first clue to the identity of the bandits. At Cherokee the case came before Judge Swindall, who prides himself upon dealing out "swift justice." The boy pleaded guilty and the judge offered him a light sentence if he would tell the names of his confederates. This the youthful criminal steadfastly refused to do. Even when the judge threatened him with the death penalty if he did not make a full confession, implicating the two others and revealing their identity, he stood firm. This is a dangerous precedent to establish, the use of the death penalty as a third-degree measure: a light sentence if the prisoner does what the judge tells him, regardless of his crime, but the death penalty if he offends or annoys the judge!

Dave Brown stood firm in his resolve to bear his sentence alone. Death row received him and he will die, if Judge Swindall has his way, on the twentieth of May. There was no consideration of the influences which shaped this boy's life. His grandmother, Mrs. W. C. Wright, testified that when he was nine years old his parents separated; at thirteen he entered the United States army; he served overseas with the American Expeditionary Forces and received a head wound, for which he was treated in a hospital at Washington, D. C., on returning from France. His grandmother believes that he is unbalanced and has not committed this crime or others to which he has confessed.

The picture of Judge Swindall lies before me as I write. There is not much hope of softening that face, long and lean and hard as a Puritan Father's, bent upon the extermination of a life. He is quoted as saying: "If they don't want to come clean, they had better stay out of the Twentieth District!" Again, the stress lies, not on the crime, but on the fulness of the confession. It is the confession that is to be judged, against it the punishment will be meted. The Judge says: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." But whoever heard of death as a preventive measure? One wonders whether the judge's justice is not too swift to be just. Oklahoma thinks that it is. The day following the verdict Mabel Bassett, State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections, declared her intention of appealing directly to Governor Johnson. It is almost certain that a stay of execution will be granted, as the defendant has six months in which to perfect the appeal. The editor of the *Tiny Times*, a feature of the Oklahoma City *Times*, says: "It seems incredible that Judge Swindall made a confession implicating the other robbers the weight in the scales between a life sentence and a death sentence." Nor does this indicate an indifferent attitude toward crime. A few years' imprisonment would have been a suitable punishment; a life-sentence would have been severe; death is unthinkable.

In the Driftway

MODERN youth is wild and reckless and radical, we are so often told that we have almost come to believe it. Perhaps it isn't so. Perhaps it is only that the world changes, that everybody of our time is a little different from those of any other era, that youth shares in the differences instead of standing still. And after all it is probable that the changes are not as considerable as some of us hope and others of us fear. Modern life may be like the ocean—a lot of lashing and lather on the surface with miles of unmoved depths below.

* * * * *

THE Duluth *Herald* has been canvassing Duluth high-school boys to find out what they think of the modern girl and what kind they like best. Does the flapper type win the palm? Hardly. "Give me the bashful type of girl, one that's not spoiled like most of these flappers are," says an all-around athlete of whom his companions assert that he "can have the pick of any girl in the school—they're all crazy about him."

> Why? Well, gee, that's hard to explain. But the girls that dress in style, not extreme, who study, and who can really talk to a fellow are best. Every day one reads about this one and that one saying that all the girls and boys of today think of is necking. Maybe that is true to some extent, but I think it's only among a certain group in every school. The majority of fellows here at school, and the majority of the girls, too, don't go in for that stuff as much as a lot of these later-day Jeremiahs would like to have people believe. We may be a bit freer than they were in their youth, but we still hold close to old ideals and standards.

Another boy, more disillusioned, says from the dregs of bitter experience:

> These flappers are nothing but baby gold-diggers. They read so much mush, and believe all the movies they see, that they think us fellows are made of money and every time we take 'em out they try to make us spend as much as possible. You're a piker if you don't, and once get that stamp from a girl and you have a tough time getting others to go with you any place. They all want a good time, and we have to pay for it. But the more serious girls don't. At least I've had that experience. That's one reason why I like them better than flappers.

"A beautiful dumb girl is pitiful," one brave lad announces. "Brainy, beautiful, and quiet, that's the ideal girl for me. But try to find one," he adds sadly.

* * * * *

FORTUNATELY the flappers have their defenders. "We're for 'em every time," says one young man. "They are not doing wrong; just mixing in a little pleasant good time along with the serious things of school life. Why should we pick on crape-hangers? We are young only once." And another boy insists that the flapper is merely "misunderstood." Ah, there you have it! The Drifter had guessed as much all along. The flapper is like all her sisters since Mother Eve. No better proof could be adduced of the conservatism of the ultra-modern young woman. This one poignant word links her inextricably with the Eternal Feminine.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

To Christians!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is many a year since I have given a dollar to foreign missions, nor do I expect ever to give another. But I will give $25 to any fund the churches raise to help the Chinese pay the reparations which the anti-Christian Government of the United States has demanded from that liberty-loving people. If the churches in America really desire to express the spirit of Him who said "thy cloak also," they can, by paying our country's share of the reparations from poverty-stricken China, regain for America the lost friendship of one-quarter of the human race, and open the door for Christ in the Eighteen Provinces. Furthermore, they can open the door for Christ in Washington, D. C.

Brooklyn, New York, April 12 FREDERICK J. POHL

Missionaries, Guns, and Indemnities

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I appreciate the fairness of *The Nation* in promptly publishing the authoritative statement of Clarence E. Gauss, Consul General at Shanghai, to the Secretary of State, denying the report of G. A. Kennedy that the Rev. Dr. John E. Williams, vice-president of Nanking University, was killed as he "drew his revolver." We have the clear statement of Americans of high character who were with Dr. Williams at the time and were eyewitnesses of all that occurred. One of them, Dr. A. J. Bowen, president of the university, says that "Dr. Williams had no weapon of any kind. I don't believe he ever owned a gun in his life. The Cantonese soldiers searched us thoroughly for weapons. They found none."

The missionary message is one of peace and good-will. Among the 7,663 missionaries connected with Protestant missionary work in China an occasional individual, under pressure of great provocation, with the safety of women and children in mind, may invoke the protection of his government; but the overwhelming consensus of missionary opinion is adverse to any identification of the missionary enterprise with military or naval force. Many missionaries would have remained at their stations in this present disturbance if it had not been for the urgent representations of the American Minister and consuls that by staying they would intensify the danger of international complications, since whatever their own feelings might be, the government regards them as its nationals and cannot acquiesce in their desire to be considered otherwise than as American citizens. Missionary annals abound with instances of missionaries who have laid down their lives rather than voluntarily run away from their posts or defend themselves with weapons. You will be interested to know that the official Missions Code used by all the leading boards and societies of foreign missions in the United States and Canada, an octavo volume of 744 closely printed pages listing 50,380 code words for every conceivable need and emergency that might arise in connection with foreign missionary work, contains no code word for pistol, revolver, gun, rifle, or weapon of any kind. The use of force in connection with missionary work lies so entirely outside the range of missionary work and the spirit of the missionaries that neither the boards nor the missionaries have any use for such words.

As for indemnities, the Presbyterian Board has written to the State Department that it has never sought financial compensation for the death of a missionary and that it will not do so for the death of Dr. Williams.

New York, April 14 ARTHUR J. BROWN,
Secretary, Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions

Dragging America into the China War

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We have three American officials here. The Consul General, Clarence E. Gauss, who was transferred here recently from Tientsin, has had long service in China and understands the situation thoroughly from the modern standpoint. Then we have Admiral Charles S. Williams, who has been in the Far East for a considerable period, and who also should know something about the situation. In addition we have Colonel Hill, commander of the marine forces now stationed in the American ships in the Shanghai harbor.

When the trouble started at Shanghai a number of American naval craft were sent here in accordance with the usual practice. When the thing got a little worse, following the Hankow trouble, about three hundred marines were sent here from Guam, the marines being quartered on the gunboats in the harbor. Following the occupation of Chekiang Province by the Cantonese troops we received cable advices that the Chaumont was coming out with about 1,500 marines, but that it was being sent to Manila rather than Shanghai. Gauss told American visitors very definitely that the marines were going to Manila, but suddenly he was surprised to find that the Chaumont had been diverted by the Admiral without consultation with the Consul General, and was coming to Shanghai. When the Chaumont arrived, it anchored at the Standard Oil installation, about eight miles down the river from the Shanghai Bund. The Standard Oil Company has considerable property on the Pootung side of the river—enough there for a small golf course. The marines have been taken ashore almost daily and given exercise and training maneuvers in the isolated Standard Oil compound, where they attract little attention.

But since the British troops landed very great pressure has been brought to bear upon the American authorities to permit the American marines to participate in the demonstration march through the streets of the International Settlement. Gauss steadily opposed this, and said upon several occasions that it was not necessary in view of the fact that the marines were receiving plenty of exercise at the Standard Oil installation. However, it was rumored around town that the American marines were coming ashore for a demonstration march through the settlement. Gauss told his visitors again that he had advised against it; he added that the Admiral was running the show and that if such a march were held he disavowed all responsibility for any possible ill effects. He advised the Admiral, if such a march were held, not to use the band or display the flag unduly. But the Admiral gave the order, and even held a review before the grandstand where the British troops are stationed!

Now, it is being rumored around again that the American marines are to be brought ashore and billeted in the city similarly to the British and Italian forces, again against Gauss's advice. Of course, heavy pressure is brought to bear on our naval and marine forces to take full part in everything that the British are doing. All of the American officers in both the naval and marine forces have been put up at the Shanghai Club, where they meet the British officers every day, and learn that America is a quitter unless she joins the British, etc., etc.

Thus is American policy made in the Far East!

Shanghai, China, March 15 Frederick Hough

["Frederick Hough" is the pseudonym of an American business man long resident in Shanghai.—Editor The Nation.]

For Free Seamen

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The International Seamen's Club has recently been organized in the Port of New York, with the object of providing a place where progressive seamen may gather for recreational and educational purposes, without being under the watchful supervision and patronage of shipowners or missionary workers. A clubroom has been outfitted at 26 South Street and a radio has been provided. We appeal to readers of *The Nation* to send us fiction relating to the sea, liberal and radical journals, marine journals, popular scientific magazines. It should be addressed to E. Hillyer, Secretary International Seamen's Club, 26 South Street, New York City.

New York, April 6 E. Hillyer

Of Thomas W. Gregory

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your current issue you permit yourself to use the words humbug and scalawag in connection with Mr. T. W. Gregory. Only those who were associated with the great-hearted gentleman whom you thus insult can fully appreciate how firmly he withstood the pressure from all parts of our country during the years of war hysteria to make of the Department of Justice what you like to pretend it was and how earnestly he strove to protect from difficulty those who were unjustly suspected or accused.

Mr. Gregory obeyed his oath to enforce the law as Congress wrote it. There are those who believe that that was his plain duty, and that it was and remains the duty of the citizen to obey the law as it is written. It should need no demonstration that neither the Attorney General nor his immediate assistants had any control over the judges. It was equally impossible that they should direct in detail every act of every district attorney. But it may be as well to remind *The Nation* that the most spectacular of all the convictions under the espionage act was sustained by a unanimous opinion of the Supreme Court, written by Mr. Justice Holmes.

The Nation might, among other things, have remembered:

1. That the espionage act would very likely have been passed by Congress in a very much more extreme form except for the opposition of Mr. Gregory. The resignation of my predecessor as assistant attorney general was due to a difference of view upon this very subject.

2. That Mr. Gregory placed in charge of the special war work of the Department a distinguished lawyer who had been an outstanding progressive when there were such.

3. That the presence of Mr. Brandeis upon the Supreme Court is due more to the fact that Mr. Gregory was Attorney General than to any other one circumstance.

Boston, Massachusetts, April 8 LaRue Brown

Good for Mobile!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of April 6 appears the following:

> On March 8 Clarence Darrow was forced to leave Mobile, Alabama, after being threatened with lynching because in a speech to Negroes in a school-building he deplored lynching and Southern justice. Police with drawn revolvers guarded Mr. Darrow out of town; Ku Klux handbills denouncing him were passed around to the crowd that pursued him.

This is at least 99 per cent untrue. Some portion of the Darrow speech referred to, made to Negroes, has called forth unfavorable comment here, but such criticism never assumed the proportion of threatened mob violence. "Armed guards" and all such are figments of sensationalism.

Mobile, Alabama, April 7 Leon Schwarz,
City Commissioner

[We are delighted to print Mr. Schwarz's statement. Independent investigation confirms his denial of reports in usually reliable newspapers.—Editor The Nation.]

Books, Music, Plays

The Second Daughter

By IDELLA PURNELL

The second daughter in an alien house,
The first girl in her own,
She is knitted mind to mind with one,
With the other, bone to bone.

In one she gathers crystal flowers
From the spirit's flood;
In the other, dark and heavy fruit
From primeval blood.

This is the hidden reason
That she is deeply wise;
With spring and harvest season
Brooding in her eyes.

Journalists in China

China and the Powers. By Henry Kittredge Norton. The John Day Company. $4.

The Revolt of Asia: The End of the White Man's World Dominance. By Upton Close. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Our Far Eastern Assignment. By Felix Morley. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

IT is "mere whimpering" for the Chinese to complain of foreign privileges in China, as Mr. Norton sees it; China's troubles are of her own making. The Chinese Republic is a "political nebula," without "the slightest tendency in the direction of the establishment of a republic or any other government in which there is popular participation." On the other hand, "the foreigners"—Mr. Norton included—"look upon these matters [the special privileges] as sacred rights obtained and consecrated by treaty agreement with the government of China. They are rights upon which hundreds of millions of dollars have been invested, a vast commerce built up, and the lives of thousands of foreigners planned." China, indeed, is in a hard way; she suffers from devotion to the past, but today, when "age and wisdom surrender in despair to the immature and inexperienced judgments of youth, we have a situation fraught with the gravest danger."

If the Nationalist Revolution will, in the sweet and reasonable manner in which revolutions ought to be conducted, follow a strictly peaceful and legal course, Mr. Norton will greet it with a friendly smile and the assurance that "the Powers will meet them more than half way." If the revolution behaves like a revolution, Mr. Norton will deprecate it, calmly but severely.

To those who want the story of China presented without passion, with a forgiving understanding of the impulses of all the foreign Powers except Russia, I recommend "China and the Powers." But for those who want to understand why the Chinese volcano is spouting fire and lava, and into what shapes the titanic forces are molding the peoples of Eastern Asia one might as well recommend a dictionary. It contains all the words necessary to understanding, but——.

Mr. Norton left China before the Cantonese movement was big enough to be discerned from the Legation Quarter in Peking, which, perhaps, explains his calm; Mr. Close has just returned, and he is still smoky from the fire of his recent experiences. He is excited. He writes like a Hearst editorial. He has been tossed by an earthquake and knows that it was an earthquake, and he wants the world to know it, too. He skims from Tokio through Korea, China, the Philippines, French Indo-China, independent Siam, Burma, India, Persia, renascent Turkey, to Egypt. Everywhere he sees the white man's empire slipping. He sees that white men have first maddened the East by their own greed and caste prejudice and then taught it all the tools of rule and war; he sees "a little group in Russia, possessed half by idealism, half by a mania for power," become "the agent of destiny in bringing the eventful era of domination by the white race to its end." He sees the British Empire at bay, desperate; and Japan, responsive to the spirit of the times, aligned at last with the new Asia. He sees Gandhi preaching one cultural revolt, and young Hu Shih asserting that pragmatism, "the greatest contribution to philosophical thought since Aristotle," will redeem Asia. And he sees America, unwilling to free the Philippines, tragically ready to take the onus of the white man's burden off tired England's shoulders. Only America among the great Powers, he says, has the resources to check Asia's self-assertion; and he ends uncertain of her choice. His breathlessness is fatiguing; but his excitement is justified.

Mr. Morley is neither breathless nor blind. He visited the East in the interval of calm between the passion which followed the Shanghai shootings and the stormy rise of the Cantonese. No better editorials on the Chinese crisis are appearing in America today than those in the Baltimore *Sun*, and their background lies in the experiences described in this travelogue. In 174 pages Mr. Morley contrives to sum up, with a talent for common sense, the essentials of the Japanese effort to create a synthetic democracy; the silent wrestling-match of Japan and Russia in Manchuria; the epic awakening of China, the germination of which he observed at Canton; and the human aspiration of the Filipinos for their promised but ever-deferred independence.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Deus ex Machina

The Myth of the Individual. By Charles W. Wood. The John Day Company. $2.50.

CHARLES W. WOOD is a journalist who is ever seeking news from Nowhere. And his utopia is not a land of dreams but one of bustling, clanging reality—industrial America. It is his enthusiastic belief that here and now the American people have the means of realizing the greatest hopes of mankind, if they but understood the real nature of that machine industry which they have developed so marvelously.

According to Mr. Wood, the machine was turned from its true purpose by the capitalist who saw in it merely a method of creating large profits. For the very nature of the machine is to produce abundantly. The capitalist, fearful of overproduction, and the laborer, fearful of unemployment, have tried to limit output. But all in vain. The machine has run away from both of them; it produces more than ever. It seems to be driven by an almost mystical impulse to turn out a sufficiency of goods so that no one need go hungry or naked.

Mr. Wood discusses many subjects in his book—business, family, war, crime, politics, religion—but every chapter ends in a hymn to the machine. The great problem of our times, he declares, is the result of the fact that we persist in clinging to the outworn ideas of the pre-machine age. And the most obsolete of these ideas is "ownership." "Capitalism," says Mr. Wood, "is not a system. It is merely a superstitious belief that industry can be owned." The machine has abolished individual ownership, and in doing so it has made all mankind interdependent. That is the "Industrial Revelation." Contrary to general belief the individual is now a "myth," since in industry he cannot function by himself in any way whatsoever. A wagon can be owned but not a steam engine; the latter is, in its very nature, social because it cannot be worked except collectively.

Who, then, is the capitalist? He is, declares Mr. Wood, es-

sentially a pawn-broker, a survival of medieval times, whose object is to lend money at high rates of interest, not to produce goods. The scientist, not the capitalist, created and developed modern industry. What the capitalist did was to pervert its uses for his own selfish interests. Does the solution of the problem therefore lie in getting rid of the capitalist? But in that way lies socialism. As Mr. Wood does not believe in ownership, either private or public, he must find a solution elsewhere. And he finds it in the ideas of Henry Ford, on whom he once wrote a famous interview-article. The Ford policy of buying labor at the highest price and selling goods at the lowest price establishes, in the author's opinion, industry on the basis of service to the community. It is "industry" versus "business," and Ford's great success means the inevitable downfall of business. The death-knell of capitalism has been sounded by the honk of the tin lizzie.

There is growing up a Ford legend. It is that of a great social philosopher at the helm of industry, which he guides for the benefit of the workers. Service is his watchword. The plain fact of the matter is that Ford is a business man. His views on social problems betray ignorance so abysmal and notions so puerile that they merit no serious consideration. But when Ford talks business it is quite another story. There he shows a striking originality and a daring venturesomeness for which he cannot be too highly praised. He is therefore not a Robert Owen, dominated by a passion to renovate society and using his business talents for that purpose, but a captain of industry dominated by a passion to renovate business methods. Like Judge Gary, Ford is opposed to any fundamental change in the existing order. The only difference is that Ford is a much better business man than the Judge. Then why the legend? It is really a new soft pillow to make sensitive capitalists feel at ease in a critical world. Once the soft pillow was philanthropy; then, settlement work; then, a Message to Garcia; now it is service.

In spite of digressions and repetitions Mr. Wood's book is a stimulating contribution to contemporary thought. Eloquent exhortation, witty paradox, a quaint turn of phrase, a novel point of view enliven its pages. Perhaps the most original thing in the volume is its assimilation of machine industry to Christian ethics. Mr. Wood has baptized the machine. In throbbing steel he beholds a universal power for the welfare of mankind; hence it is the greatest of all spiritual forces.

J. Salwyn Schapiro

Portrait of a Young Woman in New York

Andy Brandt's Ark. By Edna Bryner. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE mystery of Althea bulks large in this book; but its kernel of gold is the portrait of a young woman who has lifted herself by her bootstraps out of the slough of despond, lower middle-class and somewhat subhuman, in which Althea is still struggling, to the dizzy heights of a large well-lighted attic studio in New York, furnished with the latest thing in furniture and the latest thing in books. Sitting on these dizzy heights, new enough evidently so that she is continually overwhelmed by them, though at the same time she has the sensation of being "fixed in her familiar surroundings like a specimen, some species of hardy winged creature of good warm brown touched with gold, settled by a cunning intent hand for the truth of its being amid its precise field of flowers"—sitting exultantly on these heights, Andy Brandt gets a letter that draws her back into family complications. Her younger sister Althea is in serious trouble. It is a good deal of a hardship to leave New York and Michael and the opera and theater and supper parties and luncheon parties and tea parties, but Andy Brandt gets on the train.

Miss Bryner uses various of the ratiocinative methods of Conan Doyle and Henry James. She adds to their devices her own interesting one of unraveling her plot through an individual's discovery of the family out of which she has grown. So interesting that I read patiently on to discover what or who was to blame for the Brandts in spite of the difficulties of the thick and at times almost unintelligible style that has borrowed the worst features of half a dozen experimenters. "Lean darkness with its fresh English air infused with oriental luminousness met swelling roundness crackling points of light over its strong soft texture," Andy says succinctly of her husband and herself.

In her sleuthing visits she makes herself as common as the brothers and sisters-in-law she investigates. They find to their joy that she can talk their language and that although she is a writer the underclothes she hangs out on the line are silk and colored. But this commonness is outside. Inside she is looking down on them from the secure heights of her New York apartment. Seen from those heights the emotional entanglements of a lower middle-class family are maddeningly trivial, and need only the sharp sword of common sense, which she unsparingly applies. In her world such complications do not arise. She and Michael have learned to live without drudgery, to be married without children, and to keep from knowing all the people they don't want to know. This last knowledge they continue to practice even when swayed by knight errantry. For when Andy fails to interest her brothers in assuming the responsibility for the deserted father, she does not ask him to live with her. Family responsibilities evidently belong to those already inured to them. The idea that she might take the old man does cross her mind, but she reassures herself that he would be lost away from his woods, forgetting that woods are to be had at New York's back door for a few dollars down. And when she wonders if she is not endangering the peace of her older brother's home by shipping her mother to him, it does not occur to her that she herself, armored as she is in success and urbanity and a knowledge of modern languages and modern psychology, and possessed of a husband who understands all things, should be the one to assume the risk. Again, when Althea comes to her a second time for succor, she receives that budding clinical case with enthusiasm, saying, you are made of silk and you are trying to live with people who are made of cotton. Until Althea turns her fault-finding talents on Andy too and is promptly told that she is a silly little fool who has a good husband and no real troubles in the world.

Andy is an engaging young person, with all the zest and naivete and courage and endurance that belong to pioneers. The book in which she records herself is full of honest attempts to reproduce moods, ideals, remembered incidents, and real people. From it one learns a great deal about how a fairly typical young woman of the newest vintage thinks and feels.

Alice Beal Parsons

Unamuno's Epilogue

L'Agonie du christianisme. Par Miguel de Unamuno. Traduit du texte espagnol inédit par Jean Cassou. Paris: F. Rieder et Cie.

UNAMUNO has told us in one of his best essays that as a youth he walked far and wide through the fields of European culture, but after a weary excursion he could not find anything of interest in them. In "The Tragic Sentiment of Life," however, he has also told us that the gnawing doubt which forms the substance of his thought, and which has obsessed him for so long, was a struggle between the heart and the mind, between faith and reason. This struggle, which constitutes Unamuno's main claim to the attention of the world—because his importance as a Spaniard rests elsewhere—has naturally been supposed by its readers to be a sincere one. We thought it was a struggle in which Unamuno himself stood

as a dispassionate spectator, tragically torn it is true by the possibility of the defeat of any one of the antagonists within his mind, but unwilling in any case to show for either of them —faith or reason—any partiality.

There were, however, some indications which made one suspect at times that Unamuno was not, as he claimed to be, an impartial spectator to the struggle enacted in his mind; that he was, though perhaps unwittingly, partial to his faith; that he owed it a loyalty he had never denied it in the depths of his heart. In a review of "Essays and Soliloquies" I have already implied my doubts as to his intellectual impartiality. But I did not have then sufficient evidence for a radical criticism. There was, however, the whole subtle trend of Unamuno's thought, a consideration of which led one to suspect his intimate sincerity. There was also the intimation he frequently gave of his ideals and desiderata, which were not impartial to the struggle within his mind. For as far as the reader was able to discern, these appeared addressed apologetically to one of the forces which contended within him, his faith. There were besides, dating from his early writings, those expressions for which Unamuno had become famous in Spain: "let them invent" (referring to Europeans), "that dirty logic," "what is science to me?" He who had traveled through the fields of European culture had evidently never been more than an unsympathetic tourist. Emotionally and intellectually, by training and by temperament he had always been more adapted to understand "his great African, Augustine," than the cold calculation of the physicist or the inhuman analysis of the biochemist. But there was yet another fact, much more telling than these, though more intimate; and that was, that while he was telling his readers he was the victim of the struggle of his reason and his faith, he was engaged in the composition of a strange mystic poem, "The Christ of Velazquez," which showed, better than his own pronunciamentos, where his loyalties rested.

These facts, significant as they were then for the proper interpretation of "The Tragic Sentiment of Life" and for the immediate evaluation of his ideology, assume now a much greater importance in view of the present book. In this book Unamuno can no longer conceal his real preoccupations. Insincere one may not call, of course, so impulsive a man. But certainly he cannot now escape the accusation of blind ignorance of his own heart. He has already left behind the tragic sentiment of life. He comes out now with what one had already suspected was his real problem: a purely religious struggle, "the agony of Christianity" within himself. The philosopher is here entirely eclipsed by the mystic. The "logic of passion," the meaning of which he leaves the reader to interpret for himself, the avalanche of his paradoxes, and the impact of his epigrams are now totally directed toward the problem of his faith as a Christian and a Catholic. The intellectual problems of modern Europe concern him no longer, except in so far as they may be vaguely present to the introvert religious consciousness. And as to immortality, the doubt of its possibility no longer drives him to despair; he now accepts immortality on faith.

"L'Agonie du christianisme" is a strange book, worth reading even if one is not especially interested in the self-inflicted tortures of the mystic. It is the passionate explosion of a noble mind in which intellectual harmony has disappeared and in which the search for truth no longer obtrudes its cacophonous note upon the tortured song of a fervid soul in the throes of one of its raptures. It obviously embodies glaring flashes of a consciousness on the edge of dissolution. And for those who have been interested in the career of Unamuno as the most prominent figure of the generation of '98 in Spain, or as a philosopher of despair, it is of the greatest importance because it is not only the epilogue to "The Tragic Sentiment of Life"—it seems to be Unamuno's swan song as well. The incidents which have been recently tearing at his heart—his exile, the tragedy of his country—have, one must say, broken the intellectual resistance of a man who, in his day, yielded to no one in daring and courage. Impotent in front of tragic circumstances, he has chosen the easier way, and has abandoned himself entirely to the arms of mysticism. At last he has found peace.

ELISEO VIVAS

Poet of Intricate Conceits

7 P. M. and Other Poems. By Mark Van Doren. Albert and Charles Boni. $1.75.

THE poetic performance of Mr. Mark Van Doren has been steadily limited, but it is neither unpretentious nor slight. He knows his own mind, accepts certain formal limitations, and refuses to amplify his poems beyond the point where their perceptions would perplex his sense of order. Some of his poems, as a matter of course, are less interesting than others. In all of them, however, he knows definitely what he is doing. This quality alone, of poise, of self-direction, would be enough to set him apart as an anomaly among contemporary poets. When the unusual which is not at the same time the novel rears up its head among us, the conspiracy of ignorance settles quietly upon our heads: poetry these days is seldom read with attention. In the case of Mr. Van Doren, the upshot of the anomaly is that he is called an unambitious singer of country matters. It is the opinion of this reviewer that Mr. Van Doren is one of the most ambitious poets now writing, and that the course of his poetry, in two volumes, is a growth in intensity, complexity, and range.

To assign any poetry to its niche in the halls of the literary psychologists is a dangerous, a little presumptuous, and often a meaningless affair; yet it is fairly clear that Mr. Van Doren's poetry appears in terms of the intellect. In the last ten years only the poets who are difficult, or who suffer an inarticulate pessimism, have been described as intellectual. The intellect of W. B. Yeats's later poems has evidently not been consulted. There is no criticism, likewise, for a style like Mr. Van Doren's, which, without having been in the least influenced by Yeats, displays much of the same sort of approach to poetry as Yeats's work since about 1912. The singular smoothness and surface clarity of his verse are due to a rigorous confinement of the material to a definitely conceived and arbitrarily limited plane. The plane is that of ideas, toward which, after careful eliminations, the mixture of experience that the poet must share with other men is gathered up. The elusive quality which his poetry has at its best emerges usually in visual terms, but its effectiveness is due to sudden, almost violent contrasts in image, and Mr. Van Doren, far from being a poet of simple vision, is often the poet of intricate conceits. Take his Inference, one of the best:

> Who made the evening made the fear
> Of horse and bird and snake and deer;
> Of all that do not learn they live
> Till light itself, grown fugitive,
> Goes breathing by—but turns about,
> And the black pouncer puts it out.
> Then bird and horse and deer and snake
> Go posting home, before they break
> The line that leads them; and their eyes
> Hold all the day that slowly dies.

There is more here than bucolic sincerity of feeling, of which Mr. Van Doren has been frequently accused; there is a deft, consciously sustained technique.

So far is Mr. Van Doren from being the swain of a New England farm that his chief defect as a poet, as I see it, lies in his technical virtuosity. It would be hard to find in this book a single obvious failure. But there are a few unsatisfactory poems. In these there is a certain monotony of rhythm, even when, as in the short quick line, the rhythm is varied. Mr. Van Doren's rhythmical skill occasionally blinds him to the internal

direction of the poem itself; we get a poem perfectly rounded out on the surface, but somewhat obscured internally. It is Mr. Van Doren's paradox to be superficially most lucid when he is fundamentally most obscure. The title-poem, in which the last line, simple in itself, is to me on close reading unintelligible, and a poem like Dilemma, are instances of Mr. Van Doren's occasional weakness for letting the poem get out of hand, and lost under a beautifully organized surface. The poem in this volume which seems to me to be in every respect the most distinguished is Memories; it is difficult (the reader should not be drunk, ignorant, or asleep when reading it), but it has none of the structural obscurity of an "easy" poem like Dilemma. Here the images are not carried forward by the external momentum of the verse; the internal impulse pushes out and finds its own pauses and accents; the rhythms are quite special to the intention of the poem, observing at the same time the definite stanzaic pattern of the lines. In this poem, in passages of others, Mr. Van Doren seems to have found his own equivalent for the later technique of W. B. Yeats. His general outlook and poise, moreover, have much in common with Yeats: he has held consistently to the provincial scene of his childhood, and he remains untouched by the assumptions of the megalopolitan society in which he lives.

ALLEN TATE

Books in Brief

Aspects of Science, Second Series. By J. W. N. Sullivan. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A number of very brief, journalistic essays on the theory of relativity, mathematics, the structure of the atom, psychoanalysis, etc. The attempt to popularize technical works is here brought to its perfect reductio ad absurdum. No background, knowledge, intelligence, or thought is demanded, and in return no information or insight is given. In addition to the technical articles are a number on different topics such as art, Herman Melville, On Being Oneself, etc., which are as significant and penetrating as those usually found in the Sunday magazine sections.

Issues of European Statesmanship. By B. G. de Montgomery. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

Mr. De Montgomery starts off in a very formidable way. He proposes, the preface runs, to discuss the rights and duties of the modern state, and, in the second half of his book, the major problems of foreign policy at the present time. It cannot be said that he is very successful. Much of his discussion consists of simple assertion, and large parts of it, the last chapter in particular, consist of that peculiarly irritating form of rhetoric which consists in abusing plaintiff's attorney. Mr. De Montgomery has done much better work than this. It is to be hoped that he will return to his earlier standards. And he may perhaps care to note that the conclusions of the National Industrial Conference Board are not usually accepted as either impartial or significant.

Music

Sensations—Good and Bad

THE visit which the Rochester Opera Company has just paid New York for a week under the auspices of the Theater Guild ranks in importance with the success of "The King's Henchman." If Mr. Taylor has paved the way for the American composer, the Rochester Company has done the same for American opera itself. This company is the offspring of the Eastman School of Music. Its members are students of the school, its stage and musical directors, Vladimir Rosing and Eugene Goossens, members of the faculty. The end of four years of cooperation finds all concerned able to give a popular Puccini opera, "Madame Butterfly," and two Mozart operas, "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Flight from the Seraglio," and to give them in such a manner as to charm sophisticated New York. The Puccini was not as happy a selection as the Mozart, while of the latter "The Marriage of Figaro" stood out. Nevertheless, certain surprising qualities ran uniformly through each: fresh, pretty voices, an excellent stage manner, perfect diction, artistic staging, and last but not least, fine stage and musical directing. The diction was not only the best heard now in this city on the operatic stage, but it was in English, quashing the myth that English cannot be sung. The English librettos were also the best adaptations of foreign operas yet heard here in any language, quashing the other myth that operatic librettos do not sound well in English. As a result the audience enjoyed itself thoroughly, guffawing its way through all the jokes, and chuckling comprehendingly at situations. "The Marriage of Figaro" seemed to be a constant delight; and even the rather dull "Flight from the Seraglio," the first English production in this country and the second in any language in New York, furnished its amusing moments. Perhaps the secret of the company's success was that it made no attempt to do Mozart in the grand manner, but did him simply and naturally. Mr. Goossens contributed largely to this by treating the score lightly and holding down his orchestra, at the same time keeping up the effervescent spirit of the music by an unflagging rhythm. Altogether, the quality of the productions was higher than that found in the small opera houses abroad, and yet not beyond the reach of any first-class conservatory. Nor should the financing be beyond the means of any of the cities where such music schools exist. The Rochester Company is the first practical step toward municipal opera in this country on a permanent and artistic basis. And as such, another example to the Juilliard Foundation of how to spend its thirteen-million-dollar trust fund.

George Antheil is too gifted a musician to allow either himself or his works to be presented as a circus attraction. Doubtless his management meant well when it announced him as the "musical sensation of the year" and, after dwelling pointedly on the riots attending similar performances abroad, invited the same by "wondering" obviously what New York would do. New York did the obvious thing by flocking to the concert and, promised a "sensation" by Mr. Antheil and his management, coming in a corresponding mood. The composer had promised much. Discounting a string quartet which opened the program, there was to be a jazz symphony, originally written for Paul Whiteman and now introduced instead by Handy's famous Negro Orchestra from Tennessee; a sonata for violin, piano, and drum; and, as the *pièce de résistance*, the music for a "Ballet Mécanique," scored originally for electric pianos, but now containing only one, manipulated by Mr. Antheil himself, and supplemented by some half-dozen others played by human hands, to say nothing of xylophones, sirens, alarm clocks, and even an aeroplane propellor. Under these circumstances it was not strange that the audience paid scant attention to the opening quartet. The sonata, which came after, proved better game, being a medley for the fiddle on familiar tunes from "tin-pan alley," and for the piano a steady crescendo of jazz, ending with the drum substituting for the piano. The next "kick" came when the curtain rose on a backdrop in black and white depicting two huge Negro figures of a woman in a chemise and a man in familiar vaudeville guise grabbing her even more familiarly around the waist. By the time the curtain rose again on the last backdrop, with its black and white design of steam shovel, piston, skyscraper, "El," and subway, the audience was quite ready for the steady roar and clang of steel that followed. During the intermission directly preceding almost the whole of downstairs had trooped out en masse into the lobby to talk it over. It now showed the result. It booed, whistled,

clapped, and even hissed. A feeble attempt was made to start the hoped-for riot with a few rattlers, but it died out. In the midst of the din one man furnished comedy by hoisting a handkerchief tied to a cane. A good time was being had by all! One can scarcely believe, however, that this was the composer's chief aim. The string quartet, excellently played by the Musical Art Quartet, and more or less lost in the huge hall, showed an interesting departure from what the composer calls the usual "orchestral writing." The sonata offered a clever and often beautiful treatment of cheap, hackneyed themes and astounding qualities of the piano as a percussion instrument. The symphony was the most unified form of jazz yet heard, reaching a climax through a change of rhythm by dropping suddenly into a swinging waltz; while the ballet itself displayed a singularly coherent exposition of modern life in a modern city, with all its steady monotony and roar, and all its dynamic energy. The composer's claim that "today machinery has entered the imaginations of men" is undoubtedly borne out by the life about us; and just as the romantic composer of the nineteenth century tried to imitate the sounds of nature, so the realist of this has tried to embody the Age of Steel. No one has succeeded in doing this better than George Antheil. Whether one wishes to listen to it is not so important as that, if one does, one listens to it seriously. Because of this, Mr. Antheil's presentation was much to be deplored.

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Comedy of Manners

IT would be easy, and perhaps not entirely unjust, to dismiss S. N. Behrman's tenuous little comedy "The Second Man" (Guild Theater) as no more than a bit of inconsequential fluff kept pretty constantly amusing by the expert direction of Philip Moeller and by the suave acting of an excellent company—among the members of which Alfred Lunt seems particularly at home in his role. The plot, concerning itself with the successful effort of an honest and amiable but indolent short-story writer to disentangle himself from the determined embraces of an infatuated flapper in order that he may marry an old friend with an income, is developed with liveliness rather than with any remarkable inevitability; and so, I say, one might dismiss the piece with no more than what has already been said. Yet it would, I think, be more profitable to consider it rather in connection with the thing which it and many other similar plays are striving to be and which it in a measure succeeds in being; for it is, in effect, sentimental comedy on the point of becoming that much higher thing, pure comedy.

Mr. Behrman, it is to be noted first of all, has chosen as his milieu the American equivalent of the smart bohemia so extensively and so cheaply exploited by that nine days' wonder, Noel Coward. Occupied exclusively by well-decorated studios, inhabited by a race of near-artists and their semi-fashionable hangers-on, and dedicated less to the practice of the seven arts than to fastidious experimentation with both the Ten Commandments of Moses and the ten thousand of the social code, it is a semi-mythical region not unanalogous to that which constitutes the scene of the plays of Congreve, but it has a sort of ideal existence. Its denizens, all well enough off to be pleasantly irresponsible, represent rather the ideal aspired to than the actuality achieved by the class of real people from which they are imitated, and their artistic function is to strive to create a comedy of manners in the old sense, a comedy, that is to say, which takes its rise from the fact that its characters order their lives by their minds rather than by their emotions and frankly acknowledge prudence rather than sentiment as their guide. They are the representatives of those who think as opposed to those who feel; of the two masks by which the Greeks symbolized the two possible attitudes toward life they wear the one with the smile; and they are serenely integral because they have resolved once and for all the conflict between what romantic feeling prompts and what analysis reveals. At the time of the Restoration the characters of such comedy were drawn from the most fashionable society because the most fashionable society was that which approached nearest that ideal; today they are drawn from the smart bohemia because "society" today is predominantly sentimental in its ideals if not in its practice.

Mr. Coward's comedy was, as comedy, completely destroyed both by the extent to which he introduced sentiment and by a half-hypocritical, half-muddle-headed tendency to conventional moralizing which gave his plays a tone quite as much suggestive of nurse-maid literature as of high comedy; but from this Mr. Behrman has entirely escaped. He has, to be sure, satisfied the sentimental half of his audience by disposing of the little flapper safely in the arms of the romanticist who really loves her, but he preserves the comic spirit of his hero intact and he shows no moralistic incapacity to accept that hero, for he leaves him, not as Mr. Coward would have done, desolately aware of the charming romance he has thrown away, but contentedly talking over the telephone to the amiable lady with the amiable income who will serve to make him comically content. Moreover, to say that Mr. Behrman's lines are bright is not enough. We must revive the distinction which seventeenth-century critics made between wit and humor, a distinction which may be translated into the modern vocabulary as the difference between that kind of comic writing which consists in giving to the personages lines which are funny because they are in character and that kind which consists in allowing everybody without distinction to indulge in some current form of wise-cracking. Most of Mr. Behrman's characters are fairly conventional types, but his hero is individually conceived and his lines amusing because they serve constantly to define his point of view. "It is terrible," he remarks, "to take money from a woman. But then for the life of me I can't see why it is any worse than taking it from anybody else."

Very few writers, and those few are among the greatest that the world has produced, have ever succeeded in completely accepting and completely expressing the comic attitude. It requires a sophistication, a disillusion if you like, far deeper than that which can be acquired by a little free thinking and a little loose talking, for it is a difficult philosophy of life and one very easy to corrupt by ever so little concessive toying with romantic sentiment. No one (not Goldsmith, not Sheridan, and not Wilde) has written pure comedy since Congreve, and certainly Mr. Behrman does not do it; but he is just a little bit better than most of the Americans and Englishmen who are struggling toward it and that little bit is important. The English-speaking theater still awaits a writer with the complete clarity and strength necessary for a perfect comedy of manners; probably it also still awaits an audience which would find such a comedy without romantic concessions endurable; but there is already a society from which it might ultimately spring.

As its annual bill "Lyric Drama" the Neighborhood Playhouse is presenting two "dance designs" to music by Charles T. Griffes, a Commedia dell' Arte, and a "Dance Romance" to music arranged by Bela Bartok. All are interesting and one, "The White Peacock," is especially beautiful. "Hearts Are Trumps" (Morosco Theater) is a rather ponderous piece with Alice Fischer, Frank Morgan, and Vivian Martin. It deals with the complications arising from the alleged fact that according to French law a man may find himself married to a woman because an impostor has married her under his name.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

International Relations Section

Germany's War Guilt

By ALFRED VON WEGERER

IN countries outside Germany one continually meets with articles, many of them by eminent journalists, expressing the opinion that the pacification of Europe is being thwarted by the continuance of the controversy over the war-guilt question. Some of these journalists think that the time has not yet come for any final judgment on this vexed question and that the eternal discussion of opposing views with regard to it merely hampers the policy of peace which is so essential for Europe's welfare. On the other hand they grant that in spite of all attempts that have been made to smooth over the difficulties that divide Europe the protests against the Versailles view of Germany's responsibility are being urged with the same emphasis and stubbornness as ever.

Attempts to bring about a Franco-German understanding make so little headway mainly because the great bulk of the French nation still imagines that the Germans systematically planned and prepared the World War and that in 1914 they would have fallen upon France without any action whatever on the part of Poincaré and Isvolski. This belief alone renders it possible for the French Government of today to cling to Poincaré's policy of keeping the French garrisons in the Rhenish occupied provinces despite the Treaty of Locarno and the meeting at Thoiry. At the same time France's own war equipment, which is such a constant menace to Germany, is kept almost undiminished. An understanding between the Germans and the French, however, is impossible as long as French soldiers are stationed on the Rhine and the German civilian population is again and again irritated by the verdicts of French military tribunals. Only by getting rid of the prevailing French ideas concerning the outbreak of the war can a new mood be created in that country. Some such change of mood is essential as a preliminary for a withdrawal of the Rhenish garrisons.

A second consideration which makes the revision of the war-guilt dogma necessary is the fact that among the Germans it is now increasingly recognized that the burden laid upon the German nation by the Dawes Plan and the tribute that has to be raised for the most part by the self-sacrifice and hard work of the German laboring classes represent a demand unjustly made upon Germany, a demand moreover which the Germans themselves will eventually not be able to tolerate. There is a very strong sense of right and wrong among the Germans, and when once the masses of the workmen and peasants, as well as the army of unemployed and the lower grades of the proletariat, have really come to understand that the payment of two and a half milliard marks ($500,500,000) which Germany has to raise every year is based upon an unjust award, the consequences may be serious.

In German and foreign intellectual circles there is now a conviction that the Versailles dogma of Germany's sole responsibility for the war is without scientific foundation. In saying this we must remember that the mistaken verdict of Versailles was itself the result of a scientific investigation undertaken by authorized persons belonging to the Peace Delegation appointed by the Entente. This delegation pronounced its judgment, however, on the basis of material that was incomplete and in part even falsified. The procedure was, in short, as follows:

In 1919 the so-called Preliminary Peace Conference sat in Paris and at a full session on January 25 resolved to appoint a committee of fifteen members who among other things had the task of drawing up for the conference a report on the responsibility of those who began the war. On this committee there were representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Greece, Poland, Rumania, and Serbia. The whole world in fact was represented. Among the Americans Lansing and Scott were conspicuous, while among the English Sir Gordon Hewart and Sir Ernest Pollock may be mentioned; M. Tardieu was one of the French delegates, while Signor Scialoja represented Italy and M. Politis Greece. The committee presented its report to the Peace Conference on March 29, 1919. In the report itself the committee arrived at the following conclusion:

> The war was premeditated by the Central Powers as well as by their allies, Turkey and Bulgaria, and was the result of acts deliberately committed with the intention of making it inevitable.
>
> Germany in accord with Austria-Hungary deliberately worked to set aside the numerous conciliatory proposals put forward by the Entente Powers and to bring to naught their repeated efforts to avoid war.

For the conclusions stated in this report the delegates used chiefly the so-called Color Books, published by the European governments in 1914 and containing the diplomatic correspondence that had taken place between the European cabinets before the outbreak of the war. From the Russian documents published since the war by the Soviet Republic it is clear that the Russian Orange Book of 1914 was not only incomplete in every respect but that a great number of its documents were forged. That the documents published by France in 1914 contained considerable gaps and were in part forged is also sufficiently notorious. Another proof of the insufficiency of the Color Books of 1914 is afforded by the recently issued British Documents on the Origins of the War. This collection of documents shows that the Blue Book of 1914 contained only a fragment, a mere quarter of the documents actually available, and that through its omissions and alterations of sequence it could not but lead to conclusions which were in no way in keeping with the actual state of affairs at the outbreak of the war.

The new British documents demonstrate moreover various falsifications of the French Yellow Book that had hitherto remained unnoticed. By means of these falsifications the French aimed at creating the impression that Germany's military preparations shortly before the outbreak of the war were far in advance of the corresponding French measures. In reality the exact contrary was the case. In order to attain their end the publishers of the French Yellow Book did not hesitate to employ the crudest form of falsification by altering certain dates in their own favor.

From this brief statement of the facts it will be clear that the committee appointed in 1919 by the Entente to examine the question of war responsibility drew up its

report on the basis of an insufficient, incomplete, and falsified mass of material.

It goes without saying that no reproach is to be made against the members of the committee for this state of affairs. At the time the members could not doubt the official material placed at their disposal for the purpose of their investigation. The members of the committee themselves had no opportunity of checking the genuineness and completeness of the documents by consulting the archives of the various governments. The blame therefore rests not upon the members of the committee but upon the governments concerned.

The practical question now arises: What is to be done in order to make good this glaring injustice? In our opinion there are two alternatives.

As it is impossible to doubt the good faith of the members of the committee, it is to be expected that as soon as they are informed of the facts as cited above they will notify their governments that they can no longer identify themselves with the report in question.

Should, however, the members of the committee not take this view, a strong appeal should be made to the public in the countries in question with the object of getting the governments concerned to recognize the necessity of revising the verdict as to Germany's war guilt and of annulling the report as early as possible. This argument gains added weight when we consider that Germany up to the present loyally fulfilled all the obligations forced upon it by the Treaty of Versailles.

Italy and Bessarabia

AT the last session of the Council of the League of Nations in March the Italian representative surprised everyone by announcing that the Fascist Government of Italy had finally decided to ratify the annexation of Bessarabia by Rumania. Immediately following this announcement, an exchange of formal notes between Mussolini and the Soviet Ambassador to Italy, L. B. Kamenev, took place.

Following is a translation of the two notes from the Russian text as they appeared in the Soviet press in Moscow on March 20:

THE NOTE OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT

On October 6, last, Your Excellency's predecessor addressed a letter to me wherein he explained the viewpoint of the Government of the USSR on the question of Bessarabia and informed me that, on the basis of the letters exchanged between myself and the Chairman of the Rumanian Council of Ministers in connection with the signing, on September 16, 1926, of a treaty of friendship between Italy and Rumania, the Government of the USSR noted with regret the probability of the ratification by Italy of the treaty on Bessarabia concluded on October 28, 1920, between Italy, Great Britain, France, Japan, and Rumania.

I was regretfully forced to state at the time that, irrespective of the essence of that communication, the point of view of the Italian Government on this question was not considered, a point of view which the Royal Government has had occasion to express before.

The Italian Government has never intended not to confirm the action of its plenipotentiary representatives, who, with the proper authorization, had signed in Paris the treaty of October 28, 1920, nor has it been its intention to avoid the fulfilment of the obligations assumed on the strength of that treaty. Since the Government of the USSR had expressed a negative attitude

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toward that treaty, the Royal Government has considered it necessary to postpone the act of ratification solely in the hope that direct negotiations between Russia and Rumania, such as were conducted between the two Powers both in Warsaw in 1921 and in Vienna in 1924, would lead toward an agreement satisfactory to both parties. It was also its hope that the good relations existing between Italy and the USSR could indirectly contribute toward the reaching of such an agreement in an atmosphere of clear and correct understanding of mutual interests.

This has been the sole consideration of the Italian Government in determining its actions up till now.

However, since the present position of Italy in regard to the treaty of 1920 cannot be continued indefinitely and since, on the other hand, there are no indications of the possibility of a friendly settlement of the question in the near future—a settlement which Italy has hoped for and is still hoping for—the Royal Government has decided not to postpone the ratification of the above-named treaty any longer.

In informing Your Excellency of this decision the Royal Government is of the opinion that the Government of the USSR will not view this as an unfriendly act toward Russia but solely as the desire of Italy to remain faithful toward the international obligations assumed in agreement with other Powers, signatories of the Paris Treaty of October 28, 1920.

March 7, 1927 MUSSOLINI

THE NOTE OF THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT

In reply to your note of March 7 I have the honor to communicate to you the following:

The Government of the USSR has energetically and repeatedly declared before the whole world, and before the governments which had signed the Paris Treaty of October 28, 1920, and also in the note of October 6, 1926, addressed to the Italian Government that the annexation of Bessarabia by Rumania was an act of brutal seizure of territory against the will of the population involved, a seizure which is a flagrant violation of the indisputable right of each people for self-determination. In view of the fact that the Italian Government refers to the negotiations which have taken place in Warsaw and in Vienna, I must remind you that in all negotiations concerning Bessarabia the Soviet Government has always held that the fate of this territory can and should be decided solely by the free expression of the will of its population. The very fact that the Rumanian Government has declined the proposal of the Soviet Government for a plebiscite more than anything else shows that the Rumanian Government is fully aware that it is maintaining its authority on the territory of Bessarabia only through military occupation and without popular consent. This fact cannot be changed either in the consciousness of the people of the USSR or of Bessarabia by any agreements of third Powers or by the ratification of such agreements by anyone.

The signing of the Paris Treaty of 1920, which is definitely hostile to the USSR, took place at a time when the signatory Powers not only had no relations with the Soviet Union, but had actually carried on a war of intervention in the Soviet Union, even having occupied its territory with their troops. The ratification of the treaty three years after the establishment of normal diplomatic and economic relations between the two countries can have no justification either from the point of view of international law or, still less, from the point of view of the interests of the peoples of the two countries.

I cannot refrain from pointing out, also, that the ratification of this act by Italy at a moment when public opinion considers war to be dangerously imminent can only serve to make the situation even more acute and contribute toward the forces directed against the USSR and, consequently, against the peace of Europe. Announcing, in the name of my Government, a determined protest against the act of the Italian Government,

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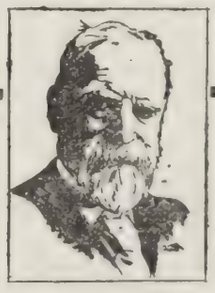
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—Claude G. Bowers, author of *Jefferson and Hamilton*, in the *New York World*

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I, therefore, consider it necessary to reassert to Your Excellency that the USSR continues, as before, to consider the annexation of Bessarabia by Rumania an act of flagrant violence, and that the protocol of October 28, 1920, now ratified by Italy and concluded without the participation of the USSR and without consulting the population of Bessarabia, is, in the opinion of the Soviet Government, an act which has no legal significance and which, contrary to the view of the Italian Government, not only cannot insure peace in the East of Europe, but is in sharp contrast to the principles of peace.

March 17, 1927 KAMENEV

An Appeal to Murder

THE following plea, said to be taken from the *Torchio*, official organ of Fascist journalists, is here translated from a bulletin issued in Paris by Henri Barbusse's Committee for the Defense of the Victims of Fascism and of the White Terror:

RALLY TO US, FASCISTS, AND KILL!

The International Blackhand Society is composed of the plutocracy, the exiles, the freemasonry, the banks, the Jews!

Oh, Fascists, you who love the Duce with a passionate devotion, cross the frontiers—by tens, by hundreds, by thousands.

Travel all the roads of the world, into those countries which think it an act of friendship to Italy to give hospitality to our bitterest and most vigorous enemies; seek out the countries which have been soiled by their anti-Italian blasphemies; plunge the tips of your bayonets into the sewage of the French bordels. There you will find the assassins. Your arms will be soiled by manure and blood and poison, but you will have an opportunity to cleanse them later on.

What we must do today, what must be done in the sacred name of Italy and the Duce is to strike. Mercilessly and ceaselessly, cruelly and finally, we must hunt out all the assassins and their agents, all the false Italians and all the ex-Italians. Wherever they may be they must fall. The extermination should be inexorable and complete. The very memory of these men must be wiped out.

Thus and only thus can we free Italy from her present nightmare and save her from the abyss into which they wish to plunge her.

The safety of the Duce requires it.

Fascists, rally to us, and kill!

Contributors to This Issue

G. E. R. GEDYE was for years correspondent of the London *Times* in Central Europe.

LOUIS FISCHER returns to Russia next month where he will again act as *The Nation's* Russian correspondent.

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The author of The Long Journey is a distinguished child psychologist.

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WE SINCERELY TRUST that there will be an immediate and worthy response to the appeal of the Red Cross and the President for the relief of the flood sufferers in the Mississippi Valley. There is a completeness about an inundation which is appalling; even an earthquake usually leaves the fields and plantations unaltered. To reestablish the homes that have been destroyed will be a tremendous task and, until Congress convenes, the generosity of the American public must meet the need. We trust that the rousing of public opinion will not end there. These floods can be stopped by modern engineering, but ever since 1879 the Federal Mississippi River Commission has carried out its "levees-only" theory—the theory that the only aim should be the confinement of the river between levees, although levees always break in flood times. It is charged that under this policy some 27,000 square miles of bottom lands, natural auxiliary reservoirs, have been taken from the river and nearly all the natural relief outlets have been closed, while forests have been cut from the watershed so that the run-off of water into the river has been greatly accelerated. The National Flood Commission, a civic organization, insists that beginning three hundred miles north of the mouth, controlled spillways are possible and practical and that flood levels in the delta of the Mississippi can thus be so completely controlled that no more breaks in the levees need be feared. We need immediate, independent engineering inquiry as to whether it is not time for the federal commission to reverse its position once for all.

OUT OF MEXICO comes dangerous news. Bandits attacked a train running from Guadalajara to Mexico City, and killed at least 100 persons. It was one of the most brutal and bloody of bandit outrages in the history of Mexico—and, according to testimony of some survivors, it was led by three Catholic priests. The Mexican Government asserts that the priests were acting at the instigation of the hierarchy, and has accordingly deported six archbishops and bishops. The Government says that the prelates were given a choice of trial or deportation; the deportees assert that they were ordered to leave without being granted time to pack fresh clothes. There seems to be little doubt that three priests—Fathers Vega, Pedroza, and Angulo—took part in the raid; and that the bandits shouted "Long Live Christ the King" as they robbed and killed; but no proof has yet been published of the statement, denied by the prelates, that these men acted upon order of the Catholic Episcopate. Eighty-nine-year-old Archbishop Mora y del Rio, however, faced the Minister of the Interior after the outrage and declared dramatically:

> We have aided no revolution. We have plotted no revolution, but we do claim that the Catholics of Mexico have the right to fight for their right by peaceful means first, and with their arms in an extremity.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH in Mexico, revolted by President Calles's anti-Catholic crusade, has clearly assumed an attitude of toleration if not of approval of revolutionary activity. It is not possible to believe that the church could organize such bloodshed as that on the Guadalajara train; but its sense of right and wrong seems to have been dimmed by its suffering under persecution. It is, for instance, with amazement that one reads the cool statement about these train murders made by Archbishop Ruiz y Flores in behalf of the Mexican Episcopate. "If priests participated," he said, "they did so without permission of the Episcopate"; he added:

> If it be true that the assailants of the train committed the cruelties credited to them in the official bulletin issued by General Jose Alvarez, President Calles's chief of staff, they deserve the reproach of the entire world; but in no case is the church responsible for their actions, but those who have brought about this situation, and have given and are giving an example of similar attacks.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER has done well to call attention to the remarkable proposal made to the American people on April 6 by M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister. "France is willing," he said, "publicly to engage itself with the United States to put war as between the two countries outside the pale of the law." Dr. Butler declares that M. Briand could not have made such a statement without the previous knowledge and consent of the French Cabinet to this utterance. This may or may not be the case, but we emphatically agree that there should be an immediate and prompt American response to this offer, whether it be official or unofficial, inspired or made on the spur of the moment. Senator Borah should be the first to accept this challenge of M. Briand. Every advocate of the

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outlawry of war in this country should foster this proposal; it would mean removal of the possibility of war between the United States and one of its most steadfast friends in the family of nations. Incidentally, it is a complete vindication of the wisdom of the Arbitration Crusade, recently started by William Floyd, the editor of the *Arbitrator*, for he urged the making of treaties like this between the United States and all nations, not half-way arbitration treaties with ifs and buts and exceptions, but hard-and-fast agreements which would make war impossible as long as a vestige of honor survived in the governments and peoples affected.

WE TALK PEACE AT HOME, but we drift toward war in China. The State Department, apparently impressed by the unanimity of American opinion against intervention there, has acted as a mildly restraining influence upon the allied alien Powers in China, but on the spot the ever-ardent marines are always eager for excitement. Americans scaled the wall of the Soviet Legation in Peking and occupied one part of it, not content to wait until the Chinese police found the keys to the buildings they had raided; American warships join in convoying British merchant ships on the Yangtze; American marines "rescued" three Americans from the Hankow picket-police. Imagine the excitement in this country if Chinese marines should land at St. Louis and forcibly take three of their countrymen away from an American police station! The Associated Press correspondent at Shanghai has computed that American vessels in China inland waters have been fired at 26 times within six weeks; and 15 times the American ships returned fire. It is now the official policy to engage in battle when fired upon. It sounds like bravery—but isn't it about the kind of bravery displayed by a young man who boldly demolishes a hornet's nest with his fist? Incidentally, we now have one warship at Hankow for every seven Americans remaining there, and we shall soon have thirty Americans in unform defending each precious civilian life. It sounds expensive. If the Americans are not wanted in Hankow why don't they get out?

ALWAYS, IN TIME OF CRISIS, the foreigners in China look to a "strong man" for salvation. And always the strong man turns out to be stuffed with straw. It was so after the Taiping rebellion a half century ago, when the foreigners helped restore the tottering Manchu power; it was so in 1911, when they lent Yuan Shih-kai millions to crush the democratic South; it has been so successively with Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu and Sun Chuang-fong, and now with Chiang Kai-shek. Chiang is of different stuff, indeed, from the bandit generals against whom he has fought; but he has broken with the civilian government to which he owed allegiance and is seeking to establish a new government which will be as directly dependent upon him as recent governments in Peking have been upon Chang Tso-lin. Upon the labor unions which had been his civilian allies he has turned with a ruthlessness which none of his rivals has ever surpassed. Two hundred union leaders have been slain by Chiang's men at Shanghai, and their organizations suppressed; and similar tactics have been followed by his allies in Canton and at Nanking. This is something else than "crushing communism," and it is a poor record with which to proclaim oneself heir to the democratic nationalism of Sun Yat-sen. Foreign aid and sympathy may help Chiang to victory today, and tired Chinese business men may conclude that the time has come for compromise with the Powers behind the warships, but the popular forces which carried Chiang to victory will finally submerge him if he continues to tread the worn path of military dictatorship.

VOLCANIC JAPAN is likely for a time to be a land of economic and political earthquakes as well. So thoroughly has she asserted her right to a position among the great Powers of the modern world that we easily forget how sudden has been her leap from the feudal Middle Ages into the industrial Twentieth Century. Maladjustments are inevitable; and other formidable crises may follow the present. The great banks of Japan stand in intimate relation to the state at all times, and since the earthquake of 1923 have been even closer tied in. The Privy Council in mid-April refused to approve the Government's plan to advance large sums to rescue the Bank of Formosa, caught both in the earthquake aftermath and in the bankruptcy of the great Kobe house of Suzuki and Co., which recently failed with liabilities of $250,000,000. So Mr. Wakatsuki's Kenseikai Government fell, and a new Seiyukai Government—the Kenseikai draws its main strength from business groups, the Seiyukai from the landlord class—took its place. But neither party alone has a majority in Parliament; both rely on the uncertain alliance of the Seiyuhonto, a group with few fixed principles except to get as much power as possible. Both parties fear a general election, for since the last election manhood suffrage has come into effect, enlarging the electorate from 3 to 15 million voters, and the result is unpredictable. Japan is becoming too great a nation to be controlled by a paternalistic group of elder statesmen, and the present crisis—which has led to a bank panic, a series of bank failures, and a twenty-day general moratorium—is a part of the inevitable growing pains.

SINCE THE UNITED STATES "sold" to its puppet president of Nicaragua $217,718 worth of arms and ammunition—payments to begin after his term of office expires—Don Adolfo Diaz has been doing pretty well. The Liberal forces opposing him have not been captured or defeated, but as a rule they have found it safer not to attack. When they have ventured to attack, as at Matagalpa, Admiral Latimer's marines have stepped in conveniently and declared the prospective battleground a "neutral zone." Even so, things have dragged. So President Coolidge, who already had the regular quota of diplomats, several score business men, and a few thousand marines and marine officers on duty in Nicaragua, decided that the best next step was to send down a "personal observer." He chose Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War in Mr. Taft's Cabinet, and Mr. Stimson accordingly added himself to the company of Americans engaged in studying Nicaragua. He plans, he says, "to study the entire situation impartially." He began by calling on Adolfo Diaz, the Conservative "President." As to the Liberals, the Associated Press correspondent reports: "If Dr. Juan Sacasa, the Liberal President, or General Moncada, the chief Liberal commander, desires to communicate or visit him, Mr. Stimson says that he is ready to receive them, but that he is not suggesting such a step." Mr. Stimson is hardly likely to have his impartial mind sullied by contact with the Liberals so long as he waits to receive them close to the storehouses where Don Adolfo keeps his $217,718 worth of arms and ammunition.

> The Fascist regime upholds the doctrine of private property and favors private initiative in the field of production. . . . Strikes, lockouts, boycotts, obstructionism, and sabotage are absolutely forbidden, being considered rebellion against the state.

THESE ARE THE CORNERSTONES of the new Fascist Charter of Labor, made public at the recent celebration of Rome's 2,681st birthday. In addition to this forthright declaration of principles, in which the state is seen to be head, there are all sorts of regulations, as yet not formulated in detail, for cooperation between capital and labor. Each is organized in associations called syndicates; each has its own restrictions and privileges. There will be no strikes, but capital must protect the worker in case of accident, sickness, or unemployment. Labor is guaranteed a six-day week—but without specifications as to the length of the day—extra pay for night work, an annual paid holiday, and indemnity to the worker's family in case of death; but on the other hand, it is solemnly warned that "employees are responsible to the state in helping toward an increase in the value of the products and a reduction in their costs." In case of a dispute between the laboring syndicate and the employing syndicate, a labor court will render a final decision in the controversy. In short, the workers may play at bringing their demands before the proper branch of the employers' organization, and the employers may pretend that they have the power to refuse or grant such demands. In reality, the state controls the industry, top and bottom—the Little Father protects his children, the Benevolent Despot watches over his subjects. A splendid game to play, particularly if you can be the Despot.

THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN on Fifth Avenue the sign "Oriental rugs made to order" will not be surprised that we also make "Swiss" cheese in this resourceful country. Chiefly it is in Wisconsin and Ohio that, with the assistance of machinery to supply the holes, we produce the genuine imitation article. And the United States Tariff Commission has accordingly been laboring for more than two and a half years to determine whether the present 25 per cent ad valorem duty could not be increased, better to protect the native imitation. About two-fifths of the round Swiss cheese Americans eat is imported, and the imported cheese sells readily at higher prices than the domestic—any one of four senses will tell one that it is a different product. The Tariff Commission, however, heeds only the fifth sense, that of hearing; and its ears have been assailed by highly vocal Congressmen from the imitation-cheese-producing States. At last, after years of labor, the mountain has brought forth a mousy report. And as Mr. Coolidge is to spend his summer in the West, he will find it cooler, we suspect, if he promptly makes effective the suggested increase in the subsidy to American "Swiss" cheese-makers.

THE MORE WE READ of Governor Smith's reply to Mr. Charles C. Marshall's challenge to him to state his position as to his church and its relation to the political government of the United States the better we like it. There are those, we know, who feel that ten lines would have sufficed for the reply, and there are plenty of others who will not be convinced by it or by anything else that the Governor could say. As for the first, the reply is that ten lines would not have made a magazine article; as for the second, Governor Smith will simply have to count on the hostility of this group of men whose minds are closed. We are of course particularly pleased with his utterance on Mexico, which is of enormous importance to liberals everywhere. As to that country he writes: "I believe in peace on earth, good-will to men, and that no country has a right to interfere in the internal affairs of another country." This ought to be one of the foremost planks in his platform if he seeks Progressive votes for his nomination and election. It should, of course, be strengthened by specific statements. If the Governor is nominated and should challenge Coolidge and Kellogg by positively declaring that he will not interfere with the laws of Mexico or with internal disturbances in Nicaragua or any other country, that he will take American ships and American marines out of China as soon as all Americans have been given opportunity to withdraw to another country, and warned that they stay at their own risk; if he will declare that under him the American flag will not follow every investor who has a claim, honest or dishonest, against a Caribbean Government, or for that matter any government anywhere, the Governor can render a tremendous service to the United States and the entire world.

WE CONGRATULATE the *Jewish Daily Forward* upon the thirtieth anniversary of its foundation, for which celebration it did the country the service of inviting Ramsay MacDonald to visit us—Mr. MacDonald's unfortunate indisposition kept him from attending the celebration and delivering the commemorative address. We have frequently stated our belief that this Jewish daily is one of the most interesting and challenging in the United States because it is run on a non-profit-making basis. Nobody owns it. Title to it is held by a group of some two hundred members of the Forward Association, but all the profits made above expenses go to the causes in which the paper and its backers are interested. No one has, therefore, any personal motive to suppress news or to alter it for fear of an unfavorable effect upon circulation or advertising. The *Forward* has always been a genuine Americanization agent in the best sense, while others have merely talked about helping the immigrant. While it sometimes seems faulty in taste and methods, its influence on the whole has been thoroughly beneficial among the community which it has expressed. We most cordially wish for it increased vigor and increased patronage.

"SPREAD EAGLE" is the latest play to draw fire in New York, not because it is salacious, but because it is a stirring and ably acted anti-war play. The result is that our naval and military censors are reported to be at work in protest; it is even stated that the District Attorney is considering whether he cannot bring some kind of action against it. To our minds it is one of the most useful and most educational plays ever put on, and we rejoice to hear that it is playing to crowded houses. It simply pictures the ease with which war upon Mexico could be provoked by a single rich capitalist. But there is more to it than that; it is really a representation of what has happened in the Caribbean, and indicates clearly how, once there is an excuse for rousing the people, the press, the films, and all the patriotic catchwords are utilized to throw the country into a crusade for revenge or for "teaching a lesson" to a neighbor whose methods and morals we do not like. Everybody opposed to war and to the drugging of the American people should support this brilliant performance.

To the Governor of Massachusetts

SIR: You have won a reputation in your State for independence and courage, illustrated by your refusal to be a blind follower of your party and by your declaration, contrary to Republican policy, in favor of the League of Nations. These, and other facts within our knowledge, embolden us to believe that as an honest and fearless man you will face the great issues presented to you in the Sacco-Vanzetti case without shrinking and with a determination to get at all the facts. That it is an issue of tremendous moment you are well aware. In your future political career you are not likely to meet with another situation which will so deeply arouse not only great masses of your countrymen, but millions all over the world who see another Dreyfus case in the plight of Sacco and Vanzetti. We do not believe that you desire sympathy for the difficult position in which you are placed. A brave and a big man welcomes every genuine test of his judgment and his courage, and rejoices when the opportunity comes to him to do justice. Your responsibility for the life or death of these men is great, indeed, but it is as nothing compared to the satisfaction and the distinction which will come to you if you decide this case and decide it rightly.

There is, as you must be aware, far more at stake than the lives of two foreign-born men. Precious as existence is to them and to those who hold them dear, vastly more important is the fact that the judiciary, not only of Massachusetts but of the United States is on trial. You are being urged, and you will continue to be urged, by many ignorant, passionate, or prejudiced persons to let the law take its course and thus to "uphold the majesty of the courts." Even the proposal that you should appoint an unbiased commission to review the evidence is being assailed as a blow at the authority of the courts and the superseding of the judicial system. The men, you will be told, are worthless; the need of the hour, it is asserted, is to let radicals the world over know that the courts of America will be sustained without question. There are actually judges in Massachusetts and eminent members of the bar who are counseling this. They are the worst enemies of the judicial system they seek to uphold.

No judiciary in the world is beyond the possibility of doing wrong. There is none which will not suffer deadly hurt if it is sustained in injustice. Not even a judiciary which has stood as high as that of Massachusetts can do a colossal wrong and retain its prestige or public respect. It will then become infamous throughout the world, precisely as did that travesty of French justice which condemned the innocent Captain Dreyfus to Devil's Island. It will become all the more infamous should the miscarriage of justice be due to the fact that the judicial system of Massachusetts is so organized that men may be sent to death merely because a trial judge has refused to consider new evidence. Contrary to the rule in the courts of New York and many other States, the courts of appeal in your State cannot take cognizance of new facts, or alleged facts, offered by the convicted men. As a keen and successful business man, you will appreciate the necessity of leaving no stone unturned to make certain that not the slightest injustice has been done. If the millions who are watching Massachusetts should witness the death of these men and remain convinced that they were innocent victims of legal procedure or of prejudice our entire American judicial system would rock upon its foundations and people would recall anew that the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the ex-President of the United States, William H. Taft, has declared that "the administration of criminal law in the United States is a disgrace to civilization."

The doctrine that the courts must be upheld at any cost is merely a revival of the medieval principles that the king can do no wrong and that the church must be held infallible and must be sustained, no matter how many innocents it might torture or burn to death. It is another form of the doctrine which would sustain in its every act any political system that calls itself a state, whether that state be right or wrong, no matter how great the injustices with which the temporary administrators of that state may stain their hands. This doctrine is in itself a confession of weakness. A system of government which is rooted in equity and inspired by justice needs no such defense. It needs to ask of no one that error be overlooked and crime condoned lest its prestige be impaired. On the contrary, it is ready to admit that fallibility which is inseparable from every human institution. The very fact that courts of error and appeal exist is proof that no judge, or set of judges, is beyond mistake. Yet, as the matter stands, Sacco and Vanzetti may be executed because the evidence in their case has come only before *one judge*, and he a judge whose prejudice and passion in the case leap forth from the record for anyone who takes the trouble either to read the text or the masterly analysis of the case made by Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School.

Since the upper Massachusetts courts are debarred from examining the new evidence it has become your solemn duty to do so, either alone or with the aid of an unbiased commission, as Bishop Lawrence has urged. But you have a greater duty than that. It is to examine also the original trial, the evidence submitted at that time, and above all the manner in which it was conducted by Judge Thayer. It is our sincere belief that if you do so you will without hesitation set the convicted men free. This is not because, as some distinguished lawyers and jurists are saying, men whose lives have been in judicial jeopardy for seven years ought to be released whether guilty or not, but because of what seems to us indisputable proof that the trial judge was biased to an amazing degree and that his conduct of the case was obviously inspired by malice, fear, and bitterness. You cannot, of course, order a new trial for these men; that power does not belong to the Executive. We sincerely trust that nothing will induce you merely to commute their sentences. These men are guilty or they are not guilty. If they are guilty commutation would indeed seem a concession to clamor; if they are innocent they cannot be set free too soon—to doom them to a life in prison would be no act of kindness. We know that their release from unjust imprisonment will strengthen the prestige of Massachusetts rather than injure it.

With complete faith in the integrity of your intentions, we are,

Respectfully yours,

THE EDITORS OF THE NATION

Mr. Coolidge Defends

IT is to President Coolidge's credit that his defense of his foreign policy at the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of that most useful news organization, the United Press, was straightforward and frank. It was, moreover, plainly meant to be couched in a conciliatory tone. His announcement that he has had an assurance from the Mexican Ambassador that there will be no confiscation of American property and that the dispute between the two countries seems, therefore, in the way of amicable settlement, is most gratifying. Indeed, it offsets the unfavorable statement with which it was coupled, that despite the contrary assertions of more than one hundred of the foremost law teachers and international lawyers the issues were not clearly arbitrable. His assurance that his Administration looked with most friendly eyes upon Chinese national aspirations and upon the effort to build a sound Chinese republic evoked perhaps the warmest and most spontaneous applause of the evening.

It is necessary to point out, however, that the speech began with a thoroughly vicious premise, namely, that the newspapers of the United States ought not to criticize the government in its undertakings in foreign countries. Repeating remarks made to the press correspondents in Washington some months ago, Mr. Coolidge dwelt on the freedom of the American press from government control and interference and declared that in return the press should back the government because when it dissents its utterances are the most effective material for the governments with which we may be at loggerheads, and therefore "attacks our own forces in the rear." What preposterous nonsense this is! There has not been one moment in American history from the days of Washington down when there has not been vigorous opposition to the foreign policies of the administration which temporarily happened to be in power, opposition in the Congress and in public forums quite as much as in the press. Mr. Coolidge has never learned American history. Had he done so he must have recalled the fact, for instance, that Abraham Lincoln never hesitated to assail his government on the Mexican question even when our troops were in the field and under fire. There could be no worse fate than for the country to accept Mr. Coolidge's confusing of a temporary political administration with the government of the United States, or rather with the true spirit of our republic, and his desire to do away with criticism. We should then be on the direct road to despotism. Mr. Coolidge calmly assumed that every American government is always right in its dealings with foreign countries instead of very often wrong; that is the measure of his naivete.

As for the speech itself, it was imperialistic to the core; it virtually declared that we had taken over the Caribbean countries as mandataries and went to the most dangerous lengths in evolving the doctrine that the flag must follow the American wherever he goes to protect him and his property—an untenable, unmoral, and un-American doctrine which would forever keep us in hot water, necessitate standing armies and navies for all time, and involve us in constant interference in the internal concerns of other nations. The latter intention Mr. Coolidge, of course, disavowed. So does every imperialist; but only a Machiavelli could attempt to prove that our intervention in Nicaragua to protect American lives and property was not interference in Nicaraguan domestic affairs. Altogether, Mr. Coolidge harked back to the diplomatic language of twenty-five years ago, proving himself to be another statesman who has learned not one thing from the World War.

Finally, we would point out that while many of his phrases were sound and many of his words well buttered, it is the execution of these policies which counts. The troops in Nicaragua, the warships at Hankow and elsewhere on the Yangtze, the constant menace to Mexico—these are the true tests of whether we are or are not an imperialistic Power. They count infinitely more than a hundred speeches by Mr. Coolidge.

Old-Age Pensions Coming

THE movement for old-age pensions on this continent has suddenly come to life and achieved some interesting results. A measure has been adopted in Colorado and approved by the Governor, whereas the Governor of Wyoming vetoed a bill passed by the legislature of that State. The committee of the Illinois House to which a pension bill was referred has favorably reported the bill, and the prospects for its passage seem good. In Pennsylvania, on the other hand, after a most bitter struggle, chronicled on the front pages of every newspaper in the State, the proposed constitutional amendment was defeated two weeks ago, only because of the most determined opposition on the part of the Republican political machine, Mr. W. L. Mellon, the State Manufacturers' Association, and the State Chamber of Commerce.

In Canada a measure has been passed which ends the matter so far as the federal government is concerned. The value of the victory has, however, been greatly exaggerated, since the new regime will not come into effect in any province until that province through its own legislature has accepted the law and put it into effect. None the less there is jubilation, for in 1926 a Tory Senate defeated the bill after a special committee of the House, appointed in 1925, had reported in favor of a plan to be administered jointly by the federal government and the provinces. Last month the Senate yielded, despite the many conservative voices raised in opposition to the proposal, and passed the bill. The Senators frankly concede that public opinion won the victory.

The act as passed provides that the "indigent poor," upon reaching the age of seventy years, shall receive pensions of $20 a month. There are many provisions, such as reductions for ability to earn money and for the possession of private income. Where a home is owned by a pensioner it must be sold after his death in order to reimburse the state. If the pensioned person is a British subject he or she must have resided in Canada for at least twenty years; if a naturalized citizen, the pensioner must have resided twenty-five years in Canada and been a citizen for fifteen. Furthermore, while the federal government may assist the provinces in carrying out the scheme, the provinces must administer it and pay half the pensions and all the costs of administration. This is in accord with a legal opinion handed down by the Canadian Department of Justice to the effect that the subject matter of pensions was intrusted under the British North America Act to the provincial legislatures rather than to the Parliament. The Deputy Minister of Justice has specifically held that federal

legislation may not obligate any province or person to contribute to a pension plan.

When we examine the record of the provinces it becomes apparent that the Ottawa act just passed is merely a beginning, and that it may take many years to accomplish the real purpose of the legislation. British Columbia is the only province that has approved of the plan thus far; New Brunswick, it is reported, "does not disapprove of the principle of old-age pensions but . . . is considering the establishment of widows' pensions." Prince Edward Island, having no municipal government, is already offering direct assistance to indigent aged persons. Quebec deems it impossible to adopt a law establishing pensions at this time because of the heavy financial obligations already imposed upon or carried by that province. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Nova Scotia either think that the federal government should assume the whole undertaking or at least are not prepared to act at the present moment. For the present, therefore, the new law may remain little more than a pious gesture. Yet it is a beginning, and it now gives the opportunity for public opinion in the provinces to arouse itself and compel the provincial legislatures to take advantage of the new legislation.

To return to the United States, a strong society has lately been formed called the American Association for Old Age Security, with headquarters in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of Pennsylvania is president and Abraham Epstein is executive secretary. It is this organization which fought so good a battle in Pennsylvania. It will, of course, encounter the opposition of all the forces of conservatism and reaction. We shall be told once more that the proposal strikes at self-reliance, thrift, and industry, and makes for waste and extravagance. That will be of no avail in the long run. No one in England or in Germany or in Australia would think for a moment of abolishing the pension schemes in force in those countries, and nobody there today is seriously saying that they undermine the character of those who participate in them or expect to participate. It is refreshing, indeed, to note how readily the plan went through in Colorado and the apparent readiness of Illinois to take this forward step.

Our Morning's Mail

WHAT is an editor? Now and then every member of the craft asks himself that question—critically, a little resentfully. He constantly hears editors attacked as simpletons and mountebanks; he is assured that facts, not opinions, count nowadays and that the influence of the editorial page is not what it was; he sees evidence that the worst-edited publications often attain the largest circulations.

What is an editor? Perhaps the answer is in the pile of mail unloaded each morning on the editorial desk. Let us see. A heap of proffered manuscripts, beginning with "The Future of China"; a release from the Department of Commerce on the market for radio sets in Liberia; advance copies of a dozen speeches by Senator Puffball and others to be delivered before a series of annual meetings, beginning with the Daughters of the Wooden Nutmeg in New Haven, Connecticut, on May 16; an invitation to a dinner to commemorate the sixtieth birthday of the Rev. Dr. Loud Speaker (at $4.50 a plate); bulletins from the Department of Agriculture on the prospects for the lima-bean crop in southern Oklahoma and other fascinating subjects; announcements of lectures on "The Will to Achieve," and—but the personal letters make the editor's day. Here's a closely-penned one from "Rte. 3, Pound, Wis."

> Kindly let me know from whom can be purchased at a reasonable price a tiny instrument by the help of which you can, when put to the ear or otherwise, hear and distinguish whisperings. It might be domestic or imported.
>
> From whom can be purchased at a reasonable price genuine imported best quality German pocket mirrors of all existing kinds or models, pocket combs, etc.
>
> Should you be unable to give the desired information, then tell me to whom else to apply.

There's a man who has a proper, old-fashioned appreciation of the omniscience of an editor! This reader warms our hearts although he appals our brains. We go on with the mail, finding requests to recommend schools for backward or forward children, to draw up arguments for debates, to identify quotations, to recommend investments, as, for instance, this, from Bismarck, North Dakota:

> In *The Nation* of March 9 an article entitled The Mortgage Bond Industry appears. This article would lead one to believe that investments with bondhouses are somewhat risky.
>
> I have been contemplating the investing of surplus funds (which are not very much) with some such house as the Strauss Co., the Geo. B. Foreman Co., the F. H. Smith Co., the Commercial National Co. of Detroit, Michigan. The houses pay all the way from 6 to 10 and 11 per cent, the latter amount being that offered by the Commercial National Co. As an ordinary citizen with no money to lose would I be fairly safe in investing with some such company as those listed above?
>
> I would appreciate a reply from you by an early mail and am inclosing a stamped envelope for your convenience.

These evidences that some people think editors know something tickle our vanity. They are more pleasing than letters of praise, which sometimes accompany manuscripts, thus suggesting flattery, and sometimes felicitate us for articles which in fact appeared in other periodicals.

Toward the bottom of the heap of mail comes a letter, the envelope of which bears a strange postage stamp. It is from a lawyer in a city of Latvia, and runs as follows:

> Being an old reader of your paper and knowing how ready you are to assist anyone, I kindly beg you to supply me information in the following: A man was killed in an auto accident in Connecticut; his dependents live here; when does the statute of limitations of Connecticut begin to run against the dependents in their right of action for damages against the automobile owners?
>
> If you cannot give me this information, possibly some one on the staff of your attorneys can supply it.

These are all bona-fide letters from a single morning's mail. Among his readers, at least, an editor is neither a simpleton nor a mountebank, nor is the day of his influence passing.

What is an editor? One can only conclude from the requests made of him that the public regards an editor as an information bureau of infallible resource, an encyclopedia of general knowledge, a dictionary of quotations, a research librarian, a financier, a lawyer, a philanthropist, a friend, and a counselor-at-large. That's no small reputation, fellow-occupants of the sanctum! In moments of depression we may feel that we know next to nothing. But 365 days a year our readers give proof of their conviction that we know practically everything. After all, who are we to dispute that verdict? The voice of the people is the voice of God.

Ramsay MacDonald

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHENEVER I see Ramsay MacDonald my mind goes back to the days at Paris when the Treaty of Versailles was being forged in the fires of hatred, bitterness, revenge, and injustice. So far as the treaty-makers were concerned, and especially those from his own country, no one had the slightest use for Ramsay MacDonald. He was a pacifist; he had opposed the war from beginning to end. Why should the makers of peace speak to him? Few did. They knew him to be a man of parts, of great human understanding. But for them he was forever in the outer darkness. Had anybody suggested that MacDonald within five years would be the ruler of Great Britain he would have been laughed out of court.

Paris, for those of us who foresaw what kind of treaty it was to be, was a pretty unhappy place. So those who could, drifted to Berne to take part in or report the meeting of the Second International. I shall always be grateful to Colonel House for his hearty insistence that I should go as a press observer, for there I found a true peace conference, made up not of statesmen, generals, and professional diplomats, but of ninety men and women of flesh and blood. Yes, there were women taking part in the proceedings; and for the first time after the war French and Germans and British and Russians sat together and struck hands in amity. Only one head of a state was there, I believe—Kurt Eisner, President of Bavaria. He made the best speech of the conference, declaring that it was the duty of Germany to reconstruct the devastated districts in France and offering to head an army of builders, architects, and workmen for this purpose. Two days later he left Berne, saying: "I've an idea that all will be over with me in nine days." Just nine days later he was shot from behind by a cowardly titled assassin, who has escaped the just penalty for this crime.

There Ramsay MacDonald stood out as the leader he is. I find in my notes on the conference that he stated the position of the International on the question of bolshevism "with great force and real eloquence"—and that he was as much in opposition to the Communists as he is today. For the rest he spoke with strength and vision in favor of immediate reconciliation, the restoration of good-will, the rebuilding of wasted Europe without annexations, indemnities, or penalties. At this conference it was the *spirit* that counted. It was not that they were Socialists, but that they were, as I have said, human beings, with sane emotions and noble impulses unfettered by the paralyzing influences of official life. Some of the things they proposed were: a league of peoples, an international court, the immediate abolition of all armies and navies, free access to all countries, and international control of all world-thoroughfares. Had these men and women been the makers of the peace, Europe would have been spared endless suffering and loss. This fact no one can question; it is only necessary to remind the reader that peace did not come to Europe until one member of that Berne Conference reached a commanding position in European affairs and put into practice the *spirit* of that human and humane gathering.

That man, of course, is Ramsay MacDonald, he who was ignored and slighted in Paris and who spoke so truly and eloquently at Berne. I have just been glancing at Frank Simonds's new book: "How Europe Made Peace Without America." Reviewing the brief Labor Government in England he writes:

> . . . but, thanks to MacDonald, British foreign policy had won new influence and British position in Europe had been restored. Moreover, the supreme service of Ramsay MacDonald lay in the fact that he had not merely created a new atmosphere in Europe, but he had also revived Continental confidence in British good faith. . . . Moreover, Baldwin and Chamberlain wisely adopted both the policies and methods of the Labor Prime Minister. Thus, the credit for the larger part of the later success of British policy and diplomacy belongs rightfully to Ramsay MacDonald. He, and not Chamberlain, was the true architect of Locarno. Without his contribution European anarchy might have been much more dangerously protracted.

True—God's truth! And Mr. Simonds might as truly have added that Locarno could have been born at Berne and that MacDonald was as ready for the task at Berne as when he became Foreign Minister.

> Today [MacDonald wrote on August 12, 1924] we are all as friendly as though there never had been a war and a vile press propaganda, and we shall go our several ways this week feeling that the conditions of friendly negotiations have been reestablished in Europe. It is really a satisfactory piece of work. . . .

It was a glorious piece of work and it will stand for all time as a proof of the contention that the most practical men on earth are not your realistic professional diplomats but the men who, with peace in their hearts, refuse absolutely to compromise with war or to accept it at any time or any place.

To me Ramsay MacDonald's career is also proof, if anybody needs it, that in this workaday world romance is no more banished than in the days of chivalry. What could surpass the romance of those five years from Paris in January, 1919, to 10 Downing Street, London, in January, 1924? And now he is in America—as unspoiled in 1927 as in 1919, simple, unaffected, modest. His heart and mind are as intimately concerned with art and literature as with political affairs. At least so it seemed to me during a couple of memorable days with him in New England. Battle scenes interested him scarcely. But he was full of Hawthorne and Emerson and Thoreau and the lesser lights of Concord. He knew where they had lived and where they were buried and had read, I think, every word they ever wrote. He motored thirty miles for one-half hour in the House of the Seven Gables, and felt wholly rewarded for that rush across country. This bookish trait is characteristic of the best English statesmen.

Fire and power are still in MacDonald. The zeal of the crusader is unquenched, the desire to serve unabated. Lust for office there is none; there were times in plenty while he was Prime Minister when he would have been glad to lay down his office. The chances are that he will bear these burdens again. If he does his steel will still flash. Speaking the other day, he met the old argument that you cannot

change human nature, by telling of the advances made through the abolition of clan feuds and the duel, thus controlling the desire to kill. But he added, with a smile and a flash of the eyes, "I must admit that I, a MacDonald, still have a queer feeling when I meet a Campbell." For those who choke the world with officialism and still believe that might makes right and that civilization can be conferred by force upon backward peoples—usually "backward" because they have not yielded themselves to the brutal industrialism of today—Ramsay MacDonald still has queer feelings. Long may he hold them, and long may he be able to exemplify and apply in public life the spirit of Berne that became the spirit of Locarno!

For the United States one can have no warmer wish than that when Ramsay MacDonald comes again he may be able to give us eleven months instead of eleven days. There is no country that needs his teachings more and I can think of no one who could present them as well.

The Collapse of the Needle Trades

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

1. The Genealogy of Tailors' Morals

PROFESSOR DIOGENES TEUFELSDRÖCKH once turned a corner in Edinburgh and ran into the sign of a pantsmaker. On it "stood painted the Effigies of a Pair of Leather Breeches, and between the knees these memorable words, 'Sic itur ad astra.'" The inharmony, so droll and so tragic, of this classic cry of the freeman on the shield of a tailor "rent the soul" of the professor-at-large and converted him into the immortal Dr. Faust of the needle trades. In this high moment he resolved to study mankind by the cut of its clothes and to look for the nature of man into the soul of the tailor; whose lot, he decided, reveals with grotesque emphasis "our dislocated, hoodwinked, and indeed delirious condition of Society."

Sartor Resartus is still with us, in need of the same humanist sympathy for his all-too-human perversities. Just now he is so sadly in rags that his further repatching seems dubious. Our needle trades are in desperate shape. Some are too "hoodwinked" to know it. The United Garment Workers (presumably 50,000), confined largely to overalls and a few shirts, have deteriorated into a mere vested interest of their leaders. The United Hatters (presumably 11,000) exist on the sale to the boss of their union label, which guarantees him their benevolent neutrality. The Journeymen Tailors (presumably 9,200) are peacefully dying of hardening arteries in the passing custom-tailoring trade. A few hundred glovemakers form a ladies' auxiliary to the American Federation of Labor, in testimonial to the gentility of the Women's Trade Union League. These unions, with the rest of our craft-tight labor movement, are dues-collecting agencies of organized contract labor. Their registrations suffice for official salaries, putative expense accounts, primitive business routine, and the convivial conventions of intimate delegates for the reelection of the oligarchy, occasionally tempered by rotation in office. These arrested "business unions" play an important psychological role in the needle trades. They are the decadent descendants of the American tailor of the last mid-century. Today they are the orthodox American Federation of Labor bloc among the progressive "social unions." And when the progressive unions are weakened by factional strife, the atrophied unions inflame and threaten their whole social program. The present intervention of the A. F. of L. in the needle trades, irritated by an irresponsible "left" virus, is guided by Messrs. Woll, McGrady, and Frayne. But behind them, of course, is the long reactionary experience of the stagnant needle trades, especially of the United Garment Workers.

The progressive needle trades are engaged in five industries, if we omit the thousand-odd neckwear workers confined to one New York local. The two dominant unions are the International Ladies' Garment Workers (87,000) and the extra-A. F. of L. Amalgamated Clothing Workers (150,000). The furriers' union (12,000) is at present in chaos. The cloth hat, cap and millinery workers (11,000) are in the pleasant habit of signing agreements with their petty employers which are too good to be true, and hence unenforceable, but which serve the excellent purpose of keeping factionalism to a minimum. The pocketbook workers (6,000), under the tired but wise leadership of Shiplacoff, are too small for serious disunion. Accordingly this melodrama of labor, industry, politics, Lenin's ghost, good citizens, gangsters, detectives, graft, and criminal folly deals with the shooting up of the women's garment workers' and the furriers' unions, and with the hair-breadth escape of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, who were badly rumpled in 1924 but have been cleaned and pressed since.

Among the approximately 70,000 workers in the atrophied needle trades no more than about 12,000 are Jews. Among the 266,000 workers in the progressive needle trades are almost 170,000 Jews, mostly from old Russia. The union leaders, very wisely, avoid stressing this racial complexion. A trade union is not a racial benefit society or a church. Also, an ever larger number of Slavs, Americans of both colors, and especially Italians is constantly seeping in. The simplification of production processes in the clothing unions is attracting the flapper, who is as American as baseball. But the cultural heritage of these progressive needle unions is Yiddish. *Der ewige Jude* is still in the seams of our union-made clothes. And without due analysis of his stellar role in these trades, their present internecine struggle is incomprehensible.

Down to the seventies about 35,000 Russian Jewish workers settled in New York. The majority went into the sweatshops. Most of them were illiterate, full of ritualism, sub-proletarian migrants to a "promised land," not of freedom but of wealth. They had no inner powers of organization. But among the millions of immigrants during the next twenty-five years the growing revolutionary consciousness in Russia brought a much finer type. Thousands more crowded the sweatshops, to be exploited by fellow-countrymen of the preceding immigration and by a deeply disappointing alien environment, whose industrial, tenement, and Tammany outrages carried the best of them into the vague Socialist and labor beginnings of the eighties. In 1888 the United Hebrew Trades was founded. It was Morris Hillquit and Abraham Cahan who started the Jewish workers toward

organization. The American Federation of Labor later on took them over by crafts. And they have formed the bulk of the Socialist opposition within the federation ever since.

The two decades from 1888 to 1908 were years of fermentation. Will-o'-the-wisp unions lit up here and there in dark back rooms of the Ghetto, flickering fatuously from anarchist Left to Lasallian Right, reflecting European revolutionary splits and reechoing their philippics. But by 1908 a third type of Jewish immigrant worker was making himself felt. In 1897 the Arbeiter Bund, the Social Democratic society of Jewish workers in Russia, superseded the nihilist phase of the Russian revolution. Thousands of these new immigrants were Bundists. Hundreds had participated in the soviets of the revolution of 1905-1906. They had faced cavalcades of Cossacks, and gangsters, police, and injunctions did not impress them very much. Finally, in 1909, the "uprising of the 20,000" shirtwaist makers in New York City broke out. Bessie and Beckie scratched the "gorillas" and talked back to the police, disregarded food and injunctions with a picturesqueness and nerve which roused the public into wild acclamation. Professional men, "good" citizens, social reformers, the minister with the stereopticon vision of social good and personal publicity, silk- and lisle-stocking suffragettes, all jumped on the band-wagon and helped "the girls" lay the foundation of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. This strike, only half won, led to the "great revolt" of 60,000 cloakmakers in 1910. The men finished the job, established the union, and the famous Protocol of Peace was signed. The protocol was an elaborate machinery of obligatory arbitration, precluding strikes and lockouts. Though abrogated in 1916, it opened the way for all subsequent arbitral judiciaries in the needle trades. It is this expert and realistic attitude toward the industry as a whole which is the essence of the progressivism of these progressive unions.

In 1910, 41,000 men's clothing workers struck in Chicago against intolerable conditions, both in the industry and in the United Garment Workers. Again the best public opinion joined the picket lines. An impartial machinery was established at the Hart, Schaffner and Marx factory, spreading gradually through the Chicago market, and from there to the other men's clothing centers. In 1914 practically all but the overall seamsters left the Rickert machine of the United Garment Workers and launched forth as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The collective-agreement machinery was set up in the fur trade after the strike of 1912. The cloth hat, cap, and millinery workers and the pocketbook makers were held back for a few years by the "jurisdictional" perversion of the A. F. of L., but they, too, finally became established in much the same fashion. These unions were through with the "safe and sane" A. F. of L. method of a perpetual dog fight for a daily bone. They fought for the "radical" innovation of a permanent machinery for collective agreement.

The years 1917 to 1920 were years of "expansion and reform." Week work, the 44-hour week, a middle-class wage, "the right to the job" were won in successive struggles. The two garment unions, especially the women's-wear workers, were also developing the "new unionism." Workers' education, summer camps, medical attention, and later on genuine business enterprises were started. This "new unionism" is extremely interesting, for it had a double motivation. Consciously, it was an expression of exhilarated and successful unionism. Unconsciously, it grew ever more into a psychological compensation for the gradual weakening of the clothing crafts, especially in the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. To some degree the "new unionism" was a species of advertising to break down union apathy. Nonetheless, in 1920-1921 the progressive needle trades were still far in the vanguard of American labor.

During the liberation strikes of 1909-1912 the employers, the vast majority of whom also were Jews, fought union beginnings with gangsters, injunctions, and an intransigent callousness which proved their boomerang. But once defeated, the Jewish manufacturer developed into a fairly willing collaborator in the arbitral machinery. Deep down in his commercial medulla he sensed that the Jewish worker, for all his radicalism, would be a pragmatist in a laboratory of industrial relations, on which his living depended. And, indeed, his ancient bargaining culture helped the worker build his union into a board of trade. In the sweatshop he had been a mere peddler of his skill. Under the new system he tended to become a collective merchant prince of his labor power. In time both sides came to regard the arbitral machinery as a living justiciary, protecting the worker from the manufacturer, and hence the manufacturers from each other.

This duality of the Jewish temperament, this stark blending of opposite characteristics, always determined the politics of the progressive needle trades. The Jewish worker is at one and the same time an intense collectivist and an intense individualist. When cultural forces in American life were evolving the uncontrollable sweatshop into the more controllable big "inside" shop, roughly from 1900 to 1917, the revolutionary crescendos in Russia, from the late nineties to the Communist *coup d'état*, gave him just the right emotional afflatus to control this economic development. But since 1917 the big factory, in the field of women's wear, has been retrogressing into the sweatshop as we shall see later. Other reactionary industrial changes have set in; while the revolutionary spirit in the European homeland has become crystallized into a doctrinaire ideology, which does not fit his present industrial difficulties and their correlative union problems. Hence his "radicalism," which had made him the paragon of progress in American labor, is now turning against him as his own Frankenstein.

2. The Collapse of the Cloakmakers

Eighty per cent of women's coats and cloaks are made in New York. When, in 1910, 60,000 cloakmakers went on strike, they were none too many for the American market. In 1926 33,000 cloakmakers walked out. It is estimated that they are 12,000 too many for the demand of almost 4,000,000 more women. The reason is style. Women's garments, even coats, constantly tend toward simplification. In 1910 the American woman was still holding on to the disappearing frills and ruffles of a preceding generation, courting the envy of her own and the admiration of the other sex with camouflage bust and other artifices which called for the imagination of a skilled craftsman. Also her coat had to last, with French stitches and much handwork. The rapid advance of feminism changed the strategy of style. To step into a car, for its manifold uses from transit to affection, requires comfort and ease. The American woman of today hangs on a strap, works and plays everywhere. And she permits her figure to speak for itself.

But unfortunately this highly commendable simplification in cut has been accompanied by a nervous sophistica-

tion in style. While the designer simplified the garment a hundredfold, the salesman sensitized the buyer to its minutest changes a thousandfold. The differences in style are small, but important. The fashion fever roused has shortened the seasons and crazed the competitiveness of the industry.

This simplification in style resulted in the multiplication of production units. The garment was sectionalized, and the sections sent out to different shops. The large factory retrogressed into a number of old-fashioned sweatshops. The jobber, who today controls 70 per cent of the cloak-and-suit industry, sends out his work to the submanufacturers, of whom there are almost 2,000 in Greater New York. The submanufacturer is a completely irresponsible unit. He lives by cheating the jobber and the consumer on materials, specifications, and workmanship; by cheating the union on rulings, hours, and wages; and by cheating the public on sanitation and industrial decency. The number of these bootleg shops is constantly increasing, but their size is decreasing. In 1925 the workers in these small shops averaged only 26.8 weeks of work a year, averaging through the year $26.40 a week.

This disintegration in the economics of the industry was bound to corrupt the union. It requires an army of prohibition agents—walking delegates—to "enforce conditions" in these industrial speak-easies. In 1925 the cost of such enforcement amounted to somewhere around $1,000,000. It frequently called for strong-arm methods, which do not look well on the books; which means graft; which means a corroding machine, which is oiled by more graft. The machine in the International was partly kept in office by a system of disproportional misrepresentation, by which conventions could be loaded with artificial delegates from rotten boroughs. Benjamin Schlesinger, president of the International from 1914 to 1923, was an honest and able official, but temperamentally too much of a prima donna to cope consistently with boodle and sloth. Toward the end of his administration a strong left wing of disaffection was rapidly developing. In January, 1923, Schlesinger impulsively resigned. Much to his surprise his resignation was accepted. And Morris Sigman was called by Rights and Lefts from his Iowa farm to clean up the mess.

Sigman has an excellent labor record. In 1915 he had stood in the shadow of a framed electric chair for his militant leadership. Originally an I. W. W., he has never been in the inner councils of the powerful Socialist influences in the union. He has character, and detailed knowledge of the industry. He has intelligence, but not acumen. He is honest, but stubborn. He is courageous, but not tactful. Needless to say, he is incapable of building a machine of his own. With bare hands he tried to break a corrupt right wing against a bigoted left wing without further endangering a rapidly disintegrating industry. He removed some of the worst politicians from power. But since he had no machine of his own, most of the walking delegates kept their beats. Then he turned on the Left.

Of the 87,000 members in the union, probably no more than 1,200 are Communists. The vast majority, however, is disgusted. In disgust, many of them turned to the opposition. And the organized opposition in Socialist unions is, of course, Communist. The Communists differ from all previous left wings in that they are avowedly under the strict discipline of an outside political party, the Workers Party, whose economic branch is the Trade Union Educational League, organized in 1922 by William Z. Foster. The majority of the leaders, both in the party and in the league, are comparatively unknown in the labor movement, having risen to Communist leadership within the last one to three years. Both the party and the league are admittedly under the direction of the Communist International and the Red Trade Union International.

This is not the place to evaluate the influence of the Bolshevik revolution on American labor. Suffice it to say that, however profound the effect of this cultural experience upon Russian national life, the strict realities of the Soviet revolution cannot be exported into a culture as disparate as ours without changing doctrines into philippics and tactics into fantasies.

The effects of the Bolshevik revolution reached our Socialist Party by 1919. In 1921 the split was complete. In 1922-1923 it began to break up the Socialist unions, especially the economically weakening Ladies Garment Workers. The Communists began a campaign of vilification against the Sigman administration, which for recklessness, falsehoods, absurdities, and sheer psychiatric mud-slinging is almost unbelievable. Their organ among the Jewish workers was the daily *Freiheit*. The *Forward*, which had its Socialist counter-ax to grind, tried to reciprocate in kind. And the Jewish workers were constantly kept in turmoil. In 1925 Sigman sanctioned the suspension of 68 Left-wing officials in Locals 2, 9, and 22, asserting that they were Communists.

No move could possibly have been more inept. Most of the suspended officials were easily able to show that they were not Communists at all. Besides, a union should never withhold its economic protection from any worker, no matter what his political beliefs might be. All it can demand is union loyalty. Expulsion strategy invites all kinds of outside interference, ranging from the reactionary intervention of the A. F. of L. oligarchy and spreading over into the editorial columns of the daily press. It is likely to carry factional struggles into the courts. It rouses the ire of liberal opinion. And, of course, it strengthens the opposition immeasurably. These suspensions led to the capture of the New York Joint Board by Lefts under Communist control, though its new manager, Louis Hyman, is not a Workers Party member. The Joint Board and the Sigman administration proceeded to spend most of their time fighting each other. Finally, a special convention was called to meet in Philadelphia in December, 1925. The problem of proportional representation was adjusted by a compromise, but union discord prevented its application. Both factions also patched up a program with which to meet the three associations of employers—the inside manufacturers, the jobbers, and the submanufacturers.

Sigman, on coming into power, had made certain recommendations for the improvement of the industry. His program called for the limitations of submanufacturers to each jobber; no submanufacturer was to employ less than fourteen operators with the corresponding complement of other workers; no jobber was to change submanufacturers without good reason. During slow seasons, the jobber was to divide the work equally between his submanufacturers, who in turn, were to divide it between their workers. Union conditions must be guaranteed by the jobber. The industry must guarantee 32 weeks' work a year (both the Rights and the Lefts have variously increased this figure since then), and a 40-hour week. In 1924 the union was about to call a

general strike for this program when Governor Smith appointed an advisory commission to investigate the industry.

In May, 1926, the Governor's commission made its final report. It granted the chief union demands concerning the limitation and control of the jobbers and a permanent Research and Control Bureau to enforce them. It granted wage increases over the minimum rates, ranging from $2.50 to $6.00. It urged the payment of unemployment insurance by the submanufacturers, and in many other details tried to make the submanufacturer a responsible unit. But it failed to grant the guaranteed period of employment and the 40-hour week. And it gave to the employer of more than 35 workers the right to reorganize 10 per cent of his shop once a year.

The Governor's report was a victory for the union under the circumstances. Sigman advised its acceptance as a basis for negotiation; he felt that the union was in no position to undertake a strike. But the Joint Board decided to strike. The strike lasted from July 1 to November 13, 1926. Never in the history of American labor has a strike been more incompetently, irresponsibly, and wastefully managed. Its three leaders, behind the vacillating chairmanship of Hyman, were Zimmerman, Boruchovitz, and Portnoy, whose strategy seems to have been determined in daily Communist caucuses. The Joint Board sidetracked experienced leaders for "left-wingers," who dominated every committee. During the strike the strong-arm methods of the employers were met with similar tactics. But the inexperienced leadership finally lost control over its hired strong-arm men, who engaged ultimately in factional warfare. The Right met gangsters with gangsters. The Picket Committee, headed by an inexperienced Left, spent $200,438.06, only half of which was used for salaries. Scabbing was rampant.

The Hall Committee spent $100,554 in addition to the large outgo for rents. The Law Committee spent $302,379, of which only $68,299 went for court expenses and bail. The entire strike, itemized only in such lump figures, cost about $3,500,000. Only about $1,500,000 went for strike benefits. Nine hundred thousand dollars of the employers' securities were also spent. Previous strikes in the industry have cost from 50 per cent to 200 per cent less.

Of the 33,000 cloakmakers more than 20,000 work under the jobber-submanufacturer system. During the first ten weeks of the strike the General Strike Committee settled with independent submanufacturers employing 16,000 workers. These workers actually overproduced for the market during the rest of the strike. The settlements made with these independent speak-easies included the 40-hour week, an average 10 per cent increase in wages, a 30-week employment guaranty, and limitation of contractors, in principle. But this mid-strike settlement turned the struggle against the Industrial Council of the big inside manufacturers instead of against the jobbers-submanufacturers system, leaving out also the organized jobbers and submanufacturers, who employ 10,000 workers.

The leading intermediaries between the General Strike Committee and the various groups of employers were Rubin Sadowsky, who was running a non-union shop throughout the strike, and Arnold Rothstein, who some years ago had been implicated in a baseball scandal. It is rather amusing that the revolutionary idealists who scorned "class collaboration" with Messrs. Battle, Lehman, Shientag, Wolf, and Rogers of the Governor's commission, could work with Messrs. Sadowsky and Rothstein.

Finally the strike against the Industrial Council was settled. The inside manufacturers won the right of a 30 per cent reorganization during the period of eighteen months between June, 1927, and December, 1928. The union won a guaranty of 32 weeks a year based on the 42-hour week until July, 1928, and a 40-hour week after that until June, 1929. But since the average work-year in these large shops is about 38 weeks based on the 44-hour week, this gain is quite metaphysical. The union received certain increases in the minimum wages in various operations above those of the Governor's report, but these operations affect only about 800 out of 7,000 workers. The union also won the limitation of submanufacturers employed by the big inside manufacturers, but since the inside manufacturers send out little work, this victory is also rather academic.

On December 13 the General Executive Board of the union suspended the Joint Board's right to conduct the strike. Finally Sigman settled with the organized jobbers and submanufacturers without giving them the right of reorganization.

Since then the Sigman administration, with dubious legality, has suspended the left wing Joint Board entirely. There can be no doubt that the Sigman administration won. Nine-tenths of the rank and file of the cloakmakers have registered with the reorganized right Joint Board. The suspended Joint Board fought this registration with violence and, naturally, tried to hamper the International in every way, claiming the right to collect dues and to perform all the other legal functions of the Joint Board. But though Sigman won, he won a Pyrrhic victory. A union is effective to the degree to which it can enforce its standards. In this sense there is hardly anything left of the old International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. The union is so weak that the Industrial Council also has weakened, for many manufacturers do not feel the pressure to stay in. The jobbers give out their work almost to whom they please. The submanufacturers practically do as they please.

In the next article I shall deal with the fortunes of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Furriers' Union; and take a brief look into the future of the American tailor.

Biography

By JESSICA NELSON NORTH

There was a man could summon without toil
Beetles out of the brown wall crevices,
The horned toad and startled mantises
And dry Arachne spinning in her coil.

And whether Francis wound him in a cloak
Jeweled with pity, or Merlin as some guess
For whom the acorns sang, nevertheless
He bent his brows upon the earth and spoke.

And sparrows fell about him like a cloud—
Sparrows and linnets, twittering of peace,
And the tall grass sighed "brother" at his knees
And every sapling bowed.

He walked serenely in the world of men
With late adventure shining in his eyes.
He died as gently as a linnet dies
And spring closed round again.

Modern Gipsies

By LOIS E. BURIFF BROWN

IN March the first line of straggling cars runs north from California. By June twenty thousand tent ropes are tied across automobiles every night. Women are stopping in good camps to do their washing and bake a pie. Women uncombed, with big coats on, sauntering to the dressing-rooms in the morning, look curiously at licenses from Louisiana and Alaska; and sunburned country-folk, with packs on their running-boards, nervously and happily break the traffic rules of new cities.

The large camp where forty thousand people with fourteen thousand cars register in one season and the small camp one discovers unaided are both as natural for the American nomad as his wild huckleberry patches and his crowded dancing grounds to the Indian. There are two kinds of large camps, the holiday and the hard-working. The latter is the fifty-cent city camp, chained and fenced from the dust of curious outsiders, with a policeman by the turnstile through which campers saunter at evening with bread and hamburger from the stores across the street.

Then there is the holiday large camp. Take, for example, the one on Mount Rainier on Saturday night. A white mist blurs the camp. Flames of camp-fires for half a mile around. Chopping. Shouts. Engines of cars toiling in from the last relay up the mountain. Voices hunt and call through the thin mist. "Over here, Harry. Here's a good place to pitch the tent." "Where can you get water?"

Late suppers all over the camp. It is an unguarded army of week-enders on the flank of a mountain with the darkness of firs around the edges, and in the mist above the hidden presence of the mountain. Figures move near each camp-fire. It is cold. Beams from the automobile searchlights send long edges into the air. Now tiny tents far around glow and the camp-fires get dim. Carelessly, the army is going to bed. A voice calls and plays alone at yelling. Then unknown voices yell answeringly. Barbaric, unarticulate cries howl from the shelter of tents. Then silence.

Fourteen thousand feet up in the morning sunshine, the mountain lies radiant. Small paths lead up through green and firs. By eight the camp is deserted. By ten the people are trickling back with handfuls of snow and sticks whittled for alpen-stocks. "Well, we've seen the mountain. We might as well be going."

By Tuesday all these local people are gone and the spirit of the camp is changed. From Monday to Friday the hard-working tourists from British Columbia and Minnesota, from Alberta and California keep a quiet camp, changing, animated, but unhilarious. A car with "Frum Mizzoury, by heck," chalked across the back, struggles up to a high camping place. On a knoll arrives a man from Pennsylvania. He says: "I made good money for four years. Now we're taking a year off on the road." He is generous about showing his camp equipment. The metal bed poles support the tent. His wife's cooking utensils all fit into one another. In the morning he calls us to see him take down the tent and fit together his pack.

A Tyrolese woman, whose husband brought her to his farm in California five years ago, says: "I just sit and look at the mountain. It is grand. These people who come and look at it and go away—!" Her dark eyes laugh scornfully.

A beautiful roadster runs easily up to the Pennsylvania man's deserted knoll. Two tall slender girls in khaki, school-teachers from Texas, get out and set up camp in ten minutes. They have been on the road for two years.

"Hey, there's a car stuck." Strangers from nearby camps gather, unasked, to push it up the steep place, with the same family spirit in which they will diagnose your engine trouble and admire ingenuity in your equipment.

The small camp has another flavor. We drive all day, and toward evening begin to look for a public camp. "This one looks crowded. Let's go on." The sun has set, and we have entered the forest reserve. A lonely boulevard flows around the edge of a mountain lake. We sweep along with an anxious eye, doing our duty by the sunset, but we are looking for a stopping-place. A solitary car passes us unlighted, like a twilight bird.

At last, "There are lights!"

"It's somebody's private place. See the boat tied."

But then a rustic arch, a name. "There are people. Get out and read the sign."

It is a free government "forest camp." We sign in the visitor's book. We camp on shingle, with the lake lapping in the dark below us, hunt water contentedly in the strange camp, cover our bread for the night from possible squirrels, and locate the east to set our strawberries out of the morning sun. In bed in the car we watch our neighbors. It is a small camp, with few voices and the rush of a little cascade silencing the air. The lights of the cars here and there among the smooth tree columns make a yellowness out of which the cedars rise indefinitely.

"Do you want a light to get your supper by?" A stranger adjusts his searchlight for a group making the small, laborious motions of camp meal-getting. Their faces are white in its light.

Sunrise and shadows of mountains launched into the clouds. Small, idle splashings of children, of face-washers in the lake. A scurry of two bathers.

"Are you going out, stranger? Would you mail a couple of letters for me?"

"How's the road to the ocean?"

"Don't go up to the hot springs. Nothing to see when you get there."

"How far are you figuring to make today? Let's see your road map." Long-winded talks with strangers, one foot on the running-board.

Most of the cars in camp are medium and small. Cadillacs tour, too—but with suitcases, not tents. They pass on the road closed, with their small roomful of people conversing, whose memories are of good and bad hotels, who are ignorant of waking at sunrise and being out-of-doors, of cooking breakfast in the shady air and living in an unslackened intimacy with the planet that enriches one with unregarded acquaintances and with unprevisioned moments of beauty. The adventure of the random camp is not for them. As when we rushed over a divide on a one-way twist of road in a blinding rain at twilight and down to a green govern-

ment camp, where a woman came over from the only other car there and offered: "Do you want to make tea on our fire?" She kept a grocery in Seattle. Or when, out of a stormy night, there greeted us the long shed at Wilbur, electric lighted, with people sitting around a range in the light. It looks infinitely cozy. With delicious snugness, we back Lizzie into a chosen stall. Mother takes the damp pillows and sits by the range, too, letting them toast in the oven, while I make camp. We discover showers, hot water, and electric ranges as well, for our fifty cents a night.

But it is not all leisure and gaiety in the camps. Before daylight in a pay-camp comes the sound of hacking wood. A man with a Ford squats holding his hands out to his fire in the cement stove. Monotonous whimpering. His wife appears and then one child after another. In the gray light the top sags, the pack seems to overflow rags and nothing else; there is no apparent place for the children to have slept. Oklahoma is the license. But in another camp a fine car from Florida, with a complement of eight children, has an outfit that the owner happily expects you to admire and himself to explain to you. And, frying bacon in the open cook pavilion, with its spokes of huge brick stoves around the single chimney, we joyfully hail that bride and groom from Canada whom we met three weeks ago.

Dolly, a horse we had in pre-Ford days, used to stop calmly to look around at the view from hills, and many a time I have felt that Lizzie, too, deserved to enjoy a fine view with us. One has all kinds of odd car feels, sprouts in the psychology of the machine age. For instance, two little girls were on a sand-pile by the road at dusk. One stood still. Why was she not afraid of a monster like me, with my long black snout and my two great eyes goggling her? For a dreamy moment, the nose, the headlights were felt as if projections of me. Once we passed a big car boiling up a steep grade.

"No wonder it's steaming," I said. "There's a tent roll on each side of the hood."

"Ah!" mother exclaimed with intense pity, then smiled at herself. "My first thought was that the poor thing couldn't breathe."

In three years the aspect of the camps has brightened and grown unconventional. The white and khaki tents hanging on from the days of long, stable camping are leavened by gay pavilions, green or striped with red or blue. Nothing looks wilder or more alien than the auto camp at Mount Baker at dusk, when the log fires are reflected in the dark glacial pond, and beyond the few storm-bitten fortresses of firs the irregular plateau plunges into blueness with dark blue ranges beyond and the high wall of talus like the abomination of desolation at one side of the camp. Then, in the cold July air khaki and red-kerchiefed figures hold one's eyes like a foreign novel, as small activities group and rearrange them between the water, the fires, and the striped pavilions.

It is an alien scene. But it is alien from all the world, from New Jersey as well as from Europe. It is a scene from the new world of a nation of gipsies, friendly with machines instead of horses. And distinguished Britishers from standard sleepers, limousines, and hotel lobbies view America disparagingly all the way from New York to Sioux City, find it much the same, and go home to their own land of "hole and corner variety," never knowing that America begins beyond the Rockies, with a tin Lizzie or a Buick and no particular goal for the night.

The Story of Tom Tynan

By CELIA BALDWIN

ALL capital punishment is tragedy; but nowhere has it resulted in more heart-breaking tragedy than in the State of Colorado, where it has caused the downfall of Tom Tynan—once one of the bravest and most humane men alive.

In the spring of 1909 Tom Tynan was made Warden of the Colorado State Prison at Canon City, and in three years he had earned the honorable and affectionate title of "A Mender of Men." Everywhere his name was known as a worker almost of miracles with "society's mistakes." Today Tom Tynan is gone. Within a few months he has been forced to resign because of his cruelty to prisoners.

How did this change come about? In my mind there is no doubt that capital punishment is largely responsible for the transformation. The warden of the prison must act as executioner for those doomed to be killed by the State. For this service to society he is paid $50 for each man he hangs and the sheriff is paid $25 for looking on.

Up to August, 1912, Tom Tynan had somehow avoided acting as man-killer. Not long before that date, however, a murderer was sentenced to be hanged at the Colorado State Prison. Louis J. Wechter had held up the cashier in a restaurant and a man who interfered in her behalf was shot dead. There seemed to be no doubt as to Wechter's guilt. But Tom Tynan was well known as an earnest opponent of capital punishment. What would he do? Some said he would resign rather than violate his principles. A few of his friends urged that course while others advised against it; but it was finally announced in the newspapers of May 8 that "Warden Tynan said yesterday that he would execute Wechter on August 25, and that the execution would be witnessed only by those authorized by law." But his well-known antipathy to capital punishment left a feeling of hope with one side and of uneasy doubt with the other. Newspapers discussed the probabilities and feeling on the subject ran high. Was ever man put to harder test than Tom Tynan? He chose. He kept his position and let his principles "go hang"—with Louis Wechter.

Not long after the hanging came rumors of insubordination among the prisoners followed by brutal reprisals on the part of the warden; but many doubted the truth of them. His three years as a "Mender of Men" had won him such a warm place in the public esteem that he was almost idolized; and we all want to keep our idols. Nevertheless, the rumors persisted with such frequency that finally, while William E. Sweet was Governor, an investigation of the prison resulted in an effort to remove Tynan. Legal obstacles prevented his dismissal at that time, and he remained in office until recently when his resignation was finally forced.

Sometime ago an editorial in one of the Denver dailies said of Tom Tynan's collapse:

> When he took office and for sometime thereafter he was given praise by experts for reforms he introduced and for humane practices he put into effect. . . . Of recent years, however, what has escaped from inside the penitentiary has been of another character. . . . Environment, association must have their influence upon those in responsible positions in such a place.

To my mind Tom Tynan is more to be pitied than the various persons he has done to death at the bidding of a

vengeful society. And even more is that society to be pitied. No wonder gunmen can be hired to shoot a stranger on sight for $5 when a civilized government pays a prison warden only $50 for hanging a man he has cared for in sickness and health through weeks and months. To shoot and run must be easy compared to standing by and watching one of your wards kick and strangle.

As long as governments set the example of wholesale and retail murder in war and capital punishment, so long shall we have lynching and private murder. Lawmakers must reform themselves before they can expect even the beginning of reform among those who have a right to look up to them as examples. Murder, legal or otherwise, will not bring respect for human life. In the fate of poor Tom Tynan is a lesson that cannot be too deeply pondered.

In the Driftway

"PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time" is an old adage. For all the Drifter knows it is out of the Bible or was invented by the Chinese, which would establish its respectability but not necessarily prove it to be true. In the Drifter's experience procrastination is often a saver of time, although it is generally annoying to others. It is told of W. S. Gilbert that upon arriving on the dot for a rehearsal of one of his plays he was congratulated for his promptness. "Don't congratulate me," he answered. "I've lost more time through arriving at places promptly than in any other way in life."

* * * * *

TAKE the answering of letters. If you let them wait long enough, many letters answer themselves—or don't need to be answered. The Drifter speaks from abundant experience. In self-depreciation he sometimes calls himself a "bad correspondent," yet he knows in his heart that he is an efficient one. Like most other people he receives by mail enough appeals for money for various causes to bankrupt Henry Ford—or even a bootlegger. But it would be heartless to throw them away on the spot. So the Drifter lets the letters lie around on his desk for a week or so in the pretense that he may send something. Then when they are covered with dust he furtively pushes them into the waste-basket to make room for a new pile.

* * * * *

RECENTLY, though, an appeal arrived which he couldn't refuse. The Crippled Children's Relief Association sent him three handkerchiefs with his initials on them. The Drifter expected that the letter accompanying would ask for a check or the return of the handkerchiefs. He was preparing to follow his usual course of throwing both handkerchiefs and letter into the waste-basket at once and forgetting about them. But the letter did not say that. It asked him to accept the handkerchiefs as a gift. If he wanted to do something for the crippled children, a contribution of a dollar or more would be thankfully received. This was first-class strategy. The handkerchiefs were cheap and worthless, but the Drifter realized that he could not forbear to send that dollar. As usual, though, he procrastinated for a week or so, before mailing it. A few days later he read in the newspapers that the scheme was a fraud. The Crippled Children's Relief Association consisted of some sharpers who had rented an office, sent out their appeal, mulcted a gullible public, and then disappeared with a small fortune. The Drifter thought the joke was worth a dollar and was willing to let it go at that. But the other day an envelope arrived from the dead-letter office in which the dollar was returned intact. Owing to his happy habit of procrastination the Drifter's letter had arrived after the swindlers had skipped, and was therefore not delivered. Thus the Drifter has had the satisfaction of philanthropy, the pleasure of a joke, and his dollar is back in his pocket. Or was. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

A Cabled Appeal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I urge you to assist in arousing and organizing the American people against participating in the threat of imperialist aggression against revolutionary China. The American cruiser Cincinnati with nine other American warships is part of the imperialist fleet of thirty-five vessels here with guns directed against the only Government of the Chinese people. The Nationalist Government and the Chinese people are displaying wonderful ability in organization and leadership. They are crushing the militarists who have kept China in a condition of feudalism and are rebuilding China on progressive lines. The greatest forward step in the history of a great nation of four hundred millions is menaced by imperialist intervention. The shameful participation of American forces must rouse the indignation and protest of every friend of China and of human freedom. Intervention is a threat not only against China but also against world peace. All the forces of peace must be mobilized to prevent disaster by withdrawing American armed forces from Chinese waters and territory.

Hankow, China, April 26 EARL BROWDER

This Foreman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I inclose a copy of my letter to Mr. Bellew, who wanted to know what This Foreman was about:

MY DEAR MR. BELLEW:

It's rather dangerous to attempt to explain any poem. I feel that a poem must be experienced as it occurs (I prefer *experienced* to *understood*) and that we can go little farther than build up associations common to both writer and reader.

Digressing from This Foreman for a moment, I believe that those of us who love poetry do so in spite of our academic education. At least educational methods do little more than inform us that poetry exists and that it has been a force in the world. The classroom, it seems to me, implies translations equivalent to alchemy. We stress one aspect, the meaning, out of proportion to its value by assuming that every poem has a prose equivalent. A passage is read, and the instructor says to the student: "Now put that into your own words," which is nearly as absurd as asking him to change Chopin into a Fordson tractor.

I am trying, not to defend obscure poetry, but to protest against "explaining" in the all too familiar sense that it robs the poem of its identity as poetry and develops specious appreciation by analogy.

To me my foreman is a modern manifestation of what the ancients expressed in such gods as Vulcan. In the poem we find an honest man ridiculed in court for telling the truth. He saw a workman fall from a steel building frame and heard the foreman sing a malevolent, ironical song. Some sort of litigation, say insurance, is under way. The foreman has just testified, lying superbly to the effect that

> He slid like a flash to the dead man's side
> And gave the dead first aid.

The witness, however, sticks to his story that the foreman sang like a swan. I repeat the classic convention about the swan purely as a convention to intensify the foreman's supernaturalness amid realistic characters. The whole business is ridiculous. When the bailiff pounds for order anybody with a sense of humor would have shouted, "Tin, tin, come in" or something equally childish, but the court proceeds in its orderly way. The spectators are fascinated by the foreman who "licks the slit in his crooked head." Well, they try to find out what the song is about, although nobody believes that the foreman sang; so the poor witness sees it through, describing the song as best he can.

The force of the song is something like this: that the colossal modern buildings are steel traps that destroy their eager, sincere builders—not specifically the steel workers themselves unless they be included in the vast number of human animals whose passion is to live their business.

> For he sang of the living lives of men
> As if the steel had spanned
> Their lives with something true and cold
> That nobody had planned.

The foreman was delighted when a workman fell dead. This man was simply a symbol of the building's countless victims of the future. The foreman, of course, knows that the witness is telling the truth. They walk down the hall together to get their fees. The witness wants to know more about the song:

> "Explain the hounds to me."
> "Not here, fool, climb the steel tonight,
> The moon goes down at three."

The lovers referred to in the song are any lovers and the hounds are any hounds, depending on the reader. The important thing is simply that passion is being ensnared by a steel net. To me, of course, the lovers are Venus and Mars and the hounds are the hounds of love always associated with the Cyprian goddess.

Denver, Colorado, April 14 THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

A Different Decade?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hastened to read "The Mauve Decade" because I thought the period of 1890 deserved something hard for its twittering sentimentality, its "ginger-bread" architecture, its political corruption. But why this reiterated furore about Frances Willard and Louisa Alcott? With all the author's humorless scorn he has shown up these poor girls as no more harmful, say, than Alice Paul or Florence Kelley. And what is the author's age—19 or 20?—that he, apparently, hates a man because he is old?

Should not complacent and vainglorious Americans of *any* decade thank God for a critic like Henry Adams? Yet this mauve author refers to him as obscenely as an unsober freshman. Let us hope that some balanced author will show up the manias, the ugliness, and the infantile tantrums of *this* decade.

Berkeley, California, April 8 M. WHEELER

Friendship and Intermarriage

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Suspecting a slight sympathy on my part toward friendliness between white and colored college students, an American lady told me with some heat that all kinds of friendliness ought to be opposed which might possibly lead to intermarriage.

What is the answer? I can conceive three lines of argument: (1) That the biological evil of intermarriage, between persons similar enough to attract each other, has yet to be scientifically proved; (2) that social intercourse has not in fact increased intermarriage; and that the social gulf in the old South did not in fact prevent the begetting of children of mixed race; (3) that the maintenance of a social cleavage through the heart of the nation and the nation's schools would be too expensive insurance against a doubtful evil. Which is right?

Iowa City, Iowa, April 6 H. M. W.

Why Was the Book Published in Paris?

Why Not?

Have Not Great Books Originated in Paris Before?

"The Case of Mr. Crump"

BY

Ludwig Lewisohn

(author of Up-stream, Israel, Roman Summer, etc.)

is one of such great books brought out in Paris, in beautiful generous format, on choice Holland paper, with large margins, in the true French bibliophile manner, limited to Five Hundred numbered copies, signed by the author.

Golden Praise from Great Writers:

H. L. MENCKEN, in the March *American Mercury:*

"It is a capital piece of work,—and the publisher has printed it beautifully. Lewisohn has achieved a portrait of an indelible reality and poignancy."

SINCLAIR LEWIS:

"The Case of Mr. Crump is to me very remarkable in its strength, its lucidity and that nobility which distinguishes authentic literature."

CARL VAN DOREN:

"Powerful and masterly."

THEODORE DREISER:

The vivid, incisive style . . . its facility, its compelling interest are undeniable. The work must prove arresting to many—very many."

PROF. WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD:

"The work is Ludwig Lewisohn's biggest and best."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, in *The Nation:*

"Mr. Lewisohn's book challenges comparison with various ultra-modern novels, but it is set apart from them all by two faiths—the one artistic, the other moral—that its author has managed to retain. . . . Perhaps Lewisohn is the only man alive capable of writing such a book and capable at the same time of maintaining that the world which it describes is something more than sound and fury."

A small number of remaining copies of The Case of Mr. Crump (already a collectors' item) may still be had at $12.00 the signed and numbered copy, from the publisher, to whom checks are to be made payable:

EDWARD W. TITUS

4, Rue Delambre, 4

Montparnasse, PARIS, XIV.

Books and Plays

Epitaph on a First Citizen

By GWENDOLEN HASTE

Here lies the pride of our metropolis
Now headed for the shadowy halls of Dis,
Rich in those things man sells his life to own:
Item—a swelling fortune out on loan,
Item—one bank, solvent, serene, and Greek,
A rotund dowager, massaged and sleek,
Item—some tidy firsts, a farm or two,
One pressed brick mansion, landscaped, with a view,
Item—two bovine daughters, big with child,
Item—one son, reported very wild,
Last heard from somewhere in Afghanistan,
Item—two maids, chauffeur and handy-man,
One dim old master, several antique chairs,
A Moslem rug adorned with Moslem prayers,
Item—one soul hidden beneath this clutter.
Death, mend its wings a bit and let it flutter.

First Glance

"WE all piled out of bed about the same time and while I took in the furnishings of the room and gazed through the window at the sun peeping over the hill, the sound of the bell still ringing in my ears which reminded me of the Angelis. It gave me the feeling of awakening in a foreign land. I was three miles from town, but felt like I was three thousand miles from friends and country. I suppose the atmosphere of the place had penetrated my brains during the night giving me the feeling of a total stranger." Thus Ed Sweeney, author of "Poorhouse Sweeney: Life in a Country Poorhouse" (Boni and Liveright: $2.50), on his first morning in the poor, weak world his book describes. Theodore Dreiser, who contributes a foreword, promises the reader that "the author does somehow infuse into this narrative the glow of reality—the strangeness of a world one has never penetrated, yet which can no longer be wholly strange once one has read this." Mr. Dreiser is right. It is a unique and real book, and curiously enough, considering the meanness of the material, it glows—though the light it casts is pale and is mingled with the pale, dead, disinfected odor of county institutions. One cannot doubt for a moment that this is life, even if it is life in its lowest terms, at its lowest ebb—with most of the water shrunk from the shore and with the smell of slowly rotting creatures everywhere. Ed Sweeney is only half aware of the human bareness of his scene. Were he altogether so, he not only would be elsewhere but would consider the place beneath anyone's notice. Were he not aware at all, he would be incapable of a book. So we have, doubtless in exactly the proper light, paupers dragging out the remnants of their lives in mutual distrust and loathing, in the midst of ignorant laughter, mechanical desires for food and rocking chairs, and pitiful thoughts about justice and sex. There are other realms of reality; but this is one. And it is fitting that Mr. Dreiser, who represents "realistic" fiction at its best, should recommend it.

The first chapter of "An American Saga," by Carl Christian Jensen (Little, Brown: $2.50), explores another realm of reality, and explores it gorgeously. Mr. Jensen, who grew up in Denmark and after some years at sea landed in New York and became an American, begins his book with an account of The Old Country which would be difficult to match in all this branch of literature for vividness, color, and speed. Going to the old saga-writers for technique and plunging into his own memory for material, he gives us thick and fast the data for reconstructing a world which is of course no more true than Ed Sweeney's, but certainly a thousand times as vigorous. There was his towering grandfather, for instance, who to others was angry and terrible but to this boy was the only affectionate person in Denmark. "He liked to have me visit him on the farm. At night we slept together, the old giant and I. A piece of rope hung from the ceiling over his bed, by means of which he would raise himself in the morning. He lay there the night long, embracing me with his huge, muscular arms, while I snuggled up to him hungrily." But then in the second chapter Mr. Jensen tells how he grew sentimental about the sea, and before long he is in America—which, for all the philosophy he pretends to have found there, ruins his book if it has not ruined him. The viking grows tame, and from having talked like nobody else talks like everybody, except that he is a little more incoherent. After page 70 I was not interested—nor, I suspect, was that portion of Mr. Jensen which writes sagas.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Men Nobody Knows

Business and the Church. Edited by Jerome Davis. The Century Company. $2.50.

FOOLS we were to think that He was the Man of Sorrow. Of course now we know better. If Bruce Barton and not Judas had made His contacts there need have been no Calvary. For the Man Nobody Knew was a good mixer, who could tell a parable or two and is now breaking through the sales resistance of over nineteen centuries. Today "those employers . . . who dare to be experimental in creating industrial brotherhood" recognize that His is the best policy; so Mr. Jerome Davis informs us. Accordingly, Mr. Davis dedicates this book to the authors of these Acts. This modern Hieronymus vulgarizes for our guidance the spirit of the Lord as it shines through the martyred lives of high-powered executives. "This collection of sermons and facts from business men" satisfies in him "a crying need . . . to get away from mere platitudinous idealism to its practical translation in the working realms of day-by-day life." "All honor to the brave group" of apostles "who are making their business accord with their ideal," thereby laying "concrete the Christ way!"

The first apostle on this macadamized *via dolorosa* startled me a bit, I must confess. He is an old acquaintance. John Calder, after years of self-denial as manager of the Remington and Cadillac works, began his active ministry at Swift's, among the simple herdsmen of the Stockyards. I dealt with his ministry at length in *The Nation* of January 25, 1922. The theme of my then heathen commentary was the stock-yards strike; how he broke its pagan spirit and then perfected a covenant to keep it broken; how the compelling power of his revelation spread like wildfire among the Big Five packers; how he suffered at $100,000 annually for his vision of the perfect company union. Now, after five long years, we can still hear his prophetic voice: "Is there balm in Gilead? Yes! Is there a physician? Yes! I believe the answer to the Sphinx is still the same: 'Man! Man! Man!'" Finally this apocalyptic cry rises to ecstasy: "The Christian liver . . . *demands* social justice for his fellowman, but *refuses* it for himself, as his Master did." I bow my head in shame. Forgive me, St. John Calder, for I knew n t

what I did when I counted you among the strike-breakers.

My higher criticism of the other epistles is complicated by the certain knowledge that quite a few of them were not written by those who signed them, an exegetic problem especially difficult for the practicing journalist, who is apt to be prejudiced against apostles who write their messages through "ghosts." Still, it is the spirit of these messages which counts. So we go on. Next comes Henry Ford. He signs an Act on The Need of Social Blue-Prints. These are fundamentally the same as he uses in the Rouge River plant. "Humanics," the sympathetic editor explains. Social ethics can be automatized, measured, and its measurements enforced. All else is "platitudinous idealism."

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is introduced by the enumeration of splendid gifts from his father's money. He recapitulates his well-known revolutionary doctrine of the John D. Junior Republic. The constitution of this industrial commonwealth was born of his vicarious revolutionary experience in the Rockefeller properties at Ludlow, Colorado, on April 19, 1914, when men, women, and children were shot down in their tents by machine-guns. It was framed in the constitutional convention of Curtis, Fosdick, and Belknap. "The parties to industry are four in number. They are capital, management, labor, and the community," Mr. Rockefeller posits with the lucidity of greatness; which leads him to conclude for the American plan: the self-determination of the Rockefeller plants. Of course, the founding fathers of this constitution in the offices of Curtis, Fosdick, and Belknap took all possible precautions against the industrial rotten borough. How?

The answer is supplied by Arthur H. Young, one of the "Industrial Relations Counselors" in these offices. Mr. Young broke the strike at the International Harvester Company soon after Mr. Calder brought peace to the packers. It was out of this experience that he developed his plan of industrial democracy. To prevent further trouble at the International Harvester he established such a scientific suffrage method that by its use the workers are enabled to outlaw their own grievances—to the satisfaction of their other "partners" in industry. They vote on "data" furnished by the company "research" staff. These experts—psychologists, economists, "social engineers" of all kinds—furnish them with Job Analyses, Mental Tests, Production Costs, studies in the physiological chemistry of fatigue, in the physics of light and plumbing, in the statistics of waste. The workers are presented with the findings of the Taylor Society, the American Management Association, and the National Industrial Conference Board. Whereupon they check up all these "data" against the latest theory of wages. By this deductive process they realize the fallacy of trade unionism, and vote themselves a wage cut and an increase in hours whenever necessary.

Among the other followers of Christ is Mr. Edward A. Filene, the Boston department storekeeper and industrial aesthete, who pleads for more beauty in business, since beauty, he holds with Hegel, is also truth and goodness; Mr. Sam A. Lewisohn, psychoanalyst to big business, who would sublimate its labor complex into taking over the functions of the labor movement; Mr. Whiting Williams, an overall-sociologist, tells of his tramping on industrial life (with letters of credit) until he discovered that labor is quite human under the skin; President Green of the American Federation of Labor pleads for "life more abundantly." Of all the twenty-three articles on attitudes and experiments in "creative good-will" only those dealing with the efforts at Hart Schaffner and Marx, at the Dennison Manufacturing Company, at the Columbia Conserve Company, and at the A. Nash Clothing Company are not specious.

But the noblest contribution comes from the pen of Mr. Roger W. Babson, the St. Francis of "The Babson Statistical Community." "Do Praying Fathers Have Preying Sons?—No!" is the topic of his discourse to the birds and trees of Beverly Hills. The burden of his talk is that religion and success go hand in hand. "The great packers are intensely religious men. Mr. Louis F. Swift supports . . . an institution for preparing young men for the Presbyterian ministry. . . . The McCormicks, of harvester machinery fame, founded a great theological school. Mr. Henry P. Crowell, head of the Quaker Oats Company, has for years been the head of the Moody Bible School. . . ."

By this time even the moles come up to listen. "There may be many collars that are as good as Arrow collars," our St. Francis dubiously continues, "many breakfast foods that are as good as Toasted Corn Flakes. . . . However, Mr. Cluett of Cluett, Peabody and Company has been president of the Y. M. C. A. of Troy for many years, Kellogg is probably the leading Seventh-Day Baptist in this country." Many other great business leaders either spring from theological loins or patronize theological works. The conclusion is irresistible: "Prayer and religion, as developed by our churches, are the foundations of achievement in . . . modern American business."

Of course it is a silly book. Its economics is pure bunk, its psychology is hokum, it is naive in its social politics, it is unbelievably confused. Yet it is quite significant in its liberal pretensions. Mr. Davis appreciates that the Babbittry is not confined to the conservative sections of society. He sells a liberal Bartonism to the simpletons in liberal and radical circles, to the undiscriminating followers of all left theories, no matter how mutually exclusive these might be. Lenin's writings on the eternal Menshevik analyze with wonderful acuteness the vagaries and intellectual fears of this type of mind, whose tolerance springs from a wish to eat and have the cake of intellectual courage.

But the most difficult thing to forgive is all this trading in the name of Jesus. One need not believe in His divinity, or even in His social doctrine or psychology, to feel a sense of outrage at this performance. He went forth to reconcile virtue and reason, and He discovered that they could not be found except in tragedy. To compare the terrible road of his brief ten-months' ministry, which led straight, ineluctably, and consciously into the swords of power, with the ways of the company union and all its rationalized cavortings is incredibly stupid and execrably vulgar. The company union is successful for a very simple reason. Modern industry cannot function under the antiquated, craft-jealous trade union. And since the trade union is too impotent to modernize into an industrial union, the employer is introducing it—to his own advantage.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

A Brilliant Beginning

Migrations. By Evelyn Scott. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

EVELYN SCOTT'S new novel is, according to the critical analysis on the jacket, a study of the effect of the idea of freedom introduced into the community of Mimms, Tennessee, in 1850. Because of it the society of the ante-bellum South undergoes a complete disintegration and that disintegration is typified in a single family. Its head dies, one of the slaves runs away north, and of the two sons each breaks in his own way with the traditions of his race, the one wandering across Panama on his way to the gold-fields of California and the other turning to trade in his native village.

Those who have read Mrs. Scott's previous novels do not need to be told of either her power to evoke an exotic scene or her capacity for the minute analysis of character. In her hands the present romantic, almost epic story becomes a series of intimate experiences, and where one would expect large sweeping gestures one gets instead intense, minutely developed scenes and brilliant bits of realistic character analysis which suggest anything but the romantic or the epic tradition. Considering her characters not as heroic figures but as essentially ordinary people who happen to have been born at a time when circumstance forced adventures upon them, she has written a historic novel as though it were a modern one, and as a result she has made of it

something which is colorful without being, as most colorful things are, remote.

Yet for all the admiration which the fine texture of the book must arouse it cannot be denied that the author has neither fitted her material to the conventional form of the novel nor found a new and satisfactory one of her own; the further one proceeds in the reading of it the more scattered the interest becomes and the less possible it is for the author to draw the threads of her narrative into a single strand. Her story grows like a tree, branching out in every direction and becoming every instant more obviously incapable of being brought to any conclusion. New stories are continually begun before the previous ones have been even well started upon their way—fifteen pages near the end of the book are devoted to a detailed account of the ancestry and early experiences of a new character—and when one comes suddenly to the last page one seems merely to have finished the first volume of some gigantic work.

"Migrations" is, then, at once brilliant and disappointing. There is hardly a chapter, hardly a page even, that does not reveal talents amounting almost to genius, and yet the total effect is of something which failed to realize itself. In it is the material for half a dozen brilliant short stories and a score of vivid sketches, but there is no climax whatever and scarcely any cumulative effect, so that any one of the parts is more effective than the whole, and one is left with a never-to-be-satisfied interest in six or eight diverse people scattered over the whole face of America. Its theme is, to be sure, announced by the title. Its characters are wanderers diffusing themselves throughout the country and finally to be swallowed up by its vastness; but they are made too vivid to be thus vaguely disposed of. Mrs. Scott has made them individuals, she has caused us to feel for them an intimate concern, and one seems to have been deliberately cheated when they are left in mid-career with their fates not even foreshadowed and with decisive turnings yet to be taken. From a novelist who knows them so intimately, who has described in such details their minds and their actions, one has a right to expect some sort of completeness; it is merely irritating to have every conclusion withheld.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Hindu Bible

The Religion and Philosophy of the Veda and Upanishads. By Arthur Berriedale Keith. Harvard Oriental Series. Volumes 31 and 32. Harvard University Press. $10.

PREVIOUS books in English on the religion and philosophy of the Veda have lacked either the scope or the exactness of this one. Some of the German and French treatments are almost as full, but each by its devotion to some theory of its own that has since been shown untenable is now suspect. And more important yet is the fact that Vedic studies have progressed so much since the publication of the last such work that a new discussion is pertinent. Keith's work, therefore, is timely both for non-specialized English-speaking readers in the history of Indian religions and also for that more limited group of whatever tongue that is constantly on the alert for a solution of some ancient puzzle in Vedic philology.

The Vedic period actually begins before the Aryans invaded India and ends by about 500 B.C., when the principal Upanishads had been composed. As it closes, the great heresies of Jainism and Buddhism enter upon their conquering career. It is the period when the Indo-European naturalistic anthropomorphism that deified the sky, the wind, the dawn, and other phenomena developed into—or was supplanted by—the pessimism and acute and highly speculative metaphysics that to this day characterize India's religions and philosophies. Its literature includes the great hymn collections, the so-called "four Vedas" of which the "Rig Veda" is easily the eldest and the chief, with the "Atharva Veda" running next in importance, and the subsequent ancillary texts on theology, ritual practice, law, philosophy, with certain minor subjects, like grammar, thrown in. Collectively, under the term "Veda" used in its widest sense, it is the bible of Brahmanism and Hinduism, a bible never formally canonized yet more to the Hindu than the Bible is to the Christian, for it is the Bible and the Greek philosophers combined. It is the most important body of all Indian literature for the study of the country, modern as well as ancient.

The great merit of Keith's treatment of this period is his careful discussion of all disputed points, with plentiful reference to pertinent passages in the texts and the printed opinions of other scholars. If his work lacks a scintillating imagination that reinterprets the material on the basis of some new and brilliant theory, it also avoids the pitfalls that lie in the path of such theorizing. For the treatment is eminently sober, with the restraint that marks the best English scholarship as contrasted with the greater daring of the Continental. His feet never leave the earth. This conservatism makes the work thoroughly reliable, while those who wish the higher flights may be guided by the citations in the footnotes.

If this judicial reserve has a fault, it may lie in the reluctance to move ahead of one's time. Yet who will cast the stone here? To do so renders one liable to an avalanche in reply. Take, for example, the matter of non-Aryan, "Dravidian," elements in the formation of Indian thought. Shall we believe that the marked difference between the naive early Rig-Vedic faith and the subtleties of the highest Hinduism, which is for the most part under the spell of the Vedanta philosophy, is the result of a slow intellectual development wholly within the pale of Aryan culture, beginning with the skepticism and faltering speculations of the philosophical hymns of the later "Rig Veda," carrying on through similar hymns in the "Atharva Veda," then into the "Brahmanas," budding in the "Upanishads," and coming to full flower in the systems of Shankara and Ramanuja? Or shall we think that the pre-Aryan inhabitants of India were possessed of some fairly well-conceived notions of the universe; and that they, though conquered, civilized their conquerors and gave them these notions, which attained their complete form later when the two peoples had blended? Keith, with his eye on the preserved records, rejects the latter theory; for such positive evidence as they offer is all in favor of the former. And no one can justly blame him. Yet, negatively, there is something to be said for the theory of Dravidian origin of the most important Indian metaphysical concepts. Not by any means is Indian civilization solely a product of Aryan genius. Dravidian India, as well as northern India, has long had a civilization; while the recent excavations in the Indus Valley already show that there existed in India a well-developed culture long before any date which most reputable scholars would set for the Aryan irruption. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that advocacy of the Dravidian theory is likely, in the present absence of mathematical proof, to smack of prophecy rather than of science, and to be liable ultimately to the fate of other notable theories of even such distinguished scholars as Bergaigne and Oldenberg. And Keith is too sound to be a prophet.

It is indeed in many cases a comfort to find a theory examined critically and set aside as undemonstrated. If other scholars have done the work they are given the credit; if not, the errors are likely to be exposed anyhow. Thus, for example, there need be no regret that Deussen's neat schematization of Upanishadic thought should be rejected, or that other theories, some of lesser age, should be as cleanly brushed away, such as the numerous recent and ingenious ideas of Hertel concerning the door of heaven, the heavenly fire, and other matters. The ideas were doomed from birth, but a quick scotching is all the more welcome.

Keith's book has become, immediately on publication, the standard reference work on the thought of the Vedic period. We should like to couple it with a smaller and older work, Bloomfield's "Religion of the Veda" (1908). The latter with

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its luminous method, sparkling vocabulary, arresting phrase, and clear exposition is a literary achievement as well as a work of scholarship, and sketches in admirably the broad lines and contrasting colors of the picture. Keith's book gives the detail and shows where the lines are smudged and the colors indeterminate. The non-specialized English reader could well use the one to supplement the other.

W. NORMAN BROWN

Strindberg the Sufferer

Strindberg, Leben und Dichtung. Von Erik Hedén. Aus dem Schwedischen von Julia Koppel. München: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. 13 marks.

THIS excellent German version of a Swedish life of Sweden's greatest dramatist should find a sale in America, especially since it is not likely that we shall soon have anything equal to it in English. Strindberg has been played in Germany more than in his own country, and a number of his plays were produced in German before they were given in Swedish. But his ecstatic probings of aching hearts have left France, England, and America for the most part puzzled and cold. At the time of his death the *New Statesman* called him a "fifth-rate writer"; and if I am not mistaken there was no public commercial performance of a Strindberg play in the United States—there had been modest parlor performances—before 1912, the last year of the poet's life. Anglo-Saxons dislike him because he is outspoken and painful. Frenchmen dislike him because he is chaotic and unequal. But if it be true that he is a great writer who feels deeply and speaks his feelings truly and eloquently, Strindberg ranks with the great writers.

Erik Hedén has brought to his task an admirably complete and intimate knowledge of his subject's troubled life and his voluminous writing. He is almost too complete, one feels at times, for the purposes of a popular biography. These endless analyses, with their constant cross-references, like a dictionary of the characters in the "Comédie Humaine," will sometimes prove to the reader who is not already himself a Strindberg specialist to be dark with excessive light. The monotonously recurring conjectures as to what particular exterior events of the writer's life are embalmed in particular passages of his noble writing—the finest Swedish, says the philologist Adolf Noreen, which was written in Strindberg's generation—are wearisome many times and many times unconvincing. Strindberg was always writing about himself, we know; but his dealings with his pathetically misunderstood and misunderstanding dream-children, although no doubt set off in most cases by his dealings with his own flesh-and-blood children and his succession of flesh-and-blood wives—poor creatures!—and his other long-suffering terrestrial associates, would be several degrees more difficult to account for on the basis of physical experience than the dreams of the sane and stupid. Strindberg's literary output is the record of a long nightmare. Probably no other modern writer lived so completely in a world of his own.

Yet, though a playwright deals with stubborn facts, not with one man's dreams, Strindberg was a great playwright, one of the most effective of all the powerful modern group, richer in creative power than his magnificent rival Ibsen, though less influential because less rational. And he was an effective realistic novelist. Ludwig Lewisohn is probably right—and to that extent Erik Hedén wrong—in finding his most compelling work in the nervous naturalistic interval of the eighties rather than in the loose romanticism of the earlier and later periods. Like poor, demented Cassandra, discerning signs of events which escaped the wisest and sanest of her open-eyed countrymen, Strindberg has a frequent clairvoyant vision of the world of phenomena. When the Swedish people, in the year before his death, rose with a generous enthusiasm and gave this impecunious, much-divorced, quarrelsome, ungrateful, eccentric little

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quill-driver the noblest ovation ever accorded a writer of their race, they did instinctive homage, not only to an artist but to a prophet and a lover of mankind. Through the welter of violence and contradiction in this man's endless output of plays, novels, pamphlets, extravagant quasi-philosophy and quasi-science there runs a thread of real inspiration for which Sweden had come to be grateful.

All discussion of Strindberg must, of course, concern itself largely with his hysterical anti-feminism. Yet the conflict of the sexes is only one phase of the individual's struggle to adapt himself to his environment. Strindberg, one of the saddest cases in the history of the race of a square peg transferred from the structure of some other planet to a round hole in this terrestrial machine, eternally brings home the great lesson of tolerance and sympathy. We are all having a hard time here. It is impossible to read Strindberg's work or his life without a great swelling of the heart. That may be why a kind Providence allowed him to suffer so hideously.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Books in Brief

The People Next Door. By George Creel. The John Day Company. $4.

A sympathetic rendering of Mexico's political history from Cuauthemoc to Calles. Chiefly a rehash of what others have written, and better for the recent years on which less has been printed. Most valuable are the remarks in the foreword on intervention, directed at those "who have preached it so glibly" and "cannot possibly have thought it through."

The Parnell of Real Life. By William O'Brien. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 7/6.

These reprinted essays and reviews throw light on some of the dark corners into which the Home Rule tangle drew both English and Irish politicians, but Mr. O'Brien, like his chief, was a "political animal," and in these days of psychological biography his book seems strangely old-fashioned in its absorption in politics and its failure to reveal anything of the inner Parnell.

Julia Marlowe: Her Life and Art. By Charles Edward Russell. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

A welcome and informed if somewhat stodgy biography by one whose admiration for Miss Marlowe is ardent and unending. Off stage he makes the lady appear as a rather amusing bas-bleu who "repeatedly pointed out" that free verse was only masquerading prose and who enriched the books of her library by such annotations as "Most Remarkable!" She doubted the uplifting effect of much modern drama but considered that she best expressed her disapproval by her "adherence to the role of the woman who does not fall when tempted." "The dramatic attraction of the woman who stays pure," she added, "is a subject in which I have always been interested." Such dicta give no pause to Mr. Russell's admiration.

Yerney's Justice. By Ivan Cankar. Vanguard Press, Inc. 50 cents.

Yerney, the peasant, had for forty years worked his master's farm. He had built the barns and the fine white house; his sweat was plowed into every acre. In the evening he had smoked his pipe in the chimney corner with the other men. But his master died and his master's son, the idler, whom Yerney had ordered about and driven to work, became the master. Yerney was dismissed, sent out into the world without job or home—Yerney, who believed himself the rightful master of the land he had tilled, the house and barns he had made. So Yerney set forth to look for justice. He stated his case to the mayor, to his fellow-villagers, to the urchins of the neighborhood; he told it to the district judge and to the offi-

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cials in the big city. He even went to Vienna to tell the Emperor, and found himself lodged in jail among people who could not speak his Slavic tongue. Yerney died without finding justice. But his story, as simple and almost as moral as a fable, has been told and retold in nearly every European language and is given the credit for various agrarian reforms in Central and Eastern Europe. Its author, Ivan Cankar, is known chiefly as Jugoslavia's greatest writer, a realist without ulterior purpose; but "Yerney's Justice," like Anatole France's "Crainquebille," is a powerful revolutionary tract.

Willobie His Avisa. Edited by G. B. Harrison. The Bodley Head Quartos. E. P. Dutton and Company.

This poem has won, because of the mystery that attaches to it, an attention from scholars which on aesthetic grounds it is far from deserving. It is the dull and dreary story of the pursuit of a virtuous woman by various suitors. But among the rejected suitors is a young man whose initials are "H. W." and who turns in his disappointment to his friend "W. S." The four letters are sufficient to provoke a mass of commentary. Apart from them it is evident to any reader that there is more in the poem than appears on the surface, and that its popularity for thirty years after its appearance was due to general knowledge that it possessed a secret meaning. Mr. Arthur Acheson's interpretation, involving "the dark lady of the sonnets" and the problem of Sir William D'Avenant's parentage, and much else, is well known. Mr. Harrison now offers a rival interpretation. He connects the chaste Avisa with a locality in the southwest of England which in turn is connected with Sir Walter Raleigh, and says that "Willobie His Avisa" is a reply to an attack upon Raleigh made by someone belonging to the circle of the Earl of Southampton. That "someone" may have been Shakespeare, and that "attack" may have been "The Rape of Lucrece."

The Preliminaries of the American Revolution as Seen in the English Press, 1763-1775. By Fred J. Hinkhouse. Columbia University Press. $3.50.

Professor Hinkhouse has searched, with commendable industry, the files of a considerable number of English newspapers and magazines of the early Revolutionary period in the hope of discovering what the average intelligent Englishman knew or thought about events in America and the course of the government in dealing with them. The results of his inquiry, while they add appreciably to our knowledge, do not materially change the view which later historians have taken of the English attitude toward the American controversy. Both the government and the opposition spoke of the war as a civil war, although they did not always use the phrase in the same sense, and the conception of the dispute as a struggle between two ideals of government as well as a test of strength between the colonies and the Crown appears to have been widely held. In England as in America, too, the landed and ecclesiastical interests sided generally with the prerogative, whereas the English nonconformists inclined to sympathy with their American brethren. Professor Hinkhouse does well in pointing out, however, that the opinion of the provincial press, as evidenced particularly in the contributed letters which largely took the place of editorial expression, was mainly a reflection of opinion in London. One cannot be sure, accordingly, even after reading the provincial papers, that the majority of intelligent Englishmen outside the capital were greatly concerned about the American controversy as either a political or an economic issue.

The Theater of George Jean Nathan. By Isaac Goldberg. Simon and Schuster. $3.

A slapdash production which nevertheless contains some interesting facts and a series of interesting documents—e.g., letters from O'Neill and Gordon Craig to Nathan; three scenarios of plays projected by Mencken and Nathan; and the text of Nathan's suppressed play "The Eternal Mystery."

Drama

A Folk-Tragedy

"IN ABRAHAM'S BOSOM," Mr. Paul Green's "biography of a Negro in seven scenes," aroused in me no great enthusiasm. In spite of the excellent material which it contained it was feeble in construction and I saw no reason for confusing the issue by praising the absence of conventional Broadway technique in a play which was, in itself, no more than merely ineffectual. This same author's latest effort, "The Field God" (Greenwich Village Theater), seems to me, however, to mark an enormous advance, for though it is as far removed as its predecessor from both the subject matter and the method of our popular young playwrights it is, in addition, quite capable of standing firmly upon its own dramatic legs.

Even in the former play there was no mistaking either the author's knowledge or his sincerity. Here, obviously, was no suggestion of that mere vulgarization of a current interest in the Negro which results in such a play as "Lulu Belle," no trace of the clever young playwright condescending to see what could be made out of a picturesque people for the entertainment of jaded spectators. Here instead was the genuine understanding and love of a man who had studied his subject long before he had ever dreamed of using it, and here in consequence was a play which, effective or not, could never be confused with the product of a superficial and purely professional interest in exotic material. Now its author, turning his attention to the white farmer of North Carolina whom he obviously knows no less intimately than the Negro, has produced a play equally genuine and decidedly more mature—one which serves, indeed, definitely to raise him out of the ranks of promising beginners and to make him a man to be watched with more than that dutiful but none too hopeful interest which one bestows upon the man who shows signs of talent usually destined not to be realized.

Evidently the numerous short folk-plays which Mr. Green has written have served him well. The image of a primitive society which he projects upon the stage with an apparently effortless ease has an extraordinary depth and solidity, and the minor characters who create it are all conceived with an incisive yet natural humor. But it is not with this that he stops. The wildly passionate story which he tells of a conflict between a primitively powerful love and the religious fanaticism of a remote community is one which is firmly rooted in the manners and traditions of that community. It is no conventional stage plot foisted upon a certain set of characters but something which grows out of the people and their ways—a genuine folk-tragedy. Richly complicated, it is never confused and its climaxes rise, as those of the former play most conspicuously did not, in a steady crescendo. Many of its scenes, notably that in which the drunken and disappointed lover swaggers before his successful rival and that in which the preacher prays over the agonized skeptic, are boldly conceived with an apparently complete disregard for all the tricks of the trade but with a fresh and thrilling power. The play is unusually well acted, particularly in respect to certain of the minor characters and to that of the hero whom Mr. Fritz Lieber portrays; but it is not upon the production alone that its great effectiveness depends, for "The Field God" is at once skilful and genuine. Other plays of the year have been more ingenious, but I doubt if any other has had more life in it.

Inevitably Mr. Green's work will be compared with that of O'Neill, not only because he has dealt with a theme and a setting somewhat analogous to that of "Desire Under the Elms" but also because there is a certain resemblance arising from the fact that both men dare to use violent scenes and to pitch their climaxes in a very high emotional key. The comparison is not wholly unwarranted, but the difference in the work of the two men will be found, I think, to arise chiefly from the

fact that Mr. Green is by far the more objective of the two. Among whatever people O'Neill has set his scene he has always been in search of an image of himself. If he has been interested in sailors or farmers or artists it is chiefly because he has seen in their passions something which corresponds to his own; no matter what mask he has assumed self-expression has been his aim. Mr. Green, on the other hand, chooses his people because he was born among them. The subject matter, for and in itself, concerns him most, and he works through sympathy, not through identification. Far more than O'Neill he is a recorder or a historian, and in that fact lies both his strength and his weakness. He knows his people perfectly, knows them better perhaps than O'Neill knows his, but he neither knows himself half so well nor so certainly possesses a self half so well worth the knowing.

At the Garrick Theater the Theater Guild is reviving Milne's charming comedy "Mr. Pim Passes By" in a delightful production graced by Helen Chandler and Laura Hope Crews and marked by an unusually fine piece of acting on the part of Erskine Sanford as Mr. Pim. "Rapid Transit," staged very effectively upon the tiny Provincetown stage, is an ingenious if not always consistent allegory in expressionist form dealing with the adventures of an inhabitant of this world who finds himself in another more advanced one where the inhabitants worship the Great Wheel and have pushed such human follies as war, industrialism, money madness, and speed to limits more extraordinary than ours. "The Comic" (Theater Masque) is a slow-paced and conventional Hungarian farce in which actors who should have known better dawdled plaintively through their parts.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The British Anti-Strike Bill

THE Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Bill has been introduced in Parliament by the Attorney General, with the support of Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Solicitor General, and the Lord Advocate. It is therefore a government measure, and ordinarily such a measure would be certain of passage. The background of the bill was described in an editorial, Trade Unions and the Law, in our issue of March 16. It has aroused a torrent of criticism in England. Labor of course denounces it; the Liberal *Nation* (London) calls it "the most wanton contribution to social discord that any government has made in modern times"; even the Tory *Spectator* says that "the one essential of such a bill, which is clarity, is absent," and fears that it may merely "reunite the scattered factions of the Labor Party." The text printed below is taken from the *Times* (London) for April 5.

A bill to declare and amend the law relating to trade disputes and trade unions, to regulate the position of civil servants and persons employed by public authorities in respect of membership of trade unions and similar organizations, to extend section five of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, and for other purposes connected with the purposes aforesaid.

Be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

ILLEGAL STRIKES

1. (1) It is hereby declared that any strike having any object besides the furtherance of a trade dispute within the trade or industry in which the strikers are engaged is an illegal strike if it is a strike designed or calculated to coerce the government or to intimidate the community, or any substantial portion of the community, and that it is illegal to commence, or continue, or to apply any sums in furtherance or support of any such illegal strike.

For the purposes of the foregoing provision a trade dispute shall not be deemed to be within a trade or industry unless it is a dispute between employers and workmen, or between workmen and workmen, in that trade or industry, which is connected with the employment or non-employment or the terms of the employment, or with the conditions of labor, of persons in that trade or industry.

(2) If any person declares, instigates, furthers, or takes part in a strike declared by this act to be illegal he shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding ten pounds or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months, or on conviction on indictment to imprisonment for a term not exceeding two years.

(3) The provisions of the Trade Disputes Act, 1906, shall not, nor shall the second proviso to subsection (1) of section two of the Emergency Powers Act, 1920, apply to any act done in contemplation or furtherance of a strike which is by this act declared to be illegal, and any such act shall not be deemed for the purposes of any enactment to be done in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute.

PROTECTION OF PERSONS REFUSING TO TAKE PART IN ILLEGAL STRIKES

2. (1) No person refusing to take part or to continue to take part in any strike which is by this act declared to be illegal, shall be, by reason of such refusal or by reason of any action taken by him under this section, subject to expulsion from any trade union or society, or to any fine or penalty, or to deprivation of any right or benefit to which he would otherwise be entitled, or liable to be placed in any respect either directly or indirectly under any disability or at any disadvantage as compared with other members of the union or society, anything to the contrary in the rules of a trade union or society notwithstanding.

(2) No provisions of the Trade Union Acts, 1871 to 1917, limiting the proceedings which may be entertained by any court, and nothing in the rules of a trade union or society requiring the reference of disputes to arbitration shall apply to any proceeding for enforcing any right or exemption secured by this section, and in any such proceeding the court may, in lieu of ordering a person who has been expelled from membership of a trade union or society to be restored to membership, order that he be paid out of the funds of the trade union or society such sum by way of compensation or damages as the court thinks just.

(3) As respects any strike before the passing of this act which is declared by this act to have been illegal, this section shall have effect as if it had been in operation when the strike took place.

PREVENTION OF INTIMIDATION, ETC.

3. (1) It is hereby declared that it is unlawful for one or more persons (whether acting on their own behalf or on behalf of a trade union or of an individual employer or firm, and notwithstanding that they may be acting in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute) to attend at or near a house or place where a person resides or works or happens to be, for the purpose of obtaining or communicating information or of persuading or inducing any person to work or to abstain from working, if they so attend in such numbers or otherwise in such manner as to be calculated to intimidate any person in that house or place, or to obstruct the approach thereto or egress therefrom, or to lead to a breach of the peace; and attending at or near any house or place in such numbers or in such manner as is by this subsection declared to be unlawful shall be deemed to be a watching or besetting of that house or place within the meaning of section seven of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875.

(2) In this section the expression "to intimidate" means to cause in the mind of a person a reasonable apprehension of injury to him or to any member of his family or of violence or damage to any person or property, and the expression "injury" includes injury other than physical or material injury, and accordingly the expression "apprehension of injury" includes an apprehension of boycott, or loss of any kind, or of exposure to hatred, ridicule, or contempt.

(3) In section seven of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, the expression "intimidate" shall be construed as having the same meaning as in this section.

(4) Notwithstanding anything in any act it shall not be lawful for one or more persons, for the purpose of inducing any person to work or to abstain from working, to watch or beset a house or place where a person resides or the approach to such a house or place, and any person who acts in contravention of this subsection shall be liable on summary conviction to a fine not exceeding twenty pounds or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months.

PROVISIONS AS TO POLITICAL FUND

4. (1) It shall not be lawful to require any member of a trade union to make any contribution to the political fund of a trade union unless before the date upon which the contribution is levied he has delivered at the head office or some branch office of the trade union, notice in writing in the form set out in the first schedule to this act of his willingness to contribute to that fund and has not withdrawn the notice in manner hereinafter provided; and every member of a trade union who has not delivered such notice as aforesaid, or who, having delivered such a notice, has withdrawn it in manner hereinafter provided, shall be deemed for the purposes of the Trade Union Act, 1913, to be a member who is exempt from the obligation to contribute to the

political fund of the union, and references in that act to a member who is so exempt shall be construed accordingly:

Provided that, if at any time a member of a trade union who has delivered such a notice as aforesaid gives notice of withdrawal thereof, delivered at the head office or at any branch office of the trade union, he shall be deemed for the purposes of this subsection to have withdrawn the notice as from the first day of January next after the delivery of the notice of withdrawal.

For the purposes of this subsection a notice shall be deemed to have been delivered at the head or a branch office of a trade union if it has been sent by post properly addressed to that office.

(2) All contributions to the political fund of a trade union from members of the trade union who are liable to contribute to that fund shall be levied and made separately from any contributions to the other funds of the trade union and no assets of the trade union, other than the amount raised by such a separate levy as aforesaid, shall be carried to that fund or directly or indirectly applied or charged in furtherance of any political object to which section three of the Trade Union Act, 1913, applies; and any charge in contravention of this subsection shall be void.

(3) All rules of a trade union made and approved in accordance with the requirements of section three of the Trade Union Act, 1913, shall be amended so as to conform to the requirements of this act, and as so amended shall be approved by the Registrar of Friendly Societies (in this act referred to as "the Registrar") within six months after the commencement of this act or within such further time as the Registrar may in special circumstances allow, and if the rules of any trade union are not so amended and approved as aforesaid they shall be deemed not to comply with the requirements of the said section.

(4) If the Registrar is satisfied, and certifies that rules for the purpose of complying with the provisions of the foregoing subsection have been approved by a majority of the members of a trade union voting for the purpose or by a majority of delegates of such a trade union voting at a meeting called for the purpose, the Registrar may approve those rules and those rules shall thereupon have effect as rules of the union notwithstanding that the provisions of the rules of the union as to the alteration of rules or the making of new rules have not been complied with.

(5) Section sixteen of the Trade Union Act, 1871 (which provides for the transmission to the Registrar of annual returns by registered trade unions), shall apply to every unregistered trade union so far as respects the receipts, funds, effects, expenditure, assets, and liabilities of the political fund thereof.

REGULATIONS AS TO ORGANIZATIONS OF WHICH ESTABLISHED CIVIL SERVANTS MAY BE MEMBERS

5. (1) Among the regulations as to the conditions of service in his Majesty's civil establishments there shall be included regulations prohibiting established civil servants from being members, delegates, or representatives of any organization of which the primary object is to influence or affect the remuneration and conditions of employment of its members, unless the organization is an organization of which the membership is confined to persons employed by or under the Crown and is an organization which complies with such provisions as may be contained in the regulations for securing that it is in all respects independent of, and not affiliated to any such organization as aforesaid the membership of which is not confined to persons employed by or under the Crown or any federation comprising such organizations, that its objects do not include political objects, and that it is not associated directly or indirectly with any political party or organization:

Provided that the regulations made in compliance with the provisions of this section shall not prevent:

(*a*) an established civil servant from remaining a member of any trade union or organization of which he had, at the commencement of this act, been a member for more than six months if under the rules thereof he is or may become entitled to any payment during incapacity, or by way

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of superannuation, or on the death of himself or his wife, or as provision for his children; or

(*b*) a person who in addition to being an established civil servant is, apart from his service as such, also engaged in some other employment or occupation from being any member, delegate, or representative of a trade union or organization, of which the primary object is to influence or affect the remuneration or conditions of employment of persons engaged in that employment or occupation.

(2) If any established civil servant knowingly contravenes any of the provisions of the said regulations he shall be disqualified for continuing to be a member of the civil service.

(3) In this section the expression "established civil servant" means a person serving in an established capacity in the permanent service of the Crown, and includes any person who, having been granted a certificate by the Civil Service Commissioners, is serving a probationary period preliminary to establishment.

PROVISIONS AS TO PERSONS EMPLOYED BY LOCAL AND OTHER PUBLIC AUTHORITIES

6 (1) It shall not be lawful for any local or other public authority to make it a condition of the employment or continuance in employment of any person that he shall or shall not be a member of a trade union, or to impose any condition upon persons employed by the authority whereby employees who are or who are not members of a trade union are liable to be placed in any respect either directly or indirectly under any disability or disadvantage as compared with other employees, and any condition imposed in contravention of this section shall be void.

(2) There shall be added to section five of the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, the following provision, that is to say:

"If any person employed by a local or other public authority wilfully breaks a contract of service with that authority, knowing or having reasonable cause to believe that the probable consequence of his so doing, either alone or in combination with others, will be to hinder or prevent the discharge of the functions of the authority, he shall be liable, on summary conviction, to a fine not exceeding ten pounds or to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three months."

RESTRAINT OF APPLICATION OF FUNDS OF TRADE UNIONS, ETC., IN CONTRAVENTION OF ACT

7. Without prejudice to the right of any person having a sufficient interest in the relief sought to sue or apply for an injunction to restrain any application of the funds of a trade union in contravention of the provisions of this act, such an injunction may be granted at the suit or upon the application of the Attorney General.

In the application of this section to Scotland there shall be substituted therein for references to an injunction references to an interdict, and for the reference to the Attorney General a reference to the Lord Advocate.

SHORT TITLE, CONSTRUCTION, INTERPRETATION, EXTENT, AND REPEAL

8. (1) This act may be cited as the Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Act, 1927, and shall be construed as one with the Trade Union Acts, 1871 to 1917, and this act and the Trade Union Acts, 1871 to 1917, may be cited together as the Trade Union Acts, 1871 to 1927.

(2) In this act the expression "strike" means the cessation of work by a body of persons employed acting in combination, or a concerted refusal, or a refusal under a common understanding of any number of persons who are, or have been employed, to continue to work or to accept employment.

(3) This act shall not extend to Northern Ireland.

(4) The enactments mentioned in the second schedule to this act are hereby repealed to the extent specified in the third column of that schedule.

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SO THE "WHITE HOUSE SPOKESMAN" is dead—or is he merely dormant? We wonder. He can readily be resurrected and reincarnated. What happened at the biweekly conference at which Calvin Jekyll Coolidge announced the disappearance of his Dr. Hyde no one is supposed to know—it is a secret of state. Perhaps the President got tired of a deception which deceived only distant yokels. Perhaps it came to him that it is far more dignified and honest for the President of the United States to stand up and father any statement he may choose to make than to speak behind a lay figure of his own creating and to pretend that he did not say what his fictitious *alter ego* voiced. But the compelling motive is suppressed, and we only know that the Marine Corps band did not play at the funeral. There were, of course, apologists for the lamented Spokesman—apologists in the royal manner; for Mr. Coolidge can, as everyone knows, do no wrong. It was explained that the President must have the chance to inform the correspondents of the tone and temper of his policies without being held responsible for his every utterance. Very adroit, indeed, but not convincing. The press is not there to be the means of floating trial balloons and, for the sake of its own dignity and independence, it ought to receive no statement from any high official unless that statement is signed.

SENATOR NORRIS, in an interview in the Baltimore *Sun*, has come out flat-footedly against the renomination of President Coolidge for a third term. He is one of the many who feel that we should hold to the two-term tradition of the republic and he insists that the violation of that precedent will take us far along the road to a Mussolini or a king. The younger generation will hardly be as stirred as Senator Norris over this issue because this is a tradition-smashing age, and there is scant memory today of the feelings aroused by the third-term candidacies of President Grant and of Theodore Roosevelt. Whether one agrees with Senator Norris's views or not, we cannot see that Mr. Coolidge has a single claim to an honor which George Washington declined out of loyalty to his government, which was denied to every one of his successors. Especially valuable in this connection is Senator Norris's reminder that any President can force his own renomination if he or his representatives round up the corrupt Republican delegates from the Southern States, and use the Presidential patronage elsewhere. Actually the President is in the position of being able either to dictate his renomination or to name his successor, and his power has lately been enormously strengthened by the administration of the income tax. Senator Couzens is quoted by Frank R. Kent in the *American Mercury* for May as saying if you give him control of the internal-revenue office he will control the country. Herein lies the gravity of the situation to which Senator Norris calls attention. Anything that can be done to break the Presidential power of succession should be acclaimed by all Americans independent in politics.

RICHARD T. OULAHAN, of the New York *Times*, having announced on the authority of a member, or former member, of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, that the late President Harding was an imperialist at heart who intended to plant the American flag all the way from the Rio Grande to Panama, a chorus of indignant denials has arisen. Foremost among the defenders of the late President is Frank B. Kellogg. He is sure that nothing was further from Mr. Harding's thoughts. Well, for once, we are in agreement with the Secretary of State. We do not believe that so easy-going, amusement-loving, and kindly a man as President Harding lay awake wondering how soon he could hoist the Stars and Stripes over the City of Mexico and all the capitals to the south of us, or spent any of his waking hours planning a monstrous act of international aggression. Yet he was an imperialist, precisely as is President Coolidge. Both favored the doctrine that the flag follows every investor; both were ready to impose their will by force on the weaker nations; both were—and Mr. Coolidge still is—of the belief that the United States has a mandatory control of our Caribbean neighbors. If that policy is persisted in ruthlessly, it is only a question of time before the countries to the south of us are subjugated to precisely the degree which Mr. Oulahan says Mr. Harding desired—whether we hoist the flag or not. The newest technique is to lend money, then protect it with marines, then instal a puppet president—and thus obtain the benefits without the fuss of hoisting the flag.

DOES ANY BRIGHT BOY with a long memory recall that when American marines went ashore at Puerto Cabezas as a sort of Christmas present to Nicaragua, on December 24 last, President Coolidge assured the American people that we were not intervening and not participating in a political movement, but merely protecting American lives and property? It is a long way from Christmas to Mayday. Today our marines occupy the principal cities and ports as "neutral zones," in order to keep the Liberals from capturing them. Every day marines flying over the country in their bombing-planes are sniped at, and no one pretends that Diaz could hold office for an hour without American support. So thorough is American control that when Mr. Stimson, the President's observer in Nicaragua, decided that he really wanted to see representatives of the Liberal President, Sacasa, he sent for them on an American warship and gave them a safe conduct into the capital of their enemy! Mr. Stimson is reported to have evolved a "peace plan," which includes a new election under American auspices. If the Liberals win that election they could then begin paying the bills for the munitions with which Diaz fought them—bills conveniently post-dated by the Washington authorities so that payment becomes due immediately after the end of Diaz's term of office!

"GETS LIFE FOR TURNING KNOB"—thus a headline in a New York daily. One Gerardo Fonseco turned the door-knob of a room in the Hotel Navarre on January 24, and was caught in doing so. Turning a knob legally constitutes the crime of breaking and entering. Had the door been ajar, so that he could have entered the room without touching the knob, his act would have been a misdemeanor instead of a felony, and he would have received a sentence of not more than three years. "I must give you life imprisonment," said Judge Collins; "that is unfair, but it is prescribed by the law passed in the hysteria over a crime wave." What could be more uncivilized? Undoubtedly Fonseco's was a third offense; undoubtedly the criminal is likely to become an habitual one. But in this case he obtained nothing, subjected no one to injury, and at thirty-one he goes to prison for the rest of his life. Society washes its hands of him because it is too lazy, too stupid, too uninterested to take him in hand and rebuild him. In another case a Brooklyn judge, Mr. Martin, in accepting a plea of guilty of second-degree robbery from a boy seventeen years of age, whose mother died while he was a baby and whose father is an habitual drunkard, said to him:

> You are just a poor derelict. At a tender age, when loving arms ought to have been stretched to you, you have been kicked about, neglected, and uncared for. It is no wonder you finally have landed in a criminal court with a serious charge against you.

It would be "no justice at all," Judge Martin said, to sentence the boy without thought of the handicap under which he had spent the whole of his life. The boy may go to prison for fifteen years. Why should anyone care? Does anyone really feel, aside from this humane judge, that society should pay the penalty rather than the boy?

TEACHERS FROM THREE different parts of the country—Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Minnesota—sent us articles last week. Each was an arraignment of the school system; each described the teacher's position as one which exacted impossible conditions from the incumbent and, because these conditions were impossible, nurtured deception as a matter of course. Sycophancy, conformity, piety; no smoking, drinking, swearing, dancing; no "radical" ideas; bed at ten o'clock or explain why; church every Sunday; no bad companions, which is to say, none suspected by the Board of Trustees. And the most interesting thing about each of these articles, and about similar articles that reach us regularly, is that each author says: "But you must not print my name. I would lose my job if it were printed."

JAMES R. NUGENT, the former New Jersey Democratic boss, whose death followed that of his old friend and associate, ex-Senator James Smith, by a month, was, like Mr. Smith, a good Democratic boss as long as he stuck to Woodrow Wilson and a very bad one when he came to oppose the Governor of New Jersey. That was one of the delightful things about Mr. Wilson; he simplified the commentator's task. If you were for Woodrow Wilson you were good; vice versa, and you were an enemy of your country. While the alliance between the two men lasted, Mr. Nugent admired Mr. Wilson profoundly; he always felt that Mr. Wilson soared to heights unobtainable by ordinary mortals. Nugent himself was far better than the average politician. College-trained, an able lawyer, who long paternally administered the affairs of the city of Newark with skill and unusual knowledge of the workings of a municipality, he made a distinct contribution to the government of that city. It was not easy to get him to come out for Mr. Wilson, but when he did he worked the future President hard and often persuaded him to speak by threatening, as James Kerney records in his "The Political Education of Woodrow Wilson," to make the speeches himself if Wilson did not. Nugent and Smith did their best to prevent Wilson's nomination for the Presidency and, as every one knows, they nearly succeeded. Yet when, after Mr. Wilson's death, it came to the raising of the New Jersey quota for the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, Nugent himself raised $6,000, a rare piece of magnanimity for a politician who had repeatedly been denounced and abused by Woodrow Wilson.

DEAN JOHN H. WIGMORE, of the Northwestern University Law School, has gone to war again. He wrote for the Boston *Evening Transcript* a letter attacking Felix Frankfurter's résumé of the Sacco-Vanzetti case as "dangerous," "neither fair nor accurate," "worthy only of unscrupulous yellow journalism," "consummate misrepresentation," "a gross libel and a cruel falsity," and suggesting that Mr. Frankfurter's work was inspired by the "sinister influences" of "the most extensive system of international terrorism that the world has known for a century past." Dean Wigmore writes with a fine passion and a resounding rhetoric; he is mad; he nowhere names Professor Frankfurter but always calls him "the plausible pundit."

UNFORTUNATELY FOR HIS REPUTATION, Dean Wigmore was consistently and almost incredibly wrong. Mr. Frankfurter replied:

> I say without fear of contradiction that Dean Wigmore could not have read with care the opinion of Judge Thayer, on which his own article is largely based, could not even have examined my little book, to which he refers as "a longer pamphlet publication" of my *Atlantic* article.

Mr. Frankfurter proceeds to show that statements are in the record which Dean Wigmore said were not there, and pointedly asks Dean Wigmore on what page of the record he found some of the statements which he said were there. The unfortunate dean seems to have assumed that Judge Thayer had quoted the record accurately, without bothering to check his references. Ellery Sedgwick's comment on the controversy was:

> The demonstrated inaccuracy of Dean Wigmore's facts seems at this pregnant moment singularly unfortunate. His contention follows Judge Thayer's expressed opinions with such devotion, and his lack of information regarding the official record of the case is so marked that only confidence in the scrupulous fidelity of the judiciary to the tradition that a judge shall confine his influence to the court-room prevents all suspicion as to the prime source of Dean Wigmore's information.

So far as we know, Dean Wigmore has not yet apologized or resigned as unfit to be dean of a school of law.

SACCO AND VANZETTI may be disturbing Massachusetts, but that great State progresses none the less. The legislature has passed, and the Governor approved, a bill establishing a standard for ice-cream and regulating its manufacture. There seems not to have been a dissenting voice. All Massachusetts is for bigger and better ice-cream cones. So far as we are aware no voice of conservatism is roused to declare that this was an infringement of the personal liberty and the inborn right of the manufacturers to create and to sell as poor and unsanitary ice-cream as they see fit. Heretofore, of course, there have been municipal enactments to protect America's favorite dessert, but that was not enough. Ice-cream is something too directly and too intimately connected with the life of every American citizen to make it possible to intrust its regulation and supervision to local authority, which might or might not act. So Governor Fuller, by attaching his signature to the bill, has come to the rescue of childhood in particular, but of the adults of his State as well. We trust that "Al" Smith will take note of this epoch-making event. Let him put a plank in his platform for pure five-cent nationally regulated ice-cream, and he will sweep the country.

ENGLAND, LIKE JOHN ROACH STRATON, is worried about the evil influence of American movies. British stolidity seems to have been dizzied by the swirl of jazz. British moralists deplore the lure of American amusements for the youth of England, British statesmen squirm at the growing preference for things American, and British film industries find it impossible to survive in the face of American competition. Hence the new patriotic Film Bill, which provides a quota plan for the compulsory showing of British films. This bill has the support of Premier Stanley Baldwin, who feels the danger of American influence not only in movies, but in jazz music, the Charleston, and in another dance which the poor man says "I cannot bring myself to name." Meanwhile, behind the safe barrier of this Film Bill, canny British business men are hoping to revive an industry which has been dying through its own incompetence—and, as far as one can discover, their chief program is to naturalize the custard pie and other Hollywood horrors. It is the old story of the protective tariff, with only the stage disguise of a yearning to safeguard public morals.

Sabotaging America?

JOHN VAN ANTWERP MACMURRAY, United States Minister to China, Frank P. Lockhart, United States Consul General at Hankow, and Admirals Hough and Williams on the Yangtze River act as if they were engaged in a conspiracy to sabotage Washington's effort to keep out of too entangling alliances in China. They want us to join with Britain and the other Powers in an ultimatum-and-gunboat policy. They want to deliver a note to the Hankow Government, giving it forty-eight hours to sign on the dotted line, and to blockade the whole Yangtze River region if it refuses to comply. They have told the newspaper correspondents and their British friends where they stand, and the result is, of course, a howl of protest from China.

Obviously, a diplomatic or naval official has a right to his own views. We would not deny him the right to express them, to his Government and even—in ordinary times—elsewhere. But when a man whose salary is paid by the people of the United States devotes his time not merely to attempting to convince his Government of its error, but to public propaganda and official action contrary to its policy, he belongs in another category. Ambassador Page used his official position in London in an effort to sabotage the Wilson policy in the early years of the war; and most people today agree that his course was shocking if not actually treacherous, however sincerely he believed in it.

There is, of course, the sinister possibility that Washington is speaking one language to the American people, and another in private dispatches to its representatives on the scene of action. President Coolidge told the American people that he regarded Hankow's reply on the Nanking incident as "conciliatory and to a certain extent responsive"; Mr. MacMurray, while instructed not to join with the other Powers, is reported preparing another note of protest. Meanwhile the admirals act as if in alliance with the British. American warships convoy British merchant ships up and down the Yangtze; American troops in China act not only in cooperation with the British but on occasion under command of British senior officers. Is this local insubordination, or has Washington a double face?

Mr. Thomas Steep cables to the New York *Herald Tribune* that while the United States has only 6,000 troops at Shanghai, compared with 21,000 British, we have more airplanes than they and twice as many trucks. Our 16,000 tons of equipment, including guns and ammunition, he says, exceeds that of the British. What is it all there for? We have even sent, California papers assure us, a shipload of coffins, as part of our extraordinary preparedness. The friendly missionaries have been instructed to abandon their posts, and only a handful of hostile business men remain above Shanghai. There are as many American troops in China today as American civilians—and more are arriving every day. For protection only?

A frightened little foreign community in Shanghai seems to be stampeding half the world. Many Americans on the spot have succumbed to the panic; the American Chamber of Commerce has even ousted the brave American editor, J. B. Powell, who objected to the provocative policy of Shanghai's Municipal Council. But the American people as a whole, it is plainer every day, do not want to be drawn into intervention. Will Washington not heed them, and put a check-rein on the hotheads in China?

Mississippi—Father of Waters

IF it were not for the floods there would be no Mississippi Valley. Those rich bottom-lands from which the pitiful stories come were laid there by the river. The whole delta is a product of torrential floods, carrying down the sand and silt of the uplands and depositing them closer to the Gulf. The river which takes away has also given; it is not only the Father of Waters but the Father of Lands. All that the valley is or does is of the river's making.

New Orleans built its first levees in 1717. In Audubon's day, a century later, the levees reached north to the mouth of the Red River. Today the vast system of dikes is almost comparable to the Great Wall of China; its double length, on the two sides of the river, would provide a dam crossing the United States from New York to Los Angeles, and starting back again. But they are not, they never have been, they never will be high enough. There was a great flood in 1785, a greater one in 1828, and greater floods still in the forties. The record of the river stages at Cairo, Illinois, where the Ohio pours its vast burden of water into the Mississippi, read 49.53 feet in the unprecedented flood of 1858; it topped that mark in 1862, went higher still in 1867, set new marks in 1882, 1883, 1897, 1912, 1913, 1922; and this year's flood, with its high stage close to 56, marks the highest water in the history of the mighty river. As Mr. Parker's article, elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, shows, the levees, reducing the width of the available channel, seem progressively to increase the flood danger against which they are supposed to guard.

We are face to face here with forces of nature which make man seem a puny, helpless thing. China has struggled for four thousand years to guard her fields against the ravages of the Yellow River, "the Curse of China," in vain, and all our vaunted engineering progress has not sufficed to harness these waters. Sixty years ago the Yellow River calmly shifted its course and poured into the sea two hundred miles north of its ancient mouth. The Mississippi has been less fitful, but scarcely less destructive. It has been reshaping its course for millenniums. The original site of Hard Times, Louisiana, is now in Mississippi—the river, in one of its capricious moods, moved its course a few miles west. Scores of once prosperous riverside towns for decades have sat in silence with miles of hard ground, newly deposited, between them and their river. Mark Twain reckoned, fifty years ago, that the Mississippi, breaking through its own meanders, had reduced its length between Cairo and New Orleans from 1,215 to 973 miles in 176 years. Since his day government efforts have tended to keep the river in its old channel, but even today there is no engineer who can calculate with certainty when a levee will yield or what a dynamited crevasse may mean.

Mark Twain was on board the first ship to attempt one of the Mississippi's new channels and he gives a vivid picture of the birth of a cut-off:

> When the water begins to flow through one of those ditches it is time for the people thereabouts to move. The water cleaves the banks away like a knife. By the time the ditch has become twelve or fifteen feet wide the calamity is as good as accomplished, for no power on earth can stop it now. When the width has reached a hundred yards, the banks begin to peel off in slices half an acre wide.

In the great flood of 1882 Mark Twain went up-river in one of the relief boats. The river, between Fort Adams on the left bank and Rapides Parish on the right, flowed sixty miles wide; its normal course could only be guessed by the lines of tree-tops barely rising out of the water. People were living on rafts tied to these tree-tops, or were gathered on the Indian mounds which are havens of refuge again today. Some who had moored their cattle on huge rafts paddled about in canoes, stripping the trees of leaves to feed their stock.

"Someone's house passed through Memphis today, bound for the Gulf of Mexico," a reporter noted this year. Mark Twain too noted the barns, the hen-houses, the neatly split fence rails floating down the devastating river—and the lithograph of a soldier on horseback, mute witness of some hearth invaded and despoiled. John James Audubon saw a more primitive Lower Mississippi:

> All is silent and melancholy [he wrote], unless when the mournful bleating of a hemmed-in deer reaches your ear, or the dismal scream of an eagle or a raven is heard, as the foul bird rises, disturbed by your approach, from the carcass on which it was allaying its craving appetite. Bears, cougars, lynxes, and all other quadrupeds that can ascend the trees are observed crouched among their top branches. Hungry in the midst of abundance, although they see floating about them the animals on which they usually prey, they dare not venture to swim to them.

Audubon tells of seeing a cow swim through the second-story window of a house, seven feet from the ground and sixty-two feet above the normal level of the Ohio River, in the great flood of 1828.

But the floods of Audubon's day and of Mark Twain's were small compared to the disaster which has overtaken the valley States in 1927. More people dwell on the bottom-lands today, and there is more water on the rampage. Already ten million acres are flooded; the damage may be more than a billion dollars; a hundred and fifty people are dead, and 200,000 are refugees from their homes. There is worse to come. Secretary Hoover watched the waters pouring with their terrific silent mass past Memphis, and calculated that then, when the floodtide had not yet been reached, ten times the volume of water which pours over Niagara at its fullest was rushing by.

How vast the damage will be when the full flood-tide reaches the Lower Delta no man yet knows. But we know enough already. We stand face to face with one of those awful cataclysms of nature which overwhelm the calculations and responsibilities of men. We must, and soon, face the problem of flood control as this country has never faced it before. We shall need the best engineering advice obtainable; we may have to give back to the river reservoir-lands which had been reclaimed for cultivation; we may need long-range programs of reforestation. But in the immediate present we have the emergency problem of relief. We gave in war time; we gave for the Russian famine and the Japanese earthquake. Perhaps we are a little tired and cynical today. Collections lagged when the President called for a first $5,000,000, and now he asks $10,000,000 for the Red Cross. Surely whatever is needed will be poured forth.

Translated Literature

THE steps by which the literature of one country becomes available to the readers of another must always be more or less random and blundering. Europe's choice of American books is difficult for Americans to understand, and the European has much to complain of when he considers which of his native authors we seem to prefer. Often, to be sure, our preferences are merely seeming—we can choose only among those books which get translated, and the accidents governing translation are many. Translators cannot be found for books we ought to know, payment for the arduous task being proverbially small; or publishers cannot be convinced that the enterprise will pay; or the books do get translated and published, only to meet with the cold eye of a country which has no basis in emotional or intellectual experience for understanding the medium out of which the writers speak. It is all as uncertain as the question whether in any country at any time its best native literary talent is discovered or encouraged.

Still we do pretty well; a glance over the announcements of the present season reveals the fact that we are getting a goodly number of important and interesting books from abroad. Out of the list of Notable Spring Books printed in the recent book number of *The Nation* one can extract a special list of fifty translations from the French, the German, the Russian, the Scandinavian, the Italian, the Dutch, the Chinese, and the Japanese which, if it is not a list truly representative of those literatures, is yet a list of distinguished works in many fields. Of 50 titles thus examined we observe that 19 are French—the largest number contributed by any nationality. Germany comes next with 13, Russia follows with 9, the Scandinavian countries with 4, Italy with 2, China with 1, Japan with 1, and Holland with 1. Fiction predominates as a type, but literary criticism and biography come not far after, with history and politics close behind. It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that *The Nation's* list did not include titles of technical works in the various departments of scholarship; and it is not claimed that the list was a perfect one within any limits.

We should say that the most striking contribution of the season was made by the French in the department of literary criticism. Paul Valéry's "Variety," Ramon Fernandez's "Messages," and Pierre-Quint's "Marcel Proust" are all works of the first importance, and each of them was overdue. The last of the three, incidentally, contains most of the details which a foreigner would want to have concerning the most singular literary life of the twentieth century—details which are almost necessary for an understanding of the endless masterpiece which Proust remembered out of his lost years. But France also sends another volume of Romain Rolland's new great novel, "The Soul Enchanted"; and Germany with Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain," Russia with Gorki's "Decadence," Norway with the third member of Sigrid Undset's brilliant trilogy, and Japan with one more volume of "The Tale of Genji" in the flawless English of Arthur Waley help to distinguish the spring output of fiction. In the firmament of biography there is, of course, the bright star of Emil Ludwig, whose long but very rapid and readable books on the Kaiser and Napoleon come to us this year after an easily comprehensible success in Germany.

Albert J. Beveridge

"THE boy orator" they called him when he was chosen to the United States Senate at thirty-seven, and in some respects the title fitted Albert Beveridge. A plow-boy at twelve years and a logger and teamster at fifteen, he was gifted with unusual eloquence. But he did not at first always think his dicta through. Indeed, within him the progressive and the conservative fought at all times; at times one was uppermost, then the other. During the Roosevelt days he was Progressive to the backbone and in his latter years he supported Coolidge, in his opinions the antithesis of the Roosevelt who went down to defeat at the Armageddon of 1912. Because he was not clear-cut enough, Mr. Beveridge lost his last race for the Senate in 1922, a year when other Progressives won easily. None the less, the failure of Indiana to return Mr. Beveridge to his seat—especially when, four years later, it reelected the incredible James E. Watson—was regrettable enough. There were certain issues which he saw correctly; at all points he had matured. On foreign questions he was sound and far-reaching. He even honorably earned the epithet pro-German because he went to Europe in the early days of the war and viewed events beyond seas without putting on the spectacles of hate and fear and ignorance worn by most American observers. He kept his head then, and so did he in dealing with after-the-war problems.

As to these he had incisive opinions and let who would know them. He opposed the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations and clearly understood why Europe failed to recover its economic and spiritual health as quickly as it should have. Again, he spoke out fearlessly upon the domestic attacks on our ancient liberties; he believed that constitutional guaranties were guaranties and meant what they said. Yet, when it came to a choice between the Progressivism of La Follette and the reaction of Coolidge he chose the latter, and only recently he expressed himself as favoring the reelection of the President to a third term.

In his later years Mr. Beveridge turned with greatest satisfaction to the historical field, in which he won such deserved honors by his "Life of John Marshall." Made somewhat difficult by its heavy style, it yet won as wide acclaim as any historical work of recent years. The Pulitzer Prize was but one of the many deserved honors bestowed upon its author. That he could not live to complete the similarly monumental work upon Lincoln, upon which he had for years been engaged, is more than a personal tragedy; it makes his death a doubly profound loss to the whole world of history and of letters. For there exists no such life of the Emancipator as his was sure to be. The deeper he delved into his materials, the more he probed into unpublished data, the more convinced he was—like many another historian—that the true Lincoln, the politician and statesman, is yet to be portrayed; that some of the standard works are as determined to exalt their subject unduly as was Sparks when he wrote his life of Washington. It will be impossible to find anyone else so peculiarly fitted to complete this work. To his great knowledge of public affairs at home and abroad, his historical talent and oratorical ability, there were added a breath of view and a personal charm that made Mr. Beveridge the warm friend of political opponents as well as allies.



On account of the intellectual and literary gag-laws of Massachusetts Harvard University will shortly move shop and transfer its activities to Dayton, Tennessee.

Moving Shop

Curbing the Mississippi

By WALTER PARKER

THE federal government's "levees-only" or "confinement-only" policy of flood control, developed and adhered to for forty-eight years by the Mississippi River Commission, has gone bankrupt. The levees are almost completed to the full size approved by the commission. Yet, were they all built to that size, without a single low spot, and were they all to hold, the 1927 flood in the Mississippi River would go over the top of every one of them.

Floods occurred in the Mississippi Valley before 1879. But those early floods spread out over the bottom lands which, to the extent of thousands of square miles, acted as natural reservoirs. At that time there were many auxiliary outlets, as far up as Arkansas City. In time of flood, relief came to the overcharged river through these outlets which led by shorter routes to the Gulf. The forests along the source streams and the grass mat under them made the ground porous. The trees themselves consumed much water. Here and there towns and plantations were protected by levees which today would be considered inadequate.

Congress, appealed to for safety measures, in 1879 created a Mississippi River Commission to develop a comprehensive plan for flood control. The plan when completed was known as the "levees-only" or "confinement-only" plan. It proposed to close all the outlets of the Mississippi except the passes at the mouth of the river, and to build a solid line of levees from the head of the passes to Cairo. It included no relief works of any kind—just confinement between earth dikes.

That the forests were being cut from the watershed, that low places were being drained, marshes and lakes destroyed, sewerage systems installed, drainage run-off hastened in every way throughout the drainage basin—these facts were not taken account of in the plan. The planters and townsfolk knew nothing about source-stream control; they were told that by closing the auxiliary outlets the river itself would bore a channel large enough to take care of any floods that might come down. The idea of relief in the lower valley through controlled spillways was not entertained.

To keep the flood drainage of one set of States off the farms and towns of other States was not openly talked of. Originally some 30,000 square miles of natural reservoirs existed in the Mississippi Valley. Of these some 27,000 square miles have been partially reclaimed by levees, largely at the expense of the federal government. One effect of this reclamation throughout the upper half of the Lower Mississippi Valley has been to throw a greatly increased flood burden on the long-cultivated lands of the lower half of the lower valley. Thus the process which enriched the Northern landowner has resulted in the destruction of many valuable Southern plantations.

For a long time Congress appropriated meager sums for levee-building and bank-revetment work for the purpose of improving navigation. Meanwhile, political levee boards, with local taxing powers, in the States of Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana began to name Congressmen and Senators. These boards needed help from the federal government in their efforts to build their levees higher and wider to take care of the flood levels, which increased as the levee lines were extended.

In 1912 a great flood swept over Bolivar County in Mississippi, and for the first time organized opposition to "levees only" developed. But the Mississippi River Commission, the political levee boards, and the "levees-only" politicians decided to demand $10,000,000 annually from Congress for five years, against which the localities would match $5,000,000 with which to build the levees higher and wider. Congress was told that if this fund were provided the levees would all be raised to the Mississippi River Commission standard and that thereafter the valley would be safe from floods.

But the "levees-only" advocates found that a strong opposition party had grown up in Congress, and that this new group, while advocating liberal sums for levee-building and bank-revetment, insisted that through a Congressional act provision be made for the development of a broader and more effective plan of flood control. To this end they proposed a bill creating a commission to make a comprehensive study of all drainage basins and to bring forward a plan providing for the use of the water resources of the United States for beneficial purposes—irrigation, navigation, power—in place of their waste in destructive floods; for relief by spillways and other works; and for the creation of adequate levees and bank protection to keep the remainder of the interstate drainage off the lands that were to be protected.

In 1917 the "levees-only" members, under pressure, agreed to vote for the constructive measure in exchange for votes for the "levees-only" fund of $10,000,000 a year for five years. Both bills passed, the constructive measure as Section 18 of the Rivers and Harbors Bill of 1917, carrying an appropriation of $250,000 for investigation and report. Unfortunately, in that year the chief proponent of the measure, Senator Francis G. Newlands, died, and in 1919 the "levees-only" people, who had their big appropriation, brought about the repeal of Section 18.

Another great flood came down the Mississippi in 1922 and broke all previous high-water marks. In 1912 the Cypress Creek outlet into the Tensas Basin, near Arkansas City, had relieved the Mississippi River of some 300,000 cubic feet of water per second, confirmed by a measurement in 1916. After the flood of that year the outlet was closed. Denied that relief, and encountering stronger levee resistance, the 1922 flood climbed higher than did the 1912 flood. Again the levees broke.

And again the advocates of the "levees-only" plan went to Congress for another appropriation of $10,000,000 a year for six years. They said: "The 1922 flood has forced a change in levee construction. More yardage is required. The levees must be higher and larger than we calculated when we came here before." Congress gave them the additional money.

Part of the money was used to close five of the eight miles of outlet from the Mississippi into the Atchafalaya River in Louisiana. In 1912 and again in 1922 that outlet had relieved the Mississippi of some 400,000 cubic feet of

water per second at the crest of the flood, and sent it direct to the Gulf by a shorter route than down the Mississippi. (How important such relief is, is shown by the fact that only 280,000 cubic feet per second pass over Niagara Falls.)

And now, with the greatest flood on record, there is no outlet at Cypress Creek and only a partial outlet into the Atchafalaya. The levees are higher and wider than ever before. Less natural reservoir capacity remains available to the great river. So there is nothing left for the Father of Waters, called upon to carry more flood drainage than can be contained between the earthen levee lines, but to climb higher and higher until broken levees give it relief.

The effect of the 1927 flood will be to convince the people of the valley that "levees only" cannot protect them from great floods; that levees plus controlled spillways are essential on the southern half of the river, and that levees plus source-stream control must be relied on north of Vicksburg. The first need is competent engineering investigation. The Newlands-O'Connor Bill (H. R. 5025), providing for a commission including the Secretaries of War, Agriculture, and the Interior, and competent engineers would have helped solve the problem; it should be passed at the next Congress.

In spite of the disastrous failure of their policy as demonstrated in the present flood there is small doubt that the next move of the "levees-only" politician will be to ask for more federal money with which to build the levees higher and wider than before.

These Modern Women

Free—For What?

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the fourteenth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for May 25.*]

I WAS born in a British colony and transported early to the Middle Western part of the United States, where I have lived most of four decades. My witty, well-educated, clerical father moved his family frequently from one home mission field to another to the joy of his gipsyish offspring and the distress of his wife, who wished to settle and rear their large family where good schools and gracious people were. We had to restrain the baby from saying in public: "Papa, I want to move again. When are we going to move?"

The philosophy of family life as enunciated by my father ran something like this: Because we were superior people—just why I did not know—we must behave extremely well. We must get the best grades in school, we must be mannerly and well informed, we must, while on duty as clergyman's children, conceal the spirits that were endured —and sometimes enjoyed and fostered—at home. Some important things to know were: Only badly informed persons believed in a protective tariff. Parnell was magnificent and when he fell the world was set back fifty years. Woman suffrage was right and girls were as clever as boys, but they must prove it. Prohibition probably never would come but one should work for it, and the saloon was evil. Europe —Sweden especially—managed the liquor question better. People who believed in the millennium were asses. The plutocracy of the United States is far more dangerous, as time will show, than is the aristocracy of Europe. Americans are fine hospitable people who have not read history or studied logic. One must learn to argue, and if worsted must not lose one's temper or cry.

My mother bore too many children. Her daughters were fairly well treated, but she was too Christianly submissive. She did not have the joy in battle that most of her offspring had. Her children were always fiercely her partisans but grew to think her troubles were of her own making, though inescapably so.

My mother was a pretty literal Christian. She grieved when we told lies. She talked to us about turning the other cheek and sometimes for love of her we tried this experiment. Once I asked her if I could ever be beautiful like my lovely sister, and she said I could not because my eyes, my hair, my skin could never equal Jane's. I could, however, be remarkable for goodness. I tried for twenty-four hours to practice this awful goodness in which you search your wicked heart for evil thoughts. I wound up by throwing a fork at a brother and rejoicing that it stood up on his coat shoulder with the prongs in the cloth, maybe even in him. I was completely done with such goodness. In order that we might look well-dressed mother turned, dyed, remade, and ornamented clothes for years. We did not, as mother would have, tell inquisitive people, a clergyman's affairs being everybody's business, that our aunts sent us clothing, blankets, table linen. Instead, my sister and I would reply to questions with a succession of contradictory fibs and titter, "One of the answers is true. Guess which."

Because we never remained long in one place we escaped much conformity. We enjoyed the histrionic aspect of our lives. Clergymen and their families can never be as righteous as they are supposed to be. When my father peevishly went back on his principles and treated us unjustly, we told him he was a hypocrite; but when he attempted for the sixth time to give up his secret smoking his children urged him not to do this.

There was often excellent talk at home. The educated and freethinking men and women of the community frequented our place. My father argued on all sides of every subject. Usually, we had the best library in the small towns in which we lived. The village atheist and my father had a covert fondness for each other. I still wonder why this skeptical, able man was not more ambitious. Why was he content to be a home missionary, wasting his energies on the aid society, the choir, the missionary society? It may have been an Old World delight in leisure, in freedom to read and to meditate. Maybe he was one of the thousands of seeming misfits in life, whose misplacement was heightened by a dependence upon the Lord, which is only a disguise for laziness. He had not always been lazy. He had left Ireland when twelve years old and had earned his way

by teaching through Knox College in Toronto and through Princeton in the United States. He had felt "called" to home missionary work and it seemed to me had failed to do much for himself or for others in it.

Much that was joyous in life we early learned must be arrived at deviously. Every congregation had its cranks who supped at our house and aired their theories. The godly might not dance, flirt, or play cards. Did my parents know that I read George Eliot, an author who was a disreputable woman, such a guest inquired one night. Horror made my food tasteless. My father said he did not disapprove of this reading although he had not known of it. After supper he would read to the guest some pages showing her how moralistic this author was. I had to kneel and endure the indecency of hearing my brother prayed over by a caller who had come to complain that Duncan had fought when "preacher's son" was called after him in a new school. After the sudden death of this brother my father no longer asked his other sons not to defend themselves.

We children became adepts at selecting our kind in each new town into which we moved. Our kind were the lively and loyal, whose environment was like ours or who could be counted on to join us in concealing a common guilt. We fetched treasures with us which made for popularity—a strangely marked cat, a tailless hen, white mice, a lame dog, a canary, and seven and finally eight of ourselves. Sometimes while paint was drying in the parsonage we were distributed as guests in various homes. When we foregathered again my second brother had the nucleus of his gang, my pretty sister her following, and I, the oldest, had learned who were the unco guid and who might be fellow-sinners.

Because I must not dance the dances that I went to can never be equaled on this side of paradise. Once after choir practice the beau whom my mother most approved called to get my raincoat and to tell her that I was spending the night with Mary Cleveland, an elder's daughter. I did go, but not until 4 a.m., after a dance, and I woke jerkily at intervals to wonder what would happen should a pillar in the church tell my father on me.

I read much. I perceived hypocrisy speedily and despised all but my own practices of it. I did my duty by the Sunday school, the Christian Endeavor Society, and prayer meeting because I tacitly admitted that these were my jobs and not bad ones when embroidered with sociability. I learned not to repeat my father's remarks after observing his handsome apology occasioned by my babbling. He had made, he confessed, the remarks about Mrs. Jordan's purple hat and triple chins. It was not Christ-like and it was ungentlemanly. He asked her pardon for this and hoped she would blame him entirely and not his little daughter, who had told only the truth. He walked into his study after the episode without reproaching me and left me stricken with shame and moved to my depths with admiration. For weeks I did not say he was a hypocrite.

When I finished high school at sixteen there was no money to send me to college, so I taught a country school and met with what I then thought a burning injustice. This was supposed to be a difficult school and the directors doubted if a woman could manage it. The sons of two of these trustees jumped out of a window when kept after school for some disobedience. My discipline was wrecked if I could not dominate the situation. After the morning exercises I sent the two muscular young corn-huskers to get a switch. They brought a proper one, but the more knavish boy would not, for half an hour, let me punish him. Everyone knew that, strong young tomboy that I was, I could not thrash him unless he would consent. I conquered him by sticking to the project until he gave up and agreed that he was in the wrong. I punished him hard, and then more lightly hurt his disciple. I was sick at heart about it all day because I had played pull away and other games with these boys daily, and their folly was mere boyish bravado. However, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that this affair was intended to try me out. The farmer at whose house I boarded had told me, what I sensed myself, that I must win in the struggle or resign. The next day, a peaceful one, the three farmer directors stalked majestically into the schoolroom. After the pupils left, the father of the more stubborn boy scolded me for whipping his son. He conceded grudgingly that the boy should not disobey and that he should be punished, but he growled sullenly that I should not have done it. I was amazed to hear myself saying passionately: "You talk to me like this because I am a woman. A man would knock you down." My three guests filed mutely out. The director could not endure the laughter that followed the story as embellished by his associates and he resigned.

Later I went to one of the dismal normal schools that flourished throughout the country twenty years ago. I had read more widely than most of my instructors. The "bunk" in education bored me. Twittering about squirrels and birds, sentimentalizing over flowers, being sweet over nothing—this was nature study. I worked at mathematics and Latin and helped my fellow-students creep out of the dormitory. I did not myself steal out because it was not exciting enough in comparison with the life of intrigue against social pressure that I always led. One dormitory head was not nearly so hard to manage as were the several persons I had always heretofore needed to build defenses against.

When, at last a responsible person, I was teaching school away from home, life was less zestful and thrilling than in my parents' house. Here were no rules to break. I played cards gladly for one winter and have since then found them boresome. Dancing and flirting charmed me then and do still, but then as now I regarded them as trifles, not essentials. I was unmotivated and, except when I worked and played myself weary, a little unhappy. What was life for? Where was beauty? Where significance? I wanted children, but not marriage. I wanted men about me who were like my father, but more patient. I attract and like rascals, but villainy is not enough.

I taught for a while in the State Normal School from which I had graduated. The head of the English department got $1,500 a year for teaching two classes, while I got $900 for teaching four. He read, he boasted, nothing since Carlyle and Emerson. Between classes he raised pigs, played politics, grew rich. I liked Meredith, Henry James, Ibsen, Shaw, and wanted to stir student minds with them, but I had too little influence against my chief's inertia, partly because I was a young woman, and partly because I had no degree. Presumably more education would mean more salary, too. I hied me to college, after borrowing money from a stranger.

Life at the reputedly heretical university that I chose was useful. Sociology met needs in my mental make-up. Service as interpreted by sociology had meaning for me that organized religion never had. Suffrage enthusiasm was pleasing to me, but only the enthusiasm was unusual. I belonged at sight to all the liberal thought in the atmosphere.

I observed girls getting with delight what I had been brought up on. Sex, which we read about, talked about, studied about, was absorbing, but the frank and sensible modern reaction to it was not startling to me. I was indignant when my attitude toward it shocked listeners.

I returned to teaching and to social work with a purposefulness that I had not before had. Joining the Women's Trade Union League and the Teachers' Union brought me into touch with organized labor. This contact has captivated and held me. Like everything else that I have gone in for it is not enough, but I can find nothing better or more fundamental in our national life to which I can be attached.

I have run for office unsuccessfully on a progressive ticket. I am used to being punished for being a woman, a progressive, a scientifically minded educator, and, most of all, a person aware of corruption and graft.

I feel no need for more freedom, but I want a world in which the freedom I now have can be used. We women are free, but free for what? I move from disillusionment to fresh illusions. To be free makes life what it has always been, enticing. But my adventurous and questing mind was never so thwarted as it has been since I got my citizenship. The industrial and political world is in hands like mine today. Are we, while I live, going to get courage and wisdom to match our freedom? I am hopeful that we shall, but I suspect that I shall be disappointed as usual.

The Collapse of the Needle Trades

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

3. The Luck that Goes with Brains

"OUR organization is stronger at this moment than ever before," President Sidney Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers informed me with an air of finality. This is fundamentally true, in spite of much gossip to the contrary in the other progressive needle trades. The indubitable recovery of the union from its somewhat run-down condition between 1920 and 1925 is due to three factors—to its inheritance, to the nature of its industry, and to the tactical genius of Sidney Hillman.

The Amalgamated split from the United Garment Workers in 1914, with the bulk of its membership. This split was not fundamentally along lines of economic and social radicalism. The rank and file objected to the Rickert machine in the United Garment Workers because it offered no protection and was incapable of organizing the vast unorganized market. By and large, the original Amalgamated membership, with the exception of the Jewish New York tailors, was a typical "pure and simple" trade-union constituency. From the very beginning the Amalgamated leadership has been in the vanguard of its rank and file.

Hillman was one of the original leaders in the Hart Schaffner and Marx strike of 1910. He is a member of Chicago Local 39. And Chicago is the strategic base of the union, for Chicago is the market of the largest and hence most controllable factories. Following the formation of the Amalgamated, Hillman spent a great deal of time perfecting the Chicago organization. It is the strongest section in the union. It sustained the New York organization during the great lockouts of 1918-1919 and 1920-1921. It supplies much of the sinews of war in most strikes.

It is fashionable to praise Sidney Hillman for his successful cooperation with the employers in the industry. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Amalgamated has conducted more strikes in a briefer period than any other union in America. Hillman does not cooperate with the employers, but with the economics of the men's clothing industry, of which the employers are a part. The central policy of the Amalgamated is to organize the unorganized shops, a strategy in which it has engaged without the slightest let-up since its foundation. Every other policy is subservient to this practical ideal of achieving a national closed-union market. In 1925 the Amalgamated conducted a costly strike at the Curlee shop in St. Louis, partly because the non-union St. Louis territory is dangerous to the organized Chicago field. It is because the Amalgamated conducts strikes with an eye to the correct economic direction of the industry as a whole that its strikes never deteriorate into dog fights, but are in the nature of clean-cut, scientific surgical performances. Like all great fighters Hillman is quite ruthless, though he seldom stoops to conquer, simply because stooping is not the way of permanent conquest. Of course, when the employer uses gangsters, Hillman does not send him tracts on tolerance. The Amalgamated when it strikes an employer tends to paralyze him. It lost the Curlee strike, but it weakened the Curlee shop for later attack. In the strike against the International Tailoring Company it was the Amalgamated which supplied the factory with "scabs" and tore into it with such fine frenzy that the management simply had to give in. The whole program of the Amalgamated is to extend its organization and then to improve the economics of the industry, which it constantly studies. It never makes demands on the employer which he cannot meet.

Hillman's attitude toward factional struggles within the union is equally anti-opportunistic and realistic. He cares nothing, and he is shrewd enough to be honest about it, for the political beliefs of an Amalgamated member, who may be an anarchist, a Coolidge Republican, a Fascist, or a "Leninist." The member must be "responsible" in his relations with the union. The administration is strictly centrist; it is not in the dangerous center between the anvil of reaction and the hammer of radicalism. It is neutral because the American industrial scene demands of an economic organization a strict economic program. And such a program, consistently devoted to swift combat with industrial forces, naturally tends to liquidate political factionalism.

This policy of realism, both in facing the economics of the industry and political factionalism within, has enabled the Amalgamated to arrest the disintegrating factors in the industry which set in after the 1920-1921 lockout in New York City and lasted until after the settlement of the International Tailoring Company strike; and to stamp out the Left-Right war which raged from 1922 to 1925, especially in New York City.

On the whole, the men's clothing industry is still an "inside shop" industry. Men's styles seldom change. In the women's wear industry, the cloak- and skirtmaker who can start a submanufacturing hole-in-the-wall on $500 credit is a congenital enterpreneur, constantly in and out of the union. But the men's clothing tailor is a fairly static type, even though his skill also has been largely taken away through sectionalization of industrial processes. It takes thousands of dollars to open even a small men's clothing shop.

Hence, in the men's clothing industry the tendency, so marked in the women's garment trade, of the big "inside shop" to regress into the sweatshop has not been an important disruptive factor. The New York market is still infested with small contractors of coats, pants, and vests. But they are the heritage of the old sweatshop days. The lockout of 1920-1921, which the union won, left the New York industry in a badly crippled state. Much of the local business went to other centers. It left the union with lessened control. The machinery of collective bargaining disintegrated completely. And the manufacturers began using contractors indiscriminately. The Amalgamated tried to force the registration of the contractors with the manufacturer; but it was only after the walk-out of 40,000 workers in 1922 that the union succeeded in making the manufacturer responsible for his contractors.

From 1921 to 1925 there was also a tendency on the part of the more troublesome employers to leave the great organized clothing cities for unorganized centers or to maintain satellite scab centers. The Communist attack on the International Ladies' Garment Workers began soon after the organization of the Trade Union Educational League in 1922. But the Amalgamated leadership was so obviously on the left of its own rank and file that the Communists did not dare attack it, until the growing industrial confusion in the New York market encouraged them to make the attempt. Following the participation of the Amalgamated in the 1924 Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action, which indorsed the La Follette campaign, and after the Communist-controlled Joint Action Committee had captured the cloakmakers' joint board of the Ladies' Garment Workers Union in New York, this same committee turned against the union administration. The *Freiheit* and the *Forward* jumped into the fray and the Right-Left struggle was projected into the Amalgamated as bitterly as in the other progressive needle trades. The gains of the strike during the summer of 1924 were squandered through bitter factionalism. During the strike against the International Tailoring Company in 1925 the Communists definitely sabotaged the administration. Factional demoralization was beginning to spread to other centers, though it could not break through the strong Chicago organization. The Joint Action Committee, practically in control of the men's clothing Joint Board, began to approach the employers as the legitimate union organization and even collected funds from the membership.

Finally, the general executive of the Amalgamated decided to act. The children's and men's clothing workers had operated through separate joint boards which led to industrial confusion and so encouraged factionalism. The two boards were merged. The executive board of New York Local 5 was suspended for constitutionally specified illegalities, and the three worst offenders on that board were suspended from the union, not as Communists, but for specified, constitutionally prohibited disruptive activities. However, what really won the day for the administration was the perfect strategy with which it took the rank and file into its confidence, frightening it into the realization that factionalism was destroying the union.

During 1925 the administration rapidly gained the upper hand. The favorable renewal of the agreement in the Chicago market, the victories in the strikes against the International Tailoring Company shops in New York and Chicago, the arrest of the movement of the industry into unorganized territory, the organization of the Nash plant in Cincinnati, the growing effectiveness of the reestablished impartial machinery in New York City under the able chairmanship of Jacob Billikopf, the stabilization of the larger New York employers under the new Clothing Manufacturers Exchange—all these reconstructive factors contributed toward the gradual elimination of the Right-Left struggle. And by the end of 1926 Hillman's slogan of "Policy versus Politics" had won.

[*The situation in the Fur Workers' Union will be described in a later article, and a postscript added on Where the Needle Trades Are Going.*]

The Newest Profession

By MORRIS L. ERNST

OUT of the terrific and recurrent losses falling to investors in stock-market securities there has emerged a new profession, "investment counsel." The ordinary investor today purchases securities from stock-exchange houses or through banks. From such sources he seldom can get entirely disinterested advice. Most stock-exchange houses are members of syndicates organized to float securities; many in addition are traders in the very securities which they offer to their customers. This leads to substantial but usually undisclosed conflicts of interest, and the investor, asking advice from a stock-exchange firm, is never quite sure that it may not be influenced by the facts that certain securities are lying heavy on the firm's shelves, that others will yield wider profits to a firm which is itself a member of the underwriting group.

At his bank the investor is faced with the same situation. Most of the larger banking institutions run separate security companies and are members of the underwriting syndicates. Many large trust companies seem to be more interested in developing their securities-sales departments than in the profits that can be derived from an ordinary banking business. Hence the need for and the appearance of professional advisers who have had experience in appraising properties, analyzing financial circulars, and watching market tendencies. Their fees are not contingent on the success of their advice or on the amount of turnover, but are proportioned to the amount of the capital fund which is to be invested. The fee charged usually covers all services rendered for a period of a year. Now a stock-exchange house lives by creating turnover. The more it can persuade its customers to sell securities and rebuy others, constantly changing their list of holdings, the greater its gross income. The professional adviser, however, whose fee is based only upon the capital fund to be invested, with no relation to turnover, has no incentive to urge needless shiftings of market positions. To remove any criticism as to conflict of

interests he should invest all his own personal funds in such securities as Liberty bonds or mortgages on real estate which are beyond the realm of advice which he may give to clients.

This new profession may have significant results. When a single firm of advisers acts as consultant for securities totaling a hundred million dollars—as many of them soon will—its clients will have a chance to become articulate. Situations have already developed where financial advisers representing only two or three million dollars have been able to call the president of a large corporation into conference. No one of their individual clients could have got past the outside door of the third assistant to the second vice-president; no ten of them together could have obtained one-tenth of the information given to the firm of advisers. Moreover, none of the individual stockholders would have the experience necessary to know what questions to ask of the president or to analyze the information after it was received. Thus the investment counselor may help to solve the much-discussed problem of stockholders' control.

Should this new profession develop and expand it may make possible a reduction in the cost of the distribution of securities, and eliminate the wasteful thousands of bright-faced college graduates who spend their days persuading investors to sell one stock and buy another. Professional advisers are free to state and publish their opinions on any subject on which they are called upon for advice. In the United States we have not yet reached the stage of full and free comment in regard to financial problems. For example, recently a new security was issued. It was underwritten by leading bankers. The announcement made by these most reputable bankers was honest as far as it went, but it was thoroughly dishonest in that it failed to set forth further essential facts. Today the newspapers do not dare to comment frankly upon such new underwritings; their advertising columns are too closely involved. The large daily newspapers could hardly accept advertisements for the distribution of new securities and, in the next column or in the editorial section, criticize the statements made in them or the fundamental merits of the security offered. But the public has a right to know the relation of assets to the selling price of securities, the defects and merits of the issues, and the powers of the bankers who control them. The professional financial adviser can give such advice and make disinterested, impartial, critical examination of financial circulars and statements, and, since he gets no commission for sales made following his advice, it is likely to be heeded.

Today these advisers operate only for large investors. Clients with capital funds of less than $100,000 are not very welcome. It may be that the cost of rendering such advice in connection with smaller funds will always be too costly. But a few years ago it was considered impossible to sell bonds to workers, and today the business flourishes; a group of advisers may arise whose main clientele will be workers and persons of limited means. The Labor Bureau, Inc., is already advising labor unions, cooperatives, and other social agencies on matters involving the collective interests of the members, and the individuals who make up such organizations can use and pay for advice directed toward the investment and safeguarding of their assets.

For the time being these professional advisers are not being fought by the larger financial interests. But if the system develops, keeping its advice clean of profit-influence, the large financial interests will have to fight against its growth. Banking houses that wish through a few shares of voting common stock to control tremendous issues of preferred and non-voting common stock, distribution-houses which seek to distribute securities on a commission basis on the theory that the more their clients shift their investments the richer the house will be, stock-exchange houses engaged in the underwriting of securities and in selling these same securities to their clients—all of these institutions will diminish in power if the professional-adviser system develops. It may be an exciting battle.

In the Driftway

A KIND correspondent, Aubrey H. Straus of Richmond, Virginia, calls attention to a proposal in that State to preserve a bit of genuine Americana that seems otherwise to have been neglected. He sends a cutting from the *Times-Dispatch*, in which James O'Meara of Burkes Garden, Virginia, suggests that the art of eating with the knife as practiced in the Old Dominion be filmed and passed on to posterity before it becomes as extinct as the making of flint arrowheads. The Virginia antiquarian describes in some detail the intricacies of the art as he has observed it. The artist starts with a plate of dry cornpone, butters his bread, then carefully presses it flat.

> He then inserts his knife under the bottom of the compacted layer, holding his fork down close at the other side of the plate. You wait, breathless, for the result: he loads his knife with a quick jerk of the wrist, lifts the implement, and deposits the mass of bread behind his teeth, without losing a crumb!

* * * * *

THE Drifter was not aware that eating with the knife was in danger of passing out, or that the technique of Virginia was superior to that of the rest of the country. He has seen Sinclair Lewis do a wonderful imitation of the art as practiced in the logging camps of the Northwest and has himself observed excellent examples of native skill in many parts of our glorious country. He has fondly supposed that the art would endure as long as food and knives remained to make it possible. But let us take no chances. In a day of national competitions in steer-roping, hog-calling, and black-bottoming, why not an all-American tournament in eating with the knife? Surely, such a contest would be more thrilling than an attempt to stay up a little while longer than someone else in an airplane. In earlier days, when it was a question with most aviators whether they could stay in the air at all, an endurance test had some point as a demonstration of skill. Now it is solely an engineers' problem in which the only apparent prowess of the aviators consists in their success in getting untold columns of advertising for the manufacturer of their airplane.

* * * * *

BY all means, then, let us have an all-American tournament in eating with the knife. Let the Fast Flying Virginians prove that they are better in form and finish than the loggers of the Northwest, the hog-raisers of the Mississippi Valley, or the stalwart Puritan progeny of New England. The Drifter will donate the knife. What equally generous philanthropist will provide the food, the stadium, the traveling expenses, and the prize money?

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

What Happened at Nanking

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In personal interviews with friends and relatives who went through the incident to the final evacuation, I have gathered some highlights on Nanking's "Black Thursday."

1. The soldiers belonged to a semi-independent force of Nationalist troops composed of rabidly anti-foreign Huanese and pig-tailed bandits, formerly belonging to Chang Hsun's gang.

2. They were permitted to loot and evidently told to drive foreigners out of Nanking—the murders being individual abuses of authority but considered inconsequential by their leaders.

3. Rich Chinese suffered as well as foreigners—soldiers forcibly billeting themselves in the better-class dwellings.

4. The Nanking Kuomintang was not responsible—in fact, its members tried to stop the violence and even aided foreigners to hide or escape.

5. The lower-class non-combatant inhabitants extended aid to the foreigners, voluntarily hiding them in their houses.

6. The attack on Socony Hill was precipitated by a marine guard firing on and killing three of the mob, contrary to the instructions of the United States Consul.

7. We suffered for one day the sort of banditry that Chinese in many parts of the country suffer almost every day.

8. The shooting of Chinese (Northern) soldiers by British troops in Shanghai on the previous Tuesday added greatly to the violence, the number of killed being, as usual, greatly exaggerated.

The looting was done by practiced looters. The case of W. F. Hummel is typical. When the soldiers appeared at his door he came downstairs to extend a cordial welcome, realizing the futility of defensive tactics. They pointed bayonets at him, and went through his pockets like practiced detectives, even taking the spectacles off his face. Backing him away to one side of the room, they deliberately smashed every piece of furniture in the room, taking the pieces away in bundles, evidently for firewood. In the midst of the hubbub he heard several of them raise a cry of "Fah Yang Tsai" ("Let us grow rich off the foreigners"). Wherever they found sufficient kerosene and other combustibles the looters made bonfires in the houses as a final stroke.

In the case of the murder of Dr. Williams, there is little clear evidence. He was walking with three or four others when a group of soldiers passed by. Nothing happened until he turned about to talk with them. One grabbed at his watch chain, which hung from a lapel. Within a few seconds, his companions heard a shot, and turned to see him lying on the ground. The soldiers were brandishing their guns as gymnasts would manipulate wands, but with crazed gestures and antics. One guess is as good as another; one of the soldiers may have waved his rifle muzzle in Dr. Williams's face and by accident pulled the trigger. Malicious intent does not seem substantiated when it is noted that the soldiers did not attempt to rob or fire on the other foreigners. The bullet is said to have entered the right cheek from below and passed out through the top of the head. This would not be the course of a bullet if the rifle had been aimed.

A number of refugees from the United States Consulate walked and ran about a mile and a half across open country to the Socony Hill. The Consul says the soldiers fired at them all the time. But if the soldiers had intended more than to frighten the runaways there would have been greater casualties. Only one marine guard was hit, and he is reported to have fired from where he lay, killing three oncoming soldiers. The guard had been requested not to fire under any circumstances.

The firing on the British consul and party appears to have been more deliberate, the intention evidently being to kill.

Several days before, one of the leading men of the Nanking Kuomintang body had been arrested by the Northern general in occupation of Nanking. His execution was expected instantly. Hearing of his arrest, Dr. Bowen, president of the Nanking University, at which the arrested man had studied, went to the Northern headquarters and promised to guarantee this man's good behavior if he were released. This saved his life. At a crucial moment, when the soldiers were threatening violence to Dr. Bowen and some of the faculty in the university compound, this man, in a disheveled condition, rushed into the compound and waved the soldiers back. "Don't shoot, don't shoot; this man saved my life!" he shouted.

Several other Kuomintang men were heard to declare during the looting: "If this is Nationalism, we don't want any of it." Many members helped foreigners to hide on the Thursday, and freely gave them money and other assistance.

The lower-class people, knowing they were secure from looting, voluntarily hid foreigners in their houses. Indeed, the Nationalist authorities, when faced with an ultimatum, had the greatest difficulty finding them. The gunboats had threatened to shell the important places of the native city unless the Nationalists delivered up every foreigner by 3 p. m. on Friday. This was extended, upon the earnest pleas of the Nationalist authorities, to 4, then to 5, finally to 6 p. m. The Nationalists swore they could not find the men—that they were hidden away.

That the shooting and killing of Fengtien soldiers by British troops in Shanghai on the previous Tuesday inflamed the soldiers in Nanking is generally believed by foreigners. Many Chinese were heard to speak of this "atrocity" on Wednesday, when the news reached Nanking. The first report said thousands had been killed. Similar exaggeration was applied to the shelling of Socony Hill. It was reported in Shanghai that 2,000 Chinese were killed; in Wuhu the figure was set at 200,000.

There is no means of telling how many Chinese were killed in the bombardment, but since it is known that the gunboats fired shrapnel as well as plain percussion shell into a mob of possibly more than a thousand, some place the killed at approximately one hundred and fifty.

Shanghai, China, March 30 O. D. RASMUSSEN

How Hester Won Her A

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When the movie perversion of "The Scarlet Letter" was shown in Philadelphia, the manager engaged a lot of pretty girls, dressed them in Puritan costume, each with a big red A on her breast, and had them stroll up and down the principal streets. A friend of a friend of mine is said to have said: "If Hawthorne were writing that book now, he would call it 'How Hester Won Her A.'"

New York, April 18 A. E. HOLMAN

Alice M. House

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Alice M. House, of Cincinnati, died two and a half years ago, and when her will was probated it was learned that, after making provision for some relatives, a few boys in whom she had been interested, and other bequests, the residuary clause provided that the remainder of her estate was to go to "those organizations working for civil liberty and peace." Application was filed on behalf of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Woman's Peace Society, and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, no others appearing, and when the estate was finally settled $5,000 went to each organization.

Miss House belonged to one of the old Methodist families of Cincinnati. She was actively interested in and worked for the cause of free speech and against war. She was one of the charter members of the first women's peace organization, which subsequently became the Women's International League. Her home, her energies, and her pocket-book were at various times requisitioned for these causes which meant so much to her.

Cincinnati, April 19 MARY D. BRITE

International Relations Section

Democracy and Nationalism in Czecho-Slovakia

By G. E. R. GEDYE

"WE are being forced against our will," said a prominent Czech to me in Prague the other day, "to recognize that we shall have to develop as a state of nationalities and not as a national state." It is only one round of the contest between the Czech racial chauvinism which was born with the republic and the determination of the non-Czech subjects to secure cultural liberty—a determination given force by the recent entry of Germans and Slovaks into the Cabinet.

The present situation in Czecho-Slovakia is the reverse of that commonly met with in older countries. Here far-sighted leaders find themselves unable to pursue freely the progressive policies which they realize to be essential, largely because of the unschooled, reactionary nationalism of the Czech masses. The Czechs, as most of their political opponents readily admit, have been gifted with statesmen of a caliber seldom met with in modern Europe. M. Benes (whether you like him or not) has a flair for foreign policy which helps him to keep his place in the forefront despite the bitter hatred of which he is the object. First praised lavishly abroad and then unduly depreciated, his stock of statesmanship is now taken at its true value, which is at least far above the average. The estimates of President Masaryk's prescience have never varied much. The political ability of M. Svehla, the Prime Minister, has shown itself in the skill with which he has effected the desired combination of parties after protracted negotiations, and is evidence of the shrewdness of the peasant stock from which he springs. These and many other Czech pioneers have a vitality and talent for statecraft which seem to be rooted in the revolution, for the younger generation shows no sign of developing anything more exceptional than reliable rule-of-thumb bureaucrats to serve the state.

Czecho-Slovakia has not been favored beyond her needs. All the qualities of her statesmen are called for to keep the ship of state on her exceptionally difficult course. The start gained by racial hatred when unwilling Germans, Slovaks, Magyars, and Ruthenians were forced willy-nilly into the new republic in 1918 and remorselessly "put in their places" has never been retrieved. The far-sighted political leaders long ago realized the hopelessness of the Czech dream of a highly centralized state of Czech or Czechized nationals—a dream which most of these leaders had themselves encouraged in revolutionary days—and for which Dr. Kramars and his National Democrats still fight with conviction. But Germans and Slovaks, composing the two important minorities, sank class and party differences in the racial emergency and, each in the national camp, stood together to defend their educational, language, and general cultural freedom against the organized attempts of the Czechs (particularly of the Czech bureaucracy) to destroy them in the interests of "Czechization." The closing of German schools, the creation of artificial Czech minorities in purely German districts by introducing large numbers of Czech officials with their families, the use of land reform to "de-Germanize" and "Czechize" the land, the prohibition of the use of German signs by shops, banks, and other non-official concerns—these and a dozen other intolerant methods of procedure created bitterness for which the state now has to pay dearly. Most regrettable of all is the discrimination which was undoubtedly often shown against Germans and Hungarians in the execution of the land reform, in itself an urgently desirable and entirely justifiable measure. Yet the Czech chauvinists were foreordained to lose the battle—the population figures alone prove it. Out of some fourteen million subjects of the republic, the Czechs number some six and a half millions—less than half. The balance is made up of three and a half million Germans, two million Slovaks, and one and a half million Poles, Ruthenians, Magyars, and Jews.

Last year, when Czecho-Slovakia was ruled by a "Cabinet of Officials," the question of agrarian duties became urgent. For the first time in the history of the state, the German bourgeois parties, in order to secure a high protective tariff on agricultural products, voted with the Government. This was the thin edge of the wedge with which M. Svehla has now succeeded, after months of negotiation, in prying open the door leading to full interracial political cooperation. The final argument he used was: "If you stay outside, I must seek my majority in the old direction—with the Socialists and Czech National Socialists." Class interests finally triumphed over racial interests, and the German and Czech Agrarian and Clerical parties united with the National Democrats of Dr. Kramars to form the Cabinet which the Slovak Peoples' Party (predominantly Clerical) has now entered. For months the Czech Right parties tried to oust Dr. Benes (Czech National Socialist), their bitter foe, but President Masaryk insisted on retaining the man who is the exponent of his own views in foreign affairs. Should Masaryk actually have refused to accept reelection to the office of President, as it is stated he threatened to do in the event of Benes being driven out of office, in all probability an attempt would have been made to elect a Clerical. The Clerical parties are more reactionary than the Agrarian, and therefore more opposed to the basic ideas of the Czecho-Slovak state as expounded by Masaryk and Benes. M. Svehla, himself an Agrarian, succeeded in averting this danger. Benes is still Foreign Minister, although his old party is in opposition, but the campaign against him has not been finally abandoned. His main support is the Czech Legionnaires, who, with their own subsidized newspapers and their own banks, form a powerful body of personal supporters; the majority of them will stand by him in or out of office; the minority incline to the Fascist movement headed by General Gajda, the late chief of the Czech General Staff.

How long the present condition will last is uncertain. It is made up of so many mutually hostile groups that it appears to lack every element of permanence. As for the Opposition, it has not yet achieved even the semblance of unity. The German Social-Democrats are reluctant to combine with the Czech Socialists of either the "Democrat" or "National" brand, because they still see in them the exponents of racial oppression in matters of schools and of the use of their native tongue which they experienced under the late (Left) Government, the inheritor of the revolutionary nationalism of 1919. Nevertheless, steps toward establishing a united Left Opposition have already been

taken. It seems probable that a gradually developing cooperation in opposition will form a body more stable than that produced by the opportunism of the Clericals and Agrarians who are nourishing, not abandoning, antipathies temporarily kept out of sight. If this proves to be the case, the present Cabinet may before long be succeeded by an "interracial," moderate Left group.

If one looks solely at Czech and German, this development appears inevitable. When one considers Czech and Slovak, the element of doubt creeps in. The Slovaks, held for generations in something like bondage by the Hungarians, are largely a backward peasant people to whom democracy is little more than a word. The Hungarians assert that they were not discontented under Magyar rule, and it is only fair to admit that, to a large extent, this is true. The high-handed way in which the Czechs have conferred "liberty" on their racial cousins, combined with assiduous Magyar irredentist propaganda, has produced great discontent with the present state of affairs. But freedom to speak and teach their own tongue has at least been conferred upon them; what they fear is the freethinking element among the Czechs, for they are devout Catholics. If the Czech Right parties have the good sense to concede their reasonable demands for complete school and religious freedom and for the full autonomy promised them in the so-called "Treaty of Pittsburg," it will be many years before the Slovaks will be found in a democratic coalition.

Though a simple folk placing their affairs entirely in the hands of the priests, the Slovaks, curiously enough, have done better than the Germans, for they have come into the Government on terms which go a long way toward satisfying their determination to secure autonomy. The Germans still complain bitterly of racial oppression and their ministers will have to fight within the Cabinet to obtain a degree of satisfaction that will assure their electoral supporters that they have not betrayed the German cause by joining the Government without having received a mandate to do so. But it is hard to imagine that they will obtain much from a government which comprises Dr. Kramars, that sincere and intransigent exponent of Czech nationalism.

It is to the urgent interests of the state that consolidation and internal peace should be secured through decentralization and the adoption of a federalist system. Economically, Czecho-Slovakia is suffering seriously from hostile tariff walls. Only because she is a richer country than Austria is so little heard about her economic difficulties. These are sufficiently serious for me to have been told by a well-informed person in Prague—not a Czech: "You will not be allowed in any periodical in Great Britain even to hint at the existing difficulties." The root of the trouble is, of course, that, with Austria, Czecho-Slovakia was the manufacturer for a nation of 52 millions, and has now a nation of 14 millions only to supply. How bitterly must the great Czech leaders rue today their insistence in 1919 on the break-up of the economic unity of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. This bond of economic suffering, together with that of democracy struggling to maintain itself against the aggressive absolutism of neighboring states, tends more and more to bring into harmony the policies of Czecho-Slovakia and that little Austrian Republic which she treated at first as a peril to her independence, but which more and more she is being forced to recognize as a fellow-sufferer (to a far greater degree than herself) from the earthquake of 1919. The inevitable complete Franco-German agreement will force Czecho-Slovakia to cultivate good relations with her great neighbor, Germany, who is her principal customer. The existence of the present reactionary regime in Hungary (whose subsidized press has just greeted with typically vitriolic abuse the peaceful advances of Dr. Benes) is a standing threat to her frontiers.

The Czecho-Slovak state has within it the germs of consolidation. The economic interests of the Germans of Bohemia and Moravia have forced them to recognize that their future is bound up with the Czecho-Slovak state and not with the Reich. But they will never accept their present condition of second-class citizenship; and as long as the Czech feels he is a better man than the German in the Czecho-Slovak state, so long will German irredenta flourish. The economic interests of the Slovaks draw them toward Hungary as much as those of the Germans bind them to the Czechs, but the Slovaks have tasted a degree of political liberty that the Hungarians refused them for centuries. Even the organ of Father Hlinka, the Slovak Clerical and anti-Czech leader, has recently expressed horror at the very idea of ever again coming under the rule of those responsible for such a cynical mockery of democracy as the last Hungarian elections. If they have not yet buried the hatchet with the Czechs, at least the grave has been dug.

Czecho-Slovakia is passing through a trying and bewildering period, but even though the life of the present Cabinet of the Right should be a short one, it has demonstrated at least the possibilities of racial union. Those who distrust absolutism and Fascism can be thankful that the Czecho-Slovak Republic, essentially democratic as it is, has every prospect of surviving in a Europe which, in the distress of its political *malaise*, is still inclined to experiment in quack dictatorships. The future belongs to that group of parties, of the Right or of the Left, which shows the greatest courage in sweeping away the barriers to consolidation created by national chauvinism. Under the pressure of external reactionary influences seeking the break-up of the state, the necessary reforms are bound to be effected.

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Foreign Book Section

Recent Spanish Literature

By ELISEO VIVAS

WE must consider, first of all, the generation of '98, already well known to us in America through the translation of representative works. It has shaped and directed Spanish culture for the last thirty years, but some of its members may no longer be thought of as active factors in the creative life of the country. It is certain, for instance, that Benavente has already exhausted himself. For although his last drama—"La mariposa que voló sobre el mar"—is said to have been very well received, his recent work, taken as a whole, even if judged sympathetically, has lost the power and depth of "Bonds of Interest" or "Passion Flower." Unamuno, too, has not been able to maintain his old prestige. "De Fuerteventura a París," published shortly after his arrival in France and characterized in the subtitle as "an intimate diary of exile rendered in sonnet form," is a book painful to read; for its obvious vulgarity cannot be accepted as satire. His last book, "L'Agonie du christianisme," clearly shows signs of disintegration. Baroja seems also incapable of anything worthy of his great name. His last published books—"El gran torbellino del mundo," "Las veleidades de la fortuna," and "Amores tardíos"—are formless, endless monologues (he calls them novels), vicariously expressed through the mouths of characters which have no other personality than their names. These books are, furthermore, a long catalogue of all the prejudices and hatreds of the author. He appears to have discovered recently that he had been read because of his brusque and independent temper of mind. Unaware that this quality in him was respected because it was the outcome of a legitimate and rational reaction against his environment, he dedicated himself to the careful cultivation of a scoffing attitude and of a shallow pessimism which it is difficult to take seriously. He reminds one of those medieval beggars who fostered their sores artificially as a profitable source of income. Baroja hates the new psychology, he hates contemporary French literature, he despises the English, the Jews, the American tourists, the German nation, the Russian exiles, the Bolsheviks, the socialists, Nietzsche—there is, indeed, no one or nothing he does not fling mud at.

On the other hand Valle Inclán has lately given proofs of a vitality, a power, and a depth of which the reader of his decadent work would never have suspected him capable. The "Comedias barbaras" initiated this new development. The precious aestheticism of his "Sonatas" is utterly forgotten in the "Comedias"—in reality intense tragedies—and a strength and a concern with real human values, newly acquired, gives him easily the first place among contemporary novelists. His latest book, "Tirano Banderas," is a satire on South American revolutionists—bitter, cruel, pitched in a high key, exaggerated, no doubt, but if the phrase be allowed, transcendentally true. Azorín also shows undiminshed vigor. Never able to handle dialogue successfully in his novels, he has tried the drama, and last year wrote a very lively comedy. Perez de Ayala is another of the older men—since he must be considered as belonging to this group—whose work retains its old excellence of style and gains in intellectual comprehension of men.

There is a group of younger men of whom we have heard very little in America. We know of Marquina, of Ardavin. We know of Salvador de Madariaga, who also writes in English. But of Moreno Villa, Pedro Salinas, Ramón de Basterra, and their generation very little has been written in our critical reviews, so far as I know. Of these writers Moreno Villa seems to me the outstanding personality. Critic of art, scholar of considerable erudition, prose writer and poet, he brings into Spanish literature a lyric note seldom struck by moderns. A large number of fine but ephemeral lyricists may be found in Spain today as in other countries. But poets possessing solid powers of intellection and exquisite sensibility at the same time are rare. Moreno Villa possesses these two qualities and something besides. For there is in his poetry a popular tendency; he is an Andalusian by birth, and some of his lighter poems reproduce not only the form but the spirit of the popular songs of his land. Since he is a scholar, however, his work has a distinction and a rich diction which carry it beyond the current poetical fads, and which may account for the fact that he is relatively less known than several other of his contemporaries whose work cannot, severely examined, compare to his. Pedro Salinas must, above all, be mentioned for his successful rendition of the "Poema de Mío Cid" into modern Spanish verse. The work was difficult, for the poet sought strict fidelity to the original. Salinas has also published a book of short stories, "Víspera del gozo," hailed as the earnest of a man who will finally justify the radical innovations attempted within recent years. Basterra is one of those rare spirits—rare in our romantic age which boasts of its moral and intellectual confusion—who seek perfection through their art. The poetry of José María Balbotín contrasts sharply with Basterra's. Balbotín stands aloof from the aesthetic concerns of his contemporaries. He is a civic poet, as was Marquina in his "Eglogas." But unlike Marquina, from whom, in more than one respect, he stems, he has a wider range of interests, although he lacks, on the other hand, the finish and spontaneity of his master. Ramón Gomez de la Serna, though young, has to his credit more than a score of books. He is now one of the most popular authors in Spain. His latest, "El torero Caracho," relates, in a tragic-comic manner, the life and glorious death of a matador. De la Serna is but a minor, yet he veils, behind a flashy wit, a keen blade of satire.

Besides these two groups of writers there is a large group of still younger ones—younger not only by virtue of their age, which goes over thirty in few cases only, but also by virtue of their literary radicalism. As elsewhere in Europe after the war, the intellectual youth of the country formed schools and literary cliques and started short-lived movements and small magazines which saw four or five numbers at best. There was, of course, an imported Dadaism, but there were also a few fancy brands of native theory such as *ultraismo, creacionismo, superrealismo,* in which a foreign name was merely adapted to an original tendency. But the impetus of these young radicals did not carry them very far, and little is heard of these movements today. They served, however, to introduce many young authors. Among these the name of Gerardo Diego stands out. With Rafael Alberti, author of "Marinero en tierra," Diego shared the "National Literary Contest" prize for 1925; but although

his book bears the title "Versos humanos" (Human Poems), it is difficult to see the propriety of this. In fact, Diego's predilection for Góngora, who is deemed by the younger men "the most refined of Spanish poets of the classical period," and whose mannerisms they have tried to revive, is sufficient to indicate that his uppermost preoccupation is aesthetic, hardly human.

Benjamin Jarnés and Felix Urabayen hold in the field of the novel a leadership similar to that of Diego and Alberti in poetry, within their generation. Jarnés is the more literary of the two. His "Profesor inútil" is the introspective biography of a dreamer who chooses to write prose, probably because it gives him greater freedom than poetry would, in order to follow the thread of his reminiscences. His book calls to mind Marcel Proust, although it is without the overwhelming accumulation of detail of the Frenchman. Urabayen is a Basque transplanted into Castilian soil; he blends in his tales the energy of his race and the austerity of the Castilian. In "La vida de un claro varón de Escalona," his last book—hardly more than a lengthy short story—he tells a modern picaresque tale in which the starkness of the prose serves to bring out the powerful sardonic bitterness which animates the author.

There are, besides these, a large number of novelists of considerable promise, not all of whom can be noticed. Marío Verdaguer, author of "La isla de oro"; Aguado de la Loma, whose "Su mundo aparte," his second book, is sufficient evidence of an unusual mastery of technique; Antonio Espina, author of a collection of short stories entitled "Pájaro Pinto," which has caused a small stir; Claudio de la Torre, José María Bergamín—these are only a few of the younger generation who, last year, published works of such exceptional merit that no account of recent contemporary literature would be complete without their names.

New Books in Germany

By D. T.

Berlin, April 1

SINCE "Der Zauberberg" ("The Magic Mountain"), by Thomas Mann, no German book has appeared which obviously towers above all of its contemporaries. On the whole this has been a prolific and more or less mediocre season, though it is extremely interesting for the tendencies which it shows. It is a phenomenon rather curious to the Anglo-Saxon literary world that in Germany writers seem to feel the necessity of a cult: there are few who cannot be classified as belonging to a particular literary sect.

"Expressionism," which in letters as in painting and even in music has been the ruling cult of younger artists for the last fifteen years, is moribund or is passing into another phase. Expressionism was first of all a political movement paralleling the social revolution, but it was also a reaction from the preceding literary forms, and from overanalysis of the individual soul. There seemed to be a feeling that that form of the novel which reached its zenith in the great Russians had become turgid and cloaked. Expressionism caught a bluer ether of impersonalism; had a passion for ideal constructions; and took its material from ideas and principles rather than from human experience. The new realists, as we might call the successors of the expressionists, do not represent a spiritual counter-revolution, but they return to the familiar face of things and reaffirm living experience. The tendency in German letters today is to reinterpret life and personality, with the times in which we live very much in view. There is no slacking in the movement against literature for literature's sake.

The passion for biography and for the historical novel illustrates the tendency to revaluate historic personalities and events for this age of Freud and Einstein. Germany, the most pious of Western nations, is dusting off the statues of her own and Europe's great and is trying to see what kind of faces they really had. And very characteristic is the attempt to break down the wall between the different ages which for the previous period of historicism seemed rigid and absolute. The historical play is used as a criticism of life today; the most *actual* plays on the Berlin stage this winter were Wolfgang Götz's "Gneisenau," Fritz von Unruh's "Napoleon," and Alfred Neumann's "The Patriot," all of which are reincarnations of historic personalities and events written in full consciousness of present problems. (The attempts to modernize classic drama—the much-mooted Jessner performances of "Hamlet" and of Schiller's "Die Räuber"—are evidences of effort to demythologize the past.)

The biographies most talked about are those of Emil Ludwig, some of which are already known in the United States through translation. The first of this series was "Goethe." Ludwig really reincarnated for the masses of people in Germany the great European whose personality was fading into a dusty relic, the exclusive property of professors of literature. It is significant that Ludwig's "Goethe," which is not the best biography of the poet (we think of Gundolph's work), is far and away the most popular. In "Napoleon," "Wilhelm II," and the last of the series to appear, "Bismarck" (a leading publication of this season), Ludwig adopts much the same attitude as that of Lytton Strachey in "Queen Victoria"—which book, incidentally, has been only recently translated here, with notable success. Actually this biographical method is vastly more revolutionary in Germany than in France or England, because the pious cult of the great is more rigid. Ludwig is the most-talked-of biographer partly because he took sensational material and because of his method of ignoring *achievement* as the outstanding element in a life. But other biographers equal or surpass him in psychological analysis. Walter Harich's "E. T. A. Hoffmann" and "Jean Paul" might be quoted as illustrations.

Alfred Döblin is another of the earnest younger writers who probe into the past to find a message for the present and into the psyche of real and imaginary men to find a better way of controlling life. Döblin's great experience was the World War. In his "Wallenstein" and in "Berge, Meere und Giganten" ("Mountains, Seas, and Giants") we feel that he is haunted by a sense of mass catastrophe, and feels a mission to help avert it. Not a person but an epoch is the hero of "Wallenstein"; it is an analysis of the Thirty Years' War—the story of the debacle of a whole culture, wrought by subaltern factors in the service of an inevitable fatality. In "Berge, Meere und Giganten" Döblin feels the pressure upon Europe from other continents. The novel is a monumental fresco of the oncoming debacle when he foresees Africa overriding the European continent and European men marshaling all the hosts of science to build a new world for themselves further

north—a world peopled by fantastic animals and more fantastic men. His point of view might be called planetary!

Actually, Döblin is a conscious European, suffering from the general European malaise of fear. Fear of Africa, of Asia—and of America. Simultaneously with the growing interest of Germany in American intellectual life and with the rapid translation of the newest American books—John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, and Carl Van Vechten are among the late discoveries—a group of writers whose most outspoken members are, perhaps, Döblin and the Austrian Stefan Zweig are setting their faces sternly against what they call "the Americanization of intellect," which to them is synonymous with standardization. To Stefan Zweig's militant Europeanism the German reading public has much to thank. Himself one of the finest contemporary writers, he has set his talents in the service of his European colleagues, especially the French; has translated them, and has written much criticism and biography. His "Erinnerungen an Emil Verhaeren" has recently appeared, printed on his own press, and is available for the first time to a larger public. These "Reminiscences" appeared as a private printing of one hundred copies in 1917, when the "enemy" was not allowed publicly to display any virtues. Now ten years later the little volume again appears in 440 copies—with a promise of a popular edition. The work contains more than personal reminiscences; it is an account of the spiritual influence of a great poet. A new collection of "Novellen," "Verwirrung der Gefühle" by the same author, is one of the five books of the year. Especially the last story, which gives the book its title, is beautiful and strong. Zweig shows himself again a poet who sees beyond the visible and for whom the form chosen is always the inevitable expression, part and parcel of the mood and the content. Thomas Mann's "Unordnung und frühes Leid" ("Disorder and Early Pain") is a novel of youth in the depressing environment of the post-war period. Germany's first man of letters is perhaps made more acutely aware of the problems of this youth by his own talented son, Klaus Mann, who leads a little clique of his own among very young buds of German literature, and who recently had a public controversy with his father over "Parents and Sons."

The best seller of the season is, I believe, Alfred Neumann's "Der Teufel" ("The Devil"), a well-told tale not without psychological depth which recounts the story of Oliver Necker, "Le Mauvais" whom we have met before in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris." Neumann's treatment of the Ghent Barber, the intimate of Louis XI, is a dramatic, not undistinguished study of the demonic.

Arthur Hollitscher's "Das unruhige Asien," a travel book describing the restless East from Cairo around the Indian Ocean and through China to Russia, is brilliantly written and rich in fascinating information. It must be read with the consciousness that the author is a convinced Communist, but this problematic bias does not prevent him from seeing more than most and telling it better than anyone yet. Especially valuable is his description of the new Jewish state, with the gathering clash between the new rich exploiters, the speculating population of Tel-a-viv, and the idealistic socially and nationally minded "Chaluzim," who set up an intellectual leadership for the workers in whose ranks they themselves are enrolled. Hollitscher is a poet; his book, written in almost notebook form, is more than journalism. He has poetic penetration.

New Books in France

By RENÉ LALOU

Paris, April 2

THERE has been no slackening in French production this winter. Of course fiction has brought its due share of novelties. A young writer, Julien Green, created a sensation with "Mont-Cinère," a study of Puritan America in the eighties, while Etienne Burnet offered us in "La Porte du Sauveur" the first impartial picture of bolshevism. To their former work Paul Morand and Roland Dorgelès have added "Rien que la terre," an impressionistic round-the-world voyage, and "Partir," a novel of cosmopolitan life on board a liner; to François Mauriac we are indebted for "Thérèse Desqueyroux," another powerful study of provincial life; Georges Duhamel has brought to an end the career of his Salavin in a curious diary which is both a praise and a subtle parody of sainthood. The Jewish problem has inspired "Nicolo Peccavi," in which Armand Lunel paints the Affaire Dreyfus as seen from Carpentras, "l'Enfant prophète," where Edmond Fleg preaches a generous conciliation between Israel and the modern world, and—last but not least—"le Fléau du savoir," by André Billy and Moïse Twersky, a vivid description of the adventures of a Russian Jew.

Among the new poems we must mention Soupault's "Georgia," wholly dedicated to the joy of stumbling through the wonders of life, and Salmon's "Créances," which will be numbered among our truest songs of unrest. In Romains's "Dictateur" and Bloch's "Dernier Empereur" we welcome two noble dramas of ideas, dealing with today's political problems—which have also been adequately treated by Lucien Romier in "Nation et Civilisation," a defense of Europe and an analysis of the traditional part played by France in the formation of a European aristocracy.

Though the number of essayists is increasing daily, few of them are endowed with the natural charm of Louis Aragon, as shown in his "Paysan de Paris," an evocation of the marvelous in contemporary Paris, the most successful work of the sur-réalistes to date. As witness of a French interest in English literature we must mention the competent study of Abel Chevalley on Thomas Deloney; it is also noteworthy that in "Messages," by Ramon Fernandez, an attempt at philosophical criticism, half the torch-bearers are English writers. The Nouvelle Révue Française has offered a popular edition of Debussy's "Monsieur Croche antidilettante," the best vindication of the qualities of French music since Rameau, and an interesting novelized life of Talleyrand by Jacques Sindral, an original variation on the theme of the modern Machiavelli. A good memoir of Proust by one of his oldest friends, Robert Dreyfus, deserves a careful reading; the same may be said of the "Letters" that passed between Jacques Rivière and Alain Fournier, a very important document on the tendencies of French students a few years before the war. And André Gide has published at last "Si le grain ne meurt," a moving confession in which he explains how he was brought by his sensual experiences, as well as by a personal reading of Blake and Dostoevski, to the idea of a divorce between the flesh and the spirit, of a gulf that can be bridged only through a new interpretation of the teaching of Christ.

The first fruit of the spring crop will be "l'Honneur de

Souffrir," a book of lyrics by our great romantic poetess, Mme de Noailles. Thus will Grasset bring to a close the first series of his Cahiers Verts, the sooner to start a new one with Benda's "Trahison des clercs." As usual, he promises many novels, the chief titles being "Aline," by Ramuz; "Eglantine," by Giraudoux; "Cœur d'or," by Souphault, and "le Bouddha vivant," by Morand. He will also bring a contribution to exegesis with "le Scandale de Jésus," by Father Allo. In religion, we shall read new studies in Rieder's "Christianisme" and "Judaïsme," under the competent management of Couchoud. But the novelists will not leave that field untilled: at Plon, Billy will go on with the epos of Menaché Foïgel, and the brothers Tharaud score another success with their "Rose of Sharon." The same publisher is responsible for the Golden Reed Series, which will include works by the two rising Catholic novelists Green and Bernanos, together with "Défense de l'Occident" and "Frontières de la poésie," in which Massis and Maritain, the leaders of the neo-thomist movement, will "measure the city and the gates thereof." Gates that have suddenly shut so as to exclude Maurras. Among the many echoes of the controversy around the *Action Française* is the announcement by Crès of a Maurrasian gospel under the form of a dictionary resembling Voltaire's "Dictionnaire philosophique."

Interesting novelized lives will be Maurois's "Dickens" (Grasset) and "Disraeli" (N.F.R.), as well as Pourtalès's "Chopin" (N.R.F.). For real criticism we must rather look to Arts et Livre and Kra. From the first firm we shall expect the masterpieces of Descartes and Bergson studied by Alain (whose essays, "les Idées et les ages," will appear at the N.R.F.) and Thibaudet; it will also issue, in twenty volumes of studies followed with anthologies, a complete picture of the French nineteenth century drawn by the best critics of the twentieth. Paul Souday (whose "Voltaire" will soon be out) is to publish a book on Gide, Proust, and Valéry (Kra), while Royère and Valéry will study Mallarmé and Soupault will freely interpret Lautréamont and Rimbaud; to its successful anthologies of modern verse and prose Kra will add a third one, dedicated to contemporary critics and essayists.

Travels are another form of criticism, as shown by Gide's "Congo," shortly to be published at the N.R.F. Maeterlinck will speak about Sicily, Chateaubriant about Holland, Kessel about Syria (Kra); Rieder's list of forthcoming "Témoignages" promises that Bonardi will solve the Syrian imbroglio and Scheffauer delineate the figure of contemporary America, whose literary features will be painted by Michaud in the collection of synopses started by Kra. Under the title of Visage de la France, Emilé Paul has asked several writers to depict their favorite town; after the "Lille" of Jouglet and the "Marseille" of Jaloux we may expect much from this series.

Never did the past look more vividly present than in The Unpublished, a collection in which Kra has revealed three chapters of Stendhal and will go on with stories by Sade, Constant, and Gobineau (his "Nicolas Belavoir" is on the list of the N.F.R.), and with letters by Rimbaud. Crès is soon to give a complete diary of Delacroix, Kra a hitherto unknown diary of Queen Marie-Antoinette, and Plon the memoirs of Queen Hortense. Our contemporaries are not so slow: we shall soon know all about the lives of the great surgeon Jean-Louis Faure (Arts et Livre), of the cabaret-singers Yvette Guilbert and Maurice Chevalier (Grasset), and of the world-famous Josephine Baker (Kra).

Books

A Frenchman Takes a Look

America Comes of Age: a French Analysis. By André Siegfried. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THIS book is so good that it seems almost incredible. From end to end of it I can't find a single misstatement of fact, and in even the most Gallic and unaccustomed of its opinions there is a searching and disconcerting plausibility. By what process Dr. Siegfried amassed his materials I don't know. He has been in the United States at various times since 1898, and the last time, two years ago, he made a very extensive tour. His eyes must have been open very widely, for they saw not only what was plainly in front of them but also many things that were shadowy and occult, even to the overwhelming majority of Americans. He would have made the most competent newspaper reporter ever heard of in this world—a champion related to Ray Stannard Baker as Baker, in the days before the Wilson blather fetched him, was related to the average Washington correspondent. For he went home to his stool in the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques with the most accurate, penetrating, and comprehensive treatise on the United States ever written, whether by a native or a foreigner. Compared to it the celebrated tome of the lamented Bryce sinks to the level of a textbook, and the works of the Stracheys, Bennetts, and other such soft-soapers become mere trash.

Dr. Siegfried is happily free from the romantic optimism that is so copiously on tap among us. He yields to no man, as the campaign orators say, in his respect for the diligence and ingenuity that have brought the United States to its present high place among the nations, but neither is he blind to the difficulties ahead. Internally, he believes, they revolve mainly around the bitter and apparently irreconcilable conflict between the so-called Anglo-Saxons and the newer varieties of Americans. This conflict, he sees clearly, is at the bottom of most of the political combats that wrack the country, and in the course of time it is bound to have serious industrial consequences. The Anglo-Saxon, clothed in his "self-satisfaction as a member of God's elect," simply refuses to go into his own melting-pot. That vessel is reserved for the exclusive use of the Americans of other races. It is their duty to enter it docilely, and to come out as Nordics and Protestants. And having emerged, it is their further duty to take their place at the second table, leaving the original Protestant Nordics in front of the soup-bowl.

Dr. Siegfried, as a Frenchman, is unable to grasp the equity of this arrangement, nor does he believe that it will long endure. The non-Anglo-Saxon, non-Protestant, non-Puritan Americans are not actually inferior; on the contrary, many of them are clearly superior. They have certain qualities that the Anglo-Saxons lack, and some of those qualities are immensely valuable. Thus they begin to sweat under the disadvantages that lie upon them, and to resist violently every effort to make those disadvantages greater. The crusade against all the varieties of hyphenism save the English that went on during the late war certainly did not abolish hyphenism: it only made it more resolute, as in the case, for example, of the emerging Negroes. What is the net effect of prohibition? Obviously, its net effect has been to set up a desperate rebellion, not only against prohibition, but also against the whole Puritan *Kultur*. And it is surely no mere accident that the Ku Klux uproar has been followed by the first really serious and determined effort to put a Catholic into the White House.

Dr. Siegfried ventures upon no prophecy as to the ultimate issue of this conflict. What will come of it, indeed, no man can know. The Anglo-Saxons, if the Negroes be counted out as incapable of producing a national hero, have the advantage of numbers and the support of tradition, but they show a decreasing capacity for genuine leadership. Put Coolidge beside Al

Smith, and a certain difference begins to be palpable—or, if you choose, put Dr. John Roach Straton beside the Irish archbishops, or Booth Tarkington beside Dreiser, or R. A. Millikan, with his lingering theological sentimentality, beside, say, Jacques Loeb. The new immigration laws will hold down the influx of Loebs and Dreisers, but what of their effect, in the long run, upon the lower orders of Anglo-Saxons? What will happen when the Mexican *Landwehr*, now manning the ditches, is exhausted? The answer, perhaps, is to be found in the South, whence the blacks have begun to flee. The Anglo-Saxon, though Protestant and imperial, already has the hoe in his hands.

Dr. Siegfried is an economist, and is thus greatly interested in our mass production. Its virtues are manifest: it has brought us the greatest prosperity ever recorded in history. But in the long run it may carry us into very serious difficulties. Its excess profits we now invest in loans to Europe, and at the same time we shut our doors to the goods which represent Europe's only capacity to pay us our interest and refund our principal. Obviously, the money must be raised by selling those goods in other markets. But, soon or late, our ever-increasing production will force us into those markets ourselves, and then will ensue a gigantic struggle. If Europe wins, we'll lose the markets but get our money. If Europe is beaten, we'll win the markets but lose our money. Dr. Siegfried apparently suspects that we'll be beaten. The machine has conquered in America, but the rest of the world still distrusts its products. In any case, there will be hard problems for the Coolidges and Mellons of the next generation.

"America Comes of Age" is far too complicated a book to be summarized. The thoughts that I have dredged out of it are not adequately representative of it. Dr. Siegfried must be read at length. He has crowded an enormous mass of facts into his volume and illuminated them with an unfailing sagacity. There is no evident intent in him to argue anything or to prove anything, but nevertheless he argues with great skill and proves a lot. Behind even his lightest obiter dicta there lies a background of sound and extensive knowledge. He has a prejudice, I suspect, against Puritans, but it certainly does not cause him to underestimate them. The American spectacle plainly exhilarates him. He is sensitive to its novelty, to its romantic charm, and to its overwhelming dramatic intensity. He must have enjoyed himself superbly when he was in our palpitating midst. But he was not fooled.

H. L. MENCKEN

Along the Rhine

The Rhineland Occupation. By Henry T. Allen. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

The Struggle for the Rhine. By Hermann Stegemann. Translated by Georges Chatterton-Hill. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

GENERAL ALLEN'S first book, "My Rhineland Journal," rendered fine service to the cause of truth and international understanding. The present volume is a valuable companion. With the detachment of the historian and with military clarity of style, General Allen here sets forth the events of those critical days when the American forces in Rhineland (together with those of Great Britain) stood in the eyes of the world for fair play. It was then the difficult role of the leaders to act as a brake on headstrong French imperialism. The present reviewer, who played a minor role on the same stage as General Allen, can testify to the general accuracy and impartiality of his record. It is easy to see that he tends to find the French attractive and the Germans the reverse. He enters Rhineland as a victorious soldier, prepared to apply a rigorous system of military rule to the defeated population. His very freedom from "pro-German" and pacifist sentiments adds weight to the damning indictment of French policy which his sense of justice compels him to set forth here with admirable detachment.

"The Left Bank of the Rhine," writes General Allen in his introduction, "had been the subject of a secret agreement between France and Russia in February, 1917. By the terms of that agreement, this territory was to be completely separated from Germany and be made an autonomous or neutral state and also occupied by French troops until all the terms of the final treaty had been fulfilled." This is, of course, the key to the whole history of the occupation, both as described in General Allen's book and as it developed after the date—February, 1923—where his book leaves off. The author records the steady but unobtrusive political encroachments of the French, who never once lost sight of their objectives as set forth in the abortive secret treaty. They extend their military jurisdiction from occupied territory into the "neutral zone" beyond it on the flimsiest excuse. They wreck the Germans' customs system by their notorious "Hole in the West," through which enormous quantities of luxury goods are poured into Germany without duty. They set up a special department at Coblenz to persuade these inhabitants of "the cradle of the Germanic state" by means of French plays, newspapers, and books that they are really Frenchmen. Again and again they attempt to get the Rhenish railways into their hands. The sittings of the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission are here frankly revealed as a succession of hard-fought battles, in which the French fought steadily, with the Belgians as their often reluctant allies, for the dismemberment of Germany.

America's non-ratification of the Versailles Treaty naturally lessened the influence which she could wield in Rhineland, and Britain's power of resistance varied according to the caliber of her several representatives on the High Commission. The Anglo-Saxons, of course, were fighting a losing battle. The ordinances of the High Commission became the successive lines of consolidation of the French advance toward the objective; originally six in number, they increased to 67 in 1920 and by 1922 totaled 167. In their endeavors to emasculate the press in preparation for the invasion of the Ruhr and the setting up of their dummy Separatist "Republic," they prohibited or suspended 42 publications in 1920 and 94 in 1922. By vetoing appointments of officials and school-teachers and "combing out" prominent patriots by expelling them from occupied territory, they sought to prepare the soil for their *Tag*, which dawned in January, 1923. When in that month the Ruhr action began, the printing machines of the High Commission poured forth a ceaseless string of ukases, the press practically ceased to exist, and expulsions were well on the way to reaching their final total of 140,000.

In his chapter on Separatism he shows the firm stand made from the start by American headquarters against the various puppets of the French. The first chapters give an interesting and generally accurate picture of conditions at the start of the occupation though it is surprising to find General Allen going as wide of the mark as to assert that the bread and potato ration in the war years was sufficient, and that there was no actual starvation when the Allies reached Rhineland. He explains how the broken and starving population amazed the world by extending something like a welcome to the American forces, and how hard put to it were the military authorities to check the friendships which everywhere sprang up between the two nationalities whose duty it was to continue hating one another. This was exactly paralleled in the British Zone.

"The Struggle for the Rhine" is a translation of the work published under the same title in German in 1924. Also written with considerable detachment—considering its German authorship and the original date of publication—this work traces the history of the Rhine and the conflicts which have centered around it since the dawn of history. The author upholds his thesis, that since the days of imperial Rome the Latin races have ceaselessly endeavored to wrest this river from its Teutonic possessors, with skill and learning. The book will prove valuable to historians, and merits a longer notice than space allows.

G. E. R. GEDYE

Vsevolod Meierhold

The Theatrical October. By Various Authors. Book I. Leningrad and Moscow.

ONE of the most significant facts in the theatrical life of Russia today is the prominence achieved by Vsevolod Meierhold. Though his theater is only a few years old, Meierhold himself is no newcomer to the Russian stage. One of the original members of the Moscow Art Theater's company, he early rebelled against its creed of realism and, as director to the late Vera Kommisarjevsky in her small theater in St. Petersburg, launched (1906-1908) a series of productions which started the insurgent movement against the realistic theater. A mystic tendency in the repertory, with a preponderance of plays by Maeterlinck, a decoratively stylized treatment of the setting, and a conventionalized acting characterized Meierhold's work in that period. There was a startling novelty and boldness in his experiments which made them the subject of heated controversies. But Meierhold was not daunted by criticism. Transferring his activities to the imperial theaters in St. Petersburg, he went on with his search for new forms.

There was nothing in the stage, he declared, that it had to be ashamed of. It needed no disguises. It was the medium of an independent art and as such was entitled to shape the dramatic spectacle in accordance with the laws of its own nature. Being a stage it presumed the existence of the spectator and had frankly to recognize his presence in the theater. Similarly, the actor on the stage was there to act; therefore he had to appear as an actor playing a part and not as an incarnation of the portrayed character. These ideas, embodied by Meierhold in a number of remarkable productions, the first of which was Molière's "Don Juan," ushered in a movement the full significance of which was revealed only after the revolution.

Of all the arts in Russia the theater has been the only one to thrive not merely in spite of the revolution but largely thanks to the stimulus which has been provided by the advent of an essentially democratic audience. Unsophisticated and lacking in culture this audience undoubtedly was. But it had other qualities of exceptional importance. It brought to the theater a virile robustness of attitude and an outlook upon the theater untrammeled by the established conventions. These qualities had an especial appeal for Meierhold, as sympathy with the revolution in his case was reinforced by an enthusiasm for the folk-theater—the old platform stage of the fair and the market-place. "The Theatrical October"—a volume of essays by various authors—provides a most absorbing account of how Meierhold's attempt to find an expression for his two interests has resulted in productions which have made his theater famous.

A difficult problem was that of finding for the new ideology a fitting form of dramatic spectacle. Meierhold's first attempts were made in the direction of drawing the audience into the action of the play. This did not prove particularly successful and was gradually abandoned. In the meantime a new theory, formulated by a group of artists and christened "constructivism," was given a friendly try-out. Constructivism does not recognize art as a form of aesthetic experience—which, it declares, is a purely bourgeois method of intellectual self-indulgence. Communist or proletarian art has no use for aesthetics. It is merely everyday life organized in a manner that enables every element of that life to function with the utmost ease and efficiency. Thus the stage was bared of all that was not fulfilling the purely utilitarian function of assisting the actors in their movements. The front curtain, already done away with in the Meierhold theater, was joined in the store-room by painted scenery and stage furniture. Instead of these there was raised on the stage a bare scaffolding with platforms at different levels and various contraptions for acrobatic movements. As performance in the theater was only a form of "labor process," the actors, too, could be only dramatic workmen. Accordingly they were all dressed in workmen's overalls of a uniform pattern—this also in order to submerge individual actors in the collective unity of the whole company. Without going into further details, it is sufficient to note that after two years of practical application the theory of constructivism completely broke down. The theater as a medium of art reasserted itself in every direction. The actor cast off his workman's uniform and became again a performer. The gaunt scaffoldings gave place to the moving screens, the revolving floor, and other devices which, while giving a dynamic character to the setting, also unmistakably proclaimed their essentially theatrical origin. Yet something has remained from constructivism. First of all there is the abolition of painted scenery. And second, there has survived a peculiar style—sharp and staccato—which has given Meierhold's productions an exceptional virility and pungency of form. The old folk-theater has thus become modernized. But this modernity rests on methods that go back to the very sources of the theatrical art and that found their most brilliant expression in the Commedia dell' Arte.

Meierhold is not to be judged by his profession of this or that theory. He is an artist of rare sensitiveness, and the fertility of his imagination, which never ceases throwing out new ideas, is almost such as to inspire one with awe. In the whole world of the theater today there is no more potent or more significant force than he. For those who are interested in his work and are familiar with Russian, the book under review will prove a store-house of valuable information and exciting theories.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Latin-American Emancipation

Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States Concerning the Independence of the Latin-American Nations. Selected and arranged by William R. Manning. Oxford University Press. Three volumes. $15.

EIGHTEEN years ago a group of distinguished American historians, acting under the auspices of a governmental committee, prepared a report entitled "Documentary Historical Publications of the United States Government." They pointed out that the manner in which our government had published its records was haphazard, disjected, and unsystematic. Further, they maintained that there was in government archives a vast quantity of material which ought to be printed. Not only has our government failed yet to publish documents from its archives; it has also sadly fallen behind in the publication of its diplomatic papers known as the "Foreign Relations of the United States."

In 1916 Dr. Alejandro Alvarez, a widely known Chilean publicist, proposed to the director of the Division of International Law of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace that this corporation should publish documents from our archives concerning the liberation of the Latin-American peoples from European rule. With the aid of the Department of State the task was completed, and the series under review is the fruit.

Considerable pains have been taken to make the contents of these volumes available to readers. Each volume contains a careful list of the papers printed within its covers. A footnote to each document gives a specific reference to the respective volume of the "American State Papers" where it is already printed or to the particular series of the American archives where the original is found. There is an analytical index. But the collection would be still more useful to neophytes in the study of Latin America if it contained a bibliography of the literature respecting the important epoch with which it is concerned. And it is to be regretted that in the case of certain documents the editor did not print the Spanish or the Portuguese originals instead of the English translations which also repose in the State Department. For not only do the official renderings frequently lack finish; occasionally they are obscure or misleading.

To the increasing class of students in the United States who are interested in that vast domain often designated as Hispanic America, a veritable treasure of historical stuff is now made available. This material spans the years from 1809 to 1830. It includes letters from agents of the United States in Argentina, Brazil, Central America, England, France, "Great Colombia," Mexico, the Netherlands, Peru, Russia, Spain, and Uruguay, as well as the corresponding communications from Washington. Incidentally the work also contains some evidence respecting the revolutionary period *par excellence* in Bolivia and Paraguay.

There are illuminating documents about such heroic figures of the Latin-American struggles for independence as José Bonifacio, Pedro I, Artigas, O'Higgins, Sucre, San Martín, and Bolívar. Obscure emissaries from Latin-American countries may now be more fully envisaged. Scattered through the volumes are many suggestive papers regarding the policies of divers European Powers toward the rising nations of Latin America. Sidelights are afforded on the mysterious association of monarchs known as the Holy Alliance and on the famous pronunciamiento known as the Doctrine of Monroe.

In fine these substantial volumes contain a bewildering array of documents concerning the transformation of the continental American colonies of Spain and Portugal into independent nations—a transformation which John Quincy Adams extravagantly characterized as the most important event in modern history. The collection will be most highly appreciated by students of history in South America, where the separatist movement from Spain has long been a favorite field of investigation. Supplemented by documents from the rich archives of England, France, and Spain, it will aid the historian of the future to write a comprehensive narrative of the Spanish-American Revolution. The editor, the State Department, and the Carnegie Endowment have performed a valuable service to historians in both America and Europe.

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON

The Glory of the Purple

Byzantine Portraits. By Charles Diehl. Translated by Harold Bell. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

LIKE most French scholars, M. Diehl bears his knowledge lightly. For many years professor of Byzantine history at the Sorbonne, he has published the usual number of monographs and delivered the usual number of lectures; but, if this work is typical, they are monographs and lectures very different from the ordinary sort. It is apparent that he has every essential fact—economic, historical, and artistic—at his pen's point, yet his decorous verve, his dry wit, and his luminous perspicacity never desert him. M. Diehl even invests his occasional footnotes—for he is imperturbably orthodox—with an almost poetic charm.

This "history of a vanished society" is not concerned overmuch with wars and the revolutions of dynasties. Rather, it portrays "the varying aspects of daily life, the different ways of living and thinking, the manners and customs—the civilization, in short." Delving into the period that includes the fifth to the eleventh centuries A.D., M. Diehl has extricated a round dozen age-encrusted medallions of empresses, emperors, more or less exemplary middle-class people, and folk of low degree, and, twirling them between an expert thumb and finger, he gravely exhibits their exotic shapes and dazzling shades to those who care to see. The manifold accomplishments of the Pagan-Christian poetess Athenais, the lapis-lazuli splendor of the viciously virtuous Theodora, the muddled theological speculations of Justinian, the drab indecencies of Zoë Porphyrogenita, the Cato-like maxims of the indefatigably loquacious Cecaumenus, now carefully cleansed from the dust of ages, shine forth as they shone in life. Sometimes he rubs out the defacing lines that other artists have etched, and repairs the gap by a deft

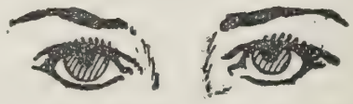
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stroke of his own. "It must not be forgotten that Procopius has a habit of investing his characters with an almost epic perversity; and although he tries hard to determine to a hair's-breadth the lowest point to which Theodora fell, I for my part regard her—though her interest may thereby be diminished—as the heroine of a less extraordinary tale. She was a dancer who, having led the same life as the majority of her kind in all ages, tired suddenly of her precarious amours, and, finding a sensible man [the Emperor Justinian] who could provide her with a home, settled down to married life and conjugal devotion—an adventuress, perhaps, but at the same time astute, quiet, and clever enough to be able to keep up appearances; one who could marry even a future emperor without a fearful scandal."

That is scholarship—the rare scholarship that is graced with the addition of art and judicious wit. It must also be said that, as M. Diehl tells the tale, Theodora's fascination is in no whit diminished. If this twenty-one-year-old work, now for the first time rendered into English, has also been translated into the language of the spirits, one fancies that the lascivious ghost of Procopius is somewhat ill at ease.

R. F. DIBBLE

Freud's Latest Contribution

Hemmung, Symptom, und Angst. Von Sigmund Freud. Internationaler Psychoanalytischer Verlag. Leipzig, Wien, Zürich.

SINCE 1920 Freud has added a series of volumes to his previous papers on metapsychology and has arrived, in his investigations, at a synthesis which represents the new methodology in psychoanalysis. These volumes are: "Beyond the Pleasure Principle," "Group Psychology and the Ego," and "The Ego and the Id," the last being a synthetic study of the topical and dynamic mechanisms operating in the formation of the neurosis. The present and latest volume is an application of these concepts to the major problems in the psychoneuroses.

"Inhibition, Symptom, and Anxiety" begins with an analysis of the phenomena of inhibition and symptom formation in terms of the Id, Ego, and Super-Ego, and proceeds to a study of these forces in relation to the basic psychical functions. Four primary functions in particular are selected for consideration, namely, the sexual instinct, nutrition, locomotion (muscular activity), and creative effort. Investigation of mental disorders reveals the presence of conflicts between the primitive urges of the Id (among which sexual and asocial predominate) and the opposing forces of the Ego, which, though derived from the Id, represent the ethical personality and are a kind of guardian for maintaining the equilibrium of the mind. Additional conflict is caused by the governing forces of the Super-Ego, which represents the sum total of parental and educational influences, derived not only from individual experiences of the past but also from racial heredity. Conflict may take place between these aspects of the psyche, so that the Ego must simultaneously appease these opposing forces: the Id and the Super-Ego. In such a case the development of a neurosis may be the best solution. (From the beginning Freud called attention to the fact that the neurosis was the result of unsuccessful efforts of self-cure.)

Another problem discussed in detail is the role of the Ego in anxiety and repression. New light is thrown upon the formation of anxiety which constitutes one of the salient points in the investigation of the neurosis. Here Freud reconstructs some of his earlier conceptions. The former phenomenological point of view, which conceives that under conditions of frustration the invested libido (katexis) undergoes an automatic transformation, is discarded, and for it is substituted a metapsychological exposition in harmony with the new development. This exposition conceives of the Ego as the locus where anxiety is formed. At the outbreak of the neurosis, anxiety is not an entirely new

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creation, but a reproduction based upon a past memory. Freud also clarifies the relation between anxiety, the primary trauma, and the situation of danger which urges the individual to a neurosis as the only way out. Anxiety is represented as a panic-reaction to the original trauma, which now, in a new danger situation, is used as a signal for help. In man and the higher animals birth is the first anxiety experience. It furnishes a kind of model after which subsequent expressions of anxiety may be patterned. But one must not assume that in each case of anxiety the birth experience is relived. In this connection Rank's "birth-trauma theory" is considered and largely rejected.

If "Inhibition, Symptom, and Anxiety" is a further evidence of Freud's searching intellect it is even more remarkable as an example of his creative art. For here we have combined in one the scientist and the artist. He not only discovers the mine but with his own hand shapes the rough stone into the precious object. Step by step we see him unearth the material he is seeking and watch him put the material together; and we lose sight of the laboring hand in our fascination with the emerging form. In his hand the material is not inanimate; by a kind of magic it becomes part of the creative molding tool itself.

Freud's task ends here. We have the feeling of going through a quarry rather than of being shown through a museum. Freud attaches no labels to his work. He has never attempted any philosophic evaluation. Always others have formed a philosophy of life out of his work. Now he specifically states what was always apparent to those who knew his work at first hand: "I am not at all desirous of manufacturing a philosophy of life. One may leave that to the philosophers who confessedly see no way of journeying through life except with a Baedeker that gives information on everything." This book, together with the previous ones on metapsychology, constitutes a foundation of a new "Physiology of the Psyche." It presupposes a thorough knowledge and understanding of the author's previous work. But, above all, it calls for a certain mental ruggedness. At last psychoanalysis has reached that stage of development which discourages the exponent of superficial popularization and attracts the student who approaches it as the natural scientist approaches bacteriology or micro-biology.

DORIAN FEIGENBAUM

Books in Brief

Walpurgis. Zur Kunstgestalt von Goethes Faust. Von Julius Frankenberger. Leipzig: Ernst Wiegandt, Verlagsbuchhandlung. 3.50 marks.

A conscientious effort to prove that the Walpurgisnacht episode from the first part of "Faust" is not, as many even of the poet's admirers have conceded, a random and impertinent interruption, but a careful and wisely planned part of a symmetrical whole. Walpurgis, explains this apologist, is a much-needed intermission in the exhausting Gretchen tragedy, and is conceived on the plan of the French "revue-ballet," very shrewdly and purposely chaotic.

Charlotte de Belgique, Impératrice du Mexique. Par Comtesse H. de Reinach Foussemagne. Paris: Plon-Nourrit.

It appears to be beyond doubt that if it had not been for his wife, Maximilian would at the first prospect of the withdrawal of the French army have abdicated and fled, saving his life at the expense of his honor. Charlotte was more than a pathetic sufferer in the Mexican fiasco. She was the protagonist of the tragedy. The government of Francis Joseph guarded its secret archives jealously, but the present Republican government is much more liberal, and much new light has been shed upon European affairs since the historians have had a free hand at Vienna. The Comtesse de Reinach Foussemagne has made free use, on the one hand, of this official Austrian material, and on the other of the personal recollections of the Belgian royal family, who also are freer-spoken concerning the whole matter than was the generation before them, and has written the completest and most authoritative life of Charlotte to date.

Villa U. S. A. Von Otto Flake. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

The unconventional moralist who wrote "Ruland" and "Der gute Weg" has produced another record of emancipated women and strong men seeking they know not what. This time the main theme is a sort of trial marriage between two superior beings who finally settle down to Philistine domesticity, one scarcely understands how or why. Flake grows harder and harder to read. A book of his is a complicated fabric of texts and musings, intense, unsparing, and oracular as a novel of Goethe's, and a hundred times more baffling. But he is always profitable reading.

Sœurs de Grands Hommes. Jacqueline Pascal, Lucile de Chateaubriand, Henriette Renan. Par Victor Giraud. Paris: Crès. 10 francs.

These rapid sketches bring no information which could not easily be found elsewhere. Two of them cover ground which Victor Giraud has himself already traversed, but the third is interesting as a completely successful effort to show that 50 per cent of Ernest Renan's spiritual autobiography is totally unreliable. It was not the philological studies of his manhood but the metaphysical speculations of his early youth, and more than anything else the perhaps unconsciously uncandid honeycombing of his faith by that admirable deist his elder sister, the sister who fed him both materially and spiritually (although he complacently assures us that she always refrained completely from influencing him in matters of conscience), that made a skeptic of him.

Brücken über den Atlantik. Beiträge zum amerikanischen und deutschen Geistesleben. Von O. E. Lessing. Stuttgart, Berlin, und Leipzig: Deutsche Verlagsanstalt.

A number of Professor Lessing's previously printed essays on a variety of subjects, most of them studies of writers—Thoreau, Whitman, Mark Twain, Howells for German readers, and Treitschke, Görres, Goethe for American readers—are here collected and given a certain air of unity by inserting into each one of them, if it did not already possess it, a bitter reference to the recent war. Most of what Professor Lessing says about the sorry business is true, although his way of saying it may not help Germany's cause with honest but prejudiced American hundred-percenters. There is ingenuity as well as perfect justice in his successful demonstration of the fact that the never-to-be-sufficiently-execrated Treitschke held identically the position for Germany that thousands of respectable advocates of preparedness in this country hold this minute for America.

Amerika ist anders. Von Arthur Rundt. Volksverband der Bücherfreunde. Berlin: Wegweiser-Verlag.

The German dearly loves a problem. But his efforts to reduce Uncle Sam to a formula have thus far but confounded confusion. Thus Arthur Rundt, starting out in the spirit of his title, undertakes to show that Americans are different from Europeans, not merely in some incidents of government and table etiquette but in the very roots of their being—"nicht nur staatsbürgerlich, sondern auch geistig, seelisch." But by the time he has reached his last page he has discovered that just as Europe is constantly Americanizing, so America is becoming daily more European, not merely in outer form but in inner substance.

Dorothea Angermann. Schauspiel von Gerhart Hauptmann. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag.

"Dorothea Angermann" is in form a return to the problem-play of Hauptmann's audacious youth. There are even some definite reminiscences of "Vor Sonnenaufgang" and "Die Weber." But the mill can never grind with the water that is

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See SUMMER PROBLEMS
Page 542

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past. Hauptmann is no longer a naturalist; he has no power even to simulate naturalism except to the extent of cementing an occasional stone from his sordid youthful tragedies into the eerie structures he builds nowadays. Dorothea is a denatured Tess, a vulgarized Ophelia; but the brutal bludgeon which the sexagenarian Hauptmann handles somehow softens into thin air when it strikes.

Der Aufruhr um den Junker Ernst. Von Jakob Wassermann. Berlin: S. Fischer. 3.50 marks.

Wassermann is proving that German prose is capable of the most telling simplicity. There is not a sentence from the beginning to the end of this desolately, yearningly beautiful tale of superstition, courage, and devotion in the broken Germany of the Thirty Years' War and the plague of witch-finding which needs a second reading; and there is not a sentence which would not repay it.

Unordnung und frühes Leid. Novelle. Von Thomas Mann. Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag. 3 marks.

In this quiet record of a few hours from the average day of a modest post-bellum German professor's family—twelve or thirteen thousand words of conventional German, with no phrase-making and a minimum of philosophizing—Thomas Mann has put more of Germany's constraint and discomfort, of the younger generation's disquieting iconoclasm, of a father's puzzled tenderness, of a little girl's touchingly tragi-comic forewarnings of womanhood, more, incidentally, of warm humor and vivid artistry, than any thick volume of German fiction has offered in a long time.

Strategie der männlichen Annäherung. Von Dr. med. Heinrich F. Wolf. Wien-Leipzig: Ilos Verlag.

This physician claims to have produced the first systematic study of the devices by which men deceive women. The virtuous maid armed with this valuable treatise will thereby have acquired a sort of moral jiu-jitzu which will reduce all designing males to innocuity.

Carmina Cantabrigiensia. Edited by Karl Strecker. Monumenta Germaniae Historica Series. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 8 marks.

The Carmina Cantabrigiensia are a group of forty-nine medieval Latin songs, including several excerpts from the classics, that are preserved in a huge eleventh-century manuscript (Gg 5.35, pp. 432-441) in the Cambridge University Library. The collection is of German origin and is of considerable importance for the study of the medieval lyric, both Latin and vernacular. In 1915 Professor Karl Breul published a sumptuous edition of the poems, under the fanciful title of "The Cambridge Songs, a Goliard's Song Book of the XIth Century." Though valuable, his edition is not irreproachable as a piece of scientific editing. The present edition is a model of exact, heroically thorough scholarship.

Drama

A Well-Made Play

IN the theater students and practitioners alike may be significantly divided into those who seem to rejoice in the limitations of their medium and those who rebel against them. Perhaps Aristotle, first of dramatic critics, gave unintentional support to the former class when he analyzed the structure of the Greek tragedy, and certainly whatever society has been sophisticated enough to discuss its drama has been plagued by those who delight to see it stereotyped and limited. From the Scaligers of Italy and Hedelins of France on through the Rymers of England and down to the Clayton Hamiltons of America they are one and all members of the same tribe. At their most gravely pedantic they talk of those mysteriously sacred unities of time and place, and sometimes, turning from manner to matter, they remark conclusively that this subject or that is "not suitable for the stage"; at their most vulgar they formulate the exigent standards of Broadway; but whether their conversation is concerned with the nature of the *scène à faire* or with the ineluctable necessity of sex appeal they are alike in one essential respect: they rejoice to see plays maintaining the slightest possible contact with life and to see playwriting reduced to a mechanic art. Nor does the exceeding mutability of their immutable principles appear to disconcert them. Faced with the triumph of Shakespeare, Rymer calmly proceeded to analyze "Othello" as a typical example of a bad play, and faced with the triumph of Shaw, Clayton Hamilton calmly continued to maintain that Pinero was a greater because a more popular dramatist in spite of the fact that today it is Shaw who fills theaters and Pinero who empties them. Doubtless the stage has its limitations and art its rules, but the first are less narrow and the second less accurately known than those who delight to formulate them are aware, and the men who, daring to violate have succeeded in enlarging them, are the ones to whom belong its greatest triumphs. "When I am amused," wrote Lope de Vega scornfully, "I do not ask if the rules of Aristotle forbid me to laugh," and when Ibsen heard that the somberest tragedies of modern society were not subjects suitable for the stage he proceeded to make them so.

The mechanic dramatist and the critics who praise the complacent timidity of his reiterated formulas have their reward because the former enjoys an immediate triumph not to be hoped for by the playwright who imposes upon his audience the disconcerting necessity of laughing at a new joke, feeling in a new way, appreciating a new technique, or enlarging its imagination to include the perception of a new situation or a new acceptance of some fact of life, and both because he and his defender are more often than not welcomed into those legions of honor and academies of immortals which seem to have been founded for the particular purpose of affirming the enduring greatness of all things whose littleness it takes only time to reveal. But the other camp has its surest triumph when some half-forgotten chef-d'œuvre of "technique," some masterpiece by one of the dramatists who "knew his theater," is dragged from limbo and presented before an audience which has become habituated to other conventions and other fashions. Nothing could have more surely demonstrated that Pinero was dead beyond any possible hope of resurrection than the attempt two seasons ago to revive "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and nothing could show better how utterly the best "well-made" plays must now fail to arouse our enthusiasm than the production of that once sensational drama by Henri Bernstein, "The Thief" (Ritz Theater).

"The Thief" is not, like Pinero's plays, merely boresome. Whatever principles of "construction" as applied to drawing-room drama can be reduced to a few simple rules Bernstein had completely mastered. He knew how to make an unobtrusive and yet significant "plant," he knew just how an artificial suspense can be created by withholding one bit of information while supplying another, and he knew how to manipulate his situations so as to bring about a conclusion in which praise and blame, happiness and misery are distributed in a way calculated with the nicest exactitude to satisfy the audience's conventional sense of what is just and fitting. As a result the play succeeds even now in maintaining a sort of temporary and artificial interest; but how poor and bloodless a thing it seems with its stereotyped passions and its neat little ethical problems so carefully ticketed and so thoroughly predigested. How poor a substitute is the technique which it parades for the life which it lacks; how thinly mechanical are its characters; and how timidly conventional the treatment of its "daring" theme. Perhaps it will enjoy even now a certain success, but even to the most naive audience it cannot seem so moving

and so dazzling as once it did, for even in the cheapest of our plays we have grown accustomed to something which carries with it a greater suggestion of the complexity, the warmth, and the unexpectedness of life. Shaw once said that though the English public had not been taught to like Ibsen it had come away from his plays incapable of continuing to enjoy the fare with which it had once been satisfied, and a similar effect has been wrought upon this side of the Atlantic by a whole generation of playwrights whose aim has been to widen, not restrict, the possibility of the theater. Even our bad or trivial plays must be bad or trivial in a new way.

Doubtless "The Thief" was revived in despair of finding any suitable play for Alice Brady, and her warm and skilful playing gives to the piece whatever humanity it has. During the past few years Miss Brady has appeared in a number of plays, some good and some bad, but not even the best have proved popular, and she still waits for the opportunity which will bring her the wide acclaim which she deserves as one of the most ingratiating as well as one of the most powerful and versatile actresses now appearing upon the stage.

"Goat Alley" (Princess Theater) is a sordid and moving naturalistic tragedy somewhat unevenly acted by a company of Negro players; "Wall Street" (Hudson Theater) an elaborate melodrama in which the effect of certain powerfully conceived scenes is marred by the continual intrusion of extraordinarily banal situations, characters, and motives borrowed from the melodrama of our fathers. "Hit the Deck" (Belasco Theater) is a pert and tuneful addition to the season's musical shows which provides any jazz band with at least two new dance hits.

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" " " 9—THE SILVER CORD
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Unless the Nationalist authorities demonstrate to the satisfaction of the interested governments their intention to comply promptly with these terms, the said governments will find themselves compelled to take such measures as they consider appropriate.

THIS WAS THE CONCLUDING PARAGRAPH of the joint note sent by the Powers to Eugene Chen, Foreign Secretary of the Nationalist Government, on April 11. When Mr. Chen replied asking for a neutral inquiry into the happenings at Nanking all the foreign offices involved, except our own, intimated that the note was entirely unsatisfactory and all the bellicose foreigners, civilian or military, in Shanghai licked their chops in anticipation of an immediate cutting apart of China by a gunboat patrol of the Yangtze and the closing of the port of Shanghai. Fortunately, Mr. Coolidge, having heard from the country in no uncertain terms, declined to give his assent either to the use of force or even to another note. That knocked the bottom out of the coalition and led to the fiercest kind of denunciation of Mr. Coolidge and the United States at Shanghai, where the belief was openly expressed that good old John Bull would see it through by himself if need be. Alas, for these seekers after Chinese blood! When Mr. Chamberlain got up in Parliament on May 9 to explain his Government's decision he cooed as gently as any sucking dove, saying that his Government deemed it "inexpedient" to apply penalties just now for the Nanking outrage. It had, he said, every right to do so; justice was on England's side; it could take back the Hankow concession by force if it chose, for the troops and ships were there, but it seemed wisest not to do so. And anyhow, Mr. Chamberlain asserted, the Hankow (Cantonese) Government had so lost its power and prestige that it was nothing more than the shadow of a name. Finally, he admitted, the crimes against foreigners "had been punished with a severity and speed impossible from any other Power."

FOR ALL OF THIS WE GIVE our profoundest thanks. We do not care what face-saving devices Mr. Chamberlain has resorted to or will attempt to use. We do not believe that the Cantonese movement is spent, nor can we fail to smile at his assertion that the outrages in Nanking were the work of the Third International in Moscow. The point is that the Powers have abandoned the blood-and-iron policy which their identic note, by the severity of its tone and its threat, implied. Something has made the Powers come to their senses. If it was Mr. Coolidge whose refusal to go along stopped the plan for a nice little war in China, we salute him most warmly and extend our most cordial congratulations. Even if the other Powers might have come to the same decision, he deserves all credit for having disregarded the advice of our Minister, Mr. MacMurray, and our Admirals. The former, who should now be allowed to resign gracefully, not only joined the other Peking diplomats in drafting the note which was to have preceded the punishment of China, but forwarded it to Washington for adoption, if press reports are correct. Mr. Coolidge's next step should be to recall the marine regiments and reduce the fleet. The Americans who now remain in the dangerous districts know that they do so at their own risk. Let us follow up this good work by getting out of China and ceasing to intervene in her unhappy domestic concerns.

THE NICARAGUA CRISIS seems to have been ended by the mission of Colonel Henry L. Stimson, but by a most dangerous means. Even Mr. Kellogg admits that the personal representative of Calvin Coolidge—he holds no government office or commission—warned the Liberals that our policy of "safeguarding" American property would be changed into one of deliberate military attack if the Liberals did not at once lay down their arms. In return the Conservatives have been induced to agree to the following acts of conciliation: Their forces are to be disarmed, as well as those of the Liberals; amnesty is to be granted all around; the Liberals will participate in the present Government which will hold office until the regular elections of 1928, when the United States will supervise the elections and recognize the winner, whoever he may be. Meanwhile, however, the United States marines will continue to police the country and prevent a further outbreak, besides standing guard over the ballot boxes more than a year hence.

AS WE GO TO PRESS, the period granted to the Liberals for the acceptance of these terms has not expired. General Moncada seems ready to yield, but Sacasa is rightly outraged by the Stimson proposal. Nonetheless we trust he will accept. Any further bloodshed could only

have the most disastrous consequences for all concerned. But even Mr. Coolidge will not now be able to deny that this is intervention in the domestic affairs of Nicaragua of the most thoroughgoing kind. Well, for the moment at least, it seems to terminate an adventure which has done incalculable injury to the reputation of the United States throughout South America because of the blundering and the deliberate misrepresentations of the Coolidge Administration. It got itself and the United States into a dreadful hole and knew no way to extricate itself until it sent this unofficial plenipotentiary down to rattle the saber and threaten both sides. This may bring peace to Nicaragua, but we deny that it adds to America's reputation, or that it reflects the slightest credit upon the Coolidge Government. We are certain that the effect it will have upon all Latin America can be nothing else than bad. Indeed, our intervention made the struggle far longer than it would otherwise have been, kept in power a puppet President who obviously would have been driven from office but for us—if it has not added to the number of lives lost. This is called statesmanship and convincing evidence of our love for our Central and South American neighbors. And on top of this "peace" move comes the news that we are rushing 800 more marines to Nicaragua!

SWIFT AND PROPER retaliation for the cowardly and boorish refusal of President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg to permit Madame Kollontay, the Soviet Ambassador to Mexico, to pass through United States territory has been made by the Soviet Government. It has refused permission to Rear-Admiral Mark L. Bristol to traverse Russian territory in traveling from Constantinople to China, where he is to take command of our Asiatic fleet. He must, therefore, catch a steamer in the Mediterranean. Since, however, Mrs. Bristol is an invalid, and could not stand the extra travel the Admiral must endure, the gentlemen in charge of the Soviet Foreign Office have very courteously permitted her to go direct to Peking across their country. What an extraordinary difference it would make in our relations with all the world if we could get some gentlemen into our State Department who were not routinized out of good manners, common sense, and decent human emotions!

THE SPECTACLE of a few thousand human beings throwing up poor human fortifications against the crest of the flood that is thundering down from Natchez is at once gallant and pitiful. Red River Landing is the center of activities as we go to press. There, where the powerful Red River flows into the Mississippi, is a key triangle from which—if the levee holds—the Mississippi will continue southeast on its way to New Orleans, already partially protected by the dynamited Poydras levee, and if the levee breaks—as it seems distressingly likely to do—two million acres in the south central portion of the State will be under water and 160,000 additional persons rendered homeless. Red River Landing: it is not hard to picture the feverish activities that are going on there, the sandbags, the stone fortifications, the earthworks, and, in addition to these, the grim preparations of the Red Cross—boats to ferry refugees, tents, bedding, supplies, as if confidence in the strength of the levee were faint indeed. This has been the worst flood that history records. Perhaps it will be bad enough to teach the lesson that Walter Parker made clear in last week's *Nation:* Levees are not enough. They never can be enough. The more the river is confined the higher it will rise. It is significant that for the dynamited levee at Poydras the city of New Orleans will be forced to compensate residents of the inundated region to the extent of $15,000,000; yet when, four years ago, New Orleans asked permission to make an outlet at Poydras at a cost to the city of $5,000,000, the federal authorities refused permission. A gigantic relief program demanding millions of dollars for some half million homeless persons must be attended to first. When the waters recede there will be land to plow again, houses to build, crops to resow, and all the details to attend to that mean subsistence for so many thousands. Then it will be time to think seriously of the future.

PARIS TODAY—NEW YORK TOMORROW: that was the ambitious plan of the French fliers, Coli and Nungesser, as they took the air for their conquest of the Atlantic last Sunday. But the Atlantic is a jealous ocean and does not yield lightly to ambitious plans. We do not yet know what has become of the two men; we may never know. The solitary white bird that took flight so bravely may have come down with a broken wing, may have been unable to buffet wind and rain or to see its way through clinging fog; all around it miles of ocean lay waiting to defeat its passage, miles of eager waves that prey so gladly upon brave birds. The plane, we are told, carried no wireless and discarded its landing gear as soon as it flew above the ocean. It is constructed of water-tight wood and can float about twenty-four hours before becoming waterlogged. Forty hours of flying will have used up its supply of gasoline. Thus the margin of safety is already passed, but miracles do happen, and a miracle is what millions of persons at this moment of writing are hoping for. In Paris crowds saw the fliers off at dawn; in New York the Battery was black with people watching all day Monday. Wherever they are now, whether the White Bird is flying or floating or sunk beyond the reach of rescuers, the thoughts and the anxious regard of millions accompany it. There is something heart-warming about this sort of daring; it is not quite necessary—yet sometimes on it depends the progress of the race.

NEWS POURS IN EVERY WEEK of brutal oppression in Central European and Balkan dictatorships. Mass arrests, prison tortures, and inhuman sentences are still the order of the day. "Disappearance without trace" after arrest is a common fate, not only of workers but of leading political opponents of the Government and well-known professional men. Since the Tirana treaty between Italy and Albania last November, which intrenched Achmed Zoghu more firmly in power, persecution in Albania has been more ferocious than before. The dictator of this impoverished little country, who appropriated for the expenses of his "court" one-eleventh of the budget, has sold out the resources of the nation to Italian capital and is devoting his energies to getting rid of those who oppose him. Death sentences have been passed on intellectuals, editors, and deputies. Fan Noli, democratic Premier from whom Zoghu seized power, has been sentenced to death. Don Gazulli, a priest, was hanged because he criticized the government for allowing old men, women, and children to die of cold and hunger in the prisons. Similar tales can be told of Bulgaria and other countries. Last month the protests of intellectuals and of workers' organizations throughout the world succeeded in obtaining a transfer of the trial of thirty Hungarian labor leaders from the military court, where an un-

favorable verdict would have meant hanging, to the civil court. Such conditions exist only as long as they are tolerated by world opinion.

A CLEAR-CUT INSTANCE of radio censorship was given by Station WGL on May 2. At a dinner of the All Nations Association in honor of Mrs. Mille Gade Corson, who is about to leave for England to attempt to swim the Channel again, Mrs. Mary H. Ford made an address in the course of which she began to congratulate Mrs. Corson upon coming from a country, Denmark, which was pacifist during the war and is leaning toward the abolition of all military force. She had hardly touched upon the subject when she was deliberately cut off. The station manager, a Mr. Isaacson, gave the usual declaration of his belief in free speech but said that "there are certain things which are dictated by good taste. This was not the time nor the occasion for such a speech." But what right has a station manager to assume that his judgment as to what is fitting is superior to that of Mrs. Ford or any other speaker? We admit that there are difficulties in the situation and that the broadcasting stations will be at times the victims of abuse or misrepresentation or bad taste. But there can be no stopping the fight for free speech over the radio until it is won. It would never have occurred to Mr. Isaacson to censor a speaker demanding more armaments and virtual war in China, Mexico, or Nicaragua. He must be taught that no excuse can be accepted for cutting off a speaker except the one that that speaker breaks the laws of the United States.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP FOR HINDUS was the subject discussed at a dinner given for Senator Copeland recently for his sponsorship of the Hindu Citizenship Bill. Senator Copeland declared himself in favor of a change in the immigration law, basing restrictions not on national or geographical quotas or on color but on the physical, mental, and moral qualifications of the immigrant. Hindus at present are refused citizenship in the United States because they are not white, although they claim membership in the Caucasian race. The retroactive feature of the law is its worst aspect; naturalized Hindus who have believed themselves to be citizens and who have been so considered for more than ten years, in some cases, are now deprived of citizenship rights. Senator Copeland, in his fight for his bill, deserves the thanks of every American citizen. Whether or not the Hindu is a Caucasian is beside the point; he has proved to be a good citizen; there is no likelihood whatever that a rush of Hindus will come clamoring at our doors for admittance—if they did, our quota restrictions would take care of any such emergency. Those who do come—students, scholars, men and women of education or in earnest search of education—should not be forced to maintain the status of aliens all their lives. Above all, this Government, which charges Mexico with breaking its word to American citizens domiciled there, should be the last to break its faith and word with men honestly admitted to citizenship years ago.

"YOUNG PEOPLE are without indecency. It is only when their elders slather into a furore over indecency that they are made indecent." John Erskine, author of "Helen" and "Galahad," said this publicly the other day in the course of a protest against the action of the customs authorities in holding up shipments of unexpurgated editions of "The Arabian Nights" and the "Decameron." If more persons as eminent as Mr. Erskine would talk like this—pointing to the simple truth that indecency is rarely in a book or a thing, but in a mind—something might be accomplished against irresponsible censorship. But not many do. Other professors, for instance, asked to comment on the violence done "The Arabian Nights" and the "Decameron," merely deposed that these are venerable books and therefore ought to circulate. The question, which Mr. Erskine answered emphatically, is whether *any* book shall be suppressed which is not clearly within the statute governing obscenity. He might have added that there is an amazing inconsistency in the minds of newspaper editors who clamor for certain plays to be extinguished or books to be suppressed and then fill three pages daily with verbatim reports of testimony in the latest nauseating murder trial.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON'S eminence among contemporary American poets has been recognized in various ways since the occasion of his fiftieth birthday eight years ago, when a page of tributes in the New York *Times* revealed the high opinion of him which his fellow-poets entertained. He has twice received the Pulitzer prize, and his "Collected Poems" has become a standard work both here and in England. But the public reading of his new poem, "Tristram," on the eve of its issue by the Macmillan Company and the Literary Guild of America, was a tribute of a special kind, and one which makes literary history. Mrs. August Belmont (Eleanor Robson) read the second half of the poem to an audience which overflowed the Little Theater in New York, and the reception was one which proved not only that Mr. Robinson has a devoted following but that good poetry has a public importance. We do not know of any other major American poem which has been thus honored. Mr. Robinson, who insisted beforehand that the occasion be called a "reading" and not a "tribute," did not appear until it was all over—when the welcome given him, he preferred to say, was inspired by this latest work rather than by the whole of his long and admirable career.

TO THE GROWING LIST of former college presidents who have recently died must now be added the name of Benjamin Ide Wheeler, for twenty years, until his retirement in 1919, president of the University of California. A gentle, scholarly personality, of broad range and vision, he valued freedom of opinion in his own case as well as in that of his faculty. Thus he warmly supported Theodore Roosevelt for the Presidency in 1912 despite wide criticism, and his tolerance of dissenting opinion and refusal to hate and be bitter when the United States entered the World War in 1917 gave great offense to the hundred-percenters of the day. Indeed, the charge that he was too friendly to the Germans was then raised against him. Had he not received an honorary degree from Heidelberg and been Roosevelt exchange professor for a year at Berlin? Under him the University of California grew from 2,391 students to nearly 20,000, while its plant was correspondingly enlarged and its teaching force grew both in numbers and in high scholarly standing. Rightly did the university announce with the news of his death that Dr. Wheeler more than anyone else was responsible for its present fine position in the field of American university education. Rarely, we believe, has a college president been held in warmer personal regard by faculty and students.

Judge Thayer Revealed

EVER since the conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti in Dedham, Massachusetts, six years ago, there have been disturbing stories in circulation in regard to the biased and improper conduct of Judge Webster Thayer, who presided at the trial. Most of these stories were told privately by reporters of Boston newspapers in attendance at the trial—men who had no use for the defendants or their beliefs but were amazed, and in some cases disgusted, by the judge's animus. A little of this judicial partisanship is to be found in the record of the case, but for the most part it consisted in words and acts of the trial judge when not on the bench. The Sacco-Vanzetti defense has been well aware of this conduct, but has not dared to stress it because under the curious judicial procedure of Massachusetts Judge Thayer is practically the court of appeals which reviews his own acts, and the counsel for the defense did not wish further to excite his hostility while praying to him for a new trial.

Now that the case is finally out of Judge Thayer's hands, six affidavits have been obtained, any one of which should be sufficient to establish his unfairness. Taken together they blast completely his reputation as a judge and a man; they shrivel him into a contemptible mixture of vanity and vulgarity who was not only guilty of grossly unjudicial conduct but who seized what was probably his first widely reported trial to curry public favor by pandering to the worst mob instincts then prevalent.

The affidavits are contained in a statement submitted to Governor Fuller of Massachusetts in behalf of Vanzetti. Sacco did not sign the statement. Depressed and broken in spirit by seven years of prison and unsuccessful appeal, Sacco seems to want to die; he almost courts martyrdom and absolutely refuses to ask for mercy. Vanzetti is equally set against any plea for mercy but still demands justice. Vanzetti, in his own part of the statement, brings out some damaging evidence against Judge Thayer:

> The District Attorney used as an Italian interpreter a man named Ross, who is now serving a sentence in the House of Correction for having attempted to sell to ignorant people his supposed influence with judges. You will find that our lawyer several times objected to Ross's translations of our cross-examination, and at one time had to get another Italian interpreter to protect us.
>
> Ross, who was in close relation with the District Attorney, took Judge Thayer to and from Dedham in his automobile almost every day during the trial. What he said to Judge Thayer we do not know; but as the affidavits show beyond a doubt that Judge Thayer was in the habit of talking about us and our case outside of court, and of allowing other people to talk to him about it, and as Ross was evidently doing what he could to help the District Attorney, you will excuse us for having great fears as to what he said to Judge Thayer on those automobile rides.

George U. Crocker, a distinguished lawyer and citizen of Boston and a fellow-member of Judge Thayer's in the University Club there, states that the jurist repeatedly discussed the case with him in the course of the trial. Of one occasion Mr. Crocker says:

> On this morning he either came to the table where I was sitting and asked if he could have breakfast with me or he called me to his table and asked me to have breakfast with him. He immediately began to talk again about the case, and pulled out of his pocket a portion of the charge which he was to deliver, as I understood it, on that day. He read parts of it to me with comments like this: "Counsel for defense said so and so yesterday, and this is my reply." He then read a part of the charge and said: "I think that that will hold him, don't you?"
>
> I do not remember how many times Judge Thayer talked to me about the case during the trial, but it was, I think, three or four times, and each time showing what appeared to me clearly to be bias against the defendants.

Lois B. Rantoul, who attended the trial as a representative of the Greater Boston Federation of Churches, cites two occasions when Judge Thayer talked with her. One was just after George Kelley, Sacco's employer, had testified in his behalf. Judge Thayer asked Mrs. Rantoul what she thought of the testimony. She said she thought it important. Then, says the affidavit:

> I well remember Judge Thayer's reply and the manner in which he gave it. He expressed scorn and contempt for my view, and told me that Kelley did not mean what he said because he (Judge Thayer) had heard that on the outside Kelley had said that Sacco was an anarchist and that he couldn't do anything with him. I told Judge Thayer that I had never before realized that it was fair to judge a case by what the witnesses said outside of court, and that I had supposed that the only proper way to judge a case was by what the witnesses said in open court. Judge Thayer's manner and expression of face expressed dissent from this view, but he made no definite statement of dissent.

In Boston Frank P. Sibley of the *Globe* is not only a reporter; he is an institution. For more than a score of years he has reported leading news events, and his reliability, intelligence, and independence are unchallenged. He describes how Judge Thayer gossiped with reporters:

> During the early stages of the trial when the talesmen were being examined and during one of the walks from the Dedham Inn to the Court House Judge Thayer proceeded to discuss Attorney Moore, one of the lawyers representing the defendant, Sacco. This subject seemed to excite him considerably and, among other remarks, he exclaimed: "I'll show them that no long-haired anarchist from California can run this court!" During the progress of the trial he frequently referred to the counsel for the defense as "those damn fools." On several occasions he said: "Just wait until you hear my charge."

John Nicholas Beffel, correspondent of the Federated Press, also tells of Judge Thayer's talks with the newspaper reporters. In one instance: "As he turned to leave the room he shook his fist and said to the other newspaper men: 'You wait till I give my charge to the jury. I'll show 'em!' "

The correspondent at the trial of the International News Service, Elizabeth R. Bernkopf, declares that Judge Thayer generally referred to Fred Moore of the counsel for the defense as "that long-haired anarchist."

Robert Benchley, dramatic editor of *Life*, tells of visiting his friend Loring Coes of Worcester (Judge Thayer's home) during the trial. Mr. Coes came out of the Worcester Golf Club and reported what Judge Thayer had just been saying inside:

> Mr. Coes told us that Judge Thayer, whom he referred to as "Web," had just been telling what he (Judge Thayer) intended to do to Sacco and Vanzetti, whom Judge Thayer

referred to as "those bastards down there." Mr. Coes said that Judge Thayer had referred to Sacco and Vanzetti as Bolsheviki who were "trying to intimidate him," and had said that "he would get them good and proper."

Mr. Coes said that Judge Thayer had told him and the other men that a "bunch of parlor radicals were trying to get these guys off and trying to bring pressure to bear on the bench," and that he "would show them and would get those guys hanged," and that he (Judge Thayer) "would also like to hang a few dozen radicals."

Mr. Coes has since denied making such a statement, but he denial is not convincing in view of his previous deliberate refusal to try to recall what happened.

The six affidavits in the hands of Governor Fuller strip udge Thayer naked of decency and justice. They ought to orce his immediate resignation or lead to his speedy impeachment. A comparison between Webster Thayer and ontius Pilate is all in the latter's favor.

Art and the Municipality

HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL, who died in New York on May 2, was an unusual type of public servant. n architect of high standing, a distinguished critic, a niversity lecturer, an author of six important works on esthetic and philosophical subjects, he spent the last eight ears of his life as secretary of the Municipal Art Commission of the City of New York. An humble job? By no eans. An inconspicuous one? Yes, if one measures the mportance of an office by the publicity a man achieves. ut if it be gauged by the service rendered to the community, it is one of the most useful, one of the most essential. Here was a man who could have taken his *otium cum ignitate* years ago; who could have lived in a rare country ome filled with heirlooms of Revolutionary days that many ould give a fortune to possess. Instead, he devoted himself to the difficult and often trying labor of passing upon ll the architectural and communal undertakings that came efore the Art Commission of the metropolis for approval.

There under the tower of New York's beautiful City Hall e sat, passing upon the plans submitted for public buildngs of every type, for water-works, for bridges, for police nd fire stations, for every sort of construction for which ublic money is expended. He it was who weeded out the ood from the bad before referring matters to the commission of which he was the executive. During these eight ears, therefore, the seal of his approval was stamped upon l the construction of our greatest city. He himself largely reated the standards to which municipal building is now eld. More than that, he accumulated plans and designs ntil, as the daily press has pointed out, his office became a eritable museum of public architecture which has only to e kept up to be of increasing value. To his task he brought o agreeable, so honest, and yet so tactful a personality that he president of the Art Commission, Mr. Robert W. De orest, has been compelled to say that while "the office will e filled by some successor, no one can be found qualified o take the place which Mr. Marshall made for himself"; hat "it is rarely that any man of talent finds a position for hich he is peculiarly fitted, and it is still more rare that uch a position finds such a man."

The services to the city of Mr. De Forest and Mr. Marhall and others since the founding of the Art Commission re invaluable, whether one agrees with all their rulings or not. Its existence guarantees that not only architectural but also sculptural monstrosities will die aborning and not be permitted to disfigure streets or parks. If in the last thirty-five years New York has grown from an ugly and stereotyped city, distinguished only by Washington Square and a few other oases, into one of often extraordinary beauty, the credit is not all due to the invention of the skyscraper, or to Beaux Arts teachings, or to the architects who are working out the complex problems of modern municipal life with their new materials used in huge dimensions. Some credit must be given to the standards set by the city itself and some to the new ordinances which compelled the "stepping back" of the gigantic structures and gave rise to the amazing towers which are creating in New York a majesty and a romance of building never seen before.

Yet the cry once was that if the municipalities undertook to interfere in construction, art and architecture would be pinioned and bound and be at the mercy of mere bureaucrats. They have been freed, instead, and will surely continue to be well guided and supervised as long as men of the breadth of view, the tolerance, the vision, and the professional skill of a Henry Rutgers Marshall can be enlisted in the public service. We go still further. We venture to prophesy that the time will yet come when all communities, urban or suburban, will take it upon themselves to regulate the erection of private and business dwellings not merely from the angle of sanitation and public safety, but from that of fitness to their surroundings and beauty as well. It is done abroad and it will yet be done here.

"The Greatest Secretary Since Hamilton"

SOMEBODY once said in Wall Street that Andrew Mellon was "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton"—and everybody in that charmed financial district has called him that ever since. Why not? He is one of the five or six richest men in America—and wealth worships wealth. He has done everything that Wall Street could possibly have asked him to do. Next, we in America live and prosper on catchwords and slogans, without which we should perish, for we might be compelled to do a little thinking on our own, and that would be fatal. So everybody in the moneyed world chimes in and forgets men like Salmon P. Chase and that extraordinarily brilliant Secretary, Albert Gallatin.

The truth is that Andrew Mellon is not a great man, but the most timid and shrinking figure in Washington, who is establishing a record beyond any Secretary "since Hamilton"—for his blundering and his wild guesses as to our annual income. As to that, he has never come within $100,000,000 of guessing correctly and he has at times (as in 1923) been as much as $1,132,000,000 out of the way. In his correspondence with Senator Couzens, Mr. Mellon, or rather those subordinates who write his letters and his rare speeches for him, erred so egregiously that Congress passed a resolution for a real overhauling of his Internal Revenue Bureau. But he, or his assistants, show off best their gifts for making mistakes when they deal with the question of foreign debts. His last incursion into this field has not only brought a serious official protest from the British Government but has convicted him of at least one absolutely erroneous statement.

That, the greatest Secretary declares, was due entirely to a stenographer's error, which, it is stated, anybody who read should have perceived and understood—except apparently the Secretary of the Treasury who signed it and his assistants who wrote it. But this is not the only blunder in his letter in reply to President Hibben and the Princeton professors of which the Secretary stands convicted by the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Mellon's writers declared for him that the British Government profited greatly by purchasing supplies here and reselling them to the American forces abroad. Mr. Churchill, who has right along opposed this contention, is able to cite Mr. Albert Rathbone, a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, who proved the British case in an article in the American *Foreign Affairs* for April, 1925, by pointing out that the Allies did not obtain a double bargain at our expense but that the American cash purchases abroad were distinctly to the advantage of the United States, for the dollars thus obtained were spent here by the Allies for our goods. A letter of Mr. R. C. Leffingwell, also a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, of December 3, 1917, is further cited by the British Government as proof of its contention. In this connection it is interesting to note that the entire British press, with one exception, is satisfied that their Government has proved its case to the hilt. Among those outspoken in their approval of the Churchill case is the Liberal *Manchester Guardian*, the most independent of the British dailies, long an outspoken friend of the United States, to whom Churchill is usually anathema.

So the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Hamilton" has not only brought down upon himself and the Coolidge Administration this severe rebuke but has compelled Secretary Kellogg to another exhibition of rudeness in this curt reply to the British note: "The Government of the United States regards the correspondence between Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hibben as a purely domestic discussion, and does not desire to engage in any formal diplomatic exchanges upon the subject." Naturally this is accepted in London as a mere avoidance of the necessity of a reply in defense of a bad case. Certainly, when it is considered that this is the second time Mr. Churchill has had to charge Mr. Mellon with false statements—last July he went fully into other statements of Mr. Mellon; when it is remembered that if his statements to Mr. Hibben were to go unchallenged, it would seriously affect the position of Great Britain with her Ally creditors, we cannot see why this Mellon correspondence was not a proper subject for a British governmental remonstrance. Mr. Mellon cannot assert that it was plain Andy Mellon, the Pittsburgh multi-millionaire, who wrote to the Princeton professors. He wrote as the Secretary of the Treasury, not on a purely domestic issue, but on one of the gravest international issues which confront the American people.

So the greatest Secretary since Hamilton gets us into one mess after another because of the general unreliability of the gentlemen who write his letters for him. On May 20 last he assured the American people that the value of the proposed French payments was $2,734,000,000, of the Belgian $302,000,000, and of the Italian $782,000,000. Less than two months later he gave out these figures as being for the French $1,681,000,000, for the Belgian $192,000,000, for the Italian $426,000,000—over a billion and a half dollars had slipped through his fingers in seven weeks! In any other country he would be regarded as a joke.

The Neighborhood Playhouse

THE evening of May seventeenth will be the last first night at the Neighborhood Playhouse. The swan song will be a gay one, for the production is the fourth annual edition of "The Grand Street Follies," but the occasion must, nevertheless, have its melancholy aspects and it is worth while to recall the history of this, one of the most remarkable institutions in the recorded annals of the American theater.

The Misses Alice and Irene Lewisohn inherited from their father not only great wealth but an interest in social welfare which was more than merely a perfunctory expression of that uneasiness which so commonly affects the conspicuously rich. It occurred to them that such an institution as the Henry Street Settlement might minister to the artistic as well as the physical needs of the community which it served, and for a number of years "festival groups" at the Settlement gave amateur entertainments of strictly local interest. By 1915 these productions had reached a point which seemed to justify a permanent playhouse. The little theater on Grand Street was opened and, among other things, presented during its first season the first of the little plays to introduce to New York the dramatic fantasies of Lord Dunsany. A production of Galsworthy's "The Mob" in 1920 marked a definite stage in the history of the organization's conquest of a larger public, and then, after a year spent in reorganization, the company reappeared in a semi-professional guise, still maintaining a school and still depending, to a considerable extent, upon the talent which it was developing, but calling to its aid also more experienced players. Since then it has developed steadily until it has become, in spite of its remoteness from the center of the city, one of the most important institutions in the theatrical capital.

Though it has never made any pretense of calling itself a national or civic theater, it has, nevertheless, come nearer to being that than have any of the other more ambitiously named enterprises. No other was actually so firmly rooted in a community and no other showed so great a capacity for steady and healthy growth. Its greatest achievements—"The Little Clay Cart" and "The Dybbuk"—were not only beautiful productions of beautiful plays but projects of a sort which no other producing organization was either willing to undertake or capable of accomplishing so admirably and with such art.

If the Neighborhood Playhouse has not been financially self-supporting this has been, in a large measure, due to the fact that it has outgrown its quarters. In a large and centrally located playhouse its successes would undoubtedly have gone far toward wiping out the deficits accumulated by less popular productions; but no large profits were possible under any conditions in its tiny house. Under the circumstances it is not strange that the Misses Lewisohn have decided to pause and consider. The institution which they founded and nourished has grown until it demands a reorganization. Just what form that reorganization will take is as yet undetermined, but that the spirit of the Neighborhood Playhouse should never be reembodied is not to be thought of. We hope before long to record its reincarnation at the hands of its noble-spirited creators. If they should not be able to resurrect it, we are sure that there are many who will be eager to aid.

China's Revolution: History and Prophecy

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

Shanghai, April 8

ALREADY it has become customary to date the present phase of the Chinese Revolution from May 30, 1925. On that day (the occasion being a straggling procession, usually termed a "demonstration," composed of some two or three hundred Chinese students) disorders occurred in Nanking Road, Shanghai, that culminated in the police of the International Settlement firing into the crowd and killing and wounding a number of people, all of them Chinese.

For about one month after that incident Chinese shops and banks in this Settlement remained closed as a protest. Chinese laborers quit work, almost completely tying up the port and compelling all important industries to suspend. Chinese employees of essential municipal services—water, light, posts, telephone, tramcars—went on strike and those functions for a while were carried on by foreign volunteers. In some foreign clubs members had to act as bartenders and waiters. Many domestic servants left their employment and foreigners had to shift for themselves.

Repercussions of the incident were felt in all parts of China in the form of demonstrations, strikes, and boycotts. Evidences of a genuine national feeling were unmistakable. It was some months before the explosive manifestations quieted; indeed, they never ceased altogether. It is significant that demonstrations of Chinese for some time after the Nanking Road incident almost invariably were directed against the British, who were held responsible for what happened then and for the immediate aftermath.

Chinese local reactions to the incident of May 30 sizzled down to demands for modifications of the status and administration of this International Settlement. One demand was for rendition of the Mixed Court (taken into foreign quasi control during the revolutionary upheaval of 1911 and held ever since) which meant that China's jurisdiction over Chinese living in the Settlement would be restored. Another demand was for Chinese representation on the Municipal Council of the Settlement.

About 800,000 Chinese live inside the International Settlement at Shanghai. Another 250,000, or thereabouts, live in the adjoining French Concession. (The French Concession has a different status. There are Chinese members of its Council, and it escaped almost entirely the disagreeable consequences of that occasion.) Another million or so live in adjoining Chinese towns, composing the port. Chinese realty and other investments here are estimated from 80 to 90 per cent of the total and Chinese pay that proportion of taxes. Chinese are about 96 per cent of the population of the Settlement.

None of the demands of the Chinese was conceded at the time. A state of emergency (local euphemism for a condition tantamount to martial law) continued for more than two months. Questions of changes in the Settlement's administration were referred to the foreign Diplomatic Body at Peking, where they still rest. Concessions to Chinese indignation were implied promises to give them representation on the Council, to return the Mixed Court, and resignations of the superintendent of police of the Settlement, and of the police inspector who ordered the firing on May 30. Both received liberal retirement bonuses.

At the urgence of the Municipal Council of the Settlement a "judicial inquiry" was made into the causes and consequences of the incident. The inquiry was conducted by a commission composed of one American, one British, and one Japanese judge, none connected with Shanghai. Chinese would not participate as members of the commission or give evidence before it. Lawyers of the Council tried to confine the inquiry to immediate and proximate causes, a desire in which the British and Japanese commissioners were disposed to acquiesce. But the American commissioner (Justice Finley Johnson of the Philippines Supreme Court) gave a wider interpretation of the instructions and went into, and reported on, the "causes of many years' standing." Justice Johnson's findings brought out officially what already was obvious, that the incident of May 30 was not the beginning of, but was an exclamation point of this modern phase of anti-foreignism in China.

That incident at once had an effect on relations of the treaty Powers with China. It startled the signatories of the Washington Agreements of 1922 into doing something about putting them into effect. For one reason and another more than three years had passed without action; the stock diplomatic explanation was that the carrying out of the Washington Agreements was held back by lack of a stable government in China. That amounted to saying that treaty revision or modification must await completion of the revolution, which might take twenty years or longer.

Item: In November, 1925, a conference under terms of the Washington Agreements to revise China's maritime customs status commenced sitting at Peking. After months of fruitless argument the Peking Government of that time dissolved, leaving the foreign delegates without negotiators on the Chinese side. They waited for a while and adjourned without definite action. That fiasco enabled foreign standpatters in China to say: "I told you so! You see the futility of trying to do anything about treaty revision while China has no stable government"

Item: Early in 1926 a foreign commission to study the question of extraterritoriality in China made investigations and afterward reported unfavorably to a change of that status now. Chinese Nationalists therefore could say: "You see! The Powers have no intention of keeping their promises and meeting our wishes for treaty revision. They always find excuses for delay. We must follow the example of Turkey and force revision. Or better still, we should abolish the old treaties forthwith."

The diplomatic impasse about treaty revision stimulated manifestations of extreme Chinese Nationalism and drove it steadily along an anti-foreign course. The Powers became uneasy and began to grope for a method of satisfying Chinese aspirations without waiting for a "stable" and unified national government to deal with. Hardly a week went by without some unpleasant clash between Chinese and foreigners.

It is worth noting that from the shooting on May 30 until the incident at Nanking ten days ago (with the exception of a fight between armed British and Chinese forces at Wanhsien last autumn) only two foreigners were killed in China and in neither case was a political motive involved. Not until early in 1927 did a widespread desire to attack foreigners appear. Its development can be traced.

It properly would have been the function of the American Government, as protagonist of the Washington Agreements, to initiate action to end the impasse and to arrest ominous tendencies. But Great Britain acted.

Coincident with arrival in November, 1926, of a new British Minister in China, Sir Miles Lampson, the British Government made it known that thereafter it would negotiate treaty readjustments with regional governments in China about matters in their jurisdiction. Thus was the "wait for a stable government" policy cast overboard by the Western nation having the larger trade and vested interests here.

The British Government lost no time in acting on the new policy. Sir Miles Lampson went to Hankow and conferred there with officials of the Cantonese, or Kuomintang, regime which, after it established itself in Middle China, assumed the name of National Government and made its capital at Wuchang. It soon appeared, however, that that amicable gesture was too late to tranquilize the situation. Hardly had Sir Miles Lampson gone on to Peking than events occurred at Hankow which resulted in the Chinese taking control of the British Concession there; this was followed at once by a similar occurrence at Kiukiang. Even those events did not prevent the British Government from going forward with the new policy. Negotiations were undertaken which resulted in agreements amounting to relinquishment of the British concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang to Chinese authority, with a limited British participation.

Soon after the quasi-violence whereby the Chinese obtained control of British concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang, the British Government ordered the dispatch of a division of troops and additional naval forces to Shanghai. Chinese Nationalists construed that as a threat and for a time it seemed as if negotiations at Hankow would be broken off. They did proceed, but from then it was evident that a new and very disturbing factor had been injected. Some effects of that action on Chinese mass psychosis could be foretold at once. The day it was known in Shanghai that the troops were ordered here I telegraphed to the New York *Times* that the action would cause deep resentment among Chinese, and if the Powers intended or contemplated forcible action to sustain the treaty *status quo* they should first allow time to evacuate foreigners from the interior and to concentrate them at points where it is possible to protect them. It was evident that measures for the defense of the foreign settlements at Shanghai might react strongly against the security of foreigners in other places.

We have already witnessed some results and there may be other tragedies to report before foreigners are completely withdrawn from the interior. But there never will be agreement as to cause and effect of these events. A majority of foreigners at Shanghai point to what has happened elsewhere and say: "That or worse would have happened here if the troops and additional naval forces had not been sent." Others, including many refugees from exposed places, say: "Was it really necessary to bring troops to protect Shanghai? Would not the forces usually available have been sufficient now, as they were on previous occasions? Except for this demonstration of force at Shanghai we might have remained unmolested at our stations."

Consider Shanghai in detachment from the remainder of China. The importance of this place is indisputable. It is China's greatest seaport. It is by way of becoming for the time being, and perhaps indefinitely, a port entirely under foreign military control. Shanghai may determine, even may decide, policies of the United States, Great Britain, and Japan; whether there will be peace or war in Asia; whether the political and diplomatic hegemony of Europe, lost during the World War, will be revived to dominate, possibly, the Pacific Ocean Era.

After the events of May 30, 1925, the municipal authorities of the International Settlement were advised by the Diplomatic Body at Peking to make concessions calculated to placate local Chinese sentiment. Our city fathers were averse to that, but belief that the home governments would not support them in a standpat position caused the adoption of a conciliatory attitude.

At the annual rate-payers' meeting of 1926 a resolution was adopted inviting Chinese residing in the Settlement to elect three members of the Council. The Council is composed of nine foreign members, and by that resolution the membership would be in proportion of three foreigners to one Chinese. As the responsible Chinese bodies were on record as insisting on equal representation, the passing of that resolution was an empty gesture. The Chinese ignored the offer and took no steps to elect three members. So the Council stands composed of five British, two Americans, and two Japanese. One Japanese was added lately to replace a Britisher, an obvious concession to international politics. One thing the Chinese wanted was done. An agreement for rendition of the Mixed Court was negotiated at Peking and went into effect January 1, 1927. But by that time the Chinese were not satisfied with halfway measures. An anti-foreign disposition on the part of the Chinese judges of the new Provincial Court became evident at once.

After the agreements for rendition of British concessions at Hankow and Kiukiang were signed, the Chinese at Shanghai nominated a committee to negotiate with the Municipal Council for participation in administration of the Settlement; but by then troops had been ordered here and the Council felt safe in ignoring that overture. There was no election for councilors this year. It was privately arranged that only nine gentlemen could be nominated and therefore they were declared elected without balloting. The annual rate-payers' meeting for 1927 will be held this month and in the resolutions that are proposed (of which advance notice must be given) there is no mention of Chinese representation on the Council. The only concession to Chinese is a resolution to admit them to public parks in the Settlement.

With the announcement in January that a division of British troops would be sent here, new elements entered the situation. Foreign newspaper correspondents here at Shanghai felt the reactions of a powerful propaganda in England and America to make it appear that this Settlement was in extreme danger. Some correspondents re-

ceived telegrams from their home offices wanting to know why they had not sent this or that. Many private telegrams were received by people here from relatives, and from their offices in America, asking if they were safe. At that time, conditions in Shanghai were approximately normal. Inquiry among American correspondents here brought denials that any was sending alarming reports. Since then American newspapers of those days have reached China and the mystery is revealed. Many of those exaggerated reports reached America via London; but many bore a Washington date line and on their face indicated that they originated with the State Department and other government sources.

A little later came Mr. Kellogg's proposal to "neutralize" the foreign settlements at Shanghai. Several times in late years there have been overturns of Chinese authority in this region, and on each of those occasions these settlements were involved because of their position near the center of the thickly populated port and its environs, with an adjacent Chinese arsenal and naval base. Troops of a defeated faction at times would be driven back on the settlements. They would be stopped at the boundaries, disarmed, and interned. At times rifle and artillery fire would fall in the settlements. Foreign volunteer forces and special police, aided by landing parties from naval vessels, would man the boundaries. It was uncomfortable. Military experts often pointed out that it was impossible to protect the settlements from that kind of disturbance by confining defensive measures to the limits of the concessions. To make their neutrality effective it would be necessary to extend the lines some distance outside of the settlements into Chinese territory, to take in outlying railways, the arsenal, and docks. Two years ago such a defensive plan was prepared and referred to the Diplomatic Body at Peking. But to put such a plan into effect required, besides diplomatic assent, a military force to man the extended lines. Local forces are insufficient. The coming of a division of British troops and extra naval forces would provide men needed for that project.

It was certain that all factions of Chinese would object to a plan embracing the whole of China's principal seaport within the authority of foreign concessions under the euphemism of "neutralization." To realize the project required backing of important governments. The British Government, under criticism at home and in China for dispatching troops to Shanghai, obviously was inhibited from advancing that proposal. Japan would not do it. Mr. Kellogg did. It was a foregone conclusion that the Chinese would receive it coldly and with suspicion.

For some time before the collapse of the Northern military defense in this region, and before the Cantonese troops were near Shanghai, it was an open secret that the approach of the Southern forces would cause immediate extension of this Settlement's defensive lines outside its boundaries. The construction of barbed-wire obstructions far outside the Settlement was commenced quietly and without official announcement by the middle of February, as soon as it was known that Sun Chuan-fong, who worked hand-in-glove with local foreign authorities, had been driven from Hangchow. On February 25 some 2,000 British regular troops moved out of the Settlement and occupied "prearranged" defense lines. Up to then the move had waited on diplomatic consent, which had not come; when a number of shells fired by a Chinese gunboat fell inside the concessions on February 22 the occasion was seized immediately. An "international" character was given to that move by the participation of some Italian marines landed from a warship. Private efforts to get American, Japanese, French, and other forces then here to join in the movement failed. So far American naval forces have confined their actions to the limits of the International Settlement. The French authorities also have refused to extend the defenses of their concession beyond its limits.

Mr. Kellogg's neutralization proposal, coupled with the subsequent troop movements of other Powers, causes one to wonder if, as far back as last January, the American Government had approved a forcible occupation of Chinese territory. Well-informed persons here believe that in a short time the "defensive lines" will be extended to take in the entire port area, including Wusung and its antiquated forts, and the Chinese towns of Chapei, Nantao, and Pootung, embracing some 250 square miles. I am not predicting that action. I am indicating only that it is a matured project of the "government" of the International Settlement and will be a logical procedure. Thus step by step a naval and military occupation of China is developing.

The foreign concessions at Shanghai now resemble an armed camp. We live under what amounts almost to martial law. We are subject to a "curfew" rule requiring everyone to be off the streets by 10 o'clock at night. The two concessions are zigzagged with barbed-wire tangles intersecting important thoroughfares at a number of points. Traffic is permitted to pass only at certain points, causing congestion and delay. Except what is created by the presence of foreign forces, business is limited to daily and emergency requirements. Already there is a feeling that these precautions are overdone and that a state of panic has been created and is being maintained intentionally to influence international policy.

Foreign residents here find the situation increasingly irksome. Nearly all able-bodied men not otherwise indispensable are mobilized for military and police duty, while their business, if any, takes care of itself. Business is stagnant with little prospect of reviving soon. Liquidation confronts many firms. Hundreds of foreigners are winding up their affairs preparatory to leaving China. A little later, if nothing is done to ease the situation, we can expect the application to all foreigners here of the "economic weapons"—strikes, boycott, withdrawal of services, almost complete "non-cooperation" of Chinese with the foreigners.

Some profit by the situation. Those interests controlling land and houses in the concessions have made fortunes through the rise of realty values here. Rents and food prices have risen about 20 per cent since the first of the year. Chinese are pouring into the settlements, and some 35,000 foreign troops and naval forces (more than the number of foreigners to be defended) provide the protection to make Chinese and other refugees feel safe. I heard an estimate that if this situation is prolonged for three years (the British military have made arrangements as if expecting to remain that long) some interests here will make one hundred million dollars. Incidentally, those interests strongly influence, if indeed they do not dominate, our municipal administrations. They own the principal foreign newspapers here, and by their interlocking business ramifications practically run the settlements. Signs appear of a revolt against using these conditions for rent and other profiteering. There has been a protest of Chinese rate-

payers, the Chinese working class are clamoring about food prices, and there is talk among foreigners of demanding a rent moratorium until things are normal. One hears grumbling, also, among volunteers who find their rents and other expenses mounting while they abandon their business for military and police duty.

Everyone here feels that indefinite prolongation of this situation is intolerable and yet there is no program looking toward a solution. Here we enter the realm of international politics.

There is no obscurity on one point. The issue is drawn squarely between a policy of military intervention and a policy of negotiation and compromise. It is evident that events more and more tend to make a solution by negotiation difficult and that powerful interests are working to make it impossible. For a long time the fires of race prejudice and passion have been fanned on both the Chinese and foreign sides. Less than two years ago a composite volunteer and naval force of less than 5,000 was enough to protect these settlements. Now many people contend that 40,000 are not enough.

The decision is in the hands of three Powers—the United States, Japan, and Great Britain. Those nations would have to finance an intervention and provide most of the troops. (That assumes they can act together; if they disagree the situation will become dangerously complicated.) When analyzed, intervention would be financed principally in America. In the end, one supposes, China would pay.

As things stand Japan is averse to intervention. Joint intervention would mean a white predominance in arrangements and outcome. It would tend to revive and might make permanent a white hegemony in Asia. It would work to the advantage of Japan's great trade rivals here, Great Britain and Germany. It would very definitely draw the foremost Pacific Power, America, into direct participation in political affairs in Eastern Asia. It might bring on a war with Russia for which Japan is not ready.

An explosion in China hardly can fail to bring on similar upheavals in India and throughout the Asiatic world.

America sees its traditional China policy in the balance. A false step at this juncture may draw our nation into war in Asia. As things are now, our religious and cultural work probably cannot go on for years, our trade is handicapped, our carefully built-up moral and political influence with the Chinese is being swept away by forces not of our making and not now under our direction or control.

Russia's influence, usually regarded as malign, colors the scene. The Soviets are charged with conspiring to bring chaos in China. Perhaps they are. But to lay this trouble entirely at Russia's door is foolishness.

China remains. Her new Nationalism is a complex of foreign influences and education implanted on ancient foundations, but it is fundamentally indigenous. To drive out some Russian advisers will not suppress it. As late as two years ago the anti-foreignism of Chinese Nationalism was academically political. Today it is aggressively hostile to foreigners and rapidly is becoming indiscriminate among them. What it is to be hereafter depends on how the Powers meet the crisis.

Greece Saves Herself

By H. C. JAQUITH

PRACTICALLY every country in Europe has either a Socialist labor party on the verge of power or a dictator in the seat of authority. Greece was in this second category until recently, when she demonstrated that a dictator can be tossed off the political see-saw without forcing the other end into the mud of party strife and struggle for office. A new equilibrium has been established in the revival of constitutional government, surprising even to the Athenians themselves. Following the November elections and the reopening of Parliament, a cabinet was formed composed of the leaders of practically all of the political factions. The Constantine-Venizelos double-headed ax has been buried. The royalist has supped with the republican, and the socialist has joined with the capitalist in an effort to prevent the reexploitation of the country and the people by the army.

A year and a half ago General Pangalos came into power because at least two-thirds of the energies of the previous constitutional governments had been expended in forming and reforming coalition cabinets from a multiplicity of party groups. General Pangalos at least remedied this previous lack of action. He rode iron-rimmed over the people and ignored the usual forms of administration for over a year, until General Condylis, combining military prestige and political experience and encouraged by two regiments of dissatisfied troops commonly supposed to be Pangalos's bodyguard, seized the seat of authority in Athens left vacant by the Dictator's week-end social sojourn on the Island of Spetzia. One quiet Sunday morning in August the seemingly impossible had been accomplished—the Dictator had been overthrown and cast into prison.

Condylis soon proved himself a patriot. Logically the successor to Pangalos, he renounced the dictatorship and called an election for November, voluntarily relinquishing his political leadership over a large group of potential deputies. He refused to allow his name to be used as a candidate, although certain of winning a seat in Parliament and probably a place in the Cabinet.

The election failed to give any one party a working majority. Coalitions again seemed necessary. Recalling the previous experience with this particular form of government and realizing the danger of another attempt on the part of the military to regain control of affairs, political interests were for the moment subordinated and all the party leaders gathered about the round table to form a cabinet. It is commonly called in Athens the Oecumenical Cabinet, which has no religious significance but is emblematic of the prevailing good-will.

Zaimis, non-participant in politics since the Balkan Wars, was chosen Premier; Kafandaris, Progressive Republican, Minister of Finance; Michalacopoulos, Conservative Republican, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Tsaldaris, Popular Monarchy Party, Home Secretary; Metaxas, Royalist Nationalist, Minister of Public Works; and A. Papa-

nastassiou, Socialist Democrat, Minister of Agriculture.

The Oecumenical Government, taking office in November, first deprived the military of its political power. Then it set about to reduce the expenses of both the army and the navy, canceling supply contracts, demobilizing several regiments, and decommissioning a number of naval units. Both the political power and the financial burden of the military were soon abolished.

The Cabinet further tested the strength of its own union in a way that only those who understand recent Greek history can fully appreciate. The Royalists requested a special memorial service in Athens in honor of King Constantine, for which permission had previously been withheld. The request was unanimously voted by the Cabinet. The services were held and attended by representatives of all the parties. Encouraged by this success, the rank and file of the Royalist Party wished to hold similar services in each of the larger communities throughout the country, but were restrained because the Royalist members of the Cabinet recognized that a popular political interpretation would be placed upon these services and they would be used as Royalist propaganda, thereby weakening the effectiveness of the Oecumenical Cabinet.

An important factor in the appraisal of the Greece of today is its new racial unity. Almost a million and a half refugees, most of them from Turkey, Greeks by birth, replaced the three hundred sixty thousand Moslems of Turkish origin, resident in Macedonia and the Islands, who were deported to Anatolia. The homogeneous Hellenic population was increased by over a million.

Salonika is noticeably Jewish. Traces of the earlier Slavic migrations southward are still discernible in western Macedonia. By a clause in the Lausanne Treaty the Moslem Turk in western Thrace remains in compensation for the Greeks who had been allowed to stay in Constantinople. Because of the generous attitude of the Greek Government at the time of the Smyrna disaster, over ninety thousand Armenians were admitted into the country without question or restriction. However, owing to the economic pressure inevitable in a country flooded with refugees, over half of these Armenians have sought permanent homes in France or elsewhere. For the Bulgarians still resident in Greece and Greeks still resident in Bulgaria, the two governments have provided a commission, under the neutral direction of the League of Nations, for the voluntary exchange of these people, with their possessions. These non-Greek groups, comprising about three hundred thousand persons, are relatively unimportant in the unified racial progress of the country.

The economic situation in Greece is also improving. Greece has floated but one loan since the war and this was for constructive purposes, namely, the settlement of her homeless refugees; $50,000,000 was subscribed from the financial centers of New York, London, and Athens. The guaranties of this loan were the Greek revenues. The administration was under a refugee settlement commission appointed by the League of Nations. Evidence of its value is to be seen on every hand by even the casual traveler. A hundred and forty-seven thousand families are no longer refugees, but are contented, industrious farmers in Macedonia, Thessaly, Attica, and the Peloponnesus. The still unfinished task requires a supplementary loan of at least $10,000,000.

Twice since the World War Greece has startled the economist by reversing the common practice of raising state revenue by increasing the output of the printing press. Greece has reduced the amount of currency in circulation—the first time by 50 per cent, the second by 25 per cent. This has been accomplished by the simple process of cutting off the ends of the paper drachma notes and officially declaring the remaining portion to have half or three-quarters of its previous value. The individual, in return for the cut portion, the diminutive half or quarter, is given a government bond of full face but doubtful market value. Since the value of money in countries not on a gold basis is determined largely by the amount of currency in circulation, divided by the population and its average economic needs, any radical reduction in the available amount of drachmas increases their purchasing power and strengthens the credit of the nation. On the other hand, since the total currency in circulation in Greece is restricted by an international finance commission, the Government by enforcing a reduction obtains certain rights of replacement and the privilege of new issue. By this method of internal financing, Greece has been enabled to meet her current expenses and her external obligations during a critical period without resorting to the common practice of trying to negotiate foreign loans to meet local needs. It is noticeable that during this period the value of the drachma has remained relatively high and unexpectedly consistent.

During the last three years the general economic conditions in the country have steadily improved. The Government has made an earnest effort to encourage agriculture, industry, and trade, and has regulated its tariffs accordingly. The settlement of the rural refugees on previously uncultivated land, and the division of large estates and monastic properties among the peasantry, have greatly increased the agricultural production of the country. Even with this additional activity, Greece is not self-supporting and is compelled yearly to import large quantities of foodstuffs, especially wheat.

The revival of Greek shipping, together with the forced transfer of the Greek wholesale and retail merchants from Constantinople and Smyrna, has developed Piraeus into the third-largest port on the Mediterranean. The growth of Salonika, the natural port of entry to the Balkans, is quite as remarkable. The new city has been built in the burned ruins of a war-ridden and malarial pest-hole. Provision has been made for a Serbian free port through which goods may pass in transit, without customs duties or local restrictions, direct to Belgrade and the markets to the north. The Greek Government also recognizes Salonika as the logical center of the rich agricultural and tobacco area of Macedonia, and has promoted a large agricultural and industrial fair which is to be made an annual event.

Friends of the League of Nations were greatly pleased when they heard that one of the charges on which Pangalos might possibly be tried was of having violated Greece's contract as a member of the League through his hasty action following the incident on the Bulgarian frontier. Fundamentally, however, Greece is at peace with her neighbors. The Greek press expressed little concern over the recent Italian agreement with Albania. Serbia has been tentatively appeased by the establishment of the free port at Salonika. The post-war differences with Turkey have been settled amicably. Even the troublesome Macedonian question quite disappeared from within the Greek frontiers by the advent of a unified population.

The Collapse of the Needle Trades

By BENJAMIN STOLBERG

4. Furs Which Smell to Heaven

THE New York furriers went on partial strike in 1907. They lost. The next five years were a period of much trial and some error. The rather stolid German "old timers" were displaced by young Russian Jews, fresh from the revolution of 1905-1906. They struck again in 1912. Gompers helped. The Socialist Party helped. The 1909-1910 victories in the clothing unions helped a lot. The strike was won. Dr. Judah Magnes became the arbitrator in the industry. The New York furriers became a federal union of the American Federation of Labor. In 1913 the collective-bargaining machinery was perfect. The International Fur Workers Union was established. Albert W. Miller, a conservative trade unionist, became president. Isidore Cohen, an excellent organizer and nothing more, became the manager of the New York Joint Board.

The rank and file of the new union was progressive. But it soon lost its vigilance. The fur market never has been, is not now, demoralized beyond the usual business cycle. Wages were, are now, comparatively high. The industry, though a small-shop industry, is too much of a guild trade to be a sweatshop. Union politics in a large craft is watched by the press, by liberal opinion, by the labor movement at large. Union politics in a small union, unless the rank and file is perpetually wary, becomes stealthy, then moldy, and under factionalism it tends toward sordidness. The furriers have had some fine types among their leaders—Andrew Wenneis, David Mikol. But these could not finally control the poolroom atmosphere. Both Miller and Cohen proved to be miserable negotiators. During the high-pressure seasons the worker in this industry often conspires with the boss to cheat on union rules. The almost kleptomaniac attraction of small pieces of fur is not conducive to a high morale. The business agent, who today has to watch about 1,400 shops in Greater New York, is often tempted to wink at such infractions. By 1918 petty corruption was rife.

By 1918 a strong opposition against the Cohen regime finally broke to the surface under the leadership of Morris Kaufman. Kaufman became international president and lasted until 1925. He has been the main target of the present Left Wing, which pictures him as the slimy associate of "gunmen." Actually Kaufman was an honest and efficient routine official, without imagination; an excellent negotiator with the small-shop owner. But he was too weak to throw off the petty grafters and strong-arm boys who had attached themselves to the union, exactly as Ben Gold was too weak to rid the Joint Board of the same element in 1926.

From 1918 to 1920 the industry was prosperous. But in 1920 it met a serious slump. Under Harding normalcy speculation in skins ran riot. The small manufacturer is too incompetent and poor to weather a wild speculative crisis. In April he began laying off his help. In May he tried to cut wages. A strike was called, demanding a 40-hour week and equal division of work through the year. The strike lasted thirty weeks. It was lost, but the union managed to stand its ground.

It was during this strike that the present Left Wing first began to sprout. Ben Gold, Mrs. Warschawsky, Isidore Shapiro, and other contemporary Lefts were then as yet innocent of all "scientific Leninism." They were just plain anti-administration. They opposed calling the strike. They began a vigorous attack on the Kaufman machine which, under such heavy fire, fell under the control of its own most unscrupulous element. Gold was beaten up, if not at the behest at least with the malevolent neutrality of the machine. All of which drove the Lefts further left. In 1921 and 1922 the Workers Party and the Trade Union Educational League entered the scene. Practically all the Lefts joined the Communists. In the two large needle trades the Communists had to proceed carefully, but they openly assumed control of the Furriers' Left Wing.

During the last seven years the personality of Ben Gold has played a significant part. He entered union politics, violently, as a youth of 22. He has been in the thick of it ever since. Affable, attractive, and extremely vital, he gives the impression of knowing what he wants; which is the last thing he knows. Personally honest above suspicion, he is psychologically dishonest with the recklessness of a histrionic youth. He relies on his demagogic powers and on a sort of untruthfulness which he honestly believes to be strategic acumen. It is this irresponsibility, which has nothing in the world to do with communism, which has got him into his present difficulties. Weisbord, too, is a Communist, yet, in Passaic, Weisbord did the finest piece of labor organization since the nineties. The difference is one of character.

Gold undoubtedly expressed the disaffection of the rank and file with the cumulative abuses of the Kaufman administration. In 1924 the Kaufman machine carried the convention with the steam roller. Kaufman maneuvered himself into the stupid predicament where he had to suspend Gold and his most vociferous adherents. Whereupon the *Freiheit* and the *Daily Worker* and the *Forward* began their usual cross-fire of recrimination, abuse, and provocation. Finally a special peace convention, simultaneous with the peace convention of the women's garment workers in Philadelphia, was called to meet in Boston in November, 1925.

In this convention the Kaufman group controlled 34 votes; the Gold group 26 votes. But in the meantime a "neutral" United Front had been formed which controlled a shifting 10 to 12 votes. The United Front "neutrality" played fast and loose—for office. Nine-tenths of the convention was taken up with the Right-Left fight. By that time the Left was under the absolute discipline of the Workers Party, whose representative William Weinstone directed Left tactics from the floor. Ruthenberg, the late secretary of the party, was in constant telegraphic communication with Weinstone. Kaufman was defeated. Shachtman, of the "United Front," a weak and colorless personality, became international president. Gold came into control of the New York Joint Board, which has jurisdiction over 80 per cent of the membership. "Peace" having thus been achieved, everybody returned to New York to face the expiration of the contract with the employers.

The union demanded a 40-hour week, with a 32-hour week in slack seasons; equal division of work through the

year; a 25 per cent wage increase; an unemployment insurance fund to which the employer was to contribute 3 per cent of his wage roll. While these demands were being formulated Shachtman, for reasons unknown even to himself, attacked Gold as a liar, a swindler, and a Communist tool. The manufacturers met this splendid outburst of solidarity with a lockout. The union reciprocated with a general strike, which lasted from February 15 to June 11, 1926.

Gold became the chairman of the General Strike Committee. As in the cloakmakers' strike, the Rights were side-tracked from all influence. A lawyer named Abraham Goldman was hired, under whose legal protection fees and legal expenses ran to $78,906.50. All told, $838,203.55 was spent, a vast but not necessarily a fantastic figure. Of this sum $501,930.13 was transferred from the Joint Board to the strike committee, a rather irregular procedure; as well as $98,000 of employers' security money, a most irregular and reprehensible procedure.

Two reliable public accountants subsequently went over strike finances. They found that only $64,477.91 was supported by proper vouchers, while $130,267.18 was totally unsupported expenditures. Of the other $643,458.46 no audit of any kind was possible. Gold claimed that strike finances were analyzed with an anti-communist bias because the accountants were hired by the A. F. of L. In this connection, however, it is worth mention that the funds for relief work during the Passaic strike under Albert Wagenknecht, one of the founders of American communism, were handled not merely with meticulous entry, but with a positive genius for making a penny pay a nickel's worth. The difference between Morris Cohen, the secretary-treasurer of the Furriers' Joint Board, who finally admitted that the books on strike finances were made up after the strike, and Albert Wagenknecht, who humbly served the textile strikers of Passaic, again has nothing to do with communism.

The strike committee claims to have spent $556,174.17 on relief; according to one of the accountants, $450,000 is about the sum expended for this purpose. The picket committee spent $31,691.90. The general hall committee spent $25,630, besides rents, which is unexplainable. The meaning of $19,709.80 for "law prisoners' relief" has never been discovered; $45,117.31 went for meal tickets.

There is not the shadow of a doubt that gangsterism ran rife during the strike. There is not the shadow of a doubt that not merely scabs, but union critics of the conduct of the strike, were beaten up, some mercilessly, in union headquarters. Soon after the strike began President Shachtman left for "out-of-town" work, though there were not enough workers outside of New York City to hurt the market if every one of them had scabbed. During the third week of the strike President Green of the A. F. of L. was called into the situation. By and large, Green and Hugh Frayne, the New York organizer of the A. F. of L., handled the situation rather ineptly, though they were handicapped by the fact that Gold was carrying on independent negotiations with the employers. During the seventh week of the strike the A. F. of L. officials worked out a tentative "eight-points basis of settlement," which they tried to present to the workers in a Carnegie Hall meeting called over the heads of the strike leaders. When Frayne refused to permit Gold himself to come into the hall, the workers responded to this brilliant bit of strategy by shouting down the meeting.

Finally, Gold settled the strike with the aid of Mr. Eitingon, a very large fur importer, who enjoys an enormous concession in Russia. The Rights constantly emphasize this fact, as though it had any bearing on the situation. Employers who help to settle strikes in their industry usually have some interest at stake. Suffice it to say that Mr. Eitingon was strong enough to bend the Associated Fur Manufacturers to his will. The union won the basic 40-hour week, of five days. It had to give up the pay for three legal holidays; and to grant the 44-hour week, on single pay, during the busy season. The Rights criticize this arrangement on the ground that during slack seasons the workers never get 40 hours. But, in this case, the principle is certainly important. The minimum wage was increased 10 per cent. It was agreed that the entire garment was to be produced on the premises and that no apprentices were to be hired until February, 1928. The union withdrew its unemployment insurance demand. In spite of much difference of opinion regarding the terms, the Gold settlement was considered a victory by the rank and file, which infuriated the Rights since it tended to intrench the Left Joint Board.

Soon after the settlement the A. F. of L. decided to "investigate" the conduct of the strike, supposedly to iron out all factional differences. All sides unctuously agreed, being equally dishonest. Later on Messrs. Woll and Frayne were "horrified" by what they found, as though they had never heard of Mr. Brindell and the building trades. The A. F. of L. investigated the strike—an unusual procedure in view of its traditional policy of union self-determination —for one reason: to get rid of Communist control. And, indeed, later on, on March 2, 1927, the Left Joint Board was suspended by the international office under charges whose legality is entirely a matter of interpretation.

President Green appointed an investigating committee with Matthew Woll as chairman. The final report of the committee is undoubtedly true, both in essence and detail. Matthew Woll is far too shrewd to frame truth which is stranger than fiction. Part 5 of the report deals with alleged police graft. Isidore Shapiro, chairman of the law committee, is stenographically quoted as having said to the Woll committee, in explaining his transactions with Goodman, the strike committee's lawyer, that the following sums had to be paid for police protection: "Inspectors, $250; captains, $100 to $150; lieutenants, $50; sergeants, $20 to $25; industrial squad chief, $100; ten men in the industrial squad, $50 a week." Samuel Mensher is quoted as stating that he personally "paid the cops" in his capacity as chairman of the general picket committee. It is this "Part 5" which has been investigated by Magistrate Corrigan. The Lefts repudiate these statements. Gold characterized the report as "a brazen attempt of the blackest type of frame-up" and a "dastardly conspiracy" on the part of the A. F. of L.; which is pure bunk. The fact is that the A. F. of L. never meant this part of the report to leak out. The Central Trades and Labor Council of New York has strong Tammany connections. Besides, if any one is so evil-minded as to believe that the police ever accept graft, it is inadvisable to express such thoughts, partly because they can never be substantiated. If police take money they do not take it marked. Hence the spectacle at the Corrigan hearings, where the Lefts vehemently deny ever having made such incredible statements, while the Rights insist that they never believed the Lefts.

In the meantime an A. F. of L. committee organized a new Joint Board, which now claims the support of about 6,000 workers. The Associated Fur Manufacturers, who

employ 75 per cent of the workers, has recognized this official board. The Fur Trimming Manufacturers Association has recognized the suspended Joint Board. But, in the long run, the Gold group is bound to lose. It cannot claim it is part of the A. F. of L. when the A. F. of L. says it is not.

5. Whither Tailor?

The future of the progressive needle trades is uncertain. Only vague tendencies may be discerned in the present chaos. These unions are in danger of moving to the far Right. Just now the workers in the International Ladies Garment Workers and the furriers' unions are undoubtedly forced to register with their Right-controlled internationals, whether they like it or not, for they must have a union card to work. But this does not quite describe the situation. A noticeable current of apathy, the danger signal of rank-and-file reaction, is developing. The Jewish radical, once he gets tired, gets awfully tired, with his usual extremism. The cynicism among Jewish needle workers at present is extraordinary.

Also the Jew in America is not likely to remain an industrial worker. On the continent of Western Europe, where there has been practically no immigration of proletarian East European Jewry, there is no Jewish working class. With the stoppage of immigration the same process is going on here. Only 40 per cent of the membership in the Amalgamated is Jewish. Most of the contractors and submanufacturers have been workers. The children of the Jewish tailors will not bend over the sewing-machine. What changes this process will engender no one can foretell.

The Sigman administration will have to begin building up the International Ladies Garment Workers Union slowly and painfully, under adverse economic tendencies in the industry. Until Shachtman is displaced in the Furriers Union no progress is conceivable, though the conditions of the industry are more favorable. The one real ray of hope in the progressive direction of the needle trades is the Amalgamated. Hillman wants to take the Amalgamated into the A. F. of L. Its organization work would proceed far more smoothly were it not for the petty opposition of the A. F. of L. central bodies in the small towns. In the larger cities, also, the United Garment Workers hinders the Amalgamated in every way. For many other reasons Hillman seems to think that affiliation with the A. F. of L. would be worth $50,000 a year in per capita taxation. No doubt the militancy and the industrial competence of the Amalgamated would do a great deal of good in the dominant movement. In 1920, and again in 1923, Hillman led in the abortive efforts to create a Needle Trades Alliance. He profoundly believes in the ultimate industrial unionization of the needle trades. The other progressive needle trades suspect his motives: "Hillman wants to lead." Of course. Like all great leaders Hillman harmonizes his person with his movement. He wants power for his social politics. Should the Amalgamated become affiliated with the A. F. of L., a revival of the progressive spirit in the other needle trades might be possible under its leadership. But the general situation in the needle trades is far too confused at present for prognosis. It is well to remember that, after all, these unions, with the rest of American labor, are at the mercy of social forces which are constantly strengthening the hegemony of Big Business.

[*This article concludes the analysis of the needle trades which has appeared in three successive issues of* The Nation.]

The Rich Socialist

By J. A. HOBSON

THAT a man or women well endowed with this world's goods should be a Socialist is for most of us a paradox. So accustomed are we to assume that personal interests mold beliefs and aspirations. A recent controversy in the English press, stirred by the electioneering in which Mr. Moseley and his wife, Lady Cynthia, were protagonists, exhibited a curious blend of ill-temper and bad reasoning. When an isolated member of the well-to-do classes professed labor sympathies a generation ago, he was tolerated as an eccentric. But now there are so many that it has ceased to be a joke. Hence the new animus against "traitors to their class." They surely must be hypocrites or ruthless careerists! Although the makers of modern socialism in most European countries have come from the well-to-do educated minority, men unusually sensitive to the injustice, inhumanity, waste, and ugliness of our economic system, this is forgotten in the eagerness to denounce the madness and criminality of an attack on the sanctity of the established order.

It was a ragged, foolish chatter, chiefly marked by a total inability to understand what socialism, be it right or wrong, attainable or utopian, actually stands for. Its openings usually consisted in confusing socialism with communism, and in pretending to express surprise that a Socialist should have any truck with private property, or consent to live in any sort of reasonable comfort. To reply to such controversialists that Socialists were out to secure private property and comfortable living for all, instead of for the few, would simply seem an impudent perversion of the facts.

But the real interest of the performance lay in the queer imbecility of the advice tendered to the rich Socialist who might wish to save his soul. To some the solution was a very simple one. He ought to refuse to touch "the accursed thing." Rent, profits, or dividends, inherited or currently extorted gains—the wages of his own or his father's sins—let him cease handling it! If he were sincere, that is what he would do. "O sancta simplicitas!" But would the property with its recurrent income, which he refused to touch, cease to exist? He draws income from real estate. If he refuses to take his rents, he endows his tenants with money they have no more right to than he. He draws dividends from his holdings of stocks and shares. Why should he enrich his fellow-shareholders with the coupons he refuses to bank? If such income were the wages of sin, he could not transfer the burden from his conscience to that of others, without even asking their consent. Evidently this is no way out.

Others, not so simple, urged that if he were a genuine Socialist he would dispose of the money "consistently with socialist principles." He might, for instance, try Christianity, and sell all that he hath and give it unto the poor. In a recent play by Mr. Eden Phillpotts, "Yellow Sands," the "Bolshie" who comes into money is at first disposed to take this line and divide his inheritance among the unemployed. But when he realizes that it will amount to no more than two pence a head, and will go in relief of the rates paid by property owners through the poor law, his enthusiasm for dividing evaporates. One well-meaning gentleman, writing to the *Times*, thought he ought to invest it in a business the

shares of which he should hand over to ten workers in that business. But what claim have these particular workers to have the profits of this business handed over as a bonus? They have not earned it.

Others, again, would have our rich Socialist hand over his property or income to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as a voluntary act of socialism! But, if he brings intelligent reflection to bear upon this policy, he may well hesitate. To hand it to a "capitalist government" to be expended in building more cruisers? Or in reducing the supertax upon other rich men? Or in helping to wipe out the war debt so as to facilitate the finance of the next war? Or to reduce the deficit in this year's budget, the natural penalty of bad administration? As a Socialist he cannot ease the situation for capitalism. Not he!

But, at any rate, there is the party fund. Let him endow that with his riches! Yet here again, if he has any experience in party politics, he may well pause before parting with his money to "the machine." In England just now he will be confronted with the ignoble squabble of the rival sections of the Liberal Party over the Lloyd George money, and with the notion that a party can buy a new soul with a million-pounds fund. The older parties, indeed, are hardened to such finances. But for a Labor Party to care to depend upon gifts from its rich adherents for its fighting finance would be a really deadly damage to its equalitarian spirit.

Of course a rich Socialist may do something with his money to help his cause and ease his conscience. He can at least devote the time and personal energy that are at the disposal of one who has not to earn a livelihood. If his wealth employs others, he can see that the conditions of employment are of the best. In an ill-ordered world there will be individual cases of misfortune he can help. Though charity is no substitute for justice, and organized charity is too often either a mechanical device for keeping unpleasantness out of sight, or a protection against "uncharitable" scrutinies into sources of wealth, it must always have its place in an imperfect world. As for educational and other social works that call for large expenditures, the owner of easy or ill-gotten wealth is always in this difficulty. The acquisition and ownership of wealth confer no aptitude for sound expenditure on behalf of others, rather the contrary. On the whole, the best use of money is made by those who have earned it. Great millionaire endowments, however well meant, are likely in the long run to do more harm than good, especially if, as is commonly the case, they liberate the public from the useful obligation to provide for its needs out of its own resources.

The crux of the matter is that individual conduct cannot solve a social problem. Many well-meaning people refuse to see this. A form of moral individualism is widely prevalent in our churches and our educated circles. In the last resort we are told "everything depends on personal character. Let each do his separate part aright, and the whole world will be right!" Now, as we see in the extreme case of the rich Socialist, this is not true. No such separatist solution is practicable. Precisely because "we are all members of one another," sound social policies cannot emanate from individuals. A good employer in competitive trade cannot go far in raising wages and shortening hours, Henry Ford notwithstanding. Social cooperation alone can solve social problems.

So the rich Socialist finds himself in a spiritual quandary. He cannot surrender his riches to the use of the unsound competitive society in which he finds himself. His critics charge him with inconsistency, because he is driven to compromise with principles that are only practicable in a better order than the present. Consistency will not be possible until a government of industry with equitable distribution stops the accumulation of excessive wealth. And consistency will not then be needed. Then there will be no rich Socialists.

In the Driftway

THE debt that noted men of our time, especially prominent politicians, owe to anonymous scribes for the preparation of their public addresses and state papers is well known. The particular persons to whom this debt is due are hardly known at all outside a limited circle. Their services run all the way from preparing pleasant words of greeting for delegations of clubwomen to writing 300-page books. Of one of our Governors at the present time the first question asked by the knowing in regard to any of his important statements or addresses is "Who wrote it for him?" In the Harding regime in Washington there was, shall one say a literary adviser? on the White House pay roll.

* * * * *

THIS state of affairs is accepted tranquilly enough in regard to the celebrities of our day, but we generally think earlier ages were free from the vice—if such it is. Probably they were not. In Tennessee, for instance, some one has lately dug up a copy of the Nashville *Republican* for April 27, 1837, in which a letter is printed from Judge Breckinridge, making some revealing comments in regard to the state papers of President Jackson. Of the general's goodby speeches Judge Breckinridge says:

> I know something about these farewell addresses, having written two of them for him. The first of these was on the occasion of his taking leave of his command in the army. The only part of it that was his was an uncouth memorandum containing some illiberal and ungentlemanly reflections on a brother officer who stood high in the estimation of the country [General Brown], but who had been so unfortunate as to speak with disapprobation of the practice of whipping in the army. This is all that Jackson contributed to the address. The other state paper was on his leaving Florida, where he had displayed his excessive energy for some months as civil and military governor. He said to me: "You know how to fix it." I wrote the address without a single suggestion from Jackson and he signed it without making a single alteration. The incapacity of General Jackson has become proverbial.

* * * * *

SELDOM has the Drifter loosed a greater flood of correspondence than when he suggested, some weeks back, that "nobody loves an automobile." He intended to close the discussions when, in a later issue, he gave up his entire column to excerpts from letters, but even at this date he cannot ignore a bit of evidence sent by Ferd Gottlieb from the office of the Kansas City *Star*. Mr. Gottlieb forwards a local news item from his newspaper which reads in part:

> His pride hurt by an offer of only $319 for his used motor car, George T. McDermott is building a $400 garage as a permanent home for the faithful family friend. Furthermore, he has employed two of Topeka's best architects

to design it, and Senator Capper has promised to lay the cornerstone.

"Why, that old bus is only four years old," Mr. McDermott declared. "Think of their offering me only $319 for it! I told them to go to thunder, bought a new one, and kept the old one. I'll put my new car in the old garage. That old car runs like a new one." . . .

The cornerstone will contain reminders of the occasion —a few newspapers, coins, signatures, and a monkey wrench from the old bus.

"Here's a real instance of devotion for the old family motor car," comments the Drifter's correspondent. "Has any man done more for his horse?" Perhaps not; but if this Kansas City man had ever *had* a horse the Drifter surmises he would have done more for it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Ford Legend

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was very much interested in Selwyn Schapiro's review of Charles W. Wood's book "The Myth of the Individual." What most appealed to me was the reviewer's acute analysis of the "Ford legend" which is gaining ground among radicals and ex-radicals.

Mr. Wood is an outstanding example of this tendency. The American radical never visualized a revolution; and when the overturn in Russia came, he drew back affrighted. Being still aware of the social problem and fearful of revolution, he saw a possible and safe way out in capitalism abolishing its own evils, and so he is falling into the arms of Henry Ford, the greatest of all capitalists.

New York, April 26 AN AMERICAN RADICAL

The Fight at West Chester

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There can be no more vital question in a republic than the question of the freedom of teaching. If learning be not free, no kind of freedom can long endure. To reestablish this freedom, now almost gone in America, is our objective at West Chester. The dismissal of approved teachers because of their ideas and beliefs or for their social and political activities, must become impossible in "the land of the free."

By our struggle we hope to impress the mind of America with a sense of the existing conditions, which will be seen to be intolerable. When the competent teacher is so insecure in his position that he must live in constant fear; when an American Legion post can demand his removal and boast of its "moral influence" when he is dropped; when a political board can unceremoniously expel him, without a hearing and without an explanation that is not ridiculous; when an ignorant business manager can boast that he does the hiring and firing: it is time for a nation of free citizens to be aroused. We purpose to awaken the dormant mind of America to a realization of this detestable tyranny.

Consider the effect upon the students of this enslavement of the teacher. What confidence can they have in their instructors when any vital matter of social or political science is under discussion, if they know those instructors are subject to Legion or other espionage and censorship? All honor and all influence go from the vocation of teaching. And the students cease to learn, or to be led, but only jest at the comic wobblings of the despicable hireling before them.

Following complete information of the facts, such general indignation must result that the board of trustees of the West Chester Teachers' College will be forced to resign and their successors to choose new administrative officers. It is the duty of the State Department of Public Instruction at Harrisburg to cooperate in this housecleaning at West Chester.

To win freedom for the teacher, and to safeguard him in his position, is the great task we set before us. How shall this be accomplished? There is a way, and that way is manifest. The wage-worker has taught the teacher, but the teacher has been a slow learner. It will be our task to demonstrate to the teachers of America the necessity of following the course of the workers of America and to unionize. Unionization is the teachers' only hope. The teachers of England long since discovered this, and brain and brawn in England are united in a common cause.

If we cannot accomplish this, then all respect and all influence are gone from our profession. The teacher will be an object of pity, financially and spiritually, harassed by anxiety, dominated by fear, ineffective and despised. If we succeed, education in America will enter upon a new era and our civilization will advance to a new level.

To deliver learning from a growing and abhorrent tyranny is the purpose of our controversy with the Legion and the board of trustees.

West Chester, Pennsylvania, April 21 ROBERT T. KERLIN

All Aboard for Russia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest some of *The Nation's* readers to know that Louis Fischer has consented to conduct a group of students which will go to Russia this summer under the auspices of the National Student Federation of America and the Open Road. The group will spend a week in Leningrad and a week in Moscow. It will spend its remaining three weeks in the Ukraine (one of the autonomous republics of the Union), the Crimea, a famous worker's-rest area, and in White Russia, just across from the Polish border.

New York, April 18 ELIZABETH K. VAN ALSTYNE

Congress a Preparatory School

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A certain ex-Senator, in seeking reelection, plastered his constituency with his picture, modestly adding the words: "I have kept the faith." Presumably lack of space prevented him adding the words, "of the Oil Trust"; he is now working for it.

I am preparing a little list of members of Congress who have graduated from Congress into the service of the superstate and I would be glad to have such additions as your readers may be able to supply.

Canton, Pennsylvania, April 15 JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

Why We Can't Buy Books

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two important features have been overlooked in your interesting discussion on The Business of Book-Making: Small apartments limit the number of books purchased because space is not available for their proper care or availability. This constitutes an effective bar to the "effective desire for accumulation" of volumes. Friendly warfare develops between an end-table and a stack of books, between a floor lamp and five-foot bookshelf.

The second omitted element is the desirability or necessity of traveling through life lightly, especially in the strata which might under other circumstances "come into the market" for volumes. To an unexpected degree impedimenta of books constitute a bar to that mobility which is necessary today.

Boston, April 20 MAURICE B. HEXTER

Books and Plays

Never, Perhaps

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

Not yet—never, perhaps,
Shall these eyes see
Direct and free and calm
Uncalculated truth
Sheer clear unaltered by desire
Or fear,
Unbent by kindliness.
Never, perhaps, this pen shall learn to speak
With truth's economy
In rhythms as of rivers to the sea
Of that still deep untroubledness
Standing unfearful through the measured days
Men use to mark the cycles of their pain.
Yet I shall dream of words like arrow-shafts,
Yet I shall dream by night of that clear day
When not desire shall make our world for us
Nor fevered fingers wield a striving pen;
When that unutterable ease
Which gives to gray trees leaves unfevered of desire
And lets them, searing, down a dampened wind,
Shall be direct in me,
And all of life shall mean unceasingly
What life has ever meant
In those strange scattered intervals of calm
Between heart's pride, and hope,
And lusting after life.

First Glance

SIX hundred tall wide pages of commentary on two English poems might seem to be too much, and there is a sense in which John Livingston Lowes, author of "The Road to Xanadu" (Houghton Mifflin: $6), does say too much about "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan," or rather about the mind which gave them forth. But I shall reserve that point for another paragraph. Here let me record my joy that such a job has been done at all—that someone with Mr. Lowes's taste and enthusiasm has let himself down into the chaos of Coleridge's mind just on the eve of the poet's best efforts in the art over which, for the most part, he was a fumbler. For a few years before that famous day in 1798 when Coleridge and Wordsworth began to understand and stimulate each other, Coleridge had been reading—reading everything he could lay his hands on and hunting with particular relish for strange, gleaming facts imbedded in old travel books. It has long been known how in this period he intoxicated himself with Hakluyt and Purchas, not to mention Captain Cook, William Bartram, and hundreds of other geographers. And a German edition was available of the curiously disordered notebook he kept in order to remind himself that in such and such a folio, on page this or that, he could find some wonderful detail about sea monsters, ice fields, or tropic calms in case he needed it in his business. But the whole content of his mind at this date was not known. Mr. Lowes, so far as the thing was possible, has learned it and has made it known. Starting with the notebook, but stopping nowhere, he has tracked his hero's intelligence as it plowed through all those thousands of pages. Mr. Lowes, in a word, has read substantially everything which Coleridge read in the years that mattered. The result is something unique—a sense of intimacy with the brain of an artist as he sits down to compose masterpieces.

The risk which Mr. Lowes ran, of course, was the risk that he presume upon this intimacy and begin to suppose himself capable of knowing just how the poems got written. The perfect thing, for one possessed of Mr. Lowes's erudition, would have been simply to arrange the reading of Coleridge on one side of an imaginary line and to print the poems on the other side, pointing out traces of direct borrowing wherever possible, suggesting probable affinities here or there, and most of the time saying nothing. The concern of such a scholar, in other words, would be wholly with demonstrable facts. Mr. Lowes has generally confined himself to facts, and so has written a book of enormous value. But as he goes on he falls more and more into talk about "processes" and "ways" of the imagination. To be sure, he protests that he is not trying to "explain" the two poems, and makes much of their mystery. There is a rather awful glibness, however, in his very protestations; so that one is prepared to hear him resorting eventually to terms like "reordering," "transmutation," and "the shaping spirit," and one is not surprised to find him falling into confused imagery of a sort that permits him to speak of "raw materials" taken out of a "well" and woven on a "loom." All this part of the book was tiresome and prosaic to me. It was final proof that the more one knows about poetry the less one knows—and says.

MARK VAN DOREN

Fresh Air in American History

The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. The Macmillan Company. Two volumes. $12.50.

THE work has no preface—that first aid to reviewers. I don't make a grievance of it in this case, because a book by C. A. Beard I should wish to read anyhow, sooner or later. These two substantial and finely printed volumes (with excellent woodcuts by Wilfred Jones) I have read, as they say, "with profit," which is something, and with great delight, which is more. I don't say it's a "gripping" book, nor yet a "compelling" one. What is it then? Well, it's a Beard book. That is to say, it is written with verve and swift facility, with nervous, careless prodigality of phrase and epithet, with free and pungent comment, and with an occasional irrepressible sardonic sideswipe at anything smug that turns up by the way. It is a masterly survey of American civilization in successive periods (with the narrative of events reduced to a minimum), conceived as the motive, action, thought of fallible human creatures, inspired as may be by mean or great objects, but carried along by the resistless sweep of economic forces. A Marxian interpretation in the main, but saved from the thin doctrinaire perfection of that or any other formula by exact knowledge, intellectual honesty, and a rapier-like intelligence that refuses to be duped by illusions, whether tough or tender minded.

The central thesis, if there is one (the authors do not stress it), is indicated by the division into chapters and their respective titles. The first volume carries the story down to the Civil War, or thereabouts, and is called "The Agricultural Era"; the second volume is entitled "The Industrial Era." The business of colonial settlement being quickly dispatched, there follow four admirable chapters describing provincial America and elucidating the causes and the character of the American

Revolution. The account of the revolution will not commend itself to the D. A. R. The "Critical Period" is found to have been critical chiefly to business and financial interests, and the establishment of the Constitution a triumph (mainly) of creditors over debtors. The rise of national parties is not to be explained (not fully) by the "instinctive differences" between people (as Macaulay thought), or by "differences of opinion concerning the nature and function of the Union" (as Bryce thought), but by "causes more substantial than matters of temperament or juristic theory." They are to be explained essentially as the result of a conflict between the industrial and the agricultural interest; so that it was no accident that "a New York lawyer stood at the head of the party which despised the masses, and a Virginia slave-owner led the party which professed faith in the multitude." (But what about the theory that Jefferson loved humanity because his father was cross to him?) The victory of the industrial interest in 1789 was, however, only temporary—an interlude occasioned (so I suppose) by the conflict with Great Britain and the temporary suspension of the occupation of the Mississippi Valley. At all events the rise of the West and its alliance with the South assured the domination of the agricultural interest for thirty years, during which this combination elected every President except two (accidental military heroes), and ultimately shelved the industrial program—bank, tariff, debt, internal improvements, and distribution of the public lands—a program which Polk described as designed "to transfer money from the pockets of the people to the favored classes."

Yet in the end the industrial interest proved too strong for the landed interest. The Civil War was the turning-point from the agricultural era to the industrial era—an incident in an "irrepressible conflict" indeed, an irrepressible conflict not between slavery and freedom, or between States' rights and nationalism, but between land and capital. "The supreme outcome of the civil strife was the destruction of the planting aristocracy which, with the aid of Northern farmers and mechanics, had practically ruled the United States for a generation. A corollary to that result was the undisputed triumph of a new combination of power—Northern capitalists and free farmers, who emerged from the conflict richer and more numerous than ever." From the Civil War the story is therefore chiefly of the unabashed capitalistic exploitation of the incomparable resources of the country, and of the equally unabashed exploitation of political power through the Grand Old Party which had "saved the Union." Chastened but hardly checked by the Bryans and the muckrakers, the Roosevelts and the Wilsons, the irresistible force of a capitalistic and mechanical civilization carried us, and still carries us, on to a new "manifest destiny." Already we are the Romans of the modern world, sitting at the gate of customs taking toll for our loaned billions, sending our proconsuls and knights of finance into the provinces of the East, collecting the manuscripts and the paintings, gathering the spoils and the talent, the admiration and the envy, perchance the hatred, too, of the more sophisticated and fragile peoples whom we supplant in the seats of power. And through it all the ship of state, impelled onward by these deep economic currents which no captain of politics or of industry can either foresee or control, still carries at its masthead the emblazoned insignia of "American Ideals"—Liberty, Equality, Humanity.

Such is the main thesis. Not that the authors are wholly concerned with the sweep of economic forces. Far from it. Manners and customs, the intellectual activities, art, science, music, and education—all these are noted with fulness and penetration. Particularly admirable are the four chapters which deal with the "cultural" aspects of American civilization in successive periods—Provincial America; Democracy, Romantic and Realistic; The Gilded Age; The Machine Age. In these chapters you will find a little of everything which the "newer historian" clamors for—not a "synthesis of society" exactly, but something more than a hodge-podge, an entertaining and intelligible account in fact. Inevitably, in this book which is so free from bunk, in which nothing is too great or too little to be noted (from Immanuel Kant to Will Rogers, from Jacobinism to jazz), it is often difficult to recognize the ancient lady Clio, famous for her spotless flowing robes. She is off stage so much of the time! Her hair is bobbed, and you can see her bare knees if you care to look, for she rolls 'em too, and will in any company as like as not be seen tapping a cigarette or fumbling for a lip-stick. It's all right with me. What the lady loses in dignity she gains in appeal—sex maybe.

A review of a history book should properly end with a list of "errors noted." Well, here goes! It is not correct to imply that the initial suggestion for the first Continental Congress came from Massachusetts and Sam Adams. And the Dred Scott Decision—if I only knew enough law I could tell you how and why the authors have missed the real significance of the Dred Scott Decision. They must have missed it. At least I hope they have. American history would lose most of its mystery and half of its charm if any one should be so indiscreet as to discover the truth about the Dred Scott Decision. It's one of the things that aren't done.

CARL BECKER

Fresh Air in American Letters

Main Currents in American Thought. By Vernon Louis Parrington. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two volumes. $4 each.

A FEW years ago Mr. Roscoe Pound yanked Miss Absolute Justice down from her cold marble throne in the frosty realm of abstract right, gave her a new name, Sociological Jurisprudence, handed her an apron, and put her to work in a mundane place where she could learn about lives of men and women, loving and hating, acquiring and spending, hoping and fearing. As a result, Mr. Pound gave a great impetus to a revolution in legal instruction, in speculation about rights, and in the practices of courts. Moreover, he helped to explode innumerable naive prejudices, masquerading as "immutable moral principles," and to introduce the idea of human justice into the tribunals for the disposal of cases, all to the glory of God and the improvement of social relations. Now it appears that Mr. Parrington is about to start an upheaval in American literary criticism. He has yanked Miss Beautiful Letters out of the sphere of the higher verbal hokum and fairly set her in the way that leads to contact with pulsating reality—that source and inspiration of all magnificent literature. No doubt, the magpies, busy with the accidence of Horace, the classical allusions of Thoreau, and the use of the adverb by Emerson, will make a big outcry, but plain citizens who believe that the American eagle could soar with unblinking eyes against the full-orbed noonday sun if he had half a chance will clap their hands with joy and make the hills ring with gladness.

To descend to particulars, Mr. Parrington has written two volumes, one of 400 and the other of 500 pages, on the development of American opinion. The first volume, "The Colonial Mind," covers the period from 1620 to 1800, and the second, "The Romantic Revolution in America," brings the story down to the eve of the Civil War. The grand plan is divided into six Books: Liberalism and Puritanism (the war of the theologians in New England), the Colonial Mind (the development of the American pattern and its ideological contrasts with the metropolitan defense mechanisms), Liberalism and the Constitution (the clash of agrarianism and capitalism, through the formation of the Constitution to the triumph of Jeffersonian democracy), the Mind of the South (physiocratic agrarianism, plantation psychology, and frontier equalitarianism), the Mind of the Middle East (the conflict of Whiggery and Jacksonian level-

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ism), and the Mind of New England (old federalism and reforming militancy).

In method of treatment Mr. Parrington has followed a systematic scheme. He prefaces each Book with a general survey of the cultural scene—its economic substance, its class arrangements, its changing forces, and its verbal modes. In this sweeping sketch-work our author shows that he had labored long with a scholar's zeal, possesses a keen eye for the realities of social situations, and commands a rare capacity for bold outlining. For example, on the first page of his opening Book he introduces his readers to "the two chief classes of New England: the yeomanry, a body of democratic freeholders who constituted the rank and file of the people, and the gentry, a group of capable merchants who dominated the commonwealth from the early days to the rise of industrialism." Then he goes on to explain that "it was the interweaving of the aims and purposes of these acquisitive yeomen and gentry—harmonious for the most part on the surface, yet driving in different directions—with the ideal of a theocracy and the inhibitions of Puritan dogma, that constitutes the pattern of life to be dealt with here." In this down-to-bedrock fashion, Mr. Parrington gives the reader an understanding of the social organism of each scene and period—the organism mirrored in culture and opinion. These provocative introductions are alone worth the price of admission.

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Like all pioneer undertakings, Mr. Parrington's volumes are open to criticism from many angles. In anticipation he himself suggests that some of his shortcomings are due to the lack of preliminary studies and satisfactory biographies. Most family gardeners who prepare memoirs of departed great leave their readers to infer that their heroes had no economic affiliations and, for the benefit of easily frightened persons, usually exclude disturbing opinions expressed in private letters—opinions that are often more eloquent than whole reams of pleasantries deemed worthy of preservation. In other words, for practical purposes our biographies are generally worthless to anyone who wants to find out how and why things happened.

To the present reviewer Mr. Parrington's chief sin of omission is his neglect of natural science and its influence on theology, politics, and letters. Surely, Silliman's pamphlet on the effect of the new geology upon Miltonic cosmogony, published in the romantic age of Emerson, deserves as much space as the lucubrations of Cotton Mather. A stickler for niceties might well protest against Mr. Parrington's refusal to give John Woolman, America's first humanistic philosopher, a prominent niche in the pantheon of thinkers. But all such suggestions do not detract from the high merits of the work before us. Our author has traced American political, economic, and social development in bold strokes and has sought to relate letters and opinion to the forces "anterior to literary schools and movements," revealing the substance from which literary culture springs. In carrying out his project he has written a truly significant book; according to signs on every hand, a work that promises to be epoch-making, sending exhilarating gusts through the deadly miasma of academic criticism. These volumes are additional proof that America is coming of age, entering into a period of concentration, fulfilling Walter Pater's law of unification preparatory to fundamental thinking, that condition prerequisite to cultural flowering in independence.

CHARLES A. BEARD

Marco the Westerner

Marco Millions. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IN this, the latest of O'Neill's plays to be made public and the first of his long pieces to appear in print before being performed on the stage, the author turns an ironic eye upon the character of Marco Polo and sees in him not the glorious adventurer of tradition but an early example of that characteristic Occidental extraversion which reaches its ultimate development in the apotheosis of the commercial spirit. Junior member of the firm of Polo, Brothers and Son, Marco makes his way to the court of the great Khan, and there, under the amused eye of the philosophic emperor, undertakes with complacent good humor to confer upon the latter's subjects the benefits of civilization. He invents for them a debased paper currency; he appears in court in the full regalia of the Cock of Paradise, supreme ruler of a fraternal order called Mystic Knights of Confucius which he has founded; and finally, as a parting gift, he explains to them how they may use their gunpowder—hitherto frivolously wasted in fireworks—for the more serious purpose of blowing one another up in the interest of lasting peace. Innocent of reflection, impervious to irony, he moves through life with the terrible directness of a shrewd child, and he makes it simple by leaving out whatever is really important. "On the last Day one of your seed will interrupt Gabriel to sell him another trumpet," says the Pope in dismissing him for his journey, and that remark is significant of something more important than Marco's naive avarice; for it implies as well that he is equally incapable of perceiving either comedy or tragedy.

Obviously, the play has its touches of burlesque, and O'Neill has successfully employed the dangerous device involved in using certain deliberate anachronisms to point his satire; but burlesque is not the method of the piece, for in it even satire first melts into fancy and then rises to tragedy. Against the calm, schooled, and resolute indifference of the Eastern philosopher O'Neill sets not only the crass insensibility of the Venetian but a passionate and exalted romanticism, embodied in the daughter of the Khan, as well. Stricken with love for Marco, she can hope neither for any response from his prosaic soul nor for any real comfort in the tolerant but disillusioned wisdom of her own people, and in the end each of the three chief characters must meet the fate reserved for his particular nature, the Princess dying for love, the Khan struggling to accept the wisdom of his philosophers, and Marco returning triumphant to Venice in an appropriate and sublime incomprehension of his failure even to know what the others were about.

Beauty with a capital "B" has generally proved the Nemesis of those contemporary writers who have directly pursued it, and in the past O'Neill has not escaped the common fate. Condemned like the rest to know the thing chiefly by its absence, to deal in passion and in protests whose vehemence revealed the depths of his unsatisfied desires, his solitary previous effort to realize beauty in beauty's own terms resulted in "The Fountain"; and "The Fountain" was a curiously impotent effort—one which revealed that O'Neill, however much he might surpass his fellows in other respects, was nevertheless, like them, unable to do more than reduce the idea of beauty to the shadow of a sentiment. Nor would anyone who had followed the chronology of his recent plays have predicted any development in that direction, for "Desire Under the Elms" was as agonized as anything

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he had written and "The Great God Brown" most coherent where it was most exclusively concerned with vehement protest. But "Marco Millions" portrays with an equally assured power the two faces of its subject, realizing the spiritual depth of its idealized Orientals no less fully than it does the shallow, bumptious complacency of Marco. Here to be sure is only tragedy for the romantic desires of the heroine and a wisdom which is rooted in despair, but withal an acquiescence which can be exalted because it is complete. In none other of O'Neill's plays is there so near an approach to peace.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Drama

What's Hecuba to Him?

TO whosoever finds himself strangely moved by some tale remote in time and remote in theme from anything which concerns his life or his experience, Hamlet's famous question will recur; and so it must have recurred to many who witnessed either of the benefit performances of Sophocles's "Electra" which Margaret Anglin gave at the Metropolitan Opera House. The "righteous deed of blood" which forms the subject of the play was done, if ever it was done at all, at a time already grown misty when first it was reenacted upon the stage; the tragic fate of Pelops' line is no concern of ours; and we are not even in any position to understand the feelings which made the desire to avenge a father's murder seem a worthy and suitable purpose to which to devote the lifetime of two people. What's Hecuba to us or we to Hecuba? Yet feelings, as Havelock Ellis once remarked, are the solidest facts of all; against all reason we *are* concerned, and Hecuba will get tears denied to those whose fate, it would seem, should touch us nearer.

Even to the Greeks the magic investing the legendary personages of their drama was one which chiefly depended upon what we designate by the technical term "pathos," upon, that is to say, an emotional aura which comes under certain circumstances to invest certain things with an affective power not intrinsic in them. Argolis was nearer to Athens than it is to New York; the story of Electra touched chords in its inhabitants not strung upon our hearts; but even in Athens it was chiefly upon "pathos" that it depended, and for us this pathos alone remains. When a character or a situation has passed through many inferior hands it becomes hackneyed and cheap, but when many noble minds have concerned themselves with it it is not worn but enriched. Like an heirloom it becomes more precious because of those who have possessed it, and something of them adheres to that which they have touched. We weep for Hecuba *because* so many have wept for her before. When we touch her we not merely touch a dim Grecian of some remote and barbarous age but touch also and at the same time all those who have felt for her, and thus we make ourselves part of a great continuous tradition of human sensibility.

As for Miss Anglin's performance, it would be absurd to attribute to it any greatness not strictly intrinsic, for we are concerned with no pathos here. It has dignity and intelligence, and it is moderately free from that tendency toward mere declamation which generally mars any modern effort to achieve the grand style; but it lacks variety of tone and it is more marked by sincerity than by genius. Yet there is probably no other American actress who could do it so well. All Western Europe is poor in native "pathetic" figures—perhaps the fact that it presents the strange anomaly of a continent which can have no heroes at once national and religious, because its religious legends are all concerned with an alien people, has something to do with this lack—and the general European poverty is merely more acute in America. To think of the figures of our past is not merely to realize how little time there has been to enrich them but to realize also that our feelings are not the same toward them as were those of our grandfathers. A body of art, theatrical or otherwise, which has nowhere represented in it the beauty of pathos is one which is singularly incomplete, and not only America but Europe as well must go back to Greece before it can find any body of legendary material which has been common property long enough to have become in the completest sense pathetic.

The exigencies of the critic's profession here require a sufficiently abrupt transition from "Electra" to "The Circus Princess" (Winter Garden) and "A Night in Spain" (Forty-fourth Street Theater), the former being an elaborate operetta and the latter an elaborate revue. Both are unusually good specimens of their kind, and though it is conventional to regard the musical comedy as less vulgar than the more completely miscellaneous revue I confess my own preference for the latter. "A Night in Spain" has a chorus of dancers who perform with a beautiful if mechanical exactitude, and it has, among a great wealth of other performers, the amiable Phil Baker and a new Spanish dancer of great virtuosity called Helba Huara.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Moving Pictures

Realism au Naturel

IT is well to be reminded that there are places on this planet where man is still a plaything of nature and his life a never-ending struggle against her blind forces. Such a place is the far-away and inaccessible Siamese jungle which Messrs. Cooper and Schoedsack exhibit in their interesting film called "Chang." There danger lurks behind every bush. Man's life and labor are continuously exposed to the attacks of giant snakes, bears, leopards, tigers, and wild elephants. The last are the most to be feared, and one of the most effective scenes in "Chang" is that showing a herd of elephants literally razing to the ground—like so many card boxes—a whole native village. Here then is human life which ever and again caps a redoubtable effort with the bitterness of defeat. No better material could be desired for a drama. And yet "Chang" is not drama—not even melodrama, which it is said to be in the official program.

In saying this I do not want to detract from the credit which is due the authors of the film for the infinite pains and exceptional risks they took in securing their material. As films go today, theirs is an achievement. But the claim put forward on their behalf is hardly justified. It is just as a dramatic narrative that "Chang" fails. We are shown a native couple engaged in the daily pursuits of primitive farming. We see their peaceful life occasionally disturbed by encounters with leopards and tigers—encounters in which man proves always victorious. Then comes their greatest calamity, the destruction of their home by an enraged mother-elephant; and a similar fate befalls a neighboring village. Miraculously, no man is killed; the villagers organize a pursuit of the elephants; they succeed in driving practically the whole herd into a trap—and thus our pioneer couple is seen again building a new homestead with a tamed elephant for their obedient servant. The story, even as it stands, should have provided sufficient opportunities for drama against the background of a relentless and awe-inspiring jungle. But in "Chang" the jungle is shown not so much in the pictures as in the subtitles (preposterously inept to boot), and man's struggle for existence is hardly ever conveyed—much less made to appear as a heroic fight against an implacable foe.

The authors are not entirely to blame for this. The natives photographed were not actors, nor could they be expected to sacrifice their lives for the sake of a certain effect. Again, the conditions under which the picture was made were not of a kind that would enable a director to build his effects according to plan. But all this only goes to show that mere realism is not enough. A film, to be truly dramatic, must organize its material as a dynamic sequence in which all scenes are emotionally related to one another. There is no such unity in "Chang."

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International Relations Section

The Fascist Labor Charter

THE Fascist Charter of Labor, made public at the recent celebration of Rome's 2,681st birthday, was printed in the *Lavoro d' Italia* (Rome) for April 23. The text follows.

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3. Professional or syndical organization is permitted. But only the syndicate which is legally recognized and placed under the control of the state is entitled legally to represent the group of employers or workers for which it is formed, to protect its interests before the state or other professional associations, to draw up collective labor contracts which are obligatory for all those belonging in that group, to collect dues, or to exercise any authority over its members in matters of public interest.

4. In the collective labor contract lies the concrete expression of solidarity between the various factors of production through the conciliation of the opposing interests of employers and employees and their subordination to the superior interests of production.

5. The Labor Court is the organ through which the state intervenes to regulate labor controversies, whether they hinge on the observance of contracts and other existing agreements or on the formulation of new labor conditions.

6. Legally recognized professional associations insure judicial equality between employers and workers, uphold the discipline of production and labor, and promote the perfecting of this discipline.

Corporations constitute the unified organization of the forces of production, and represent interests as a whole. In view of this integral representation, inasmuch as in the interests of production are national interests, corporations are recognized by law as state organs.

7. The corporative state considers private initiative in the field of production the most efficient and most useful instrument of the interests of the nation.

Private organization of production being a function of national interest, the organizer of the business is responsible to the state for the method of production. Through the collaboration of productive forces comes a reciprocity of rights and duties. The worker who lends his services, whether technical, clerical, or manual, is an active collaborator in the economic undertaking, the direction of which falls on the employer who is responsible for it.

8. Professional associations of employers are obliged to promote in every way the increase and perfecting of products and the reduction of costs. The representatives of those who practice a free profession or an art and the associations of those in public service concur in the protection of the interests of art, science, and literature, in the perfecting of production, and in the attainment of the aims of the corporative state.

9. Intervention of the state in production takes place only when private initiative is lacking or insufficient, or when the political interests of the state are involved. This intervention may assume the form of control, or encouragement, or of direct management.

10. In collective labor controversies judicial action cannot be applied if the corporation has not first attempted conciliation.

In individual controversies concerning the interpretation and the application of collective labor contracts, professional associations are empowered to interpose their offices for conciliation.

The Collective Contract and Its Guaranties

Authority in such controversies is vested in the ordinary courts with the addition of justices designated by the professional associations concerned.

11. Professional associations are obliged to regulate through collective contracts the labor relations between the groups of employers and workers which they represent.

The collective labor contract is drawn up between associations of the lower rank under the guidance and control of the central organizations, except for the power of substitution on the part of the association of higher rank, in cases covered by law or statutes.

Each collective labor contract, under penalty of nullification, must contain definite regulations with regard to disciplinary regulations, the apprenticeship period, the amount and payment of wages and salaries, and the length of the working day.

12. The action of the syndicates, the conciliative function of the corporations (associations representing both employers and workers), and the verdict of the labor court guarantee the adjustment of wages to the normal demands of living, to the capacity of production, and to the fitting return of labor.

The determination of wages is not subject to any general rule, but is made subject to the agreement of the parties to the collective contracts.

13. The data obtained from the public administration, from the Central Statistical Institute, and from the legally recognized professional associations concerning the conditions of production and labor, the situation of the money market, and the variations in the standard of living of the workers, after being coordinated and properly drawn up by the Minister of Corporations, shall form the basis of judgment in adjusting the interests of the various groups and the various classes among themselves, and their interests in relation to the superior interests of production.

14. When the wage is based on piece work and calculated according to a period of two weeks or more, adequate biweekly or weekly payments must be made.

Night work, except for regular shifts, shall be paid at a higher rate than day work.

When payment is made on a piece-work basis, the scale shall be established in such a way that the diligent worker of normal working capacity shall be permitted to obtain a minimum surplus over the basic amount.

15. The worker is entitled to a weekly rest on Sundays. Collective contracts shall apply this principle, taking into consideration the provisions of existing laws and the technical requirements of the industry, and within the limits of such requirements they shall in addition attempt to provide for the observance of civil and religious holidays. The length of the working day must be scrupulously and strictly adhered to by the worker.

16. After one year of uninterrupted service the worker in an establishment which has been operating continuously is entitled to an annual period of vacation with pay.

17. In establishments which operate continuously the worker is entitled, in case of cessation of labor relations through dismissal, to compensation in proportion to the number of years of service. This compensation is due even in case of the death of the worker.

18. In establishments which operate continuously, the transfer of ownership of a business shall not dissolve the contract, and the employees connected with it conserve their rights

in dealing with the new owners. Also, the illness of the worker, if it does not exceed a fixed period, shall not dissolve the labor contract. A call to arms or to service in the Fascist militia is not cause for dismissal.

19. Infractions of discipline and acts which disturb the normal procedure of business, if committed by the workers, are punished, according to the seriousness of the offense, with fine, with suspension, and, in serious cases, with immediate dismissal without compensation.

Cases in which the employer can impose a fine or suspension or immediate dismissal without compensation shall be specified.

20. A new worker is subject to a period of apprenticeship, during which there exists a reciprocal right to dissolve the contract with no other formality than remuneration for the time during which the work was effectively performed.

21. The collective labor contract extends its privileges and its discipline also to resident workers. Special regulations shall be drawn up by the state to insure the policing and hygiene of resident work.

22. The state ascertains and controls the phenomenon of employment and unemployment of workers, which is a general index of conditions of production and labor.

Employment Offices

23. The employment office is under the joint control of the corporations. The employers are obliged to employ the workers registered in these offices, and have freedom of choice within the limits of those registered on the lists, preference being given to members of the party and the Fascist unions in the order of their enrolment.

24. Professional associations of workers must exercise a selective action among the workers, with a view to increasing technical capacity and morale.

25. Corporations will insist on the enforcement, by the various members of the allied associations, of the laws dealing with the prevention of accidents and the policing of labor.

Insurance, Aid, Education, and Instruction

26. Insurance is an important example of the principle of collaboration. The employer and employees must share it proportionately. The state, through the corporations and professional associations, shall attempt to coordinate and unify, as far as possible, the system and the institutions of insurance.

27. The Fascist state proposes:

(a) Perfecting of accident insurance;

(b) Improvement and extension of maternity insurance;

(c) Insurance against professional diseases and tuberculosis as a step toward general insurance against all illness;

(d) Perfecting of insurance against involuntary unemployment;

(e) Adoption of special forms of endowment insurance for young workers.

28. The workers' associations are responsible for the protection of their representatives in the administration and judicial activities connected with accident and social insurance.

Collective labor contracts shall provide, wherever technically possible, for the establishment of mutual funds for sickness, to be contributed by employers and employees, and to be administrated by both, under the supervision of the corporations.

29. Aid to its own group, whether members or not, is a right and a duty of professional associations. These associations must exercise such functions directly through their own channels, nor can they delegate them to other associations or institutions except for purposes of a general nature, beyond the interests of each group of producers.

30. Education and instruction, especially professional instruction, of their group, whether members or not, is one of the principal duties of professional associations. They must supplement the activities of the national administration by means of night schools and other educational opportunities.



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"I AM WORTH now infinitely more to die than to live," said John Brown of Harper's Ferry a few days before his execution. Standing in court to hear his death sentence, this same man said: "Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I say, let it be done." Again, when someone showed him Henry Ward Beecher's statement about him: "Let Virginia make him a martyr. . . . His soul was noble, his work miserable. But a cord and a gibbet would redeem all that, and round up Brown's failure with a heroic success," John Brown took his pencil and wrote opposite to this statement the single word "good." These extraordinary utterances are recalled to us by the brave words of another man facing death at the hands of the State, Bartolomeo Vanzetti. Speaking to a reporter, he has just said:

> If it had not been for these thing, I might have live out my life, talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man, as now we do by an accident. Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish-peddler—all! That last moment belong to us—that agony is our triumph!

The slave power in 1859 was sure that Henry Ward Beecher was wrong and Governor Wise right when he ordained that Brown should die, but Brown's soul went marching on from 1861 to 1865 wherever there were federal troops. We would not press the parallel too far, but let those who clamor for the blood of Sacco and Vanzetti, whether they be guilty or innocent, take notice. History has a way of repeating itself.

BY A UNANIMOUS VOTE the Supreme Court of the United States has upheld the constitutionality of the California Anti-Syndicalism Law, and affirmed the convictions of Miss Charlotte Anita Whitney and William Burns. The court did not, however, pass directly upon Miss Whitney's case, Justices Holmes and Brandeis regretting that it was not so presented as to permit a ruling on whether her acts violated the State law. This most useful citizen must now go to jail unless some way can be found to present her case to the Supreme Court, as the two liberal justices obviously desire that it should be. In fairness to them it must also be pointed out that Justice Brandeis, in dissenting from the view of the majority as to syndicalism, declared, in a statement in which Justice Holmes joined him:

> Fear of serious injury cannot alone justify suppression of free speech and assembly. Even imminent danger cannot justify resort to prohibitions of these functions essential to effective democracy unless the evil apprehended is relatively serious.

He also found himself unable to concede that the formation of a political party to advocate a mass revolution at some future time "is not a right within the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment." But the existence of testimony establishing an I. W. W. conspiracy to commit serious crimes made it impossible for the two justices "to disturb the judgment of the State court." It is not for us to challenge the legal position taken, but we cannot refrain from adding our opinion that this decision marks a milestone in the deterioration of the American democracy, and opens the road to a suppression of public opinion and the further punishment of individual belief, incompatible with the republic of Jefferson and Lincoln.

MORE THAN ORDINARY INTEREST attaches to the announcement that the Russian-American Industrial Corporation will redeem the shares of its stockholders at par. The organization of this corporation was the result of a visit by Sidney Hillman to Russia during the famine days. His organization, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, then contributed $200,000 in foodstuffs and medicines to aid the famine sufferers. But Mr. Hillman became of the opinion that the Russians themselves would wish to have money invested in Russia rather than receive it in the form of charity. As a result $300,000 was raised, some thousands of which were contributed by readers of *The Nation*, and the Russian-American Corporation formed. This sum was largely used for the purchase of machinery and raw materials for the clothing trusts in Russia, the corporation functioning through the All Russian Clothing Syndicate. It declared one dividend of 3 and one of 5 per cent to its stockholders. The RAIC, as it is called, was also the first instru-

ment for the transmission of funds to Russia, which business has now been made a regular and stabilized banking operation. Since it began the transfer of money, more than twenty million dollars have been sent by some four hundred thousand people through the Amalgamated Bank of New York and the Amalgamated Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago. The stockholders of the RAIC not only have the satisfaction of receiving their money back in full, but they also may take pride in having helped labor to demonstrate that it can conduct important business operations efficiently and profitably while helping a stricken people.

THE POLICY OF DECEPTION which the Department of State has practiced toward the American people throughout its present intrigue in Nicaragua continues as that adventure progresses toward its unhappy conclusion. When on May 6 an announcement was made that the leader of the Liberal forces had "undertaken to persuade his troops to lay down their arms," no mention was made of Mr. Stimson's warning that otherwise American marines would make war upon the army and forcibly disarm it. The next day came a statement that so far as the department knew there had been no threat of force to induce the Liberal troops to surrender their arms.

> And yet all this time [as the New York *World* comments] there lay on some desk in the State Department a copy of Mr. Stimson's letter to General Moncada saying that the President had authorized our marines in Nicaragua to accept the custody of the arms of those willing to lay them down "and to disarm forcibly those who will not do so."

When dispatches from Nicaragua revealed to this country the actual character of the negotiations the following feeble apology appeared:

> At the State Department today Secretary Kellogg explained that he had not meant to be evasive last Friday when he failed to mention to newspaper representatives that Colonel Stimson had written a letter to General Moncada of the Liberal army. . . . This letter was contained in press dispatches from Nicaragua to American newspapers, Secretary Kellogg said, and he had assumed that the arrangement for disarmament had been generally understood, and his failure to mention Colonel Stimson's letter to representatives of the press was an oversight.

This is worse than secret diplomacy. It is deceitful diplomacy—deliberately calculated to mislead the public.

POOR SECRETARY KELLOGG! The subordinates who run his department make a mess of it by occasionally blurting out something which should not be told as well as by continual efforts to conceal truth which the public is entitled to know. We have lately had an example of pied publicity in regard to France as a variation from deceitful diplomacy in connection with Nicaragua. When the French fliers Nungesser and Coli failed in their courageous attempt to reach America, Ambassador Herrick sent word to the Department of State from Paris that opinion there would resent an immediate effort on the part of American aviators to make a transatlantic flight in the opposite direction. The message was intended as confidential advice to be passed on quietly to the American fliers, but the amateur diplomats in Mr. Kellogg's office gave it to the newspapers, which spread it prominently on their first pages and made an international incident of it. After all Mr. Herrick, who is generally more touchy for the French than they are for themselves, appears to have been mistaken. When the news was cabled back from the United States the press in Paris promptly denied the existence of any such sentiment.

REPORTERS AND SPECTATORS are now barred from Delaware courtrooms during divorce proceedings under a law which has just gone into effect. It follows closely upon the English statute which forbids the printing of details of divorce cases, and it indubitably violates the old tradition that the processes of law shall be of public record. On that ground it will doubtless be protested; the fact remains, however, that judges have long exercised the right to order the courtroom cleared of everyone not directly connected with a case when public decency required it. We are not with those who believe that injury will be done by the new Delaware law. Nor are we moved by the news that the number of divorces has increased in England since its new law went into effect. This law has not created conjugal infidelity or unhappiness, and we are of the opinion that when a marriage is hopelessly wrecked it makes for morality and justice to dissolve it speedily. But we agree with the New York *World* that the Delaware law is a grave portent. If the daily press continues to print vulgar and disgusting details of such cases as the Hall-Mills, the Browning, and the Snyder proceedings, it will have only itself to blame if other laws besides the Delaware one come into existence. In this matter the New York *World*, *Times*, and *Herald Tribune* sin like the tabloids—even give more space to the verbatim testimony. Yet the *World* calmly admits that "things cannot in decency be allowed to go on in the present fashion much longer."

CHAGRIN, HUMILIATION, AND DISGUST are the healthy sentiments generated in some of the citizens of Little Rock, Arkansas, by the recent lynching and burning of a Negro's body there. The Little Rock Bar Association, in a series of resolutions, expressed itself in the following forthright and admirable manner:

> On last Wednesday evening, the city of Little Rock was for hours at the mercy of a mob which perpetrated the most shameful outrages; and while it had been certain all day that such an outbreak was to be apprehended, the sheriff, the mayor, and the chief of police were all absent from their posts. . . . The evidence points to such weakness and cowardice on the part of our public officials . . . as have never before been displayed in any English-speaking community.

The resolutions called for a prompt and thorough investigation of the lynching and as prompt punishment of the offenders. Judge Abner McGhee's charge to the grand jury about to sit on the case was equally unequivocal:

> This community is not going to permit mob rule. You are not going to permit it, and to the limit of . . . every power conferred by the office I hold, I am not going to permit it. . . . It is no time for platitudes about law and order. . . . I therefore direct you to proceed with all vigor and dispatch to bring into this court for trial all persons against whom a charge of violence can be sustained.

The Little Rock papers, with one exception, have been decrying the lynching, and demanding that justice be done. In sharp contrast are the apologetic and halting statements of the mayor and sheriff: "I thank God that we have been fortunate enough to prevent the loss of life in the city (except that of the lynched Negro, of course)." "I sincerely hope that no further violence will be resorted to." "We felt that the National Guard could have better success han-

dling the disturbance than our own men." And so on. The mayor, by his own admission, went to bed before nine o'clock of that ghastly evening. He was not looking for trouble. But one can only hope that trouble has found him.

WOMEN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY owe a debt to Dean Emma Gillett, for whom a memorial service was held in Washington on May 15. Born in Wisconsin, of pioneer parents, she grew up under frontier conditions. During the Civil War she saw various professions opened to women—among them teaching, medicine, government positions, and clerical work. She had been brought up on "Women's Rights," under the influence of a mother who was courageous enough to wear the famous "bloomer dress," and from early childhood she had nursed a desire to be a lawyer. When, after ten years of teaching school in Pennsylvania, she determined to put this youthful ambition into practice, she found that no white law school would admit her as a student. Nothing daunted by this, she enrolled at the law school of Howard University, established for Negroes but open to all colors and races without distinction of sex. Here, with two other white women, she completed her law course, was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia, and came to be recognized as an authority on the law of real property. Her services to women, however, lay mainly in her establishment of a woman's law class which eventually became the Washington College of Law, open to men and women, with women members on the faculty, and with a woman dean.

IMPLACABLY THE FATHER OF WATERS moves southward. Through the broken levees of the Bayou des Glaises the waters are rushing "like a dozen Niagaras"; the thousands who toiled to keep them from weakening have fled to the hills. And over the rich fields of southern Louisiana, the "Sugar-bowl" country where most of the sugar crop for the United States is raised, the great inland sea is surging onward irresistibly, ruinously, with a dreadful slowness. At New Orleans the waters have risen five feet in forty-eight hours in spite of the dynamited Poydras levee which was to have given relief to the city, and the crest of the flood is still more than a hundred miles away. It will be another fortnight, perhaps longer, before the Gulf is reached, and weeks before the waters have subsided to anything like their customary level. To add to the discomfort of the refugees, a heavy rain fell over the week-end and the weather was the coldest for May in the history of Louisiana. The Governor, on a tour of inspection, passed town after town where only the roofs of houses and the spires of churches were visible above the waters. The carcasses of domestic animals and game were everywhere. The human inhabitants had long since fled. The Red Cross so far has collected more than eleven millions of dollars for the relief of a situation the like of which the country has never seen. It is time for Mr. Coolidge to summon Congress; a disaster of such staggering proportions is a national matter.

TOM TAGGART, who always brings out his own Presidential candidate, has this year adopted as such Evans Woollen, the Indianapolis banker, to whose candidacy for the Indiana Senatorship in 1926 we several times referred. An exceptionally high-grade man with nothing of the politician about him, an anti-imperialist, a survivor of the Cleveland school of Gold Democrats, Mr. Woollen is eminently fitted for some positions in Washington. Any President who had Mr. Woollen in his Cabinet would be a subject for congratulation. Mr. Taggart's thought is, of course, that it is well to run up a lightning-rod in case the convention lightning should fail to strike "Al" Smith. The difficulty is that Mr. Woollen is not known to the country, that it would be no easier to dramatize him to the voters than it was in the case of ex-Governor Cox or John W. Davis—Mr. Davis was far better known because of his services as Solicitor General and Ambassador to Great Britain. Nonetheless the Democratic Party must face a difficult situation if "Al" Smith is not nominated. It will have to use someone who is not very conspicuous or not conspicuous at all.

HIRAM HOLDEN HAS BEEN ASKED to resign as principal of the district school at New City—a village hidden in the hills of Rockland County—because he has frequently been seen walking home with one of the teachers after school. No other complaint has been lodged against him; in fact his conduct and that of his companion would seem to be models for the free-and-easy youth of the day. The objection to him is that he is young—and has a girl. His fate will be settled after this issue of *The Nation* has gone to press. But it is not important—except to him. To us Mr. Holden's case is but another indication that the schools of this country are in the grip of an ignorant, sanctimonious, bigoted autocracy. It matters little whether the issue is freedom to criticize the administration as in Superior, Wisconsin; or to oppose war with China as in Seattle, Washington; or to walk home with your girl as in New City, New York. No matter what the impulse may be, if it conceals anything spontaneous and free, it is swiftly crushed. An article by Thomas Minehan, on page 576, describes this situation in vivid detail. The case of the New City principal is not exceptional; it is repeated all over the country; it is even provided for in teachers' contracts. It is a part of the pious hysteria that is terrorizing the producer of plays and the writer of books; that is driving evolution out of the textbooks and allowing religious instruction in school time; that is encouraging many young people from sheer exasperation and boredom to say and do things that Mr. Hiram Holden appears never even to have considered.

THE WORLD IS NOT SO BADLY OFF after all. To those persons who think things are about as bad as they can be, *The Nation* says: "Cheer up!" There are, for example, no tornadoes along the Mississippi, no Coolidges in China, no British Government in the tornado district, no Snyders or Grays in Arkansas, no lynchings in California, no Anti-Syndicalism Law in New York City. Out in the country in May it is hard to believe that man is as difficult a mammal as he is, or that the elements have the capacity for destruction which they undoubtedly have. To walk through an orchard in bloom, to see violets and wild-strawberry blossoms and ferns uncurling, to know that seeds thrust into the ground will sprout and bear fruit, to see the first flash of a bluebird—these are comforting. It is refreshing also to remember that with apparently very little effort the Red Cross has already gathered millions for flood sufferers—people are still generous; and in every case of oppression or injustice, voices have been raised in protest—there are still those who believe in freedom. If spring decided not to come again, if every ear were deaf to the troubles of the world, we should be lost indeed.

The Great Soviet Raid in London

WHEN, we wonder, has the mouthpiece of a great Government, a Cabinet Minister, found himself in a more humiliating position than did Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the British Home Secretary, when he rose in the House of Commons on May 16 to defend the great Soviet raid in London? Nothing more spectacular, the press dispatches reported, ever happened in the business section of London than the raiding on May 12 of the office of Arcos, Ltd., the headquarters of the Russian Trade Delegation and the Anglo-Russian Cooperative Society, Ltd. Hundreds of policemen surrounded the building in the late afternoon and held it for four days and nights, drilling their way into the great safes, searching the male employees, and overhauling the entire correspondence and records in the building. The London press teemed with inspired stories as to what was to be found and what had been found. Boxes of rifles, "knuckle-dusters," "life-preservers," and other deadly weapons, it was cabled to America, were among the first rewards of the search. Complete proof of the alliance of British Communists with their Russian brethren and the amounts paid to the labor movement was also said to have been garnered. So shocking were the discoveries, the jingo press announced, that everybody agreed that Russian and British governmental relations were at an end. Only after a day or two did it leak out that the real excuse for the raid was the allegation that an important British military document, plainly marked as the confidential property of the British Government, was thought to have found its way from the British archives into Arcos House.

What did Joynson-Hicks have to say when he stood up to explain the meaning and the purpose of this extraordinary action which may easily have far-reaching consequences for the entire British Empire? All that he could say was that the Minister of War told him that he was sure that the missing document was in Arcos House, and so after consulting with Premier Baldwin and the Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain, he had got a search warrant secretly from a magistrate and, like a detective in any dime novel, ordered out an army of detectives and police and had found—what? Why, nothing. The document? No, but he is sure that it had been there. Rifles? No. Bombs? No. "Knuckle-dusters"? No. What, then? Well, he was certain that among the correspondence seized were very incriminating documents about which he would be able to tell the House of Commons on the following Thursday when he had had time to read them! There was not the slightest allegation that he had discovered any pecuniary or other relationship between Arcos House and the British Communists, or any other alliance between British politicians and the Soviet. And this is called conducting a great government with intelligence, not to say common sense, and regard to the decencies of international relations.

To our minds this spectacular undertaking is part of a deliberate attack upon Russia. The plan is obviously to raid Soviet headquarters wherever possible, and to arrest Bolsheviks or hamper them in every way. The Russians are justified in suspecting that it is all part of a world-wide conspiracy to throw a cordon around the Soviet Republic. Louis Fischer called attention to this in his article A New Ring Around Russia in *The Nation* for March 23 last. Among other things he quoted a dispatch to the New York *World* from Geneva declaring that "the forging of a ring of steel around Russia is apparently the object of the determined effort made by the British at the opening of the League of Nations Council to secure amicable settlement of German-Polish and Rumanian-Hungarian differences." He added "The instigator is Britain; the reason is China." Since these words were written the building adjoining the Soviet Embassy compound in Peking was raided—on April 6. Never since the Boxer outrages have the Chinese authorities been allowed to enter the diplomatic settlement. This raid was conducted with the prior knowledge and consent of the foreign diplomatic council which rules over the Peking diplomatic compound; it was excused and permitted by them on the plea that Soviet employees affiliated with the Embassy, though not a part of it, were plotting against the Chinese Government. Thereby was established a dangerous precedent, indeed. If the Southerners should enter Peking they have ample warrant and precedent for raiding the American and British embassies on the solid ground that they had been plotting steadily against the Nationalistic Government of China. Soon after this violation of the compound in Peking guards were thrown around the Russian consulate in Shanghai and everyone was halted or arrested who sought to enter or leave the premises.

Now, we do not deny that the Russians are often provocative. There is no doubt that during the Communist troubles in Germany the Russian Embassy in Berlin was the headquarters of the movement. There has been government-inspired propaganda, and there has been the propaganda of individual zealots fired by a religious devotion to the doctrines of the Soviet. They have been thorns in the flesh in many places; they have even violated solemn pledges. But this does not excuse such acts as we have narrated. The criminal folly of the London raid is that it merely intensifies the ill-will between Russia and her opponents, and convinces the Russian people that a new war is on against the Russian Government. The arrest of Madame Borodin by the Pekingese Government on the charge of being a spy and the refusal of the American Government to allow Madame Kollontai to pass through the United States although she was a diplomatic official en route to her post in Mexico are looked upon as merely further evidence of the ring around Russia. Mr. Kerensky, who is now in this country, has been steadily warning the American public that any attempt to attack Russia by force of arms, or to take part of her territory from her, would strengthen the Soviet Government and solidify the Russian people behind it as nothing else could. The same is true of these new raids and arrests. The anti-English demonstrations in the Russian cities speak for themselves. Great Britain with her great unemployment sorely needs her trade with Russia. She has everything to lose by war with the Soviets. In Afghanistan, India, China, and elsewhere her interests would be gravely menaced by such a conflict. Under the circumstances one would think that her Ministers would walk with the greatest care. Instead, they have brought much nearer the possibility of war between the two countries, and contributed dangerously to the unrest of the world.

A City's Schools on Strike

THE whole question of freedom of teaching and the rights of the school-teacher has been raised in Superior, Wisconsin, in a manner to demand the attention of the entire American scholastic world. On March 14 Miss Lulu Dickinson, a teacher of English in the high school since 1904, was summarily dismissed by the school board, meeting in secret session. No explanation was given by either the members of the board or the superintendent of schools, P. R. Spencer, beyond the statement that "she had it coming to her." Miss Dickinson's demand for a hearing or a copy of the charges against her was ignored on the ground "that she was no longer a member of the Superior school system." Today it is only known that she is a teacher of unquestioned excellence, as to whose fitness no doubt has been voiced since the controversy began, and that she had expressed dissatisfaction with certain of the board's policies. What particularly aroused the ire of the superintendent, according to rumor, was Miss Dickinson's criticism of the waste of money involved in printing the annual school report on vellum paper with half-tone sepia portraits of Superintendent Spencer, the Reverend A. T. Ekblad, a Lutheran minister, and the Reverend William Hood, an Episcopal archdeacon, the two men who dominate the board, and of other members. However, as the superintendent himself said, it is not a question of whether the criticisms were justified, but whether a teacher was justified in making them.

On the strength of Miss Dickinson's record the Teachers' Association and the Parent-Teachers' Association each requested the school board to give her a hearing. Both were ignored. Then her pupils circulated a petition which was signed by every student in the high school and by their parents, and presented to the board—with no result. Next the students began to talk of a strike—a one-day walkout. Their leaders were peremptorily summoned by the superintendent and indefinitely suspended when they refused to sign a paper pledging themselves never to strike. At once the student body of Central High School struck. The superintendent met this by threatening suspension and failure to all strikers and legal action against parents who kept their children at home. In a few days the entire body of high-school students walked out, demanding withdrawal of the order of suspension against the students and a hearing for Miss Dickinson. Later they called for the reinstatement of Miss Dickinson and the resignations of the superintendent and Mr. Ekblad.

The strike grew until there was scarcely a pupil in any school. Interested citizens took the case into court on the ground that Messrs. Ekblad and Hood were not freeholders and therefore not entitled to their offices. In court Mr. Ekblad exhibited a deed to a one-foot strip bordering on the alley of a twenty-five-foot lot, which deed had never been filed. The archdeacon was more diplomatic. He showed title to a full lot, but his deed was not registered until the morning that he was to appear in court. Meanwhile the students held daily demonstrations, parading with banners bearing defiant slogans, while the citizens held meetings. Organized labor supported the strikers, a tag-day netted about one thousand dollars for expenses, and there arose a demand that the school board be elected instead of appointed. Enough names were obtained to compel a special election which will be held in June, on this and other questions. Finally Miss Dickinson personally appealed to the strikers to return to school, which they did when they had received a half promise to reinstate Miss Dickinson on May 9. When the school board met that day it not only failed to act in the Dickinson case but discharged C. G. Wade, principal of the Central High School, on the ground that he did not sufficiently exert himself to prevent the strike. The students walked out again, and here the matter now stands. The question whether a school board can defy the aroused public opinion of a community, and whether it can dismiss competent and faithful teachers for having opinions of their own, is yet to be solved.

The Automobile Dead List

NO, we do not mean the list of human beings killed by automobiles. These total every twenty-six months as many American lives as were sacrificed in France. As to them we have repeatedly expressed ourselves. Today we are thinking of the mortality among makes and kinds of cars ever since the business of building them began in the United States. The average citizen believes that everybody who put money into this new business grew rich out of its phenomenal development. He sees the incredibly vast fortune of Henry Ford created in a little over two decades and somehow assumes that a golden shower similarly fell into the lap of everyone associated with motor-cars. Actually, it seems to us as if the history of the rise of this industry, now admittedly the greatest in the country, were amazingly like similar developments in railroads, steel, and oil; where some have profited enormously thousands have lost heavily because of incompetence, waste, or mismanagement.

Certainly the list of the cars that have been placed on the market only to be abandoned confirms this point of view. In January, 1925, *Motor* printed 565 names of kinds of cars which at one time or another were being manufactured in the United States. A few more, it declared, might have been overlooked. Of those listed, *Motor* reported that only 86 were being produced on January 1, 1923, and but 69 a year later. Between the end of 1920 and the beginning of 1925, 43 companies producing 115,000 cars, or 6.2 per cent of the total American output, either went out of business altogether or ceased to be of any importance. In January, last, *Motor* published a new list showing that 23 more makes of cars had disappeared in the two years since January 1, 1925, or 31 per cent. In that time only three new makes of cars had appeared. What is even more striking is that the mortality continues. Thus, since January 1 of this year, an excellent car, the Wills Ste. Claire, has ceased production and the Rickenbacker has gone into the hands of a receiver. Five or six others are in such a dangerous condition that the industry expects to see them forced out of business during the current year. The trend is still further shown by the fact that 20 companies building 30 different cars made 98.5 per cent of all the passenger cars produced in the United States and Canada in the first nine months of 1926. *Motor* quotes high authorities as believing that ultimately there will be about ten big companies and possibly thirty lesser ones. To us this estimate seems altogether too high.

Of the cars deceased in 1925-1926 there were four of

the oldest makes—the Apperson started in 1900, the Stanley founded in 1896, the Detroit Electric in 1907, the Stearns-Duryea in 1902, the King in 1905, and the Cole in 1910. The Maxwell was absorbed by the Chrysler, which, first brought out in 1924, carried everything before it and made one of the great successes of the industry within a year, largely because of the reputation of its designer, Walter P. Chrysler. It is to be noted that when the Stanley steamer perished the last of the steam cars—the industry began with steam cars, then more promising than gasoline ones—disappeared, and with it has gone almost the last of the electric cars once so popular in Middle Western cities. Indeed, the roll-call of the dead bears some extremely significant names. The makers of the Winton declared that it was the original American car. The Saxon, which for a time threatened the Ford's supremacy in the cheap-car field, lived only nine years, but in 1916 it turned out 26,000 cars. The Dort was for five years one of the largest producers—selling 24,000 in 1920. The Gray, also a rival of the Ford, lived only a scant four years. The seniors in the industry are now the Oldsmobile launched in 1898, the Locomobile in 1899, the Packard and the Peerless, both of which originated in 1900, while the Pierce-Arrow was first built in 1901, and the Franklin and Cadillac in 1902. The Ford did not appear until 1903.

This extraordinary mortality is the more interesting because it has affected old as well as new makes and every variety of car. It has indubitably been expedited in certain cases by the extraordinary rise of General Motors with its various lines of a steadily improving quality. But in general faulty management, faulty construction, and faulty salesmanship are the triple evils which are responsible for the failures and the heavy losses involved. The question of local agents is an enormously important one, and the problem is by no means solved even now. Consolidations are going on steadily and we look for others. But it will take years for the industry to become wholly stabilized—if the inventors ever permit it to settle down.

A Glut of Oil

A YEAR ago the Federal Oil Conservation Board announced to a mildly startled country that the oil in known fields in the United States would be exhausted in six years. If the prophecy had any significance, it was that we should try to eliminate waste in the exploitation and production of petroleum. Yet today, in the words of Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and W. D. Farish, former president of the American Petroleum Institute, we have an overproduction of petroleum "in a form so malignant as to seem without precedent in all past history." That, it appears, is how futile our modern business system is when it comes to doing anything except making temporary profits for itself.

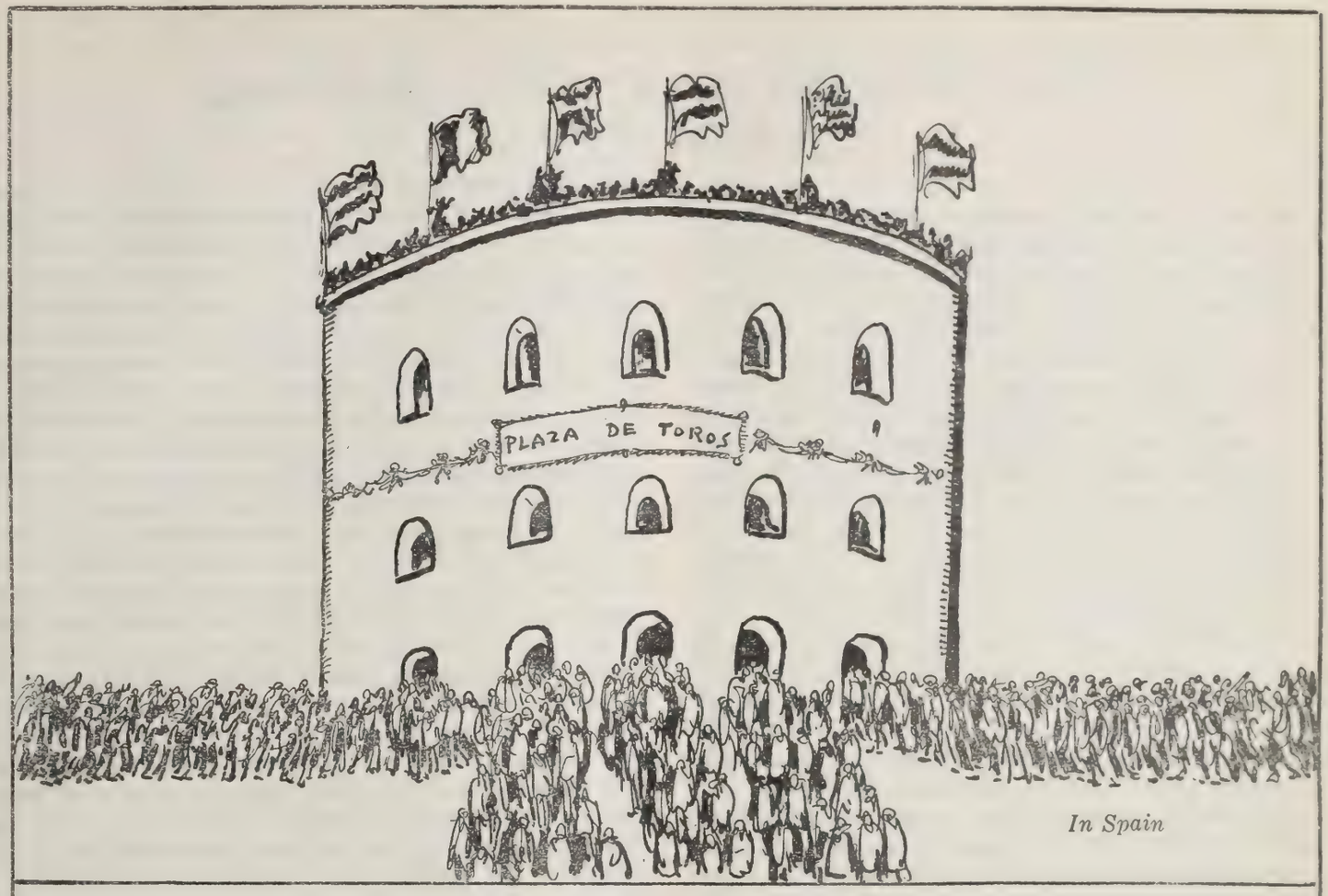
But when profits are menaced it becomes at once active and acute. Hence the uproar at the moment. The true evil of overproduction of petroleum is the waste of wealth which belongs to the community, but what has set our oil companies by the ears is not that; it is that the competitive effort to sell a surplus of their product has brought five successive price cuts since last November until returns are now said to be below operating costs. This, of course, terrifies the oil companies' executives. Representatives of the big companies have been in Washington to ask Secretary Work, chairman of the Federal Oil Conservation Board, to get that body "to give its aid in bringing about reforms," as newspaper dispatches euphemistically phrase it. Less euphemistically and more concretely, they want the Administration to forget the Sherman anti-trust law to the extent of letting them limit output—which might be a good thing but which never occurred to the oil men until their profits were threatened. This is the regular technique of business. While it is making money it insists that the Government shall pursue a policy of "hands off," but the moment it gets into trouble it runs in hot haste to Washington squealing for help.

The immediate cause of overproduction of oil seems to be the new Seminole field in Oklahoma, where "wildcatting," or pioneering for new wells, has brought a flood of unneeded oil to the surface. At a recent meeting in New York City of representatives controlling about three-fourths of the oil wells of the country it was decided to appoint a "dictator" to limit and control the output of the interests in question in the Seminole field. As the Seminole field is entirely within the State of Oklahoma, it is assumed that such action may be taken without violation of the Sherman law. But they admit limitation of output will not be enough to set matters right:

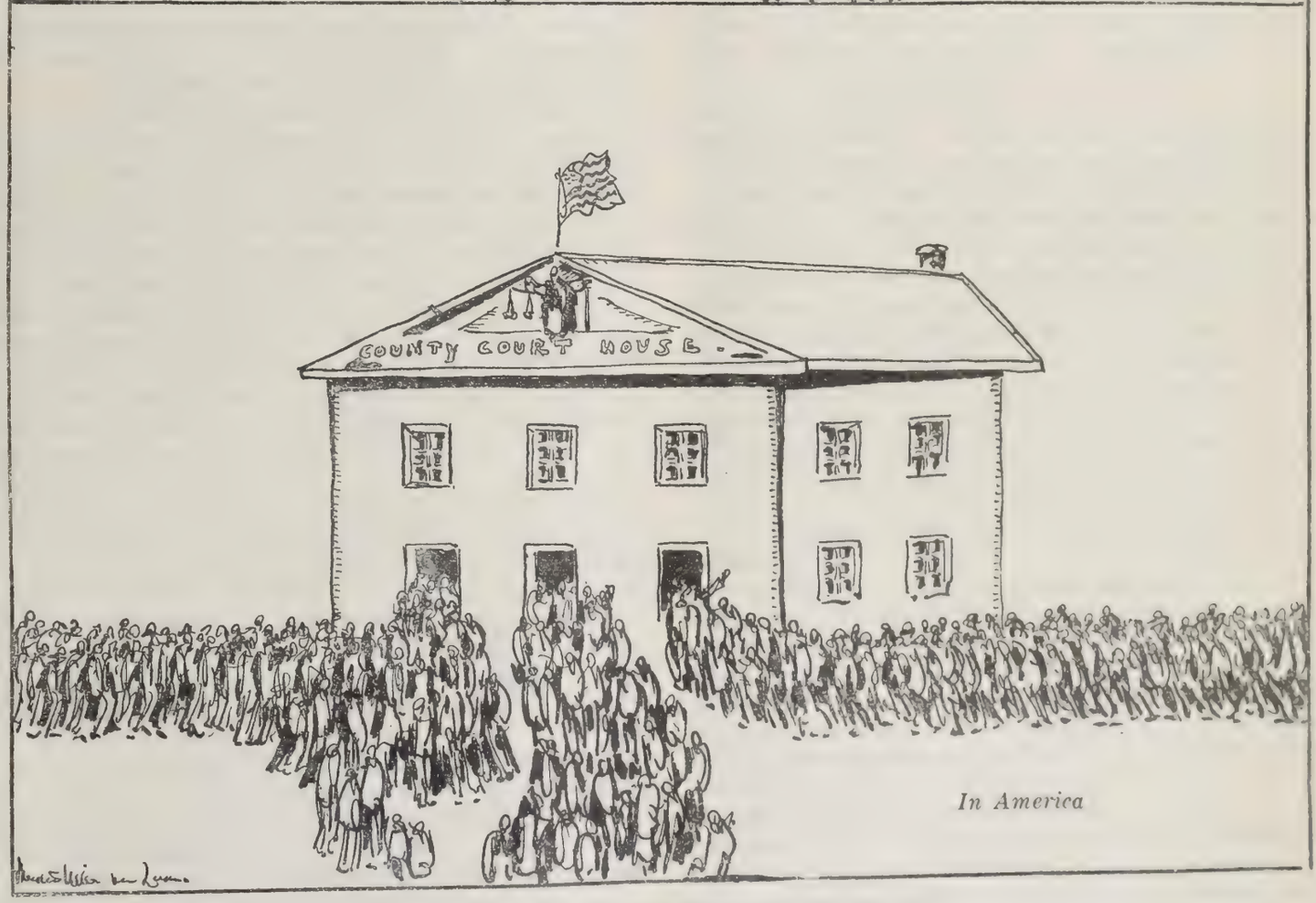
> Overproduction is the direct result of too much drilling and, therefore, any constructive program must deal first with the cause of overproduction, i. e., the present drilling activities. Those present at the meeting, while owning the bulk of the production at Seminole, realized fully that the question of overproduction from the standpoint of conservation of our natural resources and the economic utilization of oil products was general rather than local, and that any comprehensive plan looking to an amelioration of overproduction would not be effective if applied only to Seminole. . . .

Behind the conference in New York City and the noise in the newspapers is a bitter war between the big companies, especially the Standard Oil group, and small independent operators. It has usually been held in the past that overproduction benefits the Standard Oil companies, as they have large storage facilities and can therefore hold their surplus to await better conditions while others have to sell their product directly no matter how low prices may be. Hence the politics behind present maneuvers is causing considerable speculation. In this connection E. W. Marland, the head of an independent company affiliated with the banking house of J. P. Morgan, writes in the *Oil and Gas Journal* of an attempt last winter to initiate State laws to carry out the recommendations of the Federal Oil Conservation Board to stop the waste of natural gas and thus save oil. Mr. Marland says:

> In February a bill was introduced in the Oklahoma Legislature called the Marland bill—designed to carry out the recommendations of the conservation board. The passage of this bill was opposed by large numbers of producers, led by the executives of the major purchasing companies, and it was defeated.
>
> The oil producers' associations, controlled by the major companies, offered no bill of their own—or even the suggestion of one. Their argument was: "Let the oil business regulate itself." . . .
>
> If there is anything humorous in the situation it is that the only remedial suggestion so far coming from any of the large companies is the repeal or modification of the anti-trust laws, the only laws which now impair their ability in the struggle.



In Spain



In America

Sport

The Teacher Goes Job-Hunting

By THOMAS MINEHAN

I

IT is spring in the little red schoolhouse. The children, in stiffly starched frocks and newly blackened shoes, are sitting double and visitors crowd the aisles with chairs. Up near the front, on a separate bench in a position of advantage and importance, sits the Board, looking as solemn as the High Court of Chancery about to try a case of treason. The critical moment has arrived. Little Emily has recited her piece (with, of course, appropriate gestures), about the old, old lady and the boy with the bended knee. Frankie Jones, in a stiff white collar and an uncomfortably red face, has stumbled through Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. All the children of the first four grades (with the exception of Jack McDade, who is six feet tall), dressed in white paper costumes and waving wands, have trooped more or less in step around the platform, singing "We Are the Joyous Fairy Band." The entire class has pledged allegiance to the flag and struggled through "My Country 'Tis of Thee." Now comes the climax—the speech of the teacher himself. A hush of expectancy falls on the audience; they realize that this speech, unlike the speeches of the children, is going to be given for a prize. If it is a good speech, if it meets with the approval of the Board and the audience, the teacher will be reelected to his thirty-dollar-a-month job for six months, beginning next October. If it is a poor speech the teacher will be judged as unfit to instruct the children of Moccasin Creek for another year and a new one appointed in his place.

A pale, thin youth of eighteen with nervous, white hands and deep-set eyes, the teacher is obviously tired and haggard as he comes before the jury to make his final plea for his job. He is frightened as he stands before his pupils, who no longer fear him now that they have received their uniformly favorable report cards. He is afraid of what may be back of the stolid stare of the farmers who look at him without emotion or interest, for he wants his job. He has just started a course in Mind Power and made the first payment on Ridpath's "History of the World," and he will have to drop both and go back to the farm if he loses his present position. Faced by hostile eyes, feeling that all is lost, he clears his throat timidly and begins: "My subject for today is The Progress of Civic Virtue in Rural America."

In contrast to this simple rustic scene we have a more sumptuous picture staged in the Regents' Room of one of the large State universities. The Regents are prosperous business men and fat politicians who are sacrificing valuable time to promote the general welfare and secure a few contracts for their friends on the side. They cease discussing fishing prospects and exchanging beer recipes as the door swings open and the president of the university enters, accompanied by a secretary with a fat brief-case.

The president is a dignified man, well-dressed, wearing a scholarly pair of glasses. Poised and confident, he approaches the conclave of Regents, who greet him with cordial and elaborate politeness, but in their attitude today is a feeling of constraint absent from their usual salutation, for on this day the president is to read his annual report. If it is a good report with innumerable charts and statistics and data on the important work in research done by the faculty on the Beowulf Codex or the psychical maladjustment of the earthworm due to electronic reactions in the cuticle, the Regents, not knowing what it is all about, will be suitably impressed and the president reappointed for another year. If it is not a good report, the Regents will defer their action while they send out feelers to find a satisfactory substitute.

A similar condition prevails all through the public and even the private schools of America. Everywhere the teacher is regarded as a quasi-political servant holding office for one year at the sufferance of other political powers. At the end of that time, he may be reappointed and he may not. In any case he is automatically out of a job at the end of the school year, and he has to ask to be rehired. It is true that some of the larger school systems reappoint their teachers without question after the first year or two of satisfactory work. Often the teacher is protected by civil-service provisions, but in almost all cases these provisions afford the teacher far less protection than they do policemen, firemen, or common laborers. The teacher has to serve one full year before coming under clauses that protect all other city employees after six months of service, and in many cases the teacher has to serve three years before being exempt from summary dismissal without trial. Even then the teacher is not definitely sure of his job. At the close of the school year he puts in his application for reinstatement. Not until the school officials issue a new contract is he sure that he will be taken back.

Important educators, college presidents with a good sales line, and athletic coaches capable of producing winning teams often hypnotize the school authorities into giving them long-term contracts with special bonuses, retirement features, and pensions in them. But these are the exception. The average teacher has a contract for one year—and for one year only. This, generally, is small protection. School officials may dismiss a teacher at any time and for causes that would not be considered relevant by the ordinary employer. Many a girl has been removed from a one-room school for bobbing her hair, and I remember a case where a girl was fired for singing "It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'" soon after a rainmaker had come to town and prayed for a wet spring.

The contract, while of small protection to the teacher, does protect the school authorities. In some States if the teacher breaks it his certificate becomes void. He cannot hold another position in the State until reinstated by the State superintendent of education. In other States his certificate will not be renewed when it expires. Few teachers leave suddenly no matter what humiliation and petty tyranny they have to endure. They wait until the end of the term.

Under such circumstances it is not strange that at the close of every school year a great army goes job-hunting. The successful teachers are those who have the best jobs, and if that means joining the Klan in Indiana, teaching a Baptist Sunday school in Mississippi, toadying to the fraternities of California or the clubs of Princeton that is what the successful teacher does. He cultivates, discreetly of course,

the right kind of people even in his classroom, and it is surprising how few sons of school-board officials fail.

There is a special technique of getting and holding the best jobs that has nothing at all to do with actual pedagogical ability. In this country there are over one thousand different agencies devoted to supplying the itinerant teacher with jobs. At a fee, of course. There are State teachers' bureaus, county bureaus, city bureaus, and various college and university committees of appointment. In addition, there are the commercial teachers' agencies, and any town boasting of a college or a normal school has at least one. With the exception of the college committees all of these job-hunting agencies make money. The State and county bureaus are supposed to make only enough to support themselves, but that means providing from two to twenty political workers with good positions. They charge an enrolment fee of from three to five dollars a year but nothing extra for getting the job. The commercial agencies usually charge an enrolment fee that is less than that of the State bureaus, but they charge 5 per cent of the first year's salary.

Of the money thus collected the greatest amount by far goes to the private agencies. They range in size from agencies sharing a real-estate office in a town of 10,000 to agencies occupying expensive suites of rooms on Jackson Boulevard or Fifth Avenue. They collect fees ranging from thirty or forty dollars to more than five hundred. Many of them boast of having placed over 1,000 teachers a year for the last five or ten years, and one agency in the South claims to have placed over thirty thousand teachers and tutors during the twenty-five years it has been in business.

For a teacher to get a job, except in his home town, without the services of one of these agencies is almost impossible. Occasionally the man or woman who has a large acquaintance among educators and strong political and fraternal backing may get a job through hearsay or the help of friends. Lately, the State bureaus have begun to make inroads on the commercial agencies, but the ordinary teacher finds the agencies the best bet. Once the State bureaus have received the enrolment fee they have nothing more to gain by getting the teacher a job. The agencies have an additional 5 per cent commission to make. Often they have arrangements with school officials who give them a monopoly on all new teachers hired in a certain system, and in many cases it is more important to belong to the right agency than to have the requisite degrees or experience. There are school systems in which every teacher hired for the last five years has been obtained through a single agency. No other candidates have been even considered and a recommendation from that agency has been tantamount to election. The agencies work especially hard to place appointive officers —deans, superintendents, principals. Having placed one of these men the agency often reduces its fee or offers to split commissions on all his new appointments. Even when there is no financial inducement, the officer favors the candidates from the agency that got him the job. He himself may be looking for a new job in a year or two or the agency may know of some promotion which it can secure for him. Frequently the teacher joins not one agency but a dozen, and sees to it that he keeps in good standing with all of them.

[*A second article will appear in next week's* Nation, *setting forth some of the qualifications as to thought and behavior demanded of applicants for teaching positions.*]

Education—For What?

By SCOTT NEARING

ON my desk is a letter from a twenty-year-old college junior whom I have known since 1914. The boy has more than usual ability. Until recently he displayed vigorous enthusiasms, but now he is hesitant, uncertain, a little scornful of life. His education experience is so typical that it is well worth noting.

As a child he was curious and mechanical. Within the limits of a city apartment, he indulged this curiosity on whatever came to hand. He worked first with mechanical toys, then with electrical apparatus, and finally with a radio. He was ardent and energetic, planning original mechanical problems and solving them with unusual facility. At fifteen this boy had a grip on life. Each day counted. He was keen to go on. Then came the five intervening years of preparatory school and college. At twenty he is blasé, a bit soured, unconvinced, without driving enthusiasms. He writes that he is majoring in English. He is not intending to teach. He is not particularly eager to do anything. But English is a "general" subject, so he is taking it.

What combination of circumstances has converted a vigorous, enthusiastic, adolescent boy of fifteen into a blasé misanthrope of twenty? The answer is that this boy has never been educated for anything in particular because he has never been called upon to do anything in particular in connection with his school life. While he sat at his desk, education was brought to him on a silver tray. His schoolrooms, gymnasium, laboratories, books—the whole equipment was supplied to him without the slightest effort on his part. He was always using without making.

Schools, particularly lower schools, cannot be self-supporting. Children of eight or ten or under are too immature to produce the equivalent of their keep. They can, however, produce some part of their keep, though it be a small part. Even kindergarten children, who can take no very active share in the work of the world, can and do live their own lives, richly and fully. Elementary schools are removed from the life struggle of adults, but the best of the modern experimental schools are requiring their pupils to live as completely and as creatively as they are able to at their ages.

But all American schools are organized on a parasitic, and not on a self-supporting basis. The school gives no opportunity for children of any age to contribute to their own maintenance, nor does it encourage them to do so. On the contrary, it makes them feel that education is "free." The child, economically and socially, is a parasite as far as the school is concerned. Parasitism almost always dulls enthusiasm and deadens initiative.

Boys and girls brought up in such an educational system will pay the penalty sooner or later in the loss of a sense of reality and significance. As college juniors they are bored because they have begun to realize that the proc-

esses of life would go on quite well without them. They are not contributing, and, so far as they are concerned, life does not matter!

Side by side with the parasitism of this boy's school life is the parasitism of his home life. He lives in a busy city; his parents are both active. He himself has been sheltered and protected—denied the opportunity of becoming an integral part of the society which has surrounded him. His desire for mechanical expression was satisfied, first, by a mechanical toy which was made for him and bought for him, and with which he merely played; later, he went on playing, this time with electricity. He never wired a house; he merely played with wires. He did not even have to make his electrical apparatus. It came from the store.

Our grandfathers at fifteen, on the farms of New England, New York, and the Mid-Western States, were men of affairs. They began doing chores at six or seven. They were driving a team at eleven or twelve. At fifteen they went into the fields or woods to do a man's work. Day by day, they helped to produce the family living. This is no plea for overwork. Many of the sons of that pioneer generation worked too hard and paid dearly for their overexertion in vigor and stamina and outlook. Yet they belonged to the group in which they lived; they helped to perform its labor; and they shared in its rewards.

This college junior of twenty has never been asked to carry a single burden; he has been consistently parasitic. Consider his account with the world. He began in 1906. From 1906 to 1910 he cost in food, clothing, shelter, and attendance an average of about $300 a year, or a total of $1,500. Naturally enough, this preschool period is one in which no child can be expected to make any considerable contribution. The years in the elementary school (1911 to 1918) were somewhat more expensive. The boy ate more, wore out clothes faster, and still required a good deal of attention. These eight years cost, roughly, $4,000.

The next four years were spent in a rather expensive preparatory school, where the lad devoted himself to social life and studies. Six thousand dollars were required to bring him through this period to the gates of his university life. Up to that time his family had spent approximately $11,500, or, to put it more correctly, the boy had used up, of the products of society, $11,500. He was seventeen years old, and he had not yet begun to make any material contribution toward his own maintenance.

The three college years have not been unduly expensive, but they bring the total net outlay involved in developing this boy to something over $15,000, or an average of about $750 a year for his twenty years.

"But what has this to do with education?" asks the reader. "The whole emphasis of your article has been laid upon factors apart from the course of study." That is true. But it is these factors that are responsible for the point of view which this lad holds today. His geography, spelling, and arithmetic have left little impression on either his outlook or his fund of enthusiasm. But the fact that he has been consuming without producing, both in school and at home, during twenty years, has colored his entire attitude toward life. Society has spent $15,000 worth of goods and services on a boy to the end that he is majoring in English in a great university without any particular objective except to go on living like the similarly aimless people by whom he is surrounded.

Consider the university. Boys ordinarily enter at about eighteen. During the next four years they are, at least theoretically, preparing themselves for their life-work. Actually, they are taking part in athletics, joining fraternities, attending social affairs, directing college publications, and spending some time in laboratories, classrooms, and libraries. With the exception of those who take highly specialized courses such as architecture, dentistry, and animal husbandry, these college students are not preparing themselves for anything. They are merely enjoying a pleasant four years of parasitic aloofness from the life struggle.

The social "stunts" of college life belong in high school. A man at eighteen should be spending his energies along paths of constructive social activity. He should be considered an apprentice in a specialized field, sharing actively in the work of that field. Suppose he expects to be a mining engineer. Where does he belong? On the campus of a great university, or in Scranton, Clearfield, Butte, or some other mining center? Mechanical engineering students belong in machine shops; electrical engineering students in electrical plants; marine engineering students in shipyards or on board vessels; accounting students in departments where accounts are made up; students of English composition in newspaper offices and other places where English is composed; students of drama in theaters; students of hygiene and medicine in laboratories and hospitals.

Does this sound fantastic? Certainly not in the case of medical students. That is the way they get an essential part of their training in all modern medical schools. And surely not in the case of engineering students. Cincinnati, Lehigh, Union, and other American colleges have been experimenting with the "part-time school, part-time shop" plan for a generation. Antioch, under President Morgan's direction, is trying the same method with all the students in the college. The whole of Russia's higher education is built on the apprentice principle, with students required to devote a part of each day or month or year to the practice of the trade or profession for which they are studying.

The arts present difficulties. So do abstract sciences like mathematics and astronomy. Then there is a generous portion of the student body in any American university that has no bent and is not ready to make a vocational decision. What would happen to such students under such a plan? There are many possibilites. The higher schools might exclude any applicant who came without a purpose. Such a course would be hard on social life in the colleges, but it might do something for the student body. Those excluded could dig coal or drive teams or run elevators or shift freight. If they developed a purpose later on, it would not be too late to begin college. And if they never developed a purpose, the coal mines, the trucks, the elevators, and the freight houses would easily hold them.

The university man is an adult. He is maturing rapidly. He should be getting his faculties in hand; rounding out his knowledge; preparing to play a man-sized part in the work-a-day struggle. The university should not be a place, but a tentative participation by a group of young men and women in the life of the community. Wherever an important social activity was being carried on, there would be a university. Under the direction of and in company with those who were actually doing the work, the "student" would learn to take his place as an effective worker in his chosen calling.

Would there be "theory"? Certainly; there is "theory" in every planned process. Students would be introduced to

this theory as they were introduced to other phases of the work. But each day, each week, each month, or each year they would spend at least some time in practicing the activity about which they were theorizing. The life of society is a great laboratory. It is possible to speculate about this laboratory, or to work in it. University students today merely speculate about life. They should be learning by doing their share in it.

American universities have separated their students from life. They are frequently and quite literally set off on a hill. Students must climb down that hill in order to get into the world. The life on the hill grows tiresome; the readjustment when they leave the hill is difficult and frequently tragic. University students do not belong on hills. They belong in the world of affairs.

But what about culture? demand the academicians. Well, what about it? What have your culture courses done for students? Have they enriched their lives? Have they aroused them, stimulated them, invigorated them, thrilled them with a desire for creative adventure? Culture is the mature expression of group life. It arises only from the group. Isolated, aloof institutions do not produce culture but only pedantry and empty scholasticism.

There will be ample time in the lives of these university men when they can read or travel or meditate. A four-hour day in the "shop" on the job will give them their contact with the active world. The hours of free time can be directed and should be devoted to the pursuit of those theories underlying the practical work which the students are doing, and to the development of those faculties which compose "human nature." There are the eight, nine, or ten months of the college year. The balance of the time could and should be spent in other parts of the world, and perhaps in other fields of work.

American education, particularly American higher education, fails to round out the lives of the students because it keeps them parasitically away from the world of affairs. Education is life, and it will prove effective only when this essential relation is recognized as the basic principle of the educational system.

Textbooks for Moderns

By RUTH SEINFEL

THE intellectual diet of American school-children has since the war been a constant source of anxiety to certain groups of public-minded citizens, who have revealed their trouble through the activities of the American Legion, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Hearst newspapers, and like prophets of public opinion. Even the epidemic of laws which swept the State legislatures during and immediately after the war did not reassure them, although these laws provided in no indistinct terms that the principles of the Constitution and the glorious history of the American nation be instilled into the young, by teachers whose allegiance was unquestionable, for the purpose of making proper and patriotic citizens of them.

Textbooks have been the special bogy of the fearful. Holding that "the schools of America should no more consider graduating a student who lacks faith in our Government than a school of theology should graduate a minister who lacks faith in God," the American Bar Association Committee on American Citizenship strove as earnestly to protect the youth from heretical doubts as though the punishment were eternal damnation. The Sons of the American Revolution, led by Judge Wallace McCamant—the same for whom President Coolidge failed to secure a federal judgeship—waged a long war on David Saville Muzzey because in his textbook, "An American History," he suggested that England was not wholly responsible for the revolt of the Colonies.

An excellent detailed account of this and other campaigns, contained in Bessie Louise Pierce's book, "Public Opinion and the Teaching of History in the United States," reveals curious shifts in the points of attack. During the war, when Allied solidarity was desirable, the wicked Redcoats and Tories painted in the school histories of the revolution were made to grow little wings by an ingenious theory that the Colonists had fought, not the British, but the German usurper on the English throne, George III. But soon after peace was signed a cry that America was being "Anglicized" went up from the embattled Irish-Americans, German-Americans, and Charles Grant Miller speaking for the American people in Mr. Hearst's columns. The new crusaders demolished the scarecrow of a German king on the English throne, and fired broadsides at all historians who dared to paint the British anything but black or the Continentals as less pure than snow. Such writers were "sycophantic intellectual interlopers" in the pay of Great Britain, according to the dynamic phrases of Mr. Miller. The demolition of the absurd myth about George III was certainly justified. But the attack was aimed, not only at those historians who, like Albert Bushnell Hart, were actually advocating the rewriting of histories to better Anglo-American relations, but also at such men as Van Tyne, McLaughlin, and O'Hara who were partial only to the facts.

Realizing that perfect American school histories were deplorably scarce, the American Legion in 1922 undertook to supply one. The committee in charge of the work commissioned, not a historian—perhaps, as was suggested, because historians could not be trusted—but a professor of English, Charles F. Horne of the College of the City of New York, to write it. In the course of its preparation the committee asked a number of historians to revise the text. The list of those who did is conspicuously lacking in names of importance in the field, but on the other hand the title-page is plentifully upholstered with the indorsements of patriotic organizations, beginning with the Legion and going through the American War Mothers, Boy Scouts of America, Civic League for Immigrants, Colonial Sons and Daughters, Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the War of 1812, Daughters of the Confederacy, Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, General Federation of Women's Clubs, National Child Welfare Association, National Security League, Woman's Home Mission Society, Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Knights of Pythias, and others to the number of twenty-five

or more, including the American Federation of Labor. The "united purpose" of these organizations, as candidly stated in the introduction, is to make a "nationally acceptable history" by stating the "views of the nation as a whole," principally to "express to the rising generation a faith in our country and a BELIEF in it that shall tend to create a broad patriotism and love of America."

The two-volume work was brought out more than a year ago by a new publishing firm, the U. S. History Publishing Co. The success of the venture is suggested by the fact that the editor of one of the established publishing houses specializing in school textbooks had not yet heard, two weeks ago, that the books were out.

The reformers continue to storm the doors of the scholar's library with doubtful success. Their attacks are too capricious to constitute serious pressure. Writers and publishers of texts admit their inability to guess where they will be struck, frequently even why they have been struck. When Florida condemns the use of the word "evolution" in a geology book, in so innocent a context as "the evolution of the peninsula," who can foretell where the prophet will point an accusing finger? Publishers must, to sell their books, take account of prejudices that would obstruct their sales, particularly the prejudices of school boards governing the elementary secondary schools. But publishers must also, to sell their books, publish the newest and the best that they can corral.

If hysteria is not changing the textbooks, however, something else is, and in a rather different direction. When the crusaders against "Anglicization" found that some historians explained the revolution not as a result of the tyrannical oppression of the Colonies by a heartless mother country, but as a natural sequence of the conflict of interests on two sides of the Atlantic, they had not discovered treasonable British propaganda. They were facing the new interpretation of history, which attempts to synthesize the social, economic, geographic, and a dozen other factors in a situation, rather than to present a melodrama with a horrid villain and a tattered but courageous hero. The George Washington of the newer texts is not Woodward's Washington, but neither is he the Washington of Parson Weems and the cherry tree. (Even the American Legion's model history, be it said, omits the cherry tree, but substitutes touching references to Washington's mother.) An accident of personality is of little importance to the new historians beside forces which are no accident but the result of traceable causes.

The "new history" has been glowingly described by Professors James Harvey Robinson and Harry Elmer Barnes, but a glance at the texts of those social sciences which are old enough to have had texts in the old style is illuminating even to the layman. Texts in government are turning from Aristotelian forms to actual functions. Gone is the table of contents with its "First Canon of Distinction: The Identity or Non-identity of the State with the Government," and in its place comes the study of party cleavages. The romantic conception of the "will of the people" vanishes into limbo before the realism of the "will of the pressure group"—the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist church, et al. The economists forsake the laws and definitions of texts written twenty-five years ago to face the facts of present economic institutions, with an emphasis on production and its greater efficiency. "American Economic Life," by Tugwell, Munro, and Stryker, begins with a description of poverty, rural and urban, and continues under the caption "Raising the Levels of Living." The authors supplement their own excellent descriptive powers with passages from Theodore Dreiser and Hamlin Garland, with pictures tragic and amusing and with illuminating charts. A casebook in economics similar to that used in the law has been in use for two years at Columbia University.

Students of literature need no longer wander exclusively among the classics, but can engage in discussions of sex, politics, and religion arising from their reading in modern authors. Members of college faculties of literature, turning from the standard works which had been approved and embalmed by time, fortunately found to their hand a crop of significant contemporaries demanding attention. The texts of Carl and Mark Van Doren have made a beginning in this field, and the presence of these and other scholars in literary journalism must reassure teachers of literature who are still timid about venturing out of classical cloisters into the light of the modern day.

The colleges are setting the pace, and the lower schools follow more slowly. The realistic histories of the Beards and of Muzzey have long been in use in the secondary schools. Professor Tugwell and his colleagues are engaged in adapting their economics text for high-school students. If the lower learning lags behind in the matter of content, it is looking forward in pedagogic method, and here the experimental schools point the way. Textbooks in these schools are few; the children learn their arithmetic, for example, by keeping a store. The mathematics texts that are used are distinguished by the practical application of their problems to daily living. Their history students read of the splendors of Cathay and the perils of Columbus's voyages in the words of Marco Polo and the diary of Columbus.

To judge a text for its dulness is a new departure in schoolbook criticism. Certainly the quality of interest was not always demanded of scholarly work. But the writer recently heard two eminent university professors agree that a certain tome "would certainly not make an evening's reading." Undoubtedly many of the newer textbooks, written well and even eloquently, do make an evening's reading. The publishers moreover do their share to sweeten the draught of knowledge. The new American history of the Beards is beautifully printed and bound, and decorated with woodcuts. Even the old books are decked in new clothes. A drab gray geometry of the past is appearing in a new edition with a bright green jacket lettered in gold, with larger and more varied type, and with diagrams standing out provocatively in heavy and lighter lines, making geometry positively attractive. An algebra book has pictures: the wonder is that nobody before thought of illustrating the lever principle with a picture of an automobile being raised to replace a flat tire. A high-school sociology text is coming out with 150 illustrations, and the publisher confesses that he is having captions written to justify the pictures. Primers are printed large and spaciously, with gaily colored elves and fairies dancing over their pages, and animals are coming into their own with more lifelike portraits than they have been favored with in the past. It is, in fact, time for a new hysteria to break out, lest the nation's youth be demoralized by the pleasures of education and the realities of life, and the discipline of application to tiresome abstraction be forever lost.

These Modern Women

"The Unpardonable Sin"

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the fifteenth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for June 8.*]

I WAS born into an atmosphere of Presbyterian orthodoxy and conventionality, in a small Southern town—a biological "sport" in some ways; yet inheriting from my mother so much docility and from my father such a strain of introspection and over-conscientiousness that the best years of my life were wrecked.

That was before the days of ubiquitous psychology and child-study. Nobody had ever heard of such matters as complexes and repressions and maladjustments. The question of the psychical aspects of sex was untouched, it seems, except by a few foreign specialists. Afraid to be myself, afraid even to mention the things I longed for most if I thought those things were disapproved of by the people around me, an exaggerated fearfulness held me captive. Some of its manifestations were so marked that it is hard to see how any grown person could have missed their significance. But these danger-signals my parents strangely ignored.

The fear of lying made me say "Maybe so and maybe not," in answer to questions. The fear of disobeying made me try to pinch a red ring around my leg one day when I went wading in a creek, so that I would not step in beyond the limit set by my mother. The fear of being sinful in vague, inexplicable ways oppressed me with a sense of guilt because a little boy kissed me in a game at a party when I was eight. That kiss worried me so that I was driven to confess the deed to my mother—not in a casual childish way but with a true Presbyterian sense of sin. There were other fears, including an absurd terror (at about five) of policemen: my eyes would fill with tears from fright at seeing one suddenly in the street.

Then at eleven the words "There is no God" flashed before my mind one day while I was studying my Sunday-school lesson, and I was filled with terror over being an atheist—"infidel," I called it. I thought I was a monster of wickedness because I could not believe in a God. But I simply could not, after those words appeared to my mind's eye. I would pray night and morning: "O God, let me believe!" I would stand before mirrors and study my face to see if the guilt of being an infidel had not marked it in some sinister way. I had heard of the mark of Cain, and I think I expected to find on my own countenance some mysterious sign that I was not like other people.

I still went regularly to church and Sunday school, and of course I dared not speak of my strange sin. I suffered in silence for about two years—less keenly as time passed—and then one day at Sunday school a new, inexpressible terror was shot at me by my teacher in the form of an explanation of the "unpardonable sin." There was one sin that could never be forgiven, she said—blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. She quoted from the Bible: "If a man blaspheme against the Son it shall be forgiven him; but if he blaspheme against the Holy Ghost he shall never be forgiven, but is in danger of everlasting fire." That woman is dead now. She left as a monument of herself a compilation of Bible texts called "Sunshine on Life's Path."

It is hard to give any idea to a healthy-minded person of the effect that statement had upon my sick little soul, at thirteen—of the insane terror of committing that sin in my thoughts at any minute. There might be a God—there must be—even though I could not actually believe in Him. And the thought: "If there is a God, if there is such a sin," engulfed me. The idea of blasphemy against the Holy Ghost and my terror produced a veritable obsession of insulting words and phrases such as I had never dreamed of saying in my life. And the more I repelled these "temptations," the more they thronged upon me. Every waking hour of my life I had to undergo the strain of banishing the suggestions of "blasphemy" that kept flocking into my mind; I had to be on my guard against them; had to counteract them by contradictory words or phrases and, as time went on, by jerks and motions of my body. Strange to say, I didn't go crazy. I was even considered brilliant at school, and was passionately fond of reading.

I began, after a year or so, to feel a wistful longing to be like other girls—to know boys, as they did, and go to parties and dances. There were not many parties for children in our little town, and it never occurred to my mother to have one for me. When I was twelve a "dancing party" was given by a girl a year or two older, and I was not invited. I heard my mother explain this slight to my father by saying "She doesn't dance, you know." She said to me years later, when I reproached her for my upbringing, that she had never wanted to dance when she was a girl, and never dreamed that I would care for it. She herself deeply disapproved of "round dances."

I cared for dancing intensely, having rhythm and poetry and romance in my very marrow. And of course in a college town, as mine was, a girl who does not dance is left out of nearly everything. As I was never invited to dances, I had literally no opportunity to meet boys. I went to a private school for girls only. If I walked home from school with a group of girls, I had to listen as they talked about their beaux and dances and fraternity pins, about this college boy and that, and I felt an aching loneliness that could not have been worse if I had been actually branded and cast out from human society.

If I happened to pass one of the few town boys in the street whom I had known when we were children I dared not look at him because I thought everyone despised and scorned me. Then I would go home and cry. By the time I was fifteen I had a well-developed sense of inferiority. I could not have spoken voluntarily to my mother about my loneliness and she never questioned me about my thoughts and feelings.

When I was about eleven, I heard her talk one day with other women about certain girls of fourteen or fifteen who "had boys in their heads," who were "boy crazy." Those

expressions were burned into my memory, and the contempt and blame with which those girls seemed to be regarded. I got the idea that my mother considered it shameful, or at least unspeakably silly, for a girl ever to think about boys, ever to care to have boy friends.

All this time the "unpardonable-sin" horror was wearing out my nerves. I think I could have thrown it off if I had had the friends and diversion I longed for so intensely. But nobody seemed to suspect that I was not perfectly contented to stay at home and read, or draw and paint. Not my mother, not one of my numerous aunts, not one of my mother's women friends: nobody held out a hand to draw me into the circle of happy, normal girlhood. Instead, when I was not quite sixteen I had the misfortune to visit in the home of a sister-in-law of my father's, a sensational, stupid, vulgar woman, who, by her abnormal attitude toward sex, provided one more subject for introspection and worry and created another genuine complex: a vague, subconscious impression that love, marriage, motherhood—everything remotely connected with sex—were considered vile.

I fell in love at eighteen, when I finally had a chance to meet a boy. (A new family had moved to town, and lived in our neighborhood.) I didn't call it love. Being in love meant that you wanted to marry a person, and that was disgusting. But you might adore someone, much as saints adore their God. You might have an "ideal friendship" with someone who embodied the qualities you most admired. One heavenly conversation, the first time I talked to my idol; after that, dumbness and awkwardness in his presence. An inferiority complex is not to be thrown off all at once. Even when his sister said to me: "You've made a great impression on my brother. He thinks you are one of the nicest girls in this town," I could think of nothing to say.

I had finished school—the most advanced school in town—and there was no money for college. Nothing for me but to stay at home as always. No opportunities to meet boys and acquire social ease. Nothing going on in town but college dances, and a girl cannot go to dances without being invited. It still had not occurred to my mother that I might like to be introduced to a few boys and have a chance for the social life that I was secretly dying for, and I could not even hint at such a thing. So I read poetry and George Eliot and literary criticism and smatterings of philosophy and metaphysics, and wrote introspective outpourings in a journal that I kept fitfully. I wondered sometimes whether it were wrong to adore anybody as much as I adored my hero (I worshiped him steadily for ten years) even with no thought of "being in love." I wrote in my journal at nineteen: "Was it sentimentality, was it morbidness, was it merely the romanticism of youth finding vent in one accustomed to nothing but timorous self-repression?"

At twenty I went to New York to study "art." I knew nothing about the schools in New York except that one of them—a Woman's Art School—was free. So I selected that. I expected to enter the illustration class to get the technique for a profession with which to make a living. Then I was to paint landscapes. I had great notions of interpreting the beauty and poetry of nature, which I worshiped to the point of ecstasy. The curator of the school, a severe and stolid spinster, would not hear of my going into the illustration class. Thoroughness was her fetish. It was the "elementary antique," or nothing, the first year. And I was too incapable of self-assertion then to rebel. Thus the only year in which I ever had enough money to stay and study in New York was worse than wasted. It was literally soul-deadening to me to drudge for four hours a day at those ghastly casts.

I am at least free now from the old distortions and repressions. Beginning with Stanley Hall's "Adolescence," and going on through Freud and Brill and parts of Havelock Ellis and numerous other authors of these frank days, I have read enough to cure one of any amount of Puritanism. I am still an incorrigible idealist, however. And I still expect to "get started." The words of another idealist keep cropping up in my mind: "Yet I know all the while that I have never been defeated; have never yet fought, because I have never been weaponed for the fight; shall fight some day, when my hour comes, and shall win."

A Pan-American Conference

By WARWICK KEANE

Washington, D. C., May 9

SEEN through the dispassionate eye of the newspaper reporter, Pan-Americanism is not the idealistic, fraternal relationship among American nations that, under the cloak of the Monroe Doctrine, it pretends to be. Rather, it is the domination of the United States over lesser national groups in this hemisphere.

This could not have been demonstrated more fully than during the Third Pan-American Commercial Conference just ended. It explains the announced policy of the Argentine Rural Society—"Buy from those who buy from us." Only by such reprisals will Latin-American economic groups lessen the pressure which stifles all their interests except those necessary to the development of the United States.

Four days were filled with laudatory generalizations from Latin-American delegates, while United States representatives blushingly acknowledged the justice of the praise. Mutual compliments flew hither and thither, the solitary jarring note being contributed by Luis Duhau of Argentina. He frankly expressed dissatisfaction with those policies of the United States which set up prohibitive barriers to fair international trade. His courage was applauded; but nothing was accomplished except the passage of numerous bloodless resolutions, including one introduced by Duhau himself calling for a study looking toward a gradual reduction of tariffs.

One United States delegate boasted: "This will all pass over and be forgotten." And one newspaper woman, a veteran of many such conferences, predicted the storing of the resolutions in the capacious "ice-box" at the Pan-American Union.

The teeth of several protests were drawn so subtly by United States maneuvers that little was heard about them. A Cuban protest against discrimination in freight rates favoring dealers here and operating against Cubans was tabled by the resolutions committee. The permanent chairman, now president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, kept the resolution from coming to a vote when a question was registered from the floor. He was suave although apologetic.

The Panama delegation had brought a damning memo-

randum concerning "underhanded selling" by United States commissaries in the Canal Zone. A meeting between the authors of the memorandum and the United States delegation resulted in an agreement to keep the subject from open discussion. The memorandum was withdrawn, in return for the sending of a letter to President Coolidge asking investigation of the charges. That letter probably slipped into a pigeon-hole at the White House; but it served the purpose of preventing a public exposé of American violations of the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty in the Canal Zone.

Closed sessions to allow frank discussion of each country's problems marked the final day. The Argentine group was composed of nine United States business men and two Argentine delegates. The morning was occupied with discussion of ways to facilitate United States trade in Argentina. The United States delegates, not knowing that matters had been settled to Argentine satisfaction, expressed fear that the market was being hurt by the frozen-meat and alfalfa questions raised by the Department of Agriculture. When an Argentine timorously suggested discussing tariff barriers, the genial chairman, a New York textile dealer, quickly stopped him with the comment: "Oh, the tariff question is really too involved to be brought up here."

The relations between Mexico and the United States were not mentioned at the conference, as though commerce were not concerned. An ironic touch was contributed by the election of a chairman for the Mexican round-table meeting. The man chosen, a former member of the diplomatic corps, now earns his bread and butter by writing editorials attacking Mexico and advocating strong-arm intervention. Nicaragua was not mentioned, despite the presence of a Diaz representative.

Practically no concrete business problems were brought into the open. Nearly every talk concerned "good-will." As one distinguished South American spectator remarked: "They should talk good business, and let friendship follow; instead of talking friendship, as though business will follow. Nations cannot be friends while conducting business that way. This was an opportunity for frank and open discussion. Instead, pretty words are being flung around meaninglessly. No one comes into the open."

The Coolidge speech said nothing. Latin-American delegates applauded and later admitted disappointment. Secretary Kellogg welcomed the visitors with a few mellow phrases. Secretary Hoover characterized tariff policies as of secondary importance, reserving the climax of his talk for an opinion concerning foreign loans. These should not be made except for productive purposes, he said; and it is reported that he later claimed to have forgotten about the Nicaraguan loan for rifles and cannon. That lapse caused Kellogg several uncomfortable moments.

The commercial conference seems to have been conducted on the assumption that the day for frankness between nations is still far away. In the meantime Pan-Americanism remains a pretense.

Enlarged and Revised Edition
YOUNG CHINA
by LEWIS S. GANNETT
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THE NATION 20 Vesey Street, New York

In the Driftway

WHAT is a six-leg pollymoozuke? Or a two-headed paluca? Or a big tombolo? These inquiries are not taken from the latest book of questions. They thrust themselves upon the Drifter in reading an advertisement in a theatrical publication of a firm in Boston which offered these creatures for sale. The Drifter was not sure that he wanted a pollymoozuke with four legs, let alone six, or that a paluca even with only one head would be a boon companion. But he did want to know what such creatures might be, and so wrote to the advertiser for further information. The latter replied with a wealth of surprising and interesting detail.

* * * * *

NOW the Drifter is thinking of going into the show business. He is planning to tour the country with a tent side-show, for he knows where he can get—at seductively low prices—all the strange creatures at which he has often gazed spellbound when exhibited by others. He has before him a communication which begins in this beguiling fashion:

Mr. Showman
Dear Sir:

Your letter at hand and with this I send price list of my big, special curiosities each one a whole show.

You of course want something strong and attractive that will get the money.

And that is what I sell big, strong main features with swell flashy banners that make a front that gets the money, and the front is the main thing Mr. that's what gets them the front don't forget that.

* * * * *

OF course the Drifter wants something "that gets the money" and he realizes, as his correspondent writes, that "the front is the main thing." But he is still undecided what attraction to choose among the numerous possibilities offered. He is considering some one or more of the following wonders:

KING-MAC-A-DULA The Two Headed Giant with 8x10 banner $55.00 cash or $60.00 C. O. D. on $20 deposit.
POLLY-MOO-ZUKE and 8x10 banner $45.00 cash or $50.00 C. O. D.
ANTONIO THE ITALIAN TWINS and 8x10 banner $45.00 cash or $50.00 C. O. D.
SIAMESE TWINS and 8x10 banner $55.00 cash or $60.00 C. O. D.
CHINESE PALUCA and 8x10 banner $45.00 cash or $50.00 C. O. D.
SEA SERPENT and 8x10 banner $50.00 cash or $55.00 C. O. D. on $20 deposit.
PREHISTORIC GIANT MAN with one head $55.00 cash.
KING JACK-A-LOO-PA and 8x10 banner $40.00 cash or $45.00 C. O. D.
MOA DEVIL BIRD and 8x10 banner $40.00 cash or $45.00 C. O. D.
SEA HORSE and 8x10 banner $40.00 cash or $45.00 C. O. D.

* * * * *

NOR is this all. There is "The Baby in the Bottle," which, having two heads, is "a money getter" and "a whole show." It is sent with "privilege of examination on $10 deposit, which is to pay charges if not taken." It is hard to see how anyone could be so unfeeling as to send the infant back, for "The child is as natural and life-like as we could

make it. The hair on head being sewed in, giving it a very natural appearance. Supposed to be a real child in embalming fluid." But if one *should* send the baby back, there is the alternative of "Special swell mummified outlaw subjects, men or women, for law and outlaw shows. Can be used to represent any outlaw. Very natural looking and will look the part in any weather, hot or cold, as they will not wilt, melt, run, or shrink in hot weather." That is more than can be said of the Drifter, who feels that in the presence of an outlaw in any weather he would shrink at once and run if he got a chance.

* * * * *

FORTUNATELY the Drifter's "supply house" does not compel him to make up the stories for its attractions. A "lecture" is sent with every wonder. If, for instance, the Drifter tours the country with King Jack-a-loo-pa, the Three-Faced Man, he will begin as follows:

> Ladies and Gents: KING JACK-A-LOO-PA, the Three-Faced Man, was King of the African Molocas. He had, as you see, one head with three faces, three mouths, three noses, three chins, six eyes, and one neck; three arms, three hands, and three fingers; three legs, three feet, and three toes. A strange, remarkable man, different from all other human beings that inhabit this earth. In life he was a savage monster—a king who ruled with an iron hand. He had a thousand wives, and when he died many of them were buried with him. Being in the country at the time and being anxious to see a ceremony of this kind, I strolled into the Jungle, and in the distance I could hear the mournful wailing of many women, and it was in that direction I turned my steps.

* * * * *

HAVING "strolled into the Jungle," the Drifter stayed to witness the burial of King Jack, together with a generous number of his wives, and later made off with the corpse. If instead of traveling around with this lord of the African Molocas, the Drifter chooses the "big classy attraction" King Mac-a-dula, the Two-Headed Patagonian Giant, "made so legs come off at the waist so as ship in a box 5x2x1½ ft," he will first explain that his friend is not embalmed but "a natural-dried body" who got that way in the atmosphere of his native land. In that arid region there is sometimes not a shower for years. After considerable further palaver the Drifter will move on majestically to the following peroration:

> The body was found fourteeen years ago and taken to England and placed on exhibition at the Crystal Palace. It is owned by a historical society of London, and no amount of money can buy it. We simply rent it. The atmosphere in this country being so damp it begins to soften in places and we have to use artificial means to keep it preserved, touching it up occasionally with arsenic, pitch, corrosive sublimate, etc., and in this way it will last for years. Truly a wonderful curiosity, worth many times the price you have paid to see it, and I ask you as a favor to the management to please tell your friends about it. Thanking you for your kind attention I will ask you to look it over carefully and stay as long as you like.

* * * * *

BUT on the whole the Drifter thinks he would prefer to go about the country showing the Centipedian Wonder, the Six-Legged Pollymoozuke. For he feels that he could declaim from the heart the line in the "lecture" which asserts: "What strange things live in this world besides ourselves, and how little we know of them!"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Yellow Man's Burden

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You will be interested in the following news item from the Peking *Daily Bunk* disclosing a situation of international interest:

> POWERS SEND STRONG NOTE TO AMERICAN GOVERNMENT DEMANDING APOLOGIES AND REPARATIONS FOR MURDERS OF CHINESE CITIZENS
>
> *Unarmed Woman and Two Men Brutally Murdered by American Bandits*
>
> NEW YORK, June 2 (via Asiatic Press).—Affairs in the United States approached a crisis today, with the reported murder of Wun Lung, well-known laundry operator of Baltimore, at the hands of American bandits. Reports from war-torn Chicago announced the brutal slaying of Woo Sing and his daughter. Woo Sing represented Chinese silk interests in Chicago, and was said to be a staunch friend of America.
>
> As a result of these murders and killings previously reported, Turkey, China, Russia, and the associated Powers have dispatched identic notes to the Washington Government, demanding immediate apologies and reparations. At the same time additional troops have been landed from Chinese and Japanese cruisers in New York harbor, and are being quartered in the Woolworth Tower and adjoining buildings. At present there are 155,000 foreign troops stationed in and about New York City, while an additional 100,000 is available on twenty-four hours' notice. There are now 115 fighting vessels in the harbor for the protection of nationals of the various Powers. The Washington Government has received strong protests demanding the protection of foreign lives and property.
>
> A special dispatch from Charleston reports a clash between Nicaraguan and Mexican marines on the one hand and an American mob on the other. The mob was driven off after two of its members were killed. There were no casualties among the Nicaraguan and Mexican troops.
>
> A cable from Mexico City quotes the report of Admiral Alvarez, commanding officer of the landing party at New Orleans: "All quiet here following our bombardment of the city and the arrest of ninety-seven American agitators, who are believed to be in the pay of the reactionary British Government and the International Chamber of Commerce. We hope that further arrests will not be necessary."

Montgomery, Alabama, May 2 E. C. STEWART

Conservative or Revolutionary?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was naturally much interested in Benjamin Stolberg's review of my book "Business and the Church," although except for the label I should hardly have recognized it. Mr. Stolberg maintains that it defends the "company union" in the name of Christ and is a "silly book." Actually, it is a case record giving the heart of the philosophy of twenty-two different labor-union and business executives. I accepted chapters from John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Henry Ford, the president of the Westinghouse Electric Company, and other captains of industry in order to present their outlook. It is my contention that many business men will be more liberalized and encouraged to support labor unions by this volume than by others which include only one side.

The side of union labor is not neglected. Mr. Stolberg admits that five articles are valuable, namely, the two from the Columbia Conserve Company, that from the Hart Schaffner and Marx plant, that from the Dennison Manufacturing Company, and the one from the A. Nash Clothing Company. No mention is made of other articles, totaling in all nearly half the book, which support union labor. One of these writers, Benjamin M. Squires, impartial chairman in Chicago, was asked

at the suggestion of Sidney Hillman, and the chapter is entitled Cooperative Management with the Labor Union; another is written by Albert F. Coyle, the able editor of the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Journal.* His article, to be sure, refers to Christ in a way apparently objectionable to Mr. Stolberg, but note the words used:

> Twelve million people in this country live in a state of chronic poverty. The labor union, not the church, is fighting for them in the front rank, with the church nowhere in sight. But if the church really takes its Christ seriously, why shouldn't this multitude of impoverished humanity call upon the church to help the unions? . . . Dare the church line up with labor in opposing the whole profit-taking industrial system?

The reviewer does not quote the article by L. K. Comstock in which he says: "I look upon the labor movement in the large as a revolt against a social order growing more and more archaic." Nor does he refer to my own concluding chapter in which I champion labor organization and maintain that the minister must actively get into the fight for unionism.

The best proof that the book is not reactionary is that it is being severely criticized by certain business leaders. All that can be fairly asked is that everyone who is interested in creating industrial good-will read it for himself and discover at first hand whether it is a conservative devil in disguise or "revolutionary propaganda," as is charged by the other side.

Yale University, May 8 JEROME DAVIS

Teachers Must Organize

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Teachers from three different parts of the country—Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Minnesota—sent us articles last week. Each was an arraignment of the school system"; but each ended with "You must not print my name. I would lose my job if it were printed." So says an editorial in *The Nation* for May 11.

Well, why do not these teachers join the American Federation of Teachers and help build an organization so powerful that teachers will be able to compel respect? In this organized world, power alone counts, and the unorganized are powerless.

Make the American Federation of Teachers a power and then, and only then, will teachers be able to look school boards and trustees square in the face and tell them where to head in at.

COVINGTON HALL

Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, May 14

Vivid but Rotten

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Revolt in the Desert"—vivid, magnificent, the outstanding book of the century. Very well, but it seems to me your reviewer has neglected to mention one of the most salient aspects of this Oriental adventure: the fact that Lawrence, in winning the confidence of Feisal and the Bedouin chieftains and encouraging them to rebel against Turkish sovereignty, was nothing more than a hireling of British imperialism. British troops and British stool-pigeons were in Syria and Arabia for very interested motives. Was the English Government ever really concerned about the freedom of those countries?

I can see nothing admirable in Lawrence's activities as related in this volume. To the contrary, he was by his own admission an *agent provocateur* of the British Intelligence Service, and, later, a free-lance brigand acting in concert with the British Army of Occupation.

Many of the pages of Lawrence's book are merely disgusting in their utter disregard for human life. What about that tale of the blowing up of the desert train with its hundreds of sick Turkish soldiers—many typhus victims—and then the mad orgy of murder and plunder?

Vivid? Perhaps, but despicable, inhuman, rotten.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 11 GEORGE GODRON

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Bracelet

By KENNETH FEARING

Return to me now,
For I am a thousand arms
Spread out to you like an open fan;
A thousand gargoyles whose stone mouths
Will twist into shadowy smiles
When you return.
Walk in my night,
Far among the taut strings
Of my veins, that will tremble with sound.
And in my brain, panel'd with broad mirrors,
Be blood-red sparks by thousands
That walk and walk.

The Career of Passion

Tristram. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

IT may be said not only that "Tristram" is the finest of Mr. Robinson's narrative poems, but that it is among the very few fine modern narrative poems in English. In the total development of Mr. Robinson's art it occupies a special position. For in "Tristram" certain capacities hitherto only intimated are completely fulfilled; to many of Mr. Robinson's admirers who have not perceived the intimations in his previous work, this fulfilment may even seem surprising. To me it seems an inevitable development, and for me the poem takes its place as the most complete and most characteristic expression of his genius.

Hitherto Mr. Robinson has chosen to study passion rather in its consequences than in its career. He has been chiefly concerned with the ultimate effect of life upon the soul, and only infrequently has he been preoccupied by the ebb and flow of immediate experience. Many of his shorter poems suggest a story without telling it, or interpret a situation without reproducing it; "Eros Turannos," which is perhaps the most notable of his poems about love, is actually a poem about the effect of having loved. In "Merlin" and again in "Lancelot," however, Mr. Robinson indicated his capacity for the direct expression of immediate experience; in them a careful reader might have found the prophecy of a great poem having as its subject the career of passion in human destiny. It is this poem that Mr. Robinson has given us in "Tristram."

Like all legends which fix some of the eternal attitudes of the human spirit, that of Tristram and the two Isolts is susceptible of various interpretations. Were the two lovers guilty, or did the guilt lie with King Mark? Whose was the responsibility for their tragedy, and whose for the tragedy of Isolt of the White Hands? Every age has answered these questions in terms of its special preferences in ethics; the versions of the legend change, but the legend itself is immortal. It is of this fact that Mr. Robinson's superb treatment of the legend reminds us, for his poem, as I read it, is singularly free of ethical implications. This, he seems to say, is what happened; the events and not their interpretation form the subject. Life itself is the source of the tragedy in his version; but art is the celebration, not the indictment, of life.

[illegible] dramatic structure "Tristram" has a classical austerity, for all of Mr. Robinson's aptitude for re- could declaim [illegible] poem, directed upon the elements of form and asserts: "What [illegible]es the poem notable, what makes it specifi- ourselves, and how [illegible] the roll of his works, is the intensity of [illegible]eeps through it with a vigor and beauty that are new, in this full resonance, to Mr. Robinson's art. The old familiar intellectual magic that he has exercised is there, but it is subdued by the glamor of this new spell. For in "Tristram" Mr. Robinson has recreated, in its noblest guise, the ecstasy of passion.

LLOYD MORRIS

A Cross-Section of English Fiction

The Longest Shadow. By Jeffrey E. Jeffrey. Little, Brown and Company. $2.
Daphne Adiane. By Maurice Baring. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.
The Happy Tree. By Rosalind Murray. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.
The Miniature. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company. $2.
Lud-in-the-Mist. By Hope Mirrlees. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Skin-Deep. By Naomi Royde-Smith. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Jennifer. By John Palmer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

THUS the old-style society novel and its present practitioner, Maurice Baring:

> And at that moment she felt the whole fabric of her life and of her future which the architects, builders, and workmen of Hope and Illusion and Youth had been so busily and so gaily building, singing as they worked under her orders and personal supervision, and which had arisen and shone, shot with all the colors of the morning, like Tristram's fairy castle, or some ethereal Parthenon on the top of a fabulous Acropolis, now in one second come crashing down about her. The pillars were laid low; the marbles had crumbled; the colors had faded and vanished; the altar was a smoking ruin. Henceforth the temple could be only a home for bats, lizards, reptiles, and rats, and weeds and mold and dust. It was ruined, done with forever.

The moderns are more practical and more honest. Miss Murray, who was born about the time that Mr. Baring published his first book, makes her heroine conclude the story with the words:

> And this is all that has happened. It does not seem very much. It does not seem worth writing about. I was happy when I was a child, and I married the wrong person, and some one I loved dearly was killed in the war . . . that is all. And all those things must be true of thousands of people.

One infers from this representative group of novels that it is true of thousands of people. Life for the upper classes in twentieth-century England is pitifully dull and damnably pointless. Too sophisticated to enjoy the crapulous pleasures that satisfied their simple grandfathers, too sedentary for the palestric amusements that completely occupied the leisure class of the eighteenth century, the present-day gentry roam languidly through city and country seeking employment for their indolent minds and occupation for their hankering souls, taking what comfort they can, *en passant*, from such tame diversion as English affairs of the heart.

Small wonder, then, that the authors who seek to depict this listless and bored society suffer from lack of interesting personalities and vital motives. An old hand at fashionable fiction, like Mr. Baring, naturally tries to solve the problem by adding to the coincidences and emotional tricks which, in printer's phrase, justify a popular plot. Skilfully but none the less obviously he weaves in mysterious spectral elements to prop our flagging interest until he is on the verge of a ghost story. But his mundane and spectral triangles still intersect in the same plane of stock situations and stilted sentiments which is the society novel. Nor can Miss Royde-Smith escape this plane despite the air of mock-seriousness and ironical cuteness by

which she impresses her reader that she is above the tittle-tattle of aristocratic automatons. And Mr. Palmer, who would mitigate the dulness by combining the tawdry winsomeness of Barrie with the superficial psychic investigation of Pirandello, is equally trite and inconsequential. There is no such escape from reality, neither by subterfuge nor by the wholesale and heavy-handed fantasy with which Miss Mirrlees preaches a too-apparent moral.

Miss Murray frankly accepts the conditions of her environment and presents them as inoffensively as possible by pitching her story in a minor key. So presented, they point no moral; neither do they adorn the tale. They are not even necessary to an understanding of the heroine, who is less affected by the life around her than by an ordinary sentimental adventure with an unhappy ending. Nevertheless, the author's strong, simple style and her sharp, sure portraiture make one hope that she will soon discover the conflict between active, Faustian personality and a quiescent, because a comatose, society which can furnish a theme "worth writing about."

This conflict is recognized by Mr. Jeffrey, whose groping hero, well born and well bred, finds himself the protagonist of the impulsive life. Like Galsworthy, Mr. Jeffrey sets down calmly and even humorously what he feels intensely; unlike Galsworthy, he is less concerned with the destiny of class or nation than with the fate of an individual. The result is not merely the best book of this group but also one of the most interesting novels written in post-war England. "The Longest Shadow" earns this praise both as an important social document and as a moving story. Treating the same theme as the much-lauded Ford Madox Ford, Mr. Jeffrey avoids all of the other's hysterical and vulgar caterwauling about the degeneracy of English aristocracy; dealing with the same class as Mr. Baring, he manages to invest the stock figures of English gentry with the breath of life. What is more important, he realizes and communicates the individuality of half a dozen characters and creates completely Philip Queste, the hero of his story.

"Your own mind's workings are your only reality," is Philip's device in his battle with the realities of conventional life. Miss Mirrlees takes the converse of this theme and attempts to show that our conventions and our laws create a world as fictitious as any dream of fairyland. Considering the difficulty of her task she has done very well indeed, but the theme demands either a lighter touch or a deeper trench. In the case of "The Miniature," too, more humor is necessary than Mr. Phillpotts brings to his story. To present the gods of Olympus as a collection of stolid Britons may not have been his intention, but the dull discussion of man's evolution and religious beliefs leaves no doubt as to the results he has achieved.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

The Private Life of Richard Wagner

The Prodigious Lover. By Louis Barthou. Traslated by Henry Irving Brock. Duffield and Company. $2.50.

ISN'T it about time for good critics to stop being shocked by the private life of Richard Wagner? They used to complain about his works and scold him for not writing operas sounding like the bogus grandeur of Meyerbeer's horrendous tinfare or the sweet purity of Mozart's exquisite patterns. At last they had to swallow his operas like so many gnats trying to engulf the leviathan; and now they find new reasons for being annoyed because his private life went more like Odin's than like a highly respectable gondolier's. Ever since Ruskin had his say about goodness and virtue they have worked on the theory that purity in art rises from a life managed according to the moral dictations of a village curate; and in their pious zeal they seem to have overlooked the disturbing fact that almost all great artists require the splendor and passion of love, and often guilty love, for the source which shall take form in works hewn from a marble purity. They indulge in vague gestures about Leonardo's impeccable and disinterested life, which is really a special case and has been investigated by Freud; and anyhow Leonardo's work has a cold formalism which is the very result of that kind of life. Even the impeccable Brahms lost his whole heart to Clara Schumann; and there a frustrated passion gave birth to music steeped in an aching sadness. One wishes these estimable persons would look into Beethoven's later life, to say nothing of Michelangelo's and a few more of that splendid sort. If we knew more about Shakespeare we should write less scholarly tarradiddle about his being a spectator of life. Needless to say, spectators of life have the habit of writing lines of such terrible passion and despair and giving them to characters in plays who utter their haunting music in dramatic situations wholly inappropriate to their themes.

Not long ago, in his "Wagner as Man and Artist," Ernest Newman went burrowing like a mole into the immense and conflicting evidence about Wagner's life and then spent half the book trying to show Wagner up as a most unpleasant and detestable egotist; and then in the second half of the book proved the case for Wagner's overpowering genius in music and his absolute capacity for entering into the very souls of all his characters. Minna Wagner came in for all kinds of sympathy; and Mathilde Wesendonck turned out to be a frigid nobody, taking Wagner's adoration just to glut her vanity. No one ever tried to argue Wagner's being a law-abiding grocer; and the egotism which results in great art is a commonplace of history. It is a bit difficult to share Ernest Newman's fervor about Wagner's unforgivable selfishness and greed and unkindness. There is too much evidence of his indisputable charm and the real kindness of his heart, and the simple fact that for twenty-two long years he stayed as Minna's husband. She wanted him to write popular music like Meyerbeer's and never had the least idea of what he was trying to do. As a good bourgeois, she found him spendthrift in money and emotion and ambition; and despite a long course of domestic scenes Wagner kept her for his wife because he understood her nature and his own difficult nature and had a genuine kindness for the aging and scolding woman he had married in the thoughtless passion of his youth. If she found him as impossible as Mr. Newman asks us to believe, why didn't she get up and go? She knew he had genius and she was the slave of that genius; and like most wives she preferred a bad husband and a genius to a God-fearing citizen who never cast eyes at any other woman.

What has all this to do with M. Barthou's book? It has everything to do with M. Barthou's being one of the few critics to understand and explain the Minna and the Mathilde and the Cosima and even the light loves of Wagner's life as conditioned not by lust and selfishness but by the terrible ardor and passion of Wagner's soul, which had to make its own laws and not obey the conventions laid down by men who never create art because their souls run to the set grooves of ordinary conduct. The title of the book is wholly misleading, nor is M. Barthou so foolish as to isolate Wagner's so-called "love life" from his work. For Wagner love was never a dissociated performance done for its own sake; and never at any time was he a "prodigious lover" for the simple reason that for him love and music could not in his life be separated. No doubt Casanova was a prodigious lover; and a tom-cat is a prodigious lover. They never do much else; but except for Mathilde we might never have had "Tristan" and except for the second Mathilde we might not have had "Die Meistersinger" and if Cosima had not been the perfect wife—both a haven of refuge and a general of affairs—we might never have had the "Ring." Suppose Wagner did borrow money from Wesendonck and then make love to his wife? In his own mind Wagner *knew* he couldn't write "Tristan" without Mathilde; and after all he was in a position to know. He didn't visit Wesendonck just to seduce his host's wife. He was never a Don Juan; and if women prefer unhappiness and splendor with a genius in preference to security and dulness with a good hus-

band they make their own choice; and for that they have our blessing. In any case, Wagner went through agonies of remorse and indecision about his first wife. He felt bound by duty and their long life together and his sympathy for her helplessness.

If people feel so badly about Wagner's conduct why don't they stay away from "Tristan" and thereby show their moral disapproval? They are quite willing to have rapture and wonder and delight from the works of artists they delight in calling bad names. The truth of Wagner's private life has its own interest and importance; but compared to his art it has no importance. At this distance of years, it simply doesn't matter; and how can a distinguished critic like Ernest Newman spend so much time in giving a worm's-eye view of a soaring eagle? Wagner did all sorts of things the rest of us could not do. Likewise he wrote music which no other composer can match for a flaming and terrible beauty. At the very least, we ought to be decently grateful and, like M. Barthou, do our best to understand just *why* he led so tempestuous a life. An egotist and spendthrift and seducer cannot write works like "Götterdämmerung"; and the stupendous grandeur of that opera is answer enough to all our private hesitations about the private life of Richard Wagner. If he made people suffer that is just what gods do; and the women seemed willing enough to suffer. They were caught in the god's meshes, as we are caught in the golden net of his music. We may cry our agony and our hurt, but we cannot and would not escape.

DONALD DOUGLAS

The Unbelieving World

From Myth to Reason. By Woodbridge Riley. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

AND now it is an Outline of the History of Natural Science and Speculative Thought, or as Professor Riley's subtitle has it, The Story of the March of Mind in the Interpretation of Nature. The book might equally well have been called "This Unbelieving World," for it complements "This Believing World." Lewis Browne's book, it may be recalled, traced the origin of religion back to fear—to primitive man's fear of the forces of nature. To primitive man the phenomena of nature seemed to be the work of spirits—highly whimsical spirits. Hence the need to control or cajole these spirits; hence magic. And out of magic arose myth and primitive religion.

Thales for Mr. Riley is the first of a long line of great unbelievers who form a sort of apostolic succession of science—men whose discoveries and speculations have completely transformed man's ways of life and his concepts of nature. It is the story of this transformation that Mr. Riley tells. He divides his story, as it naturally divides itself, into five great epochs. The Age of Myth, the Age of Magic, the Age of Discovery, the Age of Mechanics, the Age of Evolution.

> There is first the Age of Myth, when men believed that nature was ruled by rival gods with the world as their playground. The end of this act tries to reduce these gods to the forces of nature, but the same motive carries over into the second act, the Age of Magic. Here men looked on the powers of nature with fear and trembling. They had a positive terror of its forces, and they filled the world with fabulous monsters. Such a state of mind obtained during the Dark Ages and lasted until the end of the Middle Ages, when the explorers discovered that the ocean was not filled with grotesque beasts and that strange and terrible men did not inhabit the remote parts of the earth. In the third act we have the rebirth of knowledge. Then the scientific discoveries made by the ancient Greeks were revived, and in this crucial middle act characters like Copernicus and Galileo reduced the workings of the universe to natural forces. This leads to the fourth act, where the world is looked upon as a machine, something that can be studied as easily as a working model, a contrivance which man can take apart and understand. But this belief was found unsatisfactory as it left out the great vital element. In the last great act, then, the world is discovered to be alive. It has as it were, a soul of its own; it is a living machine. In short the present Age of Evolution completes the drama so far as we are concerned.

Mr. Riley's aim is not merely to tell us how science has evolved, interesting as that part of the story is, but rather to show how the evolution of science has revolutionized man's outlook. If religion was evolved as antidote to fear, science has performed its greatest service in uprooting ignorance, the root of fear. Fear, of course, is far from being annihilated. Religion, for most men, is still an inescapable necessity; but its gods grow more and more tolerant and its devils less and less potent. Even in the least literate sections of the country, thanks to science, life and death and destiny have been robbed of most of their primitive terrors. Nordic blondes in Mississippi, for instance, are no longer afraid of black cats, ghosts, and goblins. Tennessee Baptists do not burn old women on charges of witchcraft. Georgia dervishes do not smudge the sick to drive away devils. Even the yokels of Arkansas are not frightened by an eclipse of the sun.

Mr. Riley writes with clearness and with sound scholarship. True, as an outliner he will never set the world on fire. He lacks the dramatic gift of Lewis Browne, the Stracheyan artistry of Will Durant, the whimsical humor of van Loon, the magnificent journalism of Wells. Nevertheless, "From Myth to Reason" is a readable book, well organized, full of curious and interesting information, and altogether worth while.

CHARLES LEE SNIDER

Warm Satire

Mr. Fortune's Maggot. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. The Viking Press. $2.

MISS WARNER'S first book, "Lolly Willowes," filled one with a complicated mixture of admiration and foreboding. So much keen satire of the humdrum, so much reverence for the delicacies of verbs and adjectives, and so much ingenuity in the construction of an outré story—and all this tragically married to that sweet nausea of whimsicality which Mr. Morley's magical molasses has induced in 200,000 (largely feminine) readers. The question naturally arose as to whether Miss Warner's next production would cultivate the Peter Pannerisms which secured her initial large audience or whether she would realize her most vital temper and commit herself, mind and style, to that special and delightful acerbity which constitutes her essential value.

With triumphant decision, "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" arrives to answer the question. This is the simple and exquisitely written tale of a serious, warm-hearted missionary who made one male and beautiful convert on an amazing island in the South Seas, who tried hard to replace the sweet wine of a tropical nature with the best bottled brand of Anglicanism, who won love but lost his God, who in the losing saved his soul and so watched, in a sad bewilderment, a great human equation canceling out.

There are discoverable occasional concessions to the ghost of Mr. Barrie—the disastrous geometry lesson, the by now famous mathematical definition of the umbrella—but on the whole there is very little milk and water offered up to the God of the Whimsical. The primary quality of the book resides in its satire. This satire is the most serious kind of satire, because it is humorous. The humor is well-bred, but it is none the less devastating. In this connection it is pertinent to note that Miss Warner is, in a manner, dealing with the same problem posed in "Elmer Gantry"—the essential ridiculousness of modern organized religion. But there are at least two points of contrast, even if we neglect to mention the fact that Miss Warner's English is as pure and invigorating as spring water. Mr. Fortune's not-quite-converts are South Sea Islanders and so exhibit a slightly higher grade of mental complexity and a purer

quality of morals than do Gantry's awed congregations. But there is a profounder distinction. Miss Warner quietly bubbles over with her joyous lack of faith; Mr. Lewis froths at the mouth when he discovers that Methodists are morons, a conclusion he might have heard long, long ago from the lips of any Jesuit in America. Miss Warner's sensitive irony reveals the insufficiency of the Christian ethic when it is juxtaposed with the simple hedonic creed that needs no revelation and is the basic animal faith of Christendom as well as of Tahiti; and this insufficiency exposes itself through the tragico-ridiculous disillusionment of the Reverend Timothy Fortune, the most warm-hearted and least hypocritical of men. But Mr. Lewis cannot rise to humorous satire; a hustling career in America has robbed him of the capacity for calmness; and so he must perforce set up a lout, a sneak, and an evangelist in order to convince us that there is something rotten in the state of grace.

He proves his point well enough—but all we are left with is the rather unsatisfying feeling that he has won the argument. The beautiful close of Miss Warner's exquisite tale, on the other hand, leaves us rapt and wondering at the spectacle of man's multifarious simplicities. Her satire, so humorous, so warm, so finely feminine, has the depth and reach that a brutally naturalistic rendition of a life-surface can never attain; and the fairy-like locale of her story, her impossible islanders, and her slightly mad, quixotic hero admit the entrance of beauty and wit—two qualities which American satire (and I am keeping Mr. Cabell well in mind) does not too largely possess.

"Mr. Fortune's Maggot" will delight all the tender souls who enjoyed "Lolly Willowes." But it should furnish a harder joy to those who are seeking among the writers of our day for a satiric hypodermic which is really subcutaneous.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Books in Brief

At the Sign of Sagittarius. By Richard B. Ince. The John Day Company. $2.

A thoroughly charming series of mockeries, recalling Voltaire and Anatole France—and the "Gesta Romanorum," too, for this little book has its own peculiar sweet-smelling piety. The author, an Englishman hitherto unknown on this side of the Atlantic, writes with the appealing baldness and simplicity of a medieval conte. A few sentences from Caesarius of Heisterbach or some other moldy chronicler have been sufficient to set grinning the gargoyles of Mr. Ince's mind. His dry account of Orphitus, the bibulous Roman lion-tamer who managed to become a Christian saint, and his suave satire on spiritualism called The Thanatists give an engaging hint of Mr. Ince's anti-theological bias. But the reader will remember longest the four pleasant and gentle anecdotes that tell of the good deeds of Dean Ensfrid, who, forbidden by his bishop to give away his cloak, evaded the commands of God's vicar by the simple stratagem of presenting the beggar with his only pair of breeches. This little book of short tales is likely to be overlooked in the furious search for "significant literature"; but the few leisurely souls who will read it are in for a long series of appreciative chuckles. Incidentally, the volume is a perfect example of tactful printing and binding.

Gullah. By Reed Smith. Columbia, S. C.: Bureau of Publications, University of South Carolina.

This pamphlet is a short, untechnical, yet fairly adequate account of the language spoken by the Gullah Negroes of the Georgia-Carolina coast and sea-islands. In its drastically simplified grammar and vocabulary Gullah is not unlike Pidgin-English, Beach-la-Mar, and Chinook, but possesses charms of its own. To an outsider it is almost completely unintelligible. A number of attempts have been made to reduce Gullah to writing, the most successful being that of the late Ambrose E. Gonzales, who published four volumes of Gullah stories and compiled an extensive vocabulary. Mr. Smith's pamphlet is dedicated to Gonzales's memory. A scientific study of Gullah, on the lines of Sir James Wilson's grammars of the Lowland Scotch dialects, is much to be desired.

Enough Rope. Poems by Dorothy Parker. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Dorothy Parker's rope appears to be twisted from a thread of traditional light verse, a wire of Edna Millay's, a hair of Elinor Wylie's (the dedicatee), and a thick enough strand of her own. In her weaker lyrics the author writes variations on a theme which Miss Millay and, in another key, Sara Teasdale, have already explored. In her best work the rope is caked with a salty humor, rough with splinters of disillusion, and tarred with a bright black authenticity.

The Evolution of Modern Capitalism: A Study in Machine Production. By John A. Hobson. New and Revised Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

First published in 1894, this work has passed through several revisions. In its present form it brings the marvelous story of the evolution of our industrial order down to date. In a long supplementary chapter the distinctive movements in trade and industry in the pre-war and post-war epochs are described and analyzed with a wealth of factual and statistical information, and a number of the significant resulting problems are discussed. "Big business," particularly in the form of loose combinations, cartels, and trusts, has continued to grow by leaps and bounds. There has been a definite shifting in the distribution of occupations in Great Britain and the United States. Women have come to play an increasingly important role in industry, commerce, and the professions. The growth of economic internationalism as a consequence of the increase of the export of capital is a marked feature of our times. The United States has passed from the status of a debtor to that of a creditor nation. Industry has been more and more transformed as a result of the development and wider application of the new technology. The war has revealed the tremendous reserve capacity for production unutilized in peace time. The significance of key industries is coming to be more appreciated. The socialization of basic industries appears to be a possibility of the not distant future. Attention is being given, as never before, to the vast waste in the productive and distributive process. The problems of a satisfactory adjustment of the relations of capital and labor and of affording the worker protection against unemployment have become ominously urgent. With the insight and penetration which characterizes all his work, the author illuminates the record of industrial evolution during these recent eventful years.

Music

Criticism by Radio

IN Music and Common Sense[1] I discussed the inability of a purely verbal explanation or definition of musical facts to make them intelligible to one who has had no direct contact with them. The reason, as I gave it, is that the simplest of such facts (those to which all others may be reduced) consist of the relations and meanings of musical tones, relations and meanings *sui generis*, which only the musical tones themselves can convey and words can only allude to, and the allusion to which can be understood correctly only by one who has already apprehended them directly. In other words, a purely verbal explanation assumes knowledge of what it sets out to explain.

It may appear, then, and indeed is, a step in the right direction to illustrate each name with an example of what it names (I am now, obviously, referring to a spoken explanation). However, the real object is not to define terms;

[1] *The Nation*, December 8, 1926, and January 19, 1927.

it is to make appreciable the things the terms stand for. There are obvious uses in knowing names of things; but one need not know names like "sequence" and "thematic development" if only one's ear follows actual sequences and modifications of themes when these occur. In fact, as I pointed out in the preceding article, there is no learning the meanings of the names once for all: thematic development is a new thing with each new theme, the sonata is a new form with each combination of new material and the new treatment this material demands.

The implication is quite clear: to the degree to which music can speak for itself it should be allowed to do so. What sort of music the educator starts with depends on what sort of person he is educating (the education is, then, one of individuals), but he will allow a piece of music to present an example of material and its use, of which he will make the listener aware; and if he gives names it will be only to what the listener has already apprehended as musical facts. Each additional musical composition will offer new examples of the facts; and in so doing it will add to the connotations of the names, which is, however, of less importance. For at any point, it is true, the listener will be in possession of a body of knowledge, abstracted from experience, which must by itself make further experience easier. But only slightly easier, since in each musical composition the material and processes are, or should be, unique; and so the real function of each newly elucidated composition will be to present for apprehension its own unique materials and processes. And as I conceive of it, the job of the educator is as long as the list of music.

As it happens, we occasionally find performances of music prefaced by the quotation of themes, which, though valuable, is only part of what should be done. Thus, the regular program of the Boston Symphony is considered too much for the musical sophistication of the larger radio audience, and Professor John P. Marshall undertakes to make things easier. And in New York those who want to listen to the concerts of chamber music donated by Mr. Lewisohn must consent to receive the brand of enlightenment provided by Professor Henry T. Fleck. Of the two, Professor Marshall is clearly the more adequate lecturer; but both are alike in one respect, in which indeed they represent the whole tribe of music-explainers: they do not know when to assume knowledge and when to assume ignorance, and so they offer help where it is not needed and withhold it where it would be of use.

Thus, in the ten minutes at his disposal Professor Marshall has to deal with Sibelius's Seventh Symphony and "Finlandia." The symphony has been performed in America exactly once before, "Finlandia" innumerable times. The symphony is of the class of compositions characterized by a complex structure which is built up by the modification and interplay of themes, a structure which depends, for its appreciation, on the identity and modifications of these themes being recognized; "Finlandia" is of the class of compositions which are no more than a few melodies that speak for themselves. One therefore expects Professor Marshall to skip "Finlandia" and spend all his time on the symphony; and, in this, to waste no time on talky-talk but to play each theme, first in its original form, and then in whatever modified forms occur later. Consider now what he actually does. He gives details of Sibelius's life and career; he describes the bleak, dour country Sibelius lives in, which, he says, has affected the folk-songs of the Finns and, through these, the music of Sibelius; and to illustrate this effect he plays, not the themes of the symphony but three of the folk-songs. None of the things he has said and done is of the slightest use for the particular problem, as I have described it, of apprehending Sibelius's unfamiliar symphony; he has accomplished no more than if he had said only: "Sibelius's music is melancholy and stern"; and even that is unnecessary, for the general connotation of music is obvious. And having provided help that was not needed, he now withholds help where it would be of use; for coming to the symphony he says: "You will hear first an ascending scale-like theme (he does not play it) which will occur several times during the work; you will hear other themes (he does not even describe these); the work will rise to a climax (of what goes to make up this climax, not a sound)." And having said this the good man proceeds to play every one of the familiar melodies of the ubiquitous "Finlandia." Perhaps he is reluctant to work through a new orchestral score; it is easier to read from Mr. Hale's program notes.

But Professor Fleck has to deal with two works that are from twenty to thirty years old, quartets by Dvořák and Debussy. Of these, the second is the less obvious; yet, while he quotes repeatedly every one of the rather obvious melodies of the Dvořák, he elucidates the Debussy as follows: "And now we come to a composition that is very different. The melody is different, the harmony is different, everything is different . . . as you will hear for yourselves."

B. H. Haggin

Drama

Sierra and His Theater

Of all the countries of Europe, Spain must be the one which modern ideas have touched the least, for if I may judge from the books and plays which get translated here (and I hastily disclaim any other basis for my judgment), she has never actually absorbed even those influences to which she fancies she has subjected herself. It is true that she went, though a little tardily perhaps, to the same schoolmasters as the rest. Her playwrights read Ibsen, her novelists imitated the Russians, and her philosophers studied Nietzsche, yet they remained essentially alien to the spirit which transformed the others. Unamuno, her one thinker with a European reputation, is a Christian mystic; Benavente and Sierra, the only two of her playwrights known here, are unabashedly romantic; and Pio Baroja, the only novelist to win even a mild reputation in America since the collapse of Ibáñez, disintegrated as the result of a complete inability to digest the ideas which he had absorbed. Realism, rationalism, and disillusion remained to Spain fundamentally incomprehensible. The bleakness of mere intelligence is not for her temperament, and in spite of all efforts in a contrary direction she cannot help seeing life in terms of melodrama, romance, and sentiment. A Spaniard would rise from a careful perusal of the complete works of all the intellectualists from Schopenhauer to Shaw with the unshaken conviction that after all "love is best," and when the population of all the rest of the world has been transformed into he- and she-ancients he will still be concerning himself chiefly with moonlight.

Certainly the brief visit of Sierra's Spanish Art Theater to the Forrest did nothing to modify this opinion. The institution is superficially under the influence of other "modern" theaters. The very name is evidence of that, and so, too, are certain mannerisms. The sets which it uses are somewhat impressionistic, the second drop-curtain is painted with a sort of batik design, and Shaw's "Pygmalion" is included in the repertory. But once the curtain has risen upon "The Road to Happiness," which Sierra wrote in conjunction with one of his compatriots, or upon one of his own plays, all doubt is dispelled. Though the acting is doubtless restrained and naturalistic by Spanish standards, the leading lady acknowledges applause upon her entrance by a full bow in front of the footlights; the melodious sentences are declaimed in well-rounded periods; and in the lines romantic sentiment holds sway. In one play the fickle Rosina bewilders her suitors with her coquetry; in another a beautiful orphan girl wanders friendless over the world and after various misadventures, including one among a band of

gipsies, finds happiness in an unselfish love; in a third the nuns send out into the great world the foundling they have reared. Hardly since the Victorian Age has any English or American author written anything which seems so naively romantic. Leaving aside all questions of absolute merit, one is struck most of all by the fact that the author of these plays is living in a world never really touched by the movement which, in other countries, completely transformed the modes of feeling.

The company is composed of acceptable actors, and it has in its leading lady, one Catalina Barcena, a young woman of considerable skill as well as very unusual vivacity and charm, but the Spanish Art Theater is not likely to scatter any ideas capable of affecting the American stage. We have a good deal to learn from the Germans and the Russians, but not much from it. That we are capable of feeling a certain charm in Sierra's work the unexpectedly great success of his "The Cradle Song" at the Civic Repertory Theater is enough to prove, but that charm is of something quaintly exotic, it has nothing to do with the moods or the aspirations which are potent for us, and it leaves nothing except a faintly pleasant memory.

"Oh, Ernest" (Royale Theater) is a musical comedy not very skilfully made out of "The Importance of Being Earnest," by such simple expedients as giving the butler Lane an eccentric dancer for a wife and hiding a chorus of gay ladies in Algernon's apartment. The other plays of the week—"Julie" at the Lyceum, "Katy Did" at Daly's, and "He Loved the Ladies" at the Frolic—are all merely the usual end-of-the-season odds and ends sponsored by hopeful enthusiasts who take advantage of the low rentals of the spring. None has any particular excuse for existence.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Kuomintang Party

By TI-TSUN LI

THE Kuomintang or the Nationalist Party was first organized, under a different name, in 1894 as a secret revolutionary society by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, Father of the Chinese Republic. This party was largely responsible for the success of the revolution of 1911. In the earlier days of the republic it was the most powerful political party in the country, controlling a majority of the seats in the first National Assembly. Because its political views were distasteful to President Yuan Shih-kai it was dissolved by a presidential mandate on November 4, 1913.

In the summer of 1917 a large number of former Kuomintang M.P.'s rallied to the call of Dr. Sun to form a new government in Canton. By taking this step the Kuomintang Party has definitely identified itself with the Southern or Cantonese Government. Hence the party is also referred to as the Cantonese Party—a very misleading name.

The new government went through many trials and experiences—experiences which served to convince Dr. Sun and his associates that the revolution of 1911 had not done its work as thoroughly as it should have; that foreign oppression was stronger than ever; that the reactionary elements were still dominating national politics, and that consequently the Kuomintang Party should renew its former revolutionary activities. In pursuance of this new conviction Dr. Sun reorganized his party on a revolutionary basis in the First National Party Convention of the party convened on January 21, 1924. The reorganized party has pledged itself to champion the cause of the people, that is to say, to liberate the country internally from control by the militarists and externally from the grip of the foreign Powers. Using Canton as a base the party began its military operations early in 1926. The campaign has been one of rapid and uninterrupted success; and at the time of writing the Nationalist Government is in control of Southern and Central China from Tibet to the Yellow Sea. It is only a question of time until the Nationalists will take Peking and thus unite China.

We are now in a position to examine briefly the platform of the Kuomintang Party. Foremost among its foreign policies is the abrogation of the unequal treaties and the conclusion of new treaties on the principles of equality and reciprocity. Any nation which voluntarily relinquishes its special privileges in China will be treated as in actual fact a "most favored nation." As to foreign loans made to China none will be repudiated excepting the few that are detrimental to the political and economic life of China or that were contracted by an irresponsible government for illegitimate purposes. All these measures are designed to free China from foreign domination.

In the domestic policies of the Kuomintang Party we find a picture of China in the making. Politically the new China will take the form of a decentralized unitary state —a middle course between centralism and federalism. Each province will have the right to frame its own constitution and to elect its own officers. Whenever the national and the provincial constitutions are in conflict, the former will prevail. The principle of legislation by representation will be recognized, but it will be supplemented by popular initiative, referendum, and recall. There will be equality of the sexes in all matters. The traditional threefold separation of powers is considered unsatisfactory. Therefore the powers of the new government will be divided into five branches, namely, legislative, executive, judicial, censorial, and public examination. The duty of the Censorate—an institution peculiar to China—is to watch over the conduct of the higher officials and to denounce them for malfeasance. It performs, in other words, the combined functions of an administrative court and a senate sitting as an impeachment body. The Ministry of Public Examination prescribes and conducts examinations for persons who wish to enter civil service or who seek to be candidates for elective offices. No one will be permitted to run for any elective office unless he has previously passed such a prescribed examination. Thus demagogues will find no place in the new China.

This is an ultra-democratic program. Even the most optimistic Nationalists admit that the mass of the Chinese people are not ready for it. Accordingly they worked out a schedule for the gradual application of the new policies. Three political periods, one following the other, are contemplated: (1) The period of military government; (2) the period of tutelage, and (3) the period of constitutional government. During the first two periods the Kuomintang Party will assume the rule of the country. It is only when coming into the third period—the period of constitutional government—that we shall find the new scheme of government in full operation.

The economic system of the new China is roughly a form of state socialism. One of its cardinal features is the readjustment of land ownership by regulating land rent, by imposing a progressive tax on unused land, and by the socialization of unearned increment. Another feature is the regulation of capital. All industrial enterprises which are of a monopolistic nature or beyond the financial resources of private individuals are to be undertaken by the national government. Census taking, agrarian reform, labor legislation, and other democratic measures are also promised. The left wing of the party advocates a communistic scheme, but so far it has not found favor with the majority of the party.

The Kuomintang Party, through its founder, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, has also defined the future relations of China to the world. The keynote of the new world-policy is the nationalization of the whole world. It is only in such a nationalized world, a world of independent nations, that the Christian ideal of "peace on earth and good-will among men" is possible. Indeed, does not the word "internationalism" itself presuppose the coexistence of the different national groups as independent nations?

Starting from such a premise the Kuomintang Party laid down in its program that in future relations with the world China shall always be guided by the principle of justice and equality. She shall refrain from any policy of aggressive nationalism. She shall help to nationalize the world by giving assistance to the weaker national groups in their attempts to establish independent governments of their own. Lastly, when the whole world is ready she shall cooperate with the others to form a federation of nations, a federation in which all states are equal in practice as well as in theory.

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See SUMMER PROBLEMS Page iv

The Permanent Mandates Commission

THE Netherlands representative to the League of Nations Council made the following report, at the recent Council session in Geneva, on the question of the hearing in special cases of petitioners by the Permanent Mandates Commission.

The report of the Permanent Mandates Commission on the work of its ninth session contained the following paragraph concerning the question of the hearing of petitioners by the commission in certain cases:

> The commission has again carefully considered the procedure in force with regard to petitions. Experience having shown that sometimes the commission has been unable to form a definite opinion as to whether certain petitions are well founded or not, the commission is of the opinion that in these cases it might appear indispensable to allow the petitioners to be heard by it. The commission would not, however, desire to formulate a definite recommendation on this subject before being informed of the views of the Council.

As will be seen from the minutes of its ninth session, the Permanent Mandates Commission was fully alive to the difficulties which might arise in connection with the hearing of petitioners, even in exceptional cases.

Its reason for desiring, nevertheless, to learn the opinion of the Council on this question was that, having been instructed to receive petitions and, when necessary, to report on them to the Council, it felt that in certain cases it could not fully discharge this duty without granting the petitioners a hearing.

The Council has, therefore, to express its opinion on this point.

The question was considered by the Council at its meetings on September 3 and 4, 1926. Objections were raised to the adoption of a procedure such as that mentioned by the commission, and the Council finally decided to invite observations from the mandatory Powers before adopting any decision on the subject. The question was also discussed by the Sixth Committee of the Assembly at its meeting on September 21, 1926, and by the Assembly at its plenary meeting on September 25, 1926.

As the views of some of the mandatory Powers were not received until just before the beginning of the Council's session in December last, it was decided to postpone the matter until the present meeting.

In their replies to the Council the mandatory Powers all oppose the hearing of petitioners. They point out that with such a procedure—which would involve the hearing, at the same time, of a representative of the mandatory Power—the parties would, in fact, be engaged in a controversy before the commission; and they urge that any procedure which would seem to transform the commission into a court of law would be inconsistent with the very nature of the mandatory system; that it would weaken the authority which the mandatory should possess in order to carry out its duties successfully, and that it might lend itself to intrigues on the part of those who are more desirous of promoting disorder than of remedying defects.

The replies further point out that the right of petition is governed by regulations in various countries, and that, even in those which are endowed with the most liberal constitutions, petitioners are not, as a rule, entitled to a hearing by the competent authorities.

I think that my colleagues will recognize the justice of many of the objections which the mandatory Powers have urged in their replies. The procedure for handling petitions was instituted by the Council in order that the commission might thereby have further means of securing information on conditions in the mandated territories, and might so be enabled even more satisfactorily to perform the duty intrusted to it under the provisions of the Covenant of advising the Council on all matters relating to the observance of mandates. It is important that the commission should have at its disposal all proper means for obtaining such information. It would not, however, be desirable to seek to attain this object by means which might alter the very character of the commission. This commission, as has been very justly observed, does not and must not possess the character of a court of justice when dealing with disputes between private petitioners and the mandatory Powers. Should the commission desire further information on any particular points in connection with a petition, it could always apply to the mandatory Power, which would certainly not fail to accede to its request. If in any particular case the circumstances should show that it was impossible for all the necessary information to be secured in this way, the Council could, as the Belgian Government has indicated in its reply, decide on such exceptional procedure as might seem appropriate and necessary in the particular circumstances. The close and successful cooperation which has fortunately existed up to the present moment between the commission and the mandatory Powers is the best guaranty that such cases would be entirely exceptional, and there appears to be no occasion to insert any general rules to govern such cases in regulations concerning petitions.

I have, therefore, the honor to propose the following resolution:

> The Council,
>
> Having taken note of the replies of the mandatory Powers in regard to the hearing of petitioners by the Permanent Mandates Commission in certain cases, is of the opinion that there is no occasion to modify the procedure which has hitherto been followed by the commission in regard to this question.
>
> The Secretary General is directed to transmit copies of the present resolution, of the report of the Netherlands representative, and of the replies of the mandatory Powers to the Permanent Mandates Commission.

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AS WE GO TO PRESS the news comes that the Die-Hards in the British Cabinet have pushed the Prime Minister into a complete break with Russia. It is another proof how easily Mr. Baldwin can be molded by the stronger personalities near him. The decision now taken is momentous, fraught with danger for the whole world. So far as checking the Soviets is concerned we are entirely of Ramsay MacDonald's opinion that it will "strengthen the revolutionary elements in the world and leave the field free for their agents to go on with their work untrammeled." We do not agree with him when he says that it will make the world laugh at England. For us the move is too tragic. England, with her huge unemployment, torn by the clash of internal policies, so in need of all the foreign trade that she can get, now to turn over her Russian business to America or to Germany! We cannot believe that this action will commend itself to sound business opinion in Great Britain. Indeed, outside of the Die-Hard group, even the conservative press is half-hearted. We do not deny that there has been provocation, nor would we defend the folly and the stupidity of the Soviets, who ought beyond all else to be winning the good-will of the world instead of working against other governments. But the time had not come for a break.

CHINA SEEMS TO BE ENGAGED in proving that she is not yet ripe for civilian government, and the Powers in proving that they do not want her to be. Out of the mysterious fog which always surrounds civil war in China emerge two clear facts: that the Hankow Government, misnamed "Bolshevik," is not able to control its generals and armies; and that the Powers would rather subsidize any bandit chieftain than a group of civilians who show capacity to get along without any alien aid. The forty-odd warships assembled at Hankow with their guns trained upon the headquarters of Eugene Chen's Government have not helped it to organize order out of chaos. Meanwhile, with the disintegration of the Nationalist movement, China is lapsing into the kind of free-for-all which has marked her recent history. A score of ambitious generals are all striving to reap the rewards of chaos; but it is not clear that any of them has the ability or the principle to do much more than maintain himself in local power. Underneath the apparent disintegration, however, the same forces are at work which created the Nationalist movement. All the militarists now proclaim its principles, and the splendid spirit which the Chinese people have shown throughout her troubles will yet triumph over the mess created by her militarists.

NEXT DECEMBER flood waters will again be rising in the Mississippi. By that time, presumably, the present devastating flood will have receded and something resembling normal conditions will prevail in the ruined area. There will still be many thousands bankrupt, many crops ungathered, and new homes built with government or private funds will still have to be paid for. Yet opposition to the calling at once by President Coolidge of a special session of Congress is strong even in Louisiana. Let the matter be taken up in due course—that is, November—is the cry; and the floods begin to come down a month later! It seems obvious that the time to act is now. *Now* funds are needed—urgently, immediately; the months between today and the approach of the inevitable next flood are barely long enough to consider the matter from a scientific and non-political point of view. Congress, if it were in session today, could without delay appropriate funds for relief and take the business of rehabilitation out of private hands. It could, in addition, pass the bill introduced last winter by Representative O'Connor of Louisiana calling for the appointment of a commission to investigate flood conditions and advise as to procedure. A body of engineers appointed now, with power to coordinate the government departments dealing with flood control which are hopelessly at variance, would have six months to study the situation and make a report. There need be no "playing politics."

THE MEASURE OF CALVIN COOLIDGE may again be taken by his latest action with regard to his conferences with newspapermen. He has now ruled not only that newspapermen may not state what questions have been submitted to him, but that they may not state what questions he has refused to answer. By this petty but arbitrary act he is seeking to prevent its becoming known that he has been asked and refused to answer whether he signed a state-

ment in 1912 protesting against a third term for Theodore Roosevelt. That he has for weeks dodged the question sent to him by the editor of the *Forum* as to whether he will or will not be a candidate for a third term is well known. He cannot punish the editor of the *Forum*, but he can hold over the Washington correspondents the threat of their exclusion from the White House. As that might mean in some cases the loss of their jobs, the result is quite obvious. We do not recall any previous President who laid down the doctrine that the press must not criticize his policies in foreign affairs on pain of being called unpatriotic and then undertook to regulate what the press men should say in his august presence and should write after leaving it.

WE ARE REMINDED by Senator Walsh of Montana of the importance of being Andrew W. Mellon and of the priceless advantage it is to the Aluminum Company of America to have its controlling stockholder at the head of the Treasury Department, just across a little strip of grass from the White House. In the issue of the *New South* for May Senator Walsh recalls that as far back as 1912 Mr. Mellon's company, which has a monopoly in the production of crude aluminum in America, was adjudged to have violated the anti-trust laws by the United States District Court of western Pennsylvania. A decree was entered directing it to cease various practices in restraint of trade. But when in October, 1924, the Federal Trade Commission, after two years of inquiry, reported on the high price of house-furnishing goods nearly half of the report had to be devoted to detailing violations of the court decree of 1912 on the part of the Aluminum Company of America. The Department of Justice was advised of the findings and Attorney General Stone replied, acknowledging that there was evidence either that the company was indifferent to the decree or was intentionally violating it. But the letter was sent only after a delay of several months.

THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, says Senator Walsh, assigned to the inquiry a man who was neither a lawyer nor an economist. He took some notes from the evidence of the Federal Trade Commission, went into "the field" for further facts, and after an inquiry pursued with "amazing leisureliness" reported that he had discovered no substantial complaint of the methods of Mr. Mellon's company. No further information came from the department in regard to the case until September, 1925, when a group of newspaper correspondents asked Mr. Stone's successor about it. "He told them he had never heard of the affair!" In January, 1926, the Senate directed its Judiciary Committee to inquire whether due expedition had been shown in the investigation; the report was in the negative. Meanwhile a Detroit manufacturer had appealed to the Federal Trade Commission. It assigned a lawyer to investigate and, contrary to the findings of the man from the Department of Justice, he reported that complaint was "very general." The Senate was asked to make an investigation of its own, but declined to do so by a close vote, 36 to 33. The proceeding still drags on in the Department of Justice, delayed by ingenious counsel and growing ever more pointless because of the statute of limitations. In the circumstances one might expect that Mr. Mellon would demand immediate action and that the President would take the case outside of his official family for inquiry and, if necessary, prosecution. But as Senator Walsh says the "purpose is to shield Mr. Mellon."

LAST FALL THE NEW YORK CITY Board of Education refused to allow the American Civil Liberties Union to hold a meeting in one of the public schools on the subject of Old-Fashioned Free Speech. Officially, at least, neither the subject nor the announced speakers—John Haynes Holmes, James Weldon Johnson, Nevin Sayre, Norman Thomas—was the cause of the ruling. Objection was made to the Civil Liberties Union itself; it was branded by the board as "un-American, untruthful, and immoral." On an appeal to Albany, the action of the board was sustained by Commissioner of Education Graves—but on different grounds. The Civil Liberties Union was not objected to by the commissioner, but the subject was; no controversial subjects could be discussed in public-school buildings, he held. Both rulings are in process of being tested by the indomitable Civil Liberties Union. Already, on a new application, it has received permission from the Board of Education for a meeting in a school to discuss the Growth of New York City since 1900—a subject apparently considered free from dynamite, especially since it is to be handled by such worthy citizens as Charles C. Burlingham, the distinguished lawyer and former president of the board; Nelson S. Spencer, former president of the City Club; Congressman La Guardia, Professor John Dewey, and Dean Lathrop, assistant to Bishop Manning. By granting this application, the board appears to have reversed itself on the question of the Civil Liberties Union's morals and Americanism. The fact is, an organization is dangerous only so long as it is represented by persons whom the authorities dislike. In this business no principles can be applied, no lines can be drawn. We congratulate the Civil Liberties Union on its success in showing up the hypocrisy of censors.

WE HAVE PUBLISHED or commented on the various decrees by which Mussolini has muzzled the press. These, however, can give no idea of the methods actually in operation, because orders from Mussolini are given to the editors by the prefects over the telephone, with strict instructions that no notes whatever shall be made of them. But some of these orders reached the European socialist press and were reprinted in the Milwaukee *Leader*. We quote a few:

> August 5, 1926. It is forbidden to refer in any way to the interview which the Indian poet Tagore gave to a reporter of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, in which he denies the Fascist report that he is an admirer of Mussolini.
>
> August 25, 1926. It is ordered not to say anything about a manifesto of London intellectuals which demands the abolition of forced enlistments.
>
> August 30, 1926. Suppress all mention of the purchase of war materials in Italy by foreign governments.
>
> September 23, 1926. Don't publish the final plea of the attorney general in the process dealing with the murder of the Fascist Luporini and the Anti-Fascist Nenniolini in Florence. Cut every word referring to the economic, financial, and political penetration of Albania by Italy. (It was emphasized that these orders came direct from Mussolini.)
>
> October 13, 1926. Nothing must be said about the thefts committed by Italian soldiers in the hotels of Meran, South Tyrol.
>
> February 25, 1927. The prefect forbids any mention of the departure of Under Secretary of State Grandi to San Remo for the purpose of meeting the German Foreign Minister Stresemann.

A BEAUTIFUL "VOLUNTARY COOPERATION" between capital and labor having been announced in the recent Italian Labor Contract, published in *The Nation* of May 18, the all-powerful Italian state has proceeded to get down to business by demanding that workers in all branches of production accept a 10 per cent cut in wages. This is for the sake of "improved national economy," and is to be accompanied by a corresponding reduction by employers in the cost of production. It is curious, in these happy arrangements between employer and employed, that the worker's contribution to the needs of the state is always sharply defined—10 per cent or 15 per cent—while employers are left to their own discretion in the amount of loss they will take. It leaves one wondering just where, for the workers, the "voluntary" aspect of the situation comes in. Perhaps Signor Mussolini visualizes each Italian workman saying, soberly but with a sort of noble joy, to his devoted wife: "Of course we shall suffer hardship; of course we did not get quite enough to eat before, and now we shall get less. But it is for the state. Let that be our reward." This may be a true picture. If it is not, Mussolini has driven another nail into the receptacle for his political corpse. The lira is going up; wages are going down. Perhaps prices will go down also, but the Government admits they are not keeping up with wages. Italy must some time stop borrowing from Peter to pay Paul.

SAM BERNARD, known to several generations of theatergoers, died suddenly at sea on the evening of May 17. Seen in a play here during the present season, he had been on the stage for fifty years, and like many great comedians he had risen gradually from the humblest ranks of his calling to a position of real eminence. Born in England, he made his debut as an entertainer in a Coney Island beergarden and then, after becoming one of the chief comedians at the old Weber and Fields Music Hall, he passed on to the legitimate stage, where he became famous for his interpretations, touched with wistfulness, of German and Jewish characters. It is said that he was exclusively an interpreter and that he was responsible for none of the lines which he spoke, but for most of those who saw him it was hard to believe that the humor did not proceed from his own soul, for he stamped whatever he did with the impress of his personality. He will be remembered not for any particular role which he played, but because he was recognizable as his own amusing self behind whatever mask he happened to be, for the moment, wearing.

FEELING RAN HIGH in the University of Madrid when the philosophical faculty proposed on May 17 to confer an honorary degree on King Alfonso in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign. The nomination was declared to be unwarranted and inopportune, and after a lively debate a memorial was signed by fourteen of the leading professors. It was charged that the king had failed conscientiously to perform his constitutional duties. His complicity in the persecution of men like Miguel Unamuno and Francisco Ferrer, the famous teacher, was bitterly denounced. The execution of Ferrer in 1909 aroused world-wide indignation, and the retirement of Unamuno from his post as professor of Greek at the University of Salamanca because of his criticism of the Dictator, De Rivera, has now borne its fruit. The opposition to the King's degree was that of courageous intellectuals free from party prejudice. Most of them had no strong political leanings, and those who did ranged from Julian Bestiero, professor of logic, representative of the Spanish Socialist Party in the Socialist International, to Professor Bullon, a noted Conservative. Of one hundred professors privileged to vote on granting the degree, sixteen voted No, and sixty refrained from voting.

GOOD EDITORS OF OLD BOOKS, it would seem, are as scarce as good authors of new ones. Professor Ernest Bernbaum in a recent issue of *Modern Language Notes* has administered a rebuke to slovenly editorial workers in the field of old fiction, which field, according to Professor Bernbaum, has in the past two years yielded 88 reprints of prose narratives dating from the beginnings to 1800. That there have been so many volumes of the sort argues a commendable enterprise on the part of the publishers, and Professor Bernbaum admits as much. His quarrel is with editors who do not know all that a scholar can know about the books they are sponsoring, who sometimes fake their learning, and who read proof badly or not at all. Positive error or deliberate dishonesty is certainly not to be condoned in editors of any kind. But we find Professor Bernbaum unnecessarily nervous concerning the scholarship of "literati" like Van Wyck Brooks, Richard Aldington, and John Macy who write introductions for volumes in The Broadway Translations, The Blue Jade Library, The Rogue's Bookshelf, and similar series. The sensible question is whether scholarship of Professor Bernbaum's sort is needed in essays commending famous works of early fiction. Since a popular audience is aimed at now as then, why should not the editors for this audience be interesting and imaginative men? We think they should be, and suspect that many Ph.D.'s would be otherwise.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE has been paid to President Neilson of Smith College by the establishment in that institution of the William A. Neilson Chair of Research. It is intended both as a tribute to President Neilson's interests in scholarship and as a personal appreciation of a man, beloved by all who know him, on the occasion of his tenth anniversary as president of this college. Mr. Neilson has long since taken front rank among the university presidents of the East, and is one of the two or three outstanding university figures whose work is being carefully watched by the entire college world. To the new chair there has been appointed, for a five-year period, Professor Kurt Koffka of the University of Giessen; he will establish next fall, with the aid of a group of assistants, a research laboratory in experimental and educational psychology. This is the first research chair to be established in a woman's college, but it is safe to say that the results of the experiment will be of great value to all colleges. Indeed, it is in line with the plan outlined by Charles R. Mann, director of the American Council of Education, at a recent meeting of the Association of American Colleges, for the establishment of a committee to stimulate research in colleges, which have too often left this to the universities. Teaching without scholarship and research is usually barren; the worth-while teacher must always advance in his field of knowledge. The difficulty has, of course, been lack of means in the colleges as contrasted with the universities, so that research has too often been a luxury. The William A. Neilson professorship shows what can be done when faculty, alumnae, and the friends of the institution determine to find the way.

The Tariff Specter Will Not Be Denied

EVERY day the tariff specter, a veritable Banquo's ghost, arises to haunt the protectionists. Outwardly they insist that nothing is wrong with the system, that only a few cranks are opposed to it, that it has come to stay, and that America cannot do without it. But secretly they are quarreling among themselves and are as little content with their partnership with the Government as are some of those who oppose their receiving special privileges denied to others. Abroad, at every turn the tariff pops up. Is it a question of the international debt settlements? The American tariff comes up at once. Does one discuss the rising tide of ill-will against us all over the world? Then the tariff cannot be hidden. It is the skeleton in the closet. When tariff increases are proposed, as recently in France and Germany, the explanation is that it is to oppose the American tariff. The official spies of the United States are in Europe, 365 days of the year, peering into the costs of production of every industrial country—a procedure no American manufacturer would tolerate for a moment in the United States, much less the American Government. At every point at which the tariff touches the life of other countries it fosters bitterness and hatred toward us.

To be concrete, let us refer to the two economic conferences which have just been attracting world-wide attention. The Third Pan-American Conference, which adjourned in Washington on May 5, unanimously resolved that a committee of business men should be formed at once to bring about the gradual reduction of high customs duties wherever found. The resolution was general, but it originated with the Argentine delegation, with whose country the United States has been having a trade dispute as to frozen meat which resulted in something of an economic boycott. Secretary Hoover told the delegates that tariff policies were of secondary importance, but that did not keep the question from coming up during the conference in one form or another. It was only Luis Duhan of Argentina, however, who dared to express explicitly his opposition to the barriers erected by the United States to prevent the free exchange of goods with the countries which Uncle Sam insists upon treating as minors, orphans, and his special proteges.

As for the Economic Conference at Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations, the New York *Times* reported on May 6 that "the formation of an economic United States of Europe to be directed against Anglo-American commercial domination became more clearly the definite object of the International Economic Conference today." Such a move has long been forecast; it is the inevitable result of our tariff barriers, quite aside from any question of "commercial domination." This is the first time, however, that its approach has been so clearly recognized. It is needless to say that the American tariff bobbed up repeatedly. All the delegates, the reports run, "are agreed that the present tariff walls have produced an abnormal situation which is dangerous to European prosperity." One of the British delegates, Walter Layton, asked early in the proceedings the unanswerable question: "Just what attitude does the United States intend to preserve toward European industry and commerce during the next decade?"—unanswerable now because the answer will be given sometime hence by the American manufacturers who subsidize the Republican Party and tell it what schedules to write into the law of the land.

Our governmental tariff-spying system came up for discussion. At first it seemed as if the American delegates themselves would refuse to support this indefensible practice—as every man of principle ought to. Then evidently they changed their minds and decided to defend their Government. Switzerland and Sweden, two countries which refused to permit the American spies to examine the books of their respective manufacturers, led the way for an explicit condemnation of this practice. There was no difficulty in rousing feeling against the United States; it is a simple fact that its agents have gone to the European manufacturers and obtained access to their books on the pretense that if they were allowed to study them there might be a change of the tariff in favor of the particular manufacturers approached. The revealing of their trade secrets was then rewarded by further discrimination against them.

The truth is that if this Economic Conference is to be of any value whatever it must sooner or later grapple with the tariff problem. As long as tariff barriers exist between members of the League of Nations that League becomes more or less of a joke. That has been clearly pointed out in the admirable memorandum addressed to the Conference in Geneva by the International Union for Land-Value Taxation and Free Trade. "The very existence of a tariff or other artificial obstacles to trade is an implicit betrayal," the Union correctly asserts, "of the spirit of the League of Nations." Well, our protectionists will reply, what of it? We are not members of the League. To this the answer is precisely that foreshadowed in the *Times* dispatch we have quoted above. There must be a league against the United States for offense and defense if we persist in our attitude. There is no other way out for Europe. Indeed, at the very moment that this Economic Conference was going on the French Minister of Commerce, Bokanowski, insisted that next month the Chamber of Deputies must vote the new and higher French protective tariff which he is demanding largely in order to protect France against the United States. He insists that the tariff must be raised for bargaining purposes as well as for protection, and he added significantly enough on May 13: "The day when the Powers decide for free trade France will answer present to the roll call. . . ."

Meanwhile, here at home we hear that the Tariff Commission will be actively at work on July 1, when it will again be in funds. It is reported both that it is being overwhelmed with complaints that the tariff is not high enough in many cases, and that the Coolidge Administration has been sounding out certain industries with a view to seeing whether they could not be induced to accept decreases. Meanwhile, the Democrats are beginning to stir, and, Republican though he is, Senator Howell of Nebraska has joined them in suggesting a gradual reduction of rates. So the tariff family is not and never can be happy. This is proved by a statement given out by that high priest of protection, Wilbur F. Wakeman, the genius of the American Protective Tariff League, which reads as follows: "I am an admirer of President Coolidge but do not like the timidity and procrastination which prevails in the administration of our custom tariff laws"!

Britain's Blow at Labor

IT is officially called the Trade Unions and Trade Disputes Bill. In the Labor Party it has been dubbed the Blacklegs' Charter. It is not so much a piece of legislation as a punishment—the "sanction" levied upon organized labor in Great Britain for its defeat in the general strike of a year ago. The purpose of Premier Baldwin and his Conservative majority in forcing it through Parliament is to weaken organized labor industrially and, if possible, to wreck it politically. They are deliberately playing politics with it under pretense of safeguarding the realm. Moreover, it must be read in connection with the raid upon Arcos House, the office of the Russian Cooperative Societies in London. A year from next fall the life of this Parliament expires. Is there another Conservative victory in the Soviet issue and the "Blacklegs' Charter"?

But even within Mr. Baldwin's party there is some doubt that the bill will accomplish its objects and a good deal of uneasiness exists among employers lest the bad feeling created have a disastrous effect upon the country's already depressed industry. Comment in recent numbers of the English weeklies shows that second thought on the bill suggests many unpleasant possibilities in it. Although the Government is so committed to the legislation that it will probably pay little attention to the maturer judgment even of its own sympathizers, it is none the less significant that a journal like the *Spectator* questions "whether more will not be lost in the public interest than can be gained by the bill." While agreeing with the intention of the legislation the *Spectator* doubts if it will, as intended, clarify the law in regard to the rights of trade unions. It thinks, on the contrary, that the language is vague and likely to keep the courts busy interpreting it. Moreover, "A bitter and prolonged dispute seems to lie ahead, and this is much to be regretted at a time when there was a reasonable prospect of industrial peace. Nothing can compare in importance with peace in industry just when our feet are set on the road back to prosperity." The *Spectator* says further:

> We have frequently expressed the wish that if there was to be fresh trade-union legislation it should be carried out as far as possible by agreement with the trade unions. Those who suffer most from defective or tyrannical trade-union laws are certainly the trade unionists themselves, who have not the ability or the nerve to throw off their fetters. Of course, Labor might have flatly refused an invitation to discuss the matter. In that case the Government would have been in a very much stronger position than now.

We discussed editorially in our issue of March 16 various bulwarks of British labor which the forthcoming legislation purposes to destroy and in the number of May 4 printed the bill in full. It is necessary here, therefore, only to remind our readers that the bill seeks to make unlawful any general strike or any compulsion upon the government; it aims to cripple the treasury of the Labor Party by making the political contributions of a trade-union member an individual affirmative act in place of the present system whereby such contributions are automatic unless the individual specifies to the contrary; it limits greatly the activities of civil servants; and it restricts drastically the present rights in regard to picketing and peaceful persuasion. Picketing and persuasion are to be unlawful if they lead to "an apprehension of boycott, or loss of any kind, or of exposure to hatred, ridicule, or contempt." This language is so broad as to lead the London *Nation* to paraphrase the Shakespearean dialogue:

> Blackleg: Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
>
> 1st Picket (aside to 2nd Picket): Is the law on our side, if I say aye?
>
> 2nd Picket: No. [It would cause apprehension of exposure to contempt or ridicule.]
>
> 1st Picket: No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Whole-hearted support for the Government's bill seems to come mostly from the die-hard Conservatives who want to cripple trade unionism at any cost and from the left-wing labor forces which believe the legislation will hasten what they regard as the inevitable class struggle. Such weekly journals of progressive opinion as the *New Statesman* and the London *Nation* naturally oppose the legislation although they foresee different results from it. The *New Statesman* regrets the bill as an inequitable gesture, but thinks it will be unenforceable and unenforced, with "no appreciable effect upon the actual position and activities and powers of the trade unions."

> Sane Labor opinion on the bill hardly knows whether to scold or to laugh. So much of it can obviously never be enforced. How, for example, are the provisions against picketing to be enforced in a mining village? Is the whole village to be sent to prison? The legalization of picketing was a very valuable right when it was first granted to the trade unions, but nowadays non-union blacklegs are in most industries so few that it really would not matter very much to the unions if picketing were abolished altogether. It would not, that is to say, appreciably affect the success or failure of any ordinary strike.

The London *Nation*, on the other hand, takes "the gravest view of the probable consequences of this bill," calling it "the most wanton contribution to social discord that any Government has made in modern times." To this opinion we strongly incline.

The Movies and Their Czar

THE power which Will Hays exercises over the movies is extensive and arbitrary. The chief producing companies submit themselves to this control, and those who would like to know in what interest it is wielded would do well to consider the case of the melodrama "Spread Eagle." Not even the most prudish could possibly consider the play objectionable to decency. Sex, except in the form of a sentimental and wholly subsidiary love story, does not enter into it, and its language is pure. Yet "Spread Eagle," so its producers say, has been banned from the movies and banned for no reason except that its tone is not conventionally patriotic.

Its fable is concerned with a war with Mexico, and by implication it charges exactly what has been charged in countless magazine articles, namely, that oil and other interests operate to bring about American intervention. But Mr. Hays, it seems, does not approve of such ideas. Perhaps they may tend to cast some reflection upon the Harding Administration, of which he was a part; perhaps he merely sympathizes with those veterans' organizations which have successfully protested against the plan to broadcast excerpts from the play over the radio. But whatever

his reasons may be, Mr. Hays's word goes. "Spread Eagle" will not appear in the movies and the country will be protected from "dangerous" ideas.

This is the serious charge which the producers of "Spread Eagle" make. That Mr. Hays's office, established and defended on the ground that it afforded a necessary safeguard against indecency, should be used to reduce the movies to a state of spineless orthodoxy is indefensible. More than that, it is positively dangerous. The movies are, so we are constantly informed, one of the most powerful instruments of popular education; as such, no democracy can afford to allow them to be controlled in the interest of any particular propaganda. Yet serious as the charge is, Mr. Hays's office will not deign to answer it. Not only is the power of that office arbitrary but its acts are secret as well. No one knows officially whether or not "Spread Eagle" was banned, and no one ever will know. That Mr. Hays is called a "czar" is not the result merely of the picturesqueness of common speech, for he is a czar in fact and he wields his power czaristically.

In this particular case we have made every effort, both by letter and by word of mouth, to secure information from Mr. Hays's office, but that information has been categorically denied us. We have, in its place, been given an abundance of generalities. The office, we hear, considers plays and stories submitted to it purely from the standpoint of their "availability as movie material," and it has been admitted that the activity thus innocently described includes an examination to make sure that there is nothing in any story which would prove offensive to the prejudices of any considerable group of persons anywhere in Europe or America. We have even been told that writers engaged in creating works which they hope to have used in the movies are in the habit of calling the office on the telephone in order to learn whether or not some particular situation or idea is "available"; but concerning no specific case will any information be given us. *If* "Spread Eagle" was submitted and *if* it was banned, then it was banned because "it was not available as motion-picture material."

Such arbitrary and secret dealing cannot be defended on the ground that Mr. Hays's office is concerned merely with the private business affairs of a group of private corporations. The movies, like the press, are a proper subject for public concern. Indeed, no one doubts that Mr. Hays was appointed to his position for the very reason that, having been a public man, he would give to the office over which he presides the air of representing the people; under these circumstances, it is imperative that those whom he represents should know what action he takes. Writing recently in the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Hays himself said: "Had the motion picture been known when the Constitution was written, there is not the slightest doubt that it, too, would have been accorded those inalienable rights which Americans jealously safeguard, for motion pictures are but visualized speech and thought." He spoke, also, of that fact that "to release the product of one's brain only after it has been strained through the sieve of a censor and has received his imprimatur is a discouragement and an affront to conscious men." These are well-sounding words, but what of the spirit behind them? If Mr. Hays banned "Spread Eagle" merely because its authors believe it not impossible that a capitalist might succeed in provoking war with Mexico then Mr. Hays has been guilty of an outrageous abuse of power. If he did not, he owes the public a denial.

Skoal! Charles Lindbergh, Skoal!

"Speak! speak! thou fearless boy!
Who, to our breathless joy,
Hast with thy wingéd toy
Tamed the Atlantic!
Wrapt not in eagle-down,
But with your harness on,
You flew where none had flown,
And we are frantic."

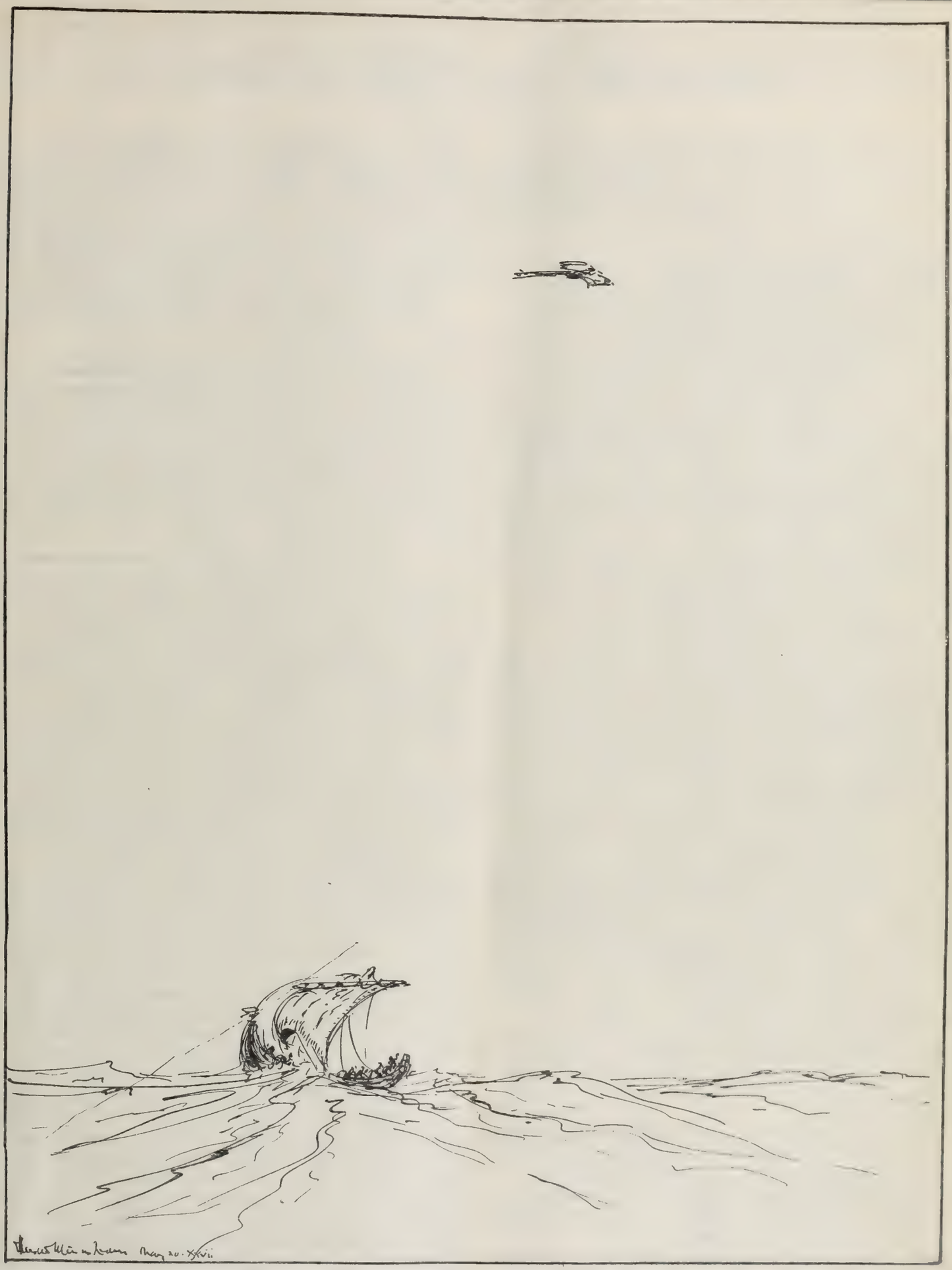
Then from those Northern eyes
Laughter began to rise,
Thinking of sleety skies
Passed now forever,
And of the water's flow
Under the ice and snow,
As he resolved to go
Back to land never.

"I am no Viking old!
My deeds are young and bold;
We came through all that cold—
I and my engine.
Before you have toasted me,
Hailing my victory,
Let those nine pistons be
Honored with mention.

"Over Long Island Sound,
By the Grand Bank around,
We left the solid ground
Darkened behind us.
Then fell the evening—
Frozen and evil thing—
With only the compass ring
There to remind us.

"Sleep there was none now;
I and my swift prow
Sped as we wondered how
Broad was the ocean.
Rising ten thousand feet—
Still came the angry sleet!
Ah! then the early, sweet
Morning in motion.

"All day I felt the pull
Of the steel miracle. . . .
Ireland was beautiful,
Then France was near us."
Now from the flowing bowl
Spoke forth a nation's soul:
"Skoal! Charles Lindbergh, skoal!
New York to Paris!"



The Return Visit

1000–1927

Deception According to Law

By MORRIS L. ERNST

[*The challenging issue raised by Mr. Ernst in the following article was submitted for comment to a list of distinguished lawyers, including Emory R. Buckner, Samuel Untermyer, George Gordon Battle, Julius Henry Cohen, Max D. Steuer, James N. Rosenberg, and others. Their opinions will appear next week.*]

IN the storm of protest and counter-protest that has centered about the Sacco-Vanzetti case a startling *obiter dictum* of the Massachusetts Supreme Court has gone almost unnoticed. The attorney who prosecuted Sacco and Vanzetti suppressed information and evidence in his possession tending to affirm the innocence of the defendants. It may or may not have been conclusive; I do not wish to cloud the problem of legal ethics by analyzing the kind or amount of such evidence in this case. The fact stands unchallenged that the prosecutor had evidence in favor of the defendants and suppressed it. The jury never heard of it, and when the defendants' attorneys objected to this suppression the highest court of Massachusetts declared: "A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt while failing to call witnesses in whom he has no confidence, or whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove."

This seems to me a shocking admission.

Obviously, the prosecutor cannot be required to call every possible person who has testimony to offer. He should, for instance, have the right to refuse to call an inmate of an insane asylum who has been excited by the tabloids and wants to testify as to imaginary happenings. Yet one might well ask in passing for a definition of the word "confidence." Did the court refer to a "confidence" that the witness would help get a conviction, or "confidence" in his veracity and reliability?

More important, however, is the question: What ethical principle justifies a prosecutor in failing to call a witness whose testimony might defeat the plea for conviction?

There can be no doubt that such is the rule of the game called "law." The decisions so hold. Yet this reasoning seems to me clearly unethical, in violation of canons of legal ethics and even of the oath administered to lawyers in many States. The American Bar Association, at its thirty-fifth annual meeting in 1908, adopted a canon of Professional Ethics. Rule 5 reads in part as follows:

> The primary duty of a lawyer engaged in public prosecution is not to convict but to see that justice is done.
>
> The suppression of facts or the secreting of witnesses capable of establishing the innocence of the accused is highly reprehensible.

A common form for the oath of admission to practice reads in part: "I will never seek to mislead the judge or jury by any artifice or false statement of fact or law."

How can a prosecutor maintain that he is not seeking to mislead if, knowing of evidence of innocence, he does not bring it before the judge and jury?

Let us take one or two examples. The district attorney in a murder case interviews four witnesses, all of whom appear honest and reputable. He has "confidence" in them; they are the kind of men whose testimony might be contradicted but not impeached. The testimony of three tends to prove innocence, of the fourth to prove guilt. Under Canon 5 the prosecutor should seek justice rather than conviction. Instead, he puts the fourth man on the witness-stand, and tells the other three to leave the State for the time or to keep out of sight. The defense fails to locate the three friendly witnesses, the defendant is convicted, the judge pronounces sentence, and the defendant is hanged.

Should not the district attorney be disbarred for secreting three witnesses who would have testified to the innocence of the defendant?

Suppose, however, that the district attorney instead of secreting the witnesses merely fails to call them. Suppose the prosecutor talks with four equally reputable witnesses, all pistol experts, three of whom would testify that the defendant's pistol could not have fired the death bullet, while the fourth disagrees. Is the prosecutor who calls only the fourth seeing that "justice is done"? Has he lived up to his oath never to "seek to mislead judge or jury by any artifice or false statement of fact or law"?

Where is the ethical distinction between hanging a human being by secreting a witness and by failing to call one? To the man who is hanged the distinction is of little value.

We are still at the *caveat emptor* stage of justice. The merchants have gone far beyond this primitive stage of ethics of letting the "buyer beware." Once the seller was under no duty to reveal the nature of his wares. "Here, buy this gold ring," he said; "if it turns out to be brass, that's your look-out." Business has passed into the second stage. "Here's a gold ring." The buyer can sue if there is no gold in it—if the representations made are literally false. But business is now entering a third stage, in which the seller must tell the precise karat fineness of the gold in his ring. His statements must be more than merely honest in so far as they go—they must tell the whole truth.

The legal profession lags behind, in the second stage. Statutes against perjury took it out of the first stage. Prohibition of secreting witnesses and hiding testimony brought it into the second. Why not consider the possibility of requiring complete disclosure of all facts, at least in capital cases, in the hope that prosecutors will aim at justice instead of at convictions? As the game of matching wits is now played in court, the prosecutor feels no duty either to put his so-called unfriendly witnesses on the stand or to call the attention of the defense to their possible testimony.

To me it seems as if some violent biological force was driving this problem of legal ethics into the consciousness of the nation. The bar is on the defensive. Naturally, lawyers hesitate to face the issue. They are human beings, and dislike to admit that codes of ethics long adhered to need to be changed. Such an admission carries with it a kind of confession of unethical practices in the past. Change seems to imply confession of error, and confession of error is too often construed as a defeat instead of the spiritual victory it may more truly be. Truth at best is difficult to find. Most matter is controversial, and the lives of human beings often depend upon the sifting for truth. All material facts should be poured into the sieve.

Will not the bar associations fearlessly appoint committees to consider whether the court decisions are in accord with the canons of ethics, and if not which shall prevail? Possibly the committees will recommend that the bar restate its rules of ethical practice. The problem raised by the Massachusetts Supreme Court can be completely isolated from the accusations of judicial bias and unjudicial atmosphere commonly made in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. It is a challenge to the profession. Does the bar admit that convictions rather than justice should be the prosecutor's aim?

In the Blackball Mine

By ALFRED W. PAGE

[*This article was submitted in* The Nation's *1926 Student Worker Contest. Since its author lives in New Zealand, the article was ineligible for a prize, but is printed on account of its excellence and general interest.*]

THE Blackball in which I found myself, after a day's tedious railway journey, is a township of wretched, unpainted dwellings, of ragged children, of a multitude of hotels, of smoke and of grime and of rain. To a young student, fresh from the assured security and irresponsibility of college life, even though he be fortified with money sufficient for immediate needs, looking for work is an experience as illuminating as it is uncomfortable. The absence of the mine manager caused my first two days to be days of fretting idleness. Unemployment, hitherto regarded with the philosophic complacency of one not directly affected, was glimpsed in something of its grim reality. Then with the manager's return came the joy of a job secured, of the thought of primitive, sweat-producing toil next morning.

That morning will always remain a vividly colored picture: the crowded bath-house, oozing steam and sweat and profanity; the yawning pit mouth; the lines of trucks; the whirring of machinery; the tired, patient horses; the oddly assorted throng of miners, all openly curious of the shrinking new chum painfully conscious of the betraying cleanness of his boots and dungarees, and panic-stricken in the discovery that there are certain essentials beyond old clothes with which one is expected to provide oneself. But nothing can exceed the rough good-heartedness of miners. Within a few minutes I found myself in possession of cap, lamp, tin for carbide, water-bottle. Then down into the blackness of the mine, blackness which the acetylene lamp bobbing uncomfortably on my head proved completely ineffective in piercing; bewildered, stumbling, no particle of dignity or importance left, grateful for my comrades' gruff advice:

"Better hold your lamp in your hand, sonny."

"Keep clear of that rope."

"Watch your head now, mate." The problem is to watch one's head and one's feet at the same time, a problem which seems to present no difficulties to the old-timers, but which I never succeeded in solving. As disaster followed immediately and invariably if I removed my eyes one instant from the mine floor, and only sometimes if I removed them from the roof, I finally adopted the plan of abandoning my head to its fate and concentrating all my energies on safely guiding my feet. The way was strewn with pitfalls more thickly than Christian's in his Progress; and, unfortunately, the goal it led to could scarcely be called a Celestial City. The beginner's job is trucking. He has to push the empty trucks from the main tunnel up a branch line to the men hewing the coal, and run down with the loaded ones. Afterwards, I learned how to make the job a comparatively easy one; but that first day it was as hard work as ever I wish to experience. Panting, sweating; in semi-darkness; in a hot, poisonous atmosphere; bruised and aching, as I strained to keep up with the flood of empties that the rope-road poured forth, or hung on like grim death to the loaded trucks as they rushed downwards, frantically endeavoring to prevent their crashing too heavily into the stationary ones in front. Failure meant a derailed truck, and a shamefaced appeal to my grumbling mates for help in lifting it back.

Unfortunately, much of the well-meant advice that was tendered me proved of little value owing to my inability to understand half the words used. "Why don't you sprag her, mate?" "Are you ready to jig, there?" "See you chock your skip, sonny." Not having the remotest idea what was being referred to, I was at a disadvantage in answering; but not for worlds would I have admitted my ignorance. Further to increase my troubles, almost 50 per cent of the miners at Blackball are English or Scotch immigrants whose dialects were often wholly unintelligible to me.

The stream of trucks seemed interminable, leaving me no time to marvel at the strength and endurance of the men who were filling them. Then, O the joy of it! a lull. The rope had stopped, thanks to a fall of coal somewhere on the main rope-road. Later I discovered that stoppages of the rope are by no means uncommon, that on the average probably an hour or more a day is lost through this cause; and I found that idleness, if enforced in a dark, oppressive pit, may be as wearisome as work. You condemn the incapacity of the management and the stupidity of the system under which such waste is possible; but that first hour of unexpected rest you accept with pious thankfulness as a special gift of Providence. The other truckers share, in a less degree, your satisfaction. They are paid day wages. But the feelings of the men on the coal, who work on the contract system, are very different, and are expressed in highly colored language. In regard to that language, one is struck not so much by its profanity as by its lack of originality.

The end of even the first shift in a coal mine arrives at last; the adventurous journey to the surface is accomplished; fresh air and daylight are experienced once again; and—crowning blessing of all—a steaming bath-house is waiting. Some years ago, as the result of determined and persistent agitation, the provision of baths at every mine was enforced. The reform is perhaps the greatest and the most appreciated of all the New Zealand miners have won.

Baths are certainly needed. At first, even with them, I despaired of ever getting clean. My companion was unsympathetic. "That's always the way with new chums," he explained. "When you're not used to baths, your skin's rough and holds the dirt." My pride had suffered many jolts that day; but this was the worst of all. "The great unwashed," indeed!

The novelty and adventure of the first few days do not last long. When the novice's muscles have become hardened, when he has been "put wise" to dodges for lightening work, he sinks into a state of mental torpor which accepts the lot of shoving trucks as part of a divinely ordered plan. Conditions in the Blackball mine are comparatively good. There is no fire-damp, so that naked lights are used and smoking is permitted; the seams are high, and the temperature seldom rises much above 70° F. It is not the hardness of the work, not even the wet or the heat or the bad air that makes the tragedy of a miner's life. It is the deadly monotony. For six and a half hours you labor up and down the same fifty yards of track, or shovel coal into a ceaseless succession of trucks, all in pitch darkness, save for the faint gleams shed by the lamp.

At first there are occasional moments of excitement. An ominous, rapidly approaching rumble, a frantic shout "Look out, down there!" and a runaway truck crashes down upon you out of the blackness. Soon, however, a remarkable alacrity in leaping out of the danger zone becomes a matter of instinct, and even runaways lose their power to thrill.

A trucker receives between 16 and 17 shillings a day. With deductions for medical and accident funds, union dues, and stores (carbide, etc.) this gives him less than £4 for a five-day week, even if employment is regular. But employment seldom is regular. Through various causes—strikes, lockouts, falls, glutted markets—the mines are idle for several months in the year. The hewer is a little better off, being paid an average of just over 3 shillings per ton of coal hewn; but he suffers even more than the trucker from irregularity of work. It is difficult to obtain exact figures; but probably the average earnings of the New Zealand miner are not above £150 a year—an existing wage, perhaps; certainly not a living one. And that for as hard and dangerous labor as any which society demands.

There are two outstanding lessons which work in the Blackball coal mine cannot fail to drive home. First, the colossal stupidity, and above all, the colossal waste of our present competitive system: waste of material, waste of effort, waste of capacity, waste of life. The one thing thought of is to make a profit. The production of coal for the people's needs is a secondary consideration. Consequently, the coal is got out, not in the most economical and efficient way, but by whatever method seems to produce profits most rapidly. The amount of coal lost at Blackball is appalling. It is generally conceded that not more than 30 per cent of the possible total is mined. The rest will probably never be recovered. The waste of effort is almost as striking. Primitive and makeshift methods and gear are employed just so long as they serve to produce coal with the required margin of profit. Increased comfort for the men, and even increased efficiency from improved methods, apparently carry no weight. To cite one example: The loaded trucks are hauled up to the mine mouth along the main tunnel and the empties brought down by means of an endless rope. In one particular section of the mine the working face was 200 yards from the rope-road, to which the trucks were hauled by horses. Owing to the wetness of this section, the track was soon in a terrible state, the men and the horses often sinking up to their knees in mud. Not only did this make the work very unpleasant for the men, but the horses became covered with sores. For eighteen months nothing was done. Then the condition of the horses was so bad that the drivers refused to work them longer, and "came out." That occurred at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Next morning, in time for the new shift, the management had extended the rope-road right up to the working face. Not only were conditions of work very much more agreeable, but immediately the output of coal was more than doubled without the employment of any extra men.

The second lesson is the reality of the conflict between employers and employed. To one who has been fed the comfortable university philosophy that the unrest among workers is caused by a few troublesome agitators and Bolsheviks, actual experience of the bitterness and inevitability of the class struggle comes as a startling revelation. Your sympathies are wholly with the men; yet you realize that, after all, it is not the individual on either side who is to blame; it is the system—a grasp-who-can system, grown out of the savage instinct, inherited from times when there was no possibility of enough being produced to go round, to fight tooth and nail for oneself.

The Blackball mine is obviously in a bad state of disrepair: the timbering is rotten, the rails are worn and badly laid, the ropes are constantly breaking and the roads being blocked by falls. For the sake of both safety and efficiency a thorough overhaul is essential. Yet a short time ago, when floods prevented the coal being got away, the mine was closed down and the men turned adrift. Had even a portion of them been kept on to effect repairs a large source of friction as well as of waste would have been removed; but because such a policy would have involved expenditure that did not promise a direct and immediate return in the way of profits, the criminal risk to men's lives and the little less criminal wastage of time and energy and materials continued.

There were both strikes and lockouts during my two months at Blackball, and always the causes seemed incredibly trivial.

On one occasi two men were accused by the underground manager of having left work three minutes before time, and were told that they would have to lose a day. Their comrades threatened action unless the penalty was withdrawn. A little tact on both sides was all that was required to effect a peaceful settlement; but miners are often hotheaded and far from tactful. Consequently a one-day strike resulted. The men lost £300 or £400 in wages; the owners 800 or 900 tons of coal; and nobody one whit the better off.

There was a "show" in the town, an event sufficiently rare never to fail to arouse excitement. Everyone talked of it, everyone wanted to go. The men on "back shift," who normally got away from the mine at 10 p. m., wished to leave two hours early, losing, of course, their pay for that time. The manager refused the desired permission. His attitude was logical enough. If he allowed men to stop work whenever the whim took them order would be impossible. Equally understandable was the position of the miners. When the mine was stopped for any reason—a broken rope, or full bins, or a flooded river—they were turned off as a matter of course. If they were prepared to sacrifice two hours' pay for the sake of seeing a "show," why shouldn't they be allowed to do so? Both sides were adamant. The men attended the performance, and the management locked them out the following day.

"Wet time" is a constant source of friction. Under the New Zealand Coal Mines Agreement, men in wet places shall work six, instead of eight hours bank to bank. Unfor-

tunately the views of managers and men as to what constitutes a "wet place" tend to differ. As an instance of an extreme case, two men were sent to clean out a blocked pump. As this necessitated their working up to their necks in water they decided to strip, and work "bare buffed." Considering they were entitled to "wet time," they left when that had expired, though the job was not completed. The manager met them. "Wet time, indeed!" he stormed. "Back and finish that job, or I'll sack you."

It is inevitable that the workers should be on the lookout for opportunities to "do" their bosses, much as boys at school take pride in outwitting an unpopular master. A piece of sacking soaked in water and secreted in the timber of the roof will often serve to make a dry place appear genuinely wet to the manager's eye; a fouled bell-wire means stoppage of work until the foul is discovered; an unfastened coupling or a weakened chain may cause a glorious "smash up" which, with luck, will block the road for hours. That it will also endanger many lives is not remembered unless serious results occur.

Every day in the mine made me more firmly convinced of two things. First, no material increase of human happiness is possible until our present social system is replaced by one founded on cooperation and the incentive of service. Second, the road to such an improved ordering of society is blocked by the gulf that separates employers and employed. If the present relations between them continue, violent revolutions or attempted revolutions are inevitable; and violence has never yet proved a lasting solution of any problem.

The Teacher Goes Job-Hunting

By THOMAS MINEHAN

II

[*This is the second section of Mr. Minehan's article on teachers as job-hunters. The first appeared in last week's* Nation.]

DEVIOUS as are the means through which a teacher gets a job, the method of application is more devious still. To anybody who has ever sought employment in the ordinary channels of business, the amount of correspondence carried on over even a sixty-dollar-a-month job is amazing.

In order to register in any agency a teacher has to furnish a complete record of his education and experience, a recent photograph, and from three to five references to verify all of his statements. The agency will then send him notice of some vacancy. The teacher writes a letter of application, giving full information in regard to his qualifications—education, experience, degrees, certificates held, and references. In addition, he incloses a photograph of himself and copies of three or four testimonials. At the same time the agency sends the school authorities a complete record of the candidate together with copies of the references which it has received. If the school authorities are going to consider the applicant they will answer his letter by sending a blank calling for information in regard to education, experience, degrees, certificates held, and references. The teacher has already supplied all this information, the agency has answered similar inquiries, and it has supported all these statements with copies of confidential references which it has received, yet the teacher, if he wants to be considered, must supply all the information once more. This is a good time, if the teacher has two or three more testimonials, to send them, and the experienced job-hunter invariably does. Meanwhile, the school authorities write to the teacher's references. In order to play safe the teacher will, if he is wise, have some friends in the educational and business world write letters to the school authorities urging his appointment. After a few days, the school board receives answers from the references. These together with the testimonials and letters of recommendation are examined. All are satisfactory, but there is unfortunately some vital information lacking. The teacher has not presented prima facie evidence that he is a believer—a true Christian, and an active Sunday-school worker. Nor has he presented a medical certificate. More correspondence, and a letter from a minister and a doctor is forwarded to the school authorities. At last all of the facts are in. After receiving similar information from fifteen or twenty candidates, the school board meets one night and on the basis of race, political, or religious prejudice appoints the applicant whom they or the agency had decided on in the first place.

Why then did they bother about applications, references, and testimonials from a dozen individuals? Simply to convince the man who is footing the bill that he is getting his money's worth. The more work the school board can make, the more generous the secretarial and office allowance the taxpayers can be induced to provide, the more plums there will be to distribute among followers. I know of a superintendent who was able to get an assistant and a stenographer simply by showing the county board an enormous stack of letters and references on his desk, which he assured them had to be answered. Next year the assistant looked after all routine work, the stenographer answered all mail, and the superintendent spent most of his time tabulating the results of a questionnaire which he had the stenographer copy into a doctor's thesis for him, and as a result of this work he got a raise in salary and a new job.

The correspondence carried on between the applying teacher and the school board is often curious. The school authorities in almost all cases want to know about the applicant's most personal habits. Does he smoke cigarettes? Is she fond of dancing? Will she teach Sunday school and take part in B. Y. P. U. work? Will he make a good basso in the local choir? Will she fall in love with any of the town swains? Will he cast immodest glances at the knees of his flapper pupils? Will the teacher be able to put on a weekly program that will permit every pupil to appear at advantage before the fond mammas? These and a hundred other questions must be answered before the school authorities will appoint the teacher. The strongest recommendation a teacher can have for most jobs in Dixie is to be a Baptist. The strongest recommendation a teacher can have for most jobs in Minnesota is to be a Scandinavian. Many teachers are selected because they happen to be of the same nationality or religious faith as the superintendent. I have

known brilliant young teachers who found it absolutely impossible to get jobs simply because they were Jews. I have known of Catholics who have been removed in order to have teachers of other religious faiths appointed. Any teacher suspected of being a radical is never retained longer than it takes the board to meet, and in some States backwoods communities do not care to consider a graduate from any of the liberal universities.

Sometimes the school authorities require other qualifications than those of a religious, moral, or academic nature. I recall a letter I received from a principal in Alabama advising me of my appointment as an instructor in his school. The letter closed with this paragraph:

> But let me tell you right now that you would not be a success at this school if you are not a fighter. If you would hesitate to toss an unruly boy out of the window or cowhide him into submission this is no place for you. That was the trouble with the last man I had. He could not fight and was always calling on me to do his fighting for him. I want a man who can do his own fighting and is ready to fight at the drop of the hat.

After drawing some unpleasant comparisons between one hundred and fifty dollars a month and the earnings of a "fighter," I declined his generous offer and I suggested that in the future when he had need of teachers he communicate with Tex Rickard.

A school in Missouri wanted me to sign a resignation with a contract. The resignation was to be effective together with the forfeiture of all salary that might be due me if I should smoke a cigarette, pipe, or cigar at any time, in any place during the period my contract was to run. I did not sign. A girl of my acquaintance went out to Montana a few years ago after signing a similar contract except that the prohibition was against dancing on school nights. After the first of the year there was no money in the county treasury. She was paid in driblets until the end of May. When she applied for the remainder of her wages, she was presented with evidence showing that she had been seen at a dance one night in March and consequently no further money was owed her.

The end is not yet. A woman received a contract from a small village along the seacoast of North Carolina. It contained the usual stipulations in regard to certification, boarding at the dormitory, sacrificing pay while unable to work, and in addition the following clauses:

> I promise to take a vital interest in all phases of Sunday-school work, donating of my time, service, and money without stint for the uplift and benefit of the community.
>
> I promise to abstain from all dancing, immodest dressing, and any other conduct unbecoming a teacher and a lady.
>
> I promise not to go out with any young men except in so far as it may be necessary to stimulate Sunday-school work.
>
> I promise not to fall in love, to become engaged or secretly married.
>
> I promise to remain in the dormitory or on the school grounds when not actively engaged in school or church work elsewhere.
>
> I promise not to encourage or tolerate the least familiarity on the part of any of my boy pupils.
>
> I promise to sleep at least eight hours a night, to eat carefully, and to take every precaution to keep in the best of health and spirits in order that I may be better able to render efficient service to my pupils.
>
> I promise to remember that I owe a duty to the townspeople who are paying me my wages, that I owe respect to the school board and the superintendent that hired me, and that I shall consider myself at all times the willing servant of the school board and the townspeople and that I shall cooperate with them to the limit of my ability in any movement aimed at the betterment of the town, the pupils, or the schools.

This, remember, for a job paying eighty-five dollars a month for seven and a half months in a little town of three or four hundred persons, located in the mosquito and fever district of North Carolina, where half the inhabitants cannot read or write.

This is the most restrictive contract I have ever seen, but anyone who is familiar with the conditions of restraint under which the average teacher works and with the attitude of the community toward the teacher cannot help admiring its frankness. There are hundreds of places where every provision mentioned in that contract is enforced. A teacher may not be required in writing to teach Sunday school, but the teacher who fails to do so will not be reelected. A teacher may not have to promise not to fall in love but if she does she had better marry as soon as possible, for in nine cases out of ten she will find herself out of a job the next year. A teacher may not have to sign a pledge to sleep at least eight hours a night, but the teacher who wants his job will not keep a light going long after curfew.

Everywhere it is the same. The mails, the fire department, the police department, almost any other division of public service is relatively immune from prying supervision. Not so the schools. There is no reform too ridiculous to find favor and support in the schools. Twenty years ago the prohibitionists began to make it impossible for any man who did not abhor the word rum to get or hold a job in our public-school system. Today the anti-tobacco leagues are making it increasingly difficult for any man who smokes to get work outside the large cities. In fully half the school districts of the country the churchmen completely dominate the teachers. Some States will not grant a teacher a certificate, no matter what his academic qualifications, unless he presents an affidavit from some minister showing that he is a good church member.

There are, of course, other reasons besides moral ones for the continual shifting of teachers. Teachers become tired of towns and want to change. Towns become tired of teachers and want new blood. There is more bossing and bickering among school-teachers than among any other class of workers. The principal and supervisor are always interfering with the teacher, the superintendent and school board interfering with the principal and supervisor, and the parent-teachers' associations with all of them. The boarding-houses take advantage of the teacher because, in most cases, the teacher has no other place to go. The administrative officers are much more tyrannical than in any other occupation. They know that the teacher will not quit in the middle of the term; to do so means not merely quitting a job but quitting the profession entirely. The teacher who does not work to get a good recommendation from his present employer has small chance of a new job in the fall. The teacher keeps his grievances to himself, knowing that in a few months' time he can leave town and need never come back. He eats the humble pie that is placed before him, smiles, and placates the powers that be. Next spring he will go job-hunting and next fall, if his references are first-class, he will have a new job.

England's Middle Class—Dead or Alive?

By HAROLD BUTCHER

"THE middle class is damned," said an English business man the other day. He spoke gloomily but without bitterness. "We are crushed between the 'upper ten' and the organized workers. I can see no future for us."

When Bernard Shaw began tilting at middle-class morality the older middle class of today was young. The middle-class heart was beating sound and true; the middle-class brain was doing good business; the middle-class home was unthreatened by movies and jazz; and the good middle-class Liberal Party was a power in the land.

Today what has happened? The older middle-class homes have brought forth sons and daughters who spurn the religion, morality, politics, and manners of the fathers and mothers who ushered them, correctly and carefully, into the middle-class world. The earnest members—the "sheep"—of this new generation are the life of the Nonconformist churches—the middle-class religious stronghold—but they no longer worship a middle-class God. They call themselves Christian Socialists; they do not bother about theological abstractions but are fiercely sincere about Christ's social gospel. And in politics they vote Labor. The few youngsters who stray into the meetings of the Liberal Party look quite pathetic in their loneliness.

The "goats" of this younger middle-class generation are in a sorry pickle. They have rejected middle-class morality but few of them cut loose from the solid maxims of their sheltered youth without suffering more from conscience than the adventure is worth. They no longer go to "chapel," of course, but they find no attraction in a "life of sin." Despite the chances for unmarried sexual experience in a country where there are practically two million more women than men, one can count on most of the younger middle class to avoid free love and its consequences. They become mildly cynical concerning the religion, morality, politics, and the conventional life of their parents, but they content themselves with shoulder-shrugging indifference. And they, too, though they may be skeptical of results, vote Labor.

Economically, the damnation of the middle class began with the coming of the chain stores—the "company" shops, vast organizations with "no body to be kicked, no soul to be damned." From the point of view of the independent merchant the chain stores seduced his women customers by reducing prices and by giving all sorts of presents with the purchase of a package of tea or a pound of butter. The competition was killing. Some business men became bankrupts; others sold their businesses to the "accursed" companies and, bowing their independent necks, forgetting their sturdy initiative, became employees of the very companies that had ruined them—as managers, traveling salesmen, and the like. It was a bitter pill to swallow. Some people would call this progress; but, as a matter of fact, it meant the blotting out of solid men who, despite their narrow middle-class morality—or perhaps, because of it—were worth far more to a local community than a score of employees in a company shop ruled by an unseen board of directors, alien to the town and in no way interested in its welfare.

The war completed the economic break-up of the middle class. True, some traders became war profiteers and, with their quickly grasped fortunes, joined the ranks of the new rich. But most of the men and women of the middle class became the "new poor." Some joined the Middle Class Union to protect their interests; but with their essentially anti-union mentality it is not surprising that their meetings always appeared tragically humorous rather than serious. The cause of their predicament was the post-war trade depression through which they fought desperately to retain the incomes and social position that had been theirs. And, as though this were not bad enough, they found themselves saddled with crippling taxation to pay for a war that never had the slightest prospect of doing them any good. Talk to a middle-class man in England today, and he will tell you he is taxed out of all the little luxuries that made life worth living; he may ostensibly rejoice that he—brave man—had the courage to make a debt settlement with America, at a time when other European nations were still defaulters, but he fails to find America an entertaining topic for discussion.

Politically, the middle class has practically disappeared. While the younger generation has joined with Labor, many of the older men, embittered by the competition that has shattered them and by the internal dissensions and factional rivalries of the Liberal Party, seek in the Tory Party a bulwark against the disruptive forces of socialism and trade unionism.

But at this point enters irony. Just as the older middle class is dying a new one is appearing in the heart of the citadel where "class" is anathema. Today in the Labor Party are thousands who, as professional men and women and as former Liberals, are essentially middle class however energetically they may speak on Labor platforms, however consistently and honestly they may vote Labor at the polls. In their well-groomed and unostentatious appearance, in the homes they rent and buy, in their recreations, in their whole make-up they are bourgeois rather than proletarian.

Not long since the Liberal Party, energetic and alive, seemed a permanent and powerful political institution. Today it is dead, never to rise from the cold ashes of its spent fires, no matter what party chests may be accumulated and spent. Similarly, the Labor Party of today, united by a common program, hot with the thrill of a winning battle, appears to be safe from any conceivable disruption. But history will repeat itself. As long as the British Parliament lasts it is probable there will be three parties—a Conservative or Tory Party; a Labor or Socialist or Communist Party; and a Conservative-Liberal Party or Liberal-Labor Party, which will represent the forces that are gently but definitely passing from revolution to reaction. It is safe to predict that, ten or fifteen years from now, many thousand present Labor Party members will be, socially and politically, essentially where the Liberals were in the heyday of their power.

The middle class is dead! Long live the middle class!

Democracy in the Making at Manumit School

By NELLIE M. SEEDS

A BRISK wintry morning at Manumit. The snow on the hillsides and in the valley sparkles in the January sunrise. Such weather begets keen appetites, and Manumit children are abnormally healthy in this respect. But a bitter disappointment awaited the earliest comers on this Wednesday morning of January, and the news was soon communicated to the later arrivals.

"No breakfast."

"Why?"

"Annetta refuses to cook it. She says the supper squad would not wash dishes last night."

"But somebody washed them. They're all clean."

"Yes, Marjory and Sally did them. But they were not supposed to. Stan went on strike because he says he's been on supper dishes too long. He gave notice four days ago that he was going to quit today, but Annetta didn't pay any attention to him. So he struck last night. Then Joe and the rest said they wouldn't wash up if he didn't, and the whole squad quit."

But last night was ancient history. Morning had come, and, strike or no strike, breakfast had to be secured somehow. What could be done about it?

"Let's call a community meeting!"

It was obviously the only thing to be done. Five of the children presented an immediate petition, and the meeting was called to order. Sally moved that Stan be asked to present his point of view, and give his reasons for going on strike. But the motion was lost. The pressing immediate demand was breakfast. John demanded to know why breakfast was not ready. The dishes had been washed. The food was cooked. The last time there had been difficulty with supper dishes there was no delay in breakfast. Why all this fuss?

Annetta was called upon to explain herself. Her declaration was simple. It was her interpretation of the community ruling that dishes must be washed by the squad assigned. Otherwise they were not officially done.

Loud and pronounced objections! There was evidently considerable difference of opinion on the matter. Bill moved that the community rules on the subject be read. But the secretary was unable to produce any record of legislation on the question. Some one had apparently mislaid a goodly portion of the minutes. The point was stressed that unless the chairman in charge of inside work herself secured the volunteers when people balked, community responsibility did not amount to much.

The community was becoming hungrier and hungrier. Principles might be principles. But an empty stomach is a stark reality. Sally requested that any one be permitted to do the work. Florence offered an amendment that any one asked by the chairman of the Inside Works Committee be allowed to do it.

In vain did the constitutionalists urge that the only effective method of discipline was to make the whole community suffer when one individual failed in his work. The community was in no mood to listen to broad general principles. Their average age is not over thirteen, and adolescence is always hungry. They were following constitutional procedure. But they did want breakfast. Florence made a substitute motion that meals be served whenever and however the dishes were done. Hope was looming for the hungry ones. A general discussion, and the motion was adopted, with the declaration that the holding up of breakfast was out of order.

Cheers from the hungriest. Protests from the constitutionalists. Arguments and explanations echoing from children and faculty alike. The babel of voices continued until Douglas, the youngest and probably the most immature member of the community, quietly rose to his feet.

"Since we've done the business we called this meeting for, I move we adjourn and have breakfast."

The motion was unanimously carried.

Democracy? Yes, in the making. Illogical, perhaps. Shortsighted, undoubtedly. They dodged the main issue of reconciling their practice with their principles. But they did follow parliamentary procedure. They discussed the question in orderly fashion for over an hour. They did wait for breakfast until a majority vote declared it legal. Could much more be expected from children?

Sometimes, when the exigency is not so pressing, their devotion to the principle of pure reason is more pronounced. But the above is a pretty fair sample of the way in which Manumit administers its every-day life, and solves its community problems.

Thirty-eight children from nine to seventeen years of age, six group teachers, the arts-and-crafts teacher and the music teacher, the farm superintendent with his two assistants, the domestic science teacher with her assistant, a superintendent of buildings, and a trained nurse constitute the community group. The rule of procedure is simple. One person, one vote. Jurisdiction over all community questions, save those involving health, safety, and educational procedure. Freedom of discussion irrespective of age or position. Absolute equality of every member of the group.

Manumit does not claim to produce a finished product. Mistakes are many and sometimes involve serious consequences. But experience is the best of teachers. Our children display qualities of initiative, resourcefulness, and ability to handle themselves that are quite astonishing. They are making progress in learning to merge their individual desires and wishes into the needs and emergencies of the community. The most venial sin at Manumit is failure to cooperate.

Thus education at Manumit School is something quite different from the humdrum lessons of the ordinary school. It is life, full, free, and rich with the possibilities offered by a 177-acre farm, well-stocked with cattle, a tumbling mountain trout stream offering opportunities for swimming and boating, hillsides for climbing, coasting, and skiing, dams to be built, ice to be cut, cows to be milked, fields to be plowed—in short, an endless variety of occupations.

The unique opportunities of Manumit, however, are not provided for the usual hand-picked private-school group who can afford to pay a high tuition fee, but for the children of organized labor. At a minimum fee of $1 per day, trade unionists can secure for their own children all that

Manumit has to offer. Over thirty local trade unions, central bodies, and State federations have indorsed Manumit officially. Over a dozen trade-union officials of national importance have commended it.

But Manumit hopes to do more than educate its forty or fifty children. It hopes to serve as a laboratory or demonstration school of the labor movement, where creative activity can be tried out in an environment that furnishes fundamental life processes rather than artificially devised schemes as project material, and where it can be applied to a typical group of public-school children. The leaven which Manumit plants in these children has an immeasurable potential power. By arousing public opinion through its own demonstration school, organized labor can exercise an influence of incalculable importance in modifying and revivifying the public-school system.

Ask Somebody These

By STUART CHASE

1. How did life begin in a world in which there was no life?

2. Is the life process an automatic mechanism forever impossible of conscious direction and control?

3. What equipment of instincts are we born with, and how far does environment modify them?

4. Does instinct outweigh environment in future behavior?

5. What, if anything, is the creative instinct?

6. Is work really agreeable, or would most of us loaf if we could?

7. Is the individual ego the eternal destroyer of all attempts to build a genuinely civilized community?

8. What are the limits within which behavior may be changed without inviting biological decay?

9. In a given individual, does the mass of the characteristics he has in common with the rest of mankind outweigh the mass of the characteristics unique to his own personality?

10. Is it permissible to talk about mankind, or only men?

11. Is a nation anything more than a geographical expression?

12. Is war a biological imperative; and if so, are there any available substitutes with an equal kick and less destruction?

13. Is the ideal of the brotherhood of man a biological delusion?

14. What are the biological effects of the machine age?

15. What are the biological effects of modern urban life?

16. Is political democracy a failure? Has it ever been honestly tried?

17. Do we use our reason only to support our prejudices?

18. Why is mankind so persistently religious; is it due to the desire to escape from the intolerable restrictions of reality, or to a genuine instinctive need?

19. What do right and wrong mean beyond the sanctions of the current mores?

20. Is it possible to learn from history and to project the curve into the future? What, precisely, does history teach?

21. What is the limit of effective political administration; is it a village, a city, a state, a continent or the whole world?

22. What is the relation of the mores to formal law, as exemplified, say, by prohibition?

23. Are there any valid racial differences beyond the superficial bodily ones?

24. Is there any solution to the Negro problem in the United States short of geographical separation?

25. Is the net difference between man and woman any greater than the difference between the male and female of other mammals—manifestly a slight one in the sum total of behavior?

26. Is monogamy an instinct; if not, does its practice violate other instincts?

27. Is continence biologically harmful?

28. Does sexual stimulation flow more from artful concealment or from stark nudity?

29. Are modern communities over- or under-sexed?

30. Define a successful marriage.

31. How much of the "new education" is talk, and how much results in a genuine effect on the child? Granting there is an effect, is it good?

32. What is the proper scope of discipline in education?

33. Do we grow stronger through hardship? If so, why aren't the poor stronger?

34. What does equality of opportunity mean; has it any meaning at all beyond Shaw's definition of equality of income?

35. From the standpoint of securing the maximum joy out of life, is the intellect a curse?

36. Is capitalism thwarting the demands of normal human nature? What is capitalism?

37. Under the price system, is the struggle for higher wages and shorter hours a vicious circle?

38. Of the population of America between eighteen and sixty years of age, how many do work useful to themselves or to anybody else?

39. Does it cost more on the average to sell commodities than it does to make them? How fast is the selling ratio increasing, and is there a point at which the whole structure will collapse from overweight?

40. What has been the net effect of advertising on judgment, honesty, and intelligence in the last generation?

41. Is standardization an unmixed evil?

42. Of the total physical wealth in the United States today, how much stands legally in the hands of users, and how much in the hands of absentee owners?

43. Why is it that labor-saving devices so seldom save the wayfaring man labor?

44. Is Henry Ford the prophet of an industrial heaven or an industrial hell?

45. Has the science of medicine proved of any net benefit to mankind to date?

46. How far are narcotics, opiates, and stimulants a human necessity?

47. What are the limits of mental healing?

48. What American contributions to world culture will be remembered—gratefully—one hundred years from today?

49. What has been the net effect of the movies on civilization?

50. Is the human mind too clumsy an instrument ever to penetrate the nature of truth?

In the Driftway

SCENE: The platform of the Times Square station of the Interborough subway, New York City. Time: 11 p. m. recently. Dramatis personae: A lady, five policemen, three hospital employees, two Interborough men, a fairly Good Samaritan, the Drifter, and several bystanders. Out of the corner of his eye the Drifter saw the lady fall to the platform and turned to help her up. The fairly Good Samaritan assisted. As they raised the lady—no featherweight—to her feet they sensed her trouble. The lady was —Yes, gentle reader, you've guessed it; that's what the lady was, improbable as it may seem in the reign of Andrew Volstead. She didn't look as if she was accustomed to getting that way. She was some fifty years of age, neatly though simply dressed, with a good face and iron-gray hair. She wore a wedding ring.

* * * * *

"THAT'S prohibition for you," sneered the Drifter, knowing that in the Great City no other remark so quickly makes all men kin. "Yes," responded the fairly Good Samaritan, brightening, "she's been to a party and got some poisoned hooch. You can't trust any of the stuff nowadays. She's pickled." After considerable effort the Drifter ascertained that the lady wanted to go to Brooklyn —to the last station on the Flatbush Avenue line. "Fine," said the Drifter. "That's a long way. We'll put her on a train and most likely she'll be all right when she reaches her station. Anyhow she can't be carried past it." But the lady didn't want to be put on a train. She resisted all persuasion. Finally the Drifter and the fairly Good Samaritan hauled the lady into a car and dropped her upon a seat. But, to their disappointment, she didn't pirk up. Instead she lolled her head on the Drifter's shoulder and fell asleep. "You're some ladykiller," remarked the fairly Good Samaritan, concealing his jealousy with admirable restraint. The other passengers grinned appreciatively.

* * * * *

WHEN the train drew into the Borough Hall station in Brooklyn the Drifter resolved upon stern measures. "She can never get home like this," the Drifter said. "Let's get her out here, and if she doesn't wake up and act better we'll have to call a cop." Out on the platform the Drifter guided the lady to a bench, upon which she slumped heavily. But when the Drifter looked up the fairly Good Samaritan was not to be seen. He had adroitly stepped back aboard the train. The Drifter went to the street for a policeman. He told his story to one who after hearing it pointed over his shoulder to another officer and advised: "Talk to that guy there." The Drifter did so and "that guy there" followed him into the subway. The Interborough station agent came too. A happy ending seemed to impend. An incident like this, reflected the Drifter, was common in the Great City; there must be regular machinery to take care of it; the policeman would know what to do. Although it was after midnight, the Drifter decided to stay and see the machinery of the Great City at work. The policeman talked with the station agent and the Drifter for a while, then disappeared. In his place, presently, came another policeman. This officer talked with the station agent, the Drifter, and a platform man of the Interborough who had arrived to swell the crowd. Incidentally, this policeman got—approximately —the lady's name and address. Then he, too, disappeared—to call an ambulance, he said. Two other policemen arrived. We all talked. Then down the platform came a white-clad, bare-headed ambulance surgeon and an orderly with a cap marked "Long Island College Hospital." The lady had now enlisted the attention of five policemen, two hospital employees, two Interborough men, one fairly Good Samaritan, one Drifter, and several bystanders. Surely something was going to happen. Something did—we talked some more. The ambulance surgeon said his hospital didn't receive cases of intoxication. "The only place in Brooklyn that does is the Kings County Hospital, and I don't want to take her that far." The policemen didn't want to take her to the station because they would have to make a charge against the lady, and she didn't seem to be guilty of anything but drowsiness. "Why not take her home?" the Drifter suggested to the ambulance surgeon. The doctor shook his head. "That's further than the Kings County Hospital."

* * * * *

"WE can't wait here all night," said one of the policemen finally, and seizing the lady the two officers half dragged, half carried her to the street. The ambulance came clanging toward them. We talked some more. The lady was put inside and the door closed. Then we talked again. "You'd rather she went to the station, would you, Doc?" asked one of the police. "That's what I've been telling you all along," said Doc. So, because it was nearest, the lady went there. The Drifter went home. He had seen the machinery of the Great City at work.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

On Second Terms

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether you believe that a third term tends dangerously toward monarchy depends on your presuppositions. There is another argument, based on actual experience, which has been published but not attended to; it ought to be published over and over till it becomes part of the familiar view of the case.

No President since Andrew Jackson has gone through two full terms and done as well in his second as he did in his first. The reason is obvious: the United States has grown so big that the job of presiding over it is overwork, and a man who has been through four years of that and two campaigns for election is too fatigued to be competent to do his best at four years more of it.

When a President runs for a second term we ought to count on it as a certainty that his second administration will have more of faults and less of merits than his first had. We cannot assume that expert care of his health and strength will carry him through. Roosevelt and Wilson cared for themselves as competently as any President can, and neither of them handled his office as well in the second term as in the first.

If the Coolidge of 1927 is having more fault found with him

than the Coolidge of 1925, is it not partly because Coolidge, despite the refreshment of the electric horse, has been growing wearied and brings to his work in 1927 less ability than he brought in 1925?

Ballard Vale, Mass., April 29 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Nin-Che-Go-Fan-Liao-Ma?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not *"Gesegnete Mahlzeit!"* but just *"Mahlzeit!"* (*"gesegnete"* understood) is the greeting here in Germany. And "Velkommen til bords" and "Tak for maten" of the Scandinavians is not an equivalent any more than is the French "Bon appetit" or the Spanish "Buen provecho" or the Russian "Na zdorovya" or the Polish "Niech pan bog segnasz" or the Eskimo "Ko-wa-chuk-unga." These expressions are, like our variations of Burns's ". . . but we hae meat, and we can eat, and sae the Lord be thankit," all normally used only *at the table;* whereas the German *Mahlzeit!* may be heard in the office, on the street, anywhere. Nearest to this *Begrüssungswort* is indeed the Chinese "Nin-che-go-fan-liao-ma?", which is appropriate in the middle of the day. But that inquiry, "Have you eaten rice?" is more like our similarly inquisitive "How do you do?" It is not the equivalent of this cheery mealtime greeting—*Mahlzeit!*

Hamburg, Germany, April 30 E. J. WARD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Ward's letter in your issue of March 16, the following may interest your readers: A newly arrived American in Germany sat in a restaurant opposite a German. At the end of the dinner the German got up, clicked his heels, bowed at a right angle, and said to the American: *"Mahlzeit!"* The latter quickly replied, "And my name is Johnson."

Vienna, Austria, May 5 JULES POLLINGER

That Foreman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You caused me great grief by explaining that last prize poem of yours. For the first time I thought I had been able to find a meaning in one of *The Nation's* prize poems. I was quite thrilled by the achievement. I was sure that the author was identifying a steel building with the ancient oaks of Britain, and that the "foreman" was one of the Druid priests. But now it seems the poet meant something else, and what he meant has no meaning to me. Your prize poems are a good joke, but when are you going to "own up"?

Pasadena, May 4 UPTON SINCLAIR

The Really Oppressed

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find it impossible to comprehend why you and your people concentrate all your attention on the laborer (with occasional sugar pills for the Negro) while the "white-collar" man, i.e., the one who writes your articles and reads them, is out of luck. The average daily paper expects us to be interested in murders and coming-out parties, while you expect us to worry about the English miner's problem! Do you blame me if I admit that in both instances I feel like Hamlet: "What's Hecuba to me?" If the other papers indulge in unimportant and mostly filthy gossip, must you go back on us and devote your time and every bit of space to the workers? Far be it from me to underrate their importance, but could you not make it a fifty-fifty proposition at least? The laboring class is protected by unions and organizations, while the brain worker is like an outlaw, with no one to turn to. The brain worker who, through his inventions, discoveries, technical ability, gives work to the laborer and gold to Wall Street, gets nothing in return. He is used as a convenient "buffer" by both. The laborer and his family have a hard life—miserable lodgings, bad air, poor food. Yet, compared to the brain worker, he plays the part of the man born blind, while the other one represents the man who lost his eyesight in later years. Whose fate is more pitiful?

New York, April 5 CLARA HORVATH

The Case of Charles Cline

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On September 13, 1913, the door of a Texas State prison closed upon Charles Cline, a member of the I. W. W. He was convicted of participating in the murder of one of the Sheriff's posse of Dimmit County, while en route to Mexico to help in a revolutionary movement against the Diaz Government. Despite the continuous efforts of persons and organizations convinced of the innocence of Charles Cline, the prison door remained closed until, on August 19, 1926, Miriam Ferguson, Governor of Texas, signed an unconditional pardon for him.

Charles Cline is a radical. As a radical he is still concerned about the things that workers are struggling for the world over and is still capable of doing his part in the struggle.

The League for Mutual Aid is anxious to help Charles Cline over the period during which he will have to make his readjustment with the world he has been out of for thirteen years. To that end we are asking you to contribute to a fund for him. Please send all you can spare, in care of the League for Mutual Aid, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

New York, May 9 ADELAIDE SCHULKIND,
Executive Secretary

Influencing American Policy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recent reports from London indicate that the British Government has joined Washington in its refusal to participate in further action relative to the "Nanking outrages" of March 24.

I congratulate you. For it was *The Nation* that succeeded in bringing about, by courageous criticism directed at a policy which was destined to undo all the good work done by former American governments, a revision of our Government's policy in China. The United States, to the regret of every true American, united with the British in the bombardment of Nanking, but the storm of criticism that resulted forced the Administration to alter its procedure. The strict adherence of the United States to its new course, together with the lukewarm attitude of Japan, has brought Great Britain into line. Thus you have, indirectly, averted a clash between the East and West.

Chicago, May 11 WALTER KRAMER

Protecting American Lives in Chicago

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can anyone tell me why warships and regiments are rushed to China, where one American was killed; and yet, in our own country, where Americans are killed by tens of thousands and wounded by the half million, every year, by speeding automobiles, our Government does nothing effective to protect us from mutilation and death? I have a right to make this inquiry, because I myself was knocked down three times by automobiles on the streets of Chicago in less than a year.

Colorado Springs, May 1 BERTRAND SHADWELL

See SUMMER PROBLEMS on Page 622

Books and Plays

Escape into the Night

By EDWARD SAPIR

"Let every star that falls
Down the night of Time
Be candle for my sight,
Be christened for my name."

So they who, when the sun
Wheels up and burns away,
Lose themselves upon
The highroad of the day,

But in the safer dark
Of stars that overhang
Dry every tear that wells
And quiet every pang.

Shelley in Action

Shelley, His Life and Work. By W. E. Peck. Small, Maynard and Company. Two volumes. $40.

THIS kind of biography has been badly needed. Previous writers have tried to entrap the elusive Shelley in some theory or other—from which he always escapes—or to follow up some single trackway of his life. Mr. Peck has simply stalked the creature, stalked him in all his haunts with immense labor and unfailing sympathy, and gives us now a moving picture of him. In general the story is animated as well as accurate; and for the most part it is interesting. The author's style is vivacious, rather slapdash, and occasionally jumbled. It is therefore truer to the Shelleyan spirit than the careful professorial periods of Dowden and others. One feels this particularly in the opening chapters, where just the right touch is applied to Shelley's childhood, with its healthy waywardness and its abnormal sentimentality: "A predisposition to the lachrymose," says the author, "was part and parcel of Shelley's spiritual nature." The book is episodic and packed with quotations. But these seem to me well chosen and woven together. Familiar material is excerpted so briefly and is so well blended with the fresh matter which Mr. Peck has drawn from the Pforzeimer collection in New York, the Huntington Library in California, Mary Shelley's novels, and so on, that we have a constant sense of forward movement in the picture. In general he shows us Shelley in action.

This is the way the biography of Shelley is bound to go. In Dowden's book Shelley was an English gentleman of genius whose conduct, from the standpoint of domestic morality, must now and then be regarded as exceedingly ill-advised. In the present work Shelley is revered as a wonderful poet but frankly displayed as very much of a "will-o'-the-wisp" (Mr. Peck's own word) among men. Herein resides a certain paradox that is characteristic of our age. In the future, when human and artistic standards shall have approached each other again, and when Shelley's life will be interesting mainly in illustration of his best verse, it is likely that Shelley the man and Shelley the poet will undergo a single plain judgment: extraordinarily fascinating, extraordinarily shallow. His shallowness of personality was the complement of his magical nature-poetry: like those forest pools that so delighted him for their reflection of all the tracery and movement of the upper air.

His thinking was shallow, eager, and imitative—like that of the college youth of today who swallows Nietzsche whole and has a sense of large originality in his neighborhood. Mr. Peck's numerous citations of the sources of Shelley's ideas confirm Professor Gingerich's finding, in his recent book on the romantic poets, that Shelley never got his head above the doctrines of eighteenth-century thinkers, from Locke to Godwin. In his poetry the materialistic metaphysic persisting from the previous century was raised and beautified by lyric art without changing its essential quality; as the dust of the earth, lifted and diffused by the wind, provides the colors of our most superb sunsets. His mind was not philosophic, as he fancied, but oratorical. Mr. Peck dwells upon his gift of speech and his early efforts as an orator. One may agree with Trelawny that "however great Shelley was as a poet, he was greater as an orator." All his life he orated, drawing materials from his incessant reading. He would read and talk himself tired, and then suddenly fall asleep, and presently awake to talk and read again. Shelley did not weigh and consider. He was abnormally devoid of meditation. And, as Mr. Peck points out, he could never have endured the seclusion which he often yearned for.

Constitutionally he needed people. I think it was this need, even more than his devotion to "the principles of benevolence and reason," that made him the center of such a curious network of dependencies. Mr. Peck recounts in convincing detail the tragi-comic story of his expenditures of time and money and effort and sympathy upon his acquaintances. If these flies, and particularly that fat fly William Godwin, loved to be caught in the shimmering web of his benevolence, we must remember that the kindly spider himself drew from the game a certain vital sustenance. His nature craved continual but not profound relationships with persons. He was not Cor Cordium, and Mr. Peck gently omits that legendary view of him. He was a friendly will-o'-the-wisp, dependent on human companionship but devoid of any real passion for human personality. His love for women was an electric friendliness that would never have seemed very passionate if it had not been abnormally uncontrolled. It was a sort of erotic congeniality, diluted with priggish theorizing.

The whole subject of his transition from Harriet to Mary Godwin is dealt with very effectually by Mr. Peck. After dismantling the flimsy charges against the former, he remarks: "If Harriet *was* at any time unfaithful to her marriage bond, is anything else established than that a simple, honest girl, who by all accounts was as good as she was fair, eloped with, married, and bore children to a man who corrupted her morals with Godwinian poison and, afterwards deserting her, set her adrift in an evil world to follow his own teachings and his own example? Certainly there can be no exoneration for *him* in any act of *hers*." Mr. Peck confesses himself nonplussed by the coldness of Shelley's references to Harriet after her death. But surely the definitive exposal of his shallow-heartedness is his attitude toward Mary during the last years of his life. He was now mature; she was his avowed mate in mind and spirit; and she had suffered very much for him and with him. But he became more and more unfaithful to her, as this book demonstrates. He yearned away from her, and expressed to others his sense of her cold limitations—just as he had done in the case of Harriet. The emotions as well as the thoughts of this man revolved and repeated themselves without finding any human goal; like the circulations of wind, stream, and cloud in his poetry.

But he had a vague yearning to break through the shallow round of his nature—like a naiad who doesn't understand what a human person is but moans because she isn't one. This yearning is the most human and poignant thing in Shelley's life and poetry. A confused self-despair loomed up more and more behind his priggishness, his humble vanity, his dissatisfaction with others. Mr. Peck cites Browning's opinion that if Shelley had lived he would have become a Christian. One

may reject this possibility without denying that Browning's remark was a keen intuition into a kindred poet. Half of Shelley, at the least, was a born institutionalist—like his father, Timothy, or, if you will, like Nature herself. He was convinced of the vast importance, for good or ill, of wholesale systems. Even in the midst of composing "Prometheus Unbound" he could say: "I consider poetry very subordinate to moral and political science, and if I were well, certainly I would aspire to the latter; for I can conceive a great work, embodying the discoveries of all ages, and harmonizing the contending creeds by which mankind have been ruled." As a poet, however, he needed a systematic creed that would give him some image of the inmost meaning of human personality, its mingled dust and deity. In the thirteenth century he would have been a distinguished monk—predominantly celibate, keenly interested in contemporary fine arts, enthusiastic about the most recent theories in theological cosmography, and intensely devoted to the cult of the Blessed Virgin. As it was, he was tragically unfortunate. He was dismissed from Oxford in his second year; of which event Dowden saw the significance more fully than Mr. Peck. Thereupon he was lured into a stultifying confusion of his sensuous and his ideal impulses. In his early wanderings he missed contact with two men who could have guided him, Wordsworth and Coleridge. He needed a gifted and penetrating friend—and he got Byron. He needed a god and he got Godwin.

G. R. Elliott

Mr. Churchill Sees It Through

The World Crisis, 1916-1918. By Winston S. Churchill. Charles Scribner's Sons. Two volumes. $10.

NO account of the conduct of the World War, as distinct from its origins, has been so provocative as the series of chronicles which Winston Churchill completes in this last instalment. As we read in the English press the protests of distinguished generals and admirals against his version of one incident or another, we are reminded of the Schley-Sampson controversy that flamed up intermittently in the American papers early in the century. It may be that from the debates of the experts there will ultimately emerge some generally accepted account of what really happened which will differ, here and there, from Mr. Churchill's. But his critics will have to find a second Churchill on their own side before they will be able to dislodge from the layman's mind the impression left by this book—some writer who is his equal in those rare gifts that make his narrative one of the most vivid and fascinating contributions to the English literature of our own time.

Mr. Churchill is one of the few living authors who can deal with great events in the grand manner, and who can do so without making us feel that he is straining after effect. He strikes a sort of epical keynote in his very preface, where he tells us that he has "tried to find and follow the stepping-stones of Fate." Even though we know the denouement beforehand, we read with almost breathless interest his story of the Jutland battle and of some of the principal struggles of the land warfare. The compiler of an anthology of eloquent passages—passages whose telling simplicity is marred by no turgid rhetoric—might profitably convey from these volumes his brief comment on the death of Kitchener or his description of a bombardment of which he was himself a spectator and auditor. He is a master of graphic metaphor and simile. In his account of this bombardment, for instance, he writes: "And then, exactly as a pianist runs his hands across the keyboard from treble to bass, there rose in less than one minute the most tremendous cannonade I shall ever hear." He brings home to us the tenacity of the commander against whom this barrage was directed by remarking: "The impression I had of Tudor was of an iron peg hammered into the frozen ground, immovable." The book is inspired from first to last by an abounding vitality. One feels that Mr. Churchill, while writing every page, was living the past event over again. He recaptures, and communicates to the reader, the authentic thrill of the dramatic moment.

But the outstanding value of the book consists in the store of material it provides for the preacher of pacifism. Ten dollars is a prohibitive price for a tract; otherwise one might urge the peace societies to give these volumes a nation-wide circulation. (If there were only a Carnegie Endowment for the Prevention of War!) Mere extracts would not serve. It is the cumulative effect of this narrative, written as it is by a man whose heart leaps up when he hears the clash of arms, that makes a dint upon the reason and the imagination. No sensible reader of this book will henceforth believe a word that is told him by either political or military authorities while a war is on. How our leaders will lie to us to keep our martial spirits up is revealed here by the disclosures now made of the appalling casualties suffered by the French early in the war, of the concealment by the censorship of the full extent of a catastrophe which involved "the greatest loss and slaughter sustained in a single day in the whole history of the British army," of the wholesale mutinies in the French army after Nivelle's failure, and of the depredations of the U-boats, so successful that, during one month, of every four merchant ships leaving the British Isles one never returned. We are reminded of another phase of mendacious propaganda when Mr. Churchill declares point blank that the Crown Prince was harshly judged—that he was neither fop nor tyrant, that no group of German armies was more consistently successful than his, and that his personal influence was often thrown into the right side of the scales.

Most striking of all is Mr. Churchill's exposure of the stupidity of the "brass hats" on both sides. It justifies up to the hilt H. G. Wells's contempt for the military mind. That damning line from Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade—"Someone had blundered"—might have been used as an appropriate quotation to head chapter after chapter. Nothing could be more scathing than the quiet irony with which Mr. Churchill sometimes impeaches an incompetence that doomed thousands of men to death or torture; as when, after quoting Haig's description of the elaborate German defenses at the Somme, which, in that general's own words, "formed one composite system of enormous depth and strength," he dryly comments: "All these conditions clearly indicated to the Staffs a suitable field for our offensive." If the history of the war, on its political side, illustrates anew with how little wisdom the world is governed, Mr. Churchill's accounts of the operations in the field make it clear that credulity reaches its highest mark when the nations place their fortunes and the lives of their sons at the disposal of their military leaders.

Herbert W. Horwill

The Escape of a Family

The Allinghams. By May Sinclair. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MAY SINCLAIR'S predilection for taking her characters from the cradle to maturity, if not the grave, and her fondness for watching them approach the bright edge of madness alike find scope in this new novel.

There were six Allingham children, born with beauty and brains in a home of comfort and loving tyranny. Miss Sinclair sketches them with a few revealing strokes, as they sat about the tea-table with Father and Mother and Aunt Martha one bright afternoon of the midsummer holidays of 1893. Margaret, the eldest, was fifteen then, and Angela, the baby, was five. Between them, at two-year intervals, came Wilfred, Stephen, Mollie, and Robin.

Then in the brief lucid chapters which follow she flashes the picture as each child in turn begins to try his wings to escape the nest and embark on a life of his own. Before the story is ended they are all gone and the scene is beginning

to shift to the third generation. The three boys married; Wilfred and Robin are farmers, Stephen a poet. Mollie, balked in her desire to become a musician, still found happiness in marriage. Little Angy could not find love and marriage together and took love. Only Margie was somehow not able to manage the perilous crossing from infancy to adulthood. Turned in on herself, she could see only the perverse circle of her own wishes and fears until these gradually engulfed her; when love did offer itself, the effort of transition was beyond her powers, and they had to take her away, bound and shrieking, in a maniacal frenzy.

It is this tragic failure of the parents and Margie which most deeply engages Miss Sinclair's attention, as the similar problem concerned her in "Mary Olivier" and "Harriet Frean." The other children are differentiated; they are credible, but somehow they seem conceived less as individuals than as patterns, or, scientifically speaking, "controls," to cast the story of Margie into sharper relief. "The Allinghams" belongs in the group of serious novels in which Miss Sinclair studies the emotional tragedies of individuals rather than in the witty stories of Wyck, but the compression which was needed to bring the course of a whole family into one short book robs it of the riches and the force of either of the two earlier novels of similar theme.

MARY ROSS

The Westernization of Turkey

Turkey. By Arnold J. Toynbee and Kenneth P. Kirkwood. The Modern World Series. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

IT is doubtless a mistake for a young man to write a surpassingly good book. In "The Western Question in Greece and Turkey" Mr. Toynbee five years ago set a standard which makes it difficult to judge fairly the result of his odd-time collaboration with a less-gifted observer and writer. Without suggesting a closer analogy to the famous collaboration of Liddell and Scott (in which "that which is good is Scott and that which is Liddell is not"), we may note that the best part of the book on Turkey is that which elaborates the view advanced in the earlier book that "everything in contemporary Turkey which has life in itself . . . can be traced back to some Western stimulus and will be found to be a reaction against Western influence when not an emanation from it."

Another part of the new book in which the hand is doubtless Jacob's though the voice may sometimes be Esau's is the outline of the history of reform in the Ottoman Empire. Such reform, it is pointed out, has always been from the top, and the top has always been military. The social and political reforms attempted by the Young Turks in 1908, like those attempted by Mahmoud and Midhat in the nineteenth century, were doomed to failure partly by the character of the few leaders upon which they depended and partly by the non-homogeneous character of the empire. The non-Turkish portions of the empire, with the exception of Kurdistan, having been lost, and knowledge of Western institutions having been acquired by many civilians within the last two decades, the authors believe that there is better than an even chance that the drastic Westernizing reforms imposed by the enlightened despotism of President Mustapha Kemal will be permanent. In this connection the chapter entitled The Ideas of 1789 is valuable for the light it throws on a limited number of the personalities which, at this stage in Turkish history, are probably more important than what appear to be economic, political, or intellectual tendencies.

The last half of the book, which is devoted to The New Turkey, presents various aspects of contemporary Turkish life in cross-section. The chapters on Population, Agriculture, and Railways, Commerce, Industry, and Finance, and Social and Cultural Questions exhibit unfortunate affinities to the style of the year-book. The discussion of the change in the relations of Turkey and Islam, "the best single measure of that mental revolution which it is the main purpose of this book to record," is interesting in its characterization of the Turkish Nationalists' hostility to the Islamic connection, which the Nationalists consider "reactionary, unfashionable, and anti-national." There is an illuminating discussion of the Mosul question, the crux of which is said to be the contrast between the Turkish and British policy in regard to the Kurds.

The somewhat extensive account given of the international situation of Turkey is deficient in two important respects: It does not bring out the fact that under the settlement of Lausanne Allied nationals in Turkey still enjoy certain remnants of the former capitulatory privileges; and it does not indicate awareness of the guaranty of the League of Nations, under the same settlement, of certain fundamental rights in favor of the non-Turkish minorities remaining in Turkey.

On the whole the book succeeds in being, as required by the scheme of the Modern World Series, a balanced survey of the tendencies and forces which are shaping the new Turkey. Of these tendencies and forces it gives a more satisfactory account than is to be found anywhere else.

EDGAR TURLINGTON

The Magic Whole

Holism and Evolution. By J. C. Smuts. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THE title of this book arouses suspicion. A new ism is hardly what intelligent readers seek, and a coined word to mean the tendency to form wholes rather fails to entice the inquiring mind. But a book which offers us "the last word in the relations of mind and body," a book that applies a principle of explanation to the whole range of evolutionary forms from mechanical structures to human personality and Values with a capital V, a book which not only defines this holistic conception but also describes genuine holistic creation, holistic freedom, holism as the agent of structural changes, as an existent factor in, and as the general nature of, the whole universe—such a book demands attention, especially when its author is a famous man.

But the reading of it can hardly be said to bring the promised reward. Holism turns out to be only a magic word which General Smuts substitutes for the mysteries he finds unfathomable by the ordinary concepts of mechanism, vitalism, naturalism, and the rest. If an animal "acts as a whole, with a unity and effectiveness of action which is no mere mechanical composition of its movements," the holistic concept is the only explanation; "the whole is the only category that will explain" it. "Coordination and coadaptation in organic structure cannot be explained on any ground but holism." And so all the way up to personality, "a whole which in its unique synthetic processes continuously performs that greatest of all miracles, the creative transmutation of the lower into the higher in the holistic series."

When we look for something more specific than the statement that unity is explained by wholeness, either we are told that others are to carry out the theory to its full and illuminating possibilities or else we find holism betraying itself as a less careful and not quite modern version of familiar concepts such as the "emergence" of Alexander and Lloyd Morgan, the systematic wholes or partial wholes of Bosanquet, mechanism itself in its clear and familiar features, or teleology in its equally familiar if vague ones. Not that our author is a plagiarist or forgets his obligations; rather that in the naive sincerity of his good-will toward men, his complete faith in upward progress and his serene security of eventual victory in a "more stable holistic human society," he has been so eager to impart this precious idea—an idea that has fortified his own spirit, no doubt, but a contribution that is no more useful to science or

philosophy, and certainly no more original, than any of a hundred other optimistic faiths.

Lest this seem scant courtesy to a distinguished writer, let me cite one or two passages. How in the name of behaviorism can it be said that psychology deals with the individual "only from the purely mental point of view"? What is the basis for saying that philosophers have neglected the distinguishing feature of personality as such? What of Bosanquet and his principle of individuality and value? What of the personalists, who have gone so much further than General Smuts with this idea? Or take the long, repetitious accounts of wholes as not quantitatively added entities, yet as a *more* in each case, a new existent factor, absolutely and genuinely creators or creations. Surely Lloyd Morgan, or almost any of the "evolutionary naturalists" of our day, has avoided such obvious contradictions of statement. They have at least seen the difficulties and dealt with them, not answered with a supposedly new concept which for all its pretended concreteness and synthetic reality turns out to be the merest abstract word.

To expound a holistic universe, holistic structure, holistic functions and values, holistic self-realization, holistic personality leaves us with the same old problems of life and mind, structure and function, personality and the universe on our hands—plus the new adjective. Thus, it only adds to our weariness in whatever theoretical well-doing we may be engaged upon, for we must interrupt ourselves long enough to direct our puny blow toward dislodging this latest idol of the theater—or is it merely of the market-place?

D. W. PRALL

The Free Child

The Problem Child. By A. S. Neill. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

FRANKLY heretical, the author believes "that if Christ could come to earth He would lead the Sunday scholars to the nearest cinema." For the author's creed is merely to seek happiness, his attitude generous and tolerant, his book a delight because its essential wisdom is cloaked in the humility of one who has traveled long enough on the path of knowledge to realize that the goal is never completely known.

Mr. Neill holds that it is impossible to educate the conscious mind of a child, and that only the unconscious can be permanently taught. What to teach is the problem, for standards of good and bad are relative, and human motives, whether our own or other people's, are difficult to explain. He conceives the child as a dynamic urge impelled by a life force. Moral instruction is dangerous, since it merely strengthens unfulfilled wishes of an unsocial nature in the unconscious. He sees unimpaired egotism as the greatest force in social relations, since group approbation is essential to it. He has faith in the doctrine of original virtue and in the deep urge for honesty with oneself, and finds that stealing and lying are often manifestations of the desire to get at truth. The desire for perfection is real, too, and where we fail to attain it ourselves we are apt to try to foist it on others.

The whole idea of Mr. Neill's school is release, the living out of the absorbing interest. Convinced that freedom destroys conflicts and makes men good, he puts as the chief necessity that the child's unconscious life become conscious, that children be helped to know themselves and approve of their actions, rather than hide away and repress them. "The teacher's task is simple, to find out where a child's interest lies and to help him live it out." Punishment has no place here, for it terrifies the conscious and leaves the unconscious untouched. Obedience is a courtesy and can be gained by teaching children the natural consequences of their acts.

Mr. Neill divides his allegiance between Adler and Freud. He is certain that happy homes, with properly mated parents, tend to create happy children, and in a free school love is an important element, and the sex wish a predominant factor. Side by side with the sex wish stalks the enemy, the power wish, in whose wake breed hatred, jealousy, and inferiority. The book carries conviction. I should like to have visited his German school when the Schulgemeinde carried a motion that he be "put out because he was useless"; when he had remained away three days the children voted to reinstate him.

REBECCA HOURWICH

Books in Brief

An Introduction to the Study of Education. By Ellwood P. Cubberley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

A common-sense, comprehensive statement of what schools are today and why they are not something radically different. The title of the book is, perhaps, its chief defect, since it may prove forbidding to the average layman. True, the volume will serve as a text for the orientation of student teachers, but it will serve fully as well in giving the layman who does not intend to go into the schools, but insists upon his right to criticize and direct those who do, an authoritative bird's-eye view of the largest governmental undertaking of the American people—the maintenance of public schools.

How to Study in College. By Leal A. Headley. Henry Holt and Company. $3.

If during his preparatory schooling the student has not learned how to study, then the question is whether the college should become a sort of kindergarten and teach him the elementary process, or merely bounce him out into the cold, cruel world—a rejected freshman. This question is raised, but not answered, by Mr. Headley's pretentious book. If the student has not acquired most of the knowledge here outlined years before he enters college, then the college is to be censured for admitting him. How to keep fit physically and mentally; how to concentrate, understand, learn, and remember—these are proper subjects for the elementary school and the first year of high school. Such portions of the book as might legitimately be taught for the first time in college would make a pamphlet instead of a 417-page textbook. Much of this material does not belong in a college course any more than would instruction in washing the ears, brushing the teeth, and blowing the nose.

The Franciscans in England, 1224-1538. By Edward Hutton. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

A judicial survey of the record of the friars on English ground, their adventurous coming and settlement, their uncloistered piety and poverty, their rapid expansion in numbers and influence, their gradual corruption and decay, is preluded with a fervent offering of the author's labor, on the seventh centennial of St. Francis's death, "for the repose of the soul of Henry VIII," and finds its close in a vehement exposure of that monarch's offenses against Mother Church and her children. Yet here as often quiet recital of facts moves us more than emotional dedication and denunciation. The story of the friars is of the very essence of tragedy, not because a royal villain is the final agent of their overthrow but because theirs is an abysmal descent from that heavenly energy of love which men called St. Francis of Assisi. Here is the detailed and documented story of the shattered ideals of an order which won worldly fatness and with it leanness of soul.

Dramatic Publication in England, 1580-1640. By Evelyn May Albright. Oxford University Press.

An extended and thoroughly documented study of the subject. "Publication" is taken to include public performance upon the stage and the inquiry concerns itself with all the circumstances—including the government regulation of the stage and the censorship of stage and press—which affected play produc-

tion from the outside. The author's questioning of the current assumption that the printing of plays before the Civil War was generally without the consent of author or owner except when the piece had exhausted its appeal upon the stage is of particular interest to scholars. The volume is the second of the new series made possible through a fund managed by the Modern Language Association of America.

A Monarch of the Sky. By Archibald Rutledge. The Purdy Press. $2.

A nice little book. To criticize it harshly would be as ungracious and as useless as taking a sledge-hammer to smash a butterfly. It bears about the same relation to literature that a well-raised shy little girl, tinkling a boarding-school piano, bears to Mary Garden. Since it is written by a Southerner—a South Carolinian—one may guess before opening it that it contains mildly sentimental stories of good old Negroes and their quaint ways, and of duck-shooting. It does—except that the duck is an eagle called The Monarch of the Sky. We are rather tired of Southern stories on this theme. Is it not about time for some Southerner to write a great book on the Negro question? Not a thin little essay filled with sentimental ecstasies, but a powerful book of research and psychology and history and opinion and foresight. Such a book would—or ought to—deal with lynchings, with miscegenation, with the Negro's personal and political status, openly and boldly; it ought to represent the spirit of the South, and it ought to come from the South like the blow of a fist. Then, with that before us, we might get somewhere in considering the Negro question. Instead we are given little pleasant cakes spiced with honey which we swallow at a gulp without realizing that we have eaten anything.

Is It God's Word? By Joseph Wheless. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

The author of this volume, an able New York lawyer and linguist, was perhaps the smartest Sunday-school scholar ever seen in Tennessee. His adolescent head literally bulged with texts from Holy Writ. Unfortunately for his orthodoxy, however, he read the Scriptures too much, becoming aware of multitudinous blemishes, discrepancies, and contradictions of which the average fundamentalist never dreams. So he determined to write a book which should refute the dogma of Biblical infallibility for all time. To this task he has brought erudition, wit, industry, and extraordinary skill in exposition. Not an inconsistency or an incredibility seems to have escaped him. Yet his book is free from indignation and bad manners, and is downright interesting. Rightly used, it should prove a powerful counter-offensive in the Holy War below the Potomac. For down there the troops of the late General Bryan go marching on, and unless they meet stouter resistance we may yet see biologists banished to Alaska and witches burned in Mississippi. Hitherto our scientists when belabored have been very polite—in fact, have remained almost timorously on the defensive. They may have to borrow a few leaves from Mr. Wheless.

Letters from Russian Prisons. With an Introduction by Roger N. Baldwin. A. and C. Boni. $1.50.

This book is a collection of authentic documents dealing with the methods of Soviet Russia in repressing counter-revolution and threats against the new system of society and government. It consists chiefly of the Soviet laws, official statements of policy and activities by Soviet authorities, and letters and affidavits of prisoners punished by the Soviet Government. These documents furnish convincing evidence that the Soviet authorities have not adopted the policy of turning the other cheek; but before any American enemy of the Russian experiment hastens to exploit this material he should read the letter of Upton Sinclair on pp. 14-15 calling attention to the conditions with respect to the conviction and treatment of political prisoners which prevail in the sun-kist State of California.

Crashing Thunder, the Autobiography of a Winnebago Indian. Edited by Paul Radin. D. Appleton and Sons. $2.50.

Most of our accounts of primitive cultures are gargantuan log books, concerned with external fact and oblivious of the human being buried somewhere under the pyramid of detail. This autobiography of Crashing Thunder, a Winnebago Indian from the country south of Lake Superior, is the most satisfactory introduction yet available to the complex, alien world of an Amerind. It was collected and annotated by the leading ethnological authority on this tribe, and the picture is not romanticized. Crashing Thunder, by turns knave, skeptic, and wise man, speaks objectively and without afterthought. He emerges a very human and credible figure in the midst of these exotic vision quests and medicine bundles and resurrection-initiations, and through his eyes the strange culture takes on perspective and convincing coloring. Nothing perhaps is more intimately revealing than the formal instruction of the young by their elders; in set talks the boy and girl are told what is expected of them, and given specifications for meeting the contingencies of life. Whether our interest is in primitive education, or ethics, or the role of the sexes, these speeches are more illuminating than much ponderous theorizing. Altogether it would be difficult to find a better introduction to the world of any of our American aborigines.

Drama

Solis Occidere

THE original "Grand Street Follies" was born, as all such entertainments should be, out of an irresistible exuberance of spirits. At the end of the season a hard-working company found itself still left with energy demanding an outlet, and the impudent jollification which resulted created a sensation among the members of a public grown weary of elaborate but soulless revues. No one, however, supposed that the thing could be repeated. The very sense of obligation which the maintenance of an institution involves must lie like a weight upon the spirits, it is hard to be made responsible for a periodic outburst of irresponsibility, and last year in particular there were, indeed, signs that the pumps were working in wells that had been wont to gush. But no such charge could be made against the fifth (and, alas, the last) edition; for whether it be because the company rose to its last opportunity or whether it be for some other reason, the new "Follies" manages to capture the spontaneity and abandon which marked the first. Whatever may be the fate of the organization and the players, both are at least unrepentant. Their satire is as irreverently salty and their spirit is as impudent as ever it was.

The thing which distinguishes these performances is the presence of the amateur spirit in the best sense of that term. Obviously they are larks for the performers as well as for the audience, and they have the spontaneous air of impromptu clowning. Certain features, notably the extraordinary mimicry of Albert Carroll, have always exhibited a great virtuosity as well, but it is the holiday air which has made them most delightful. From the moment the curtain of the present entertainment rises upon a delicious burlesque which represents Mae West of "Sex" fame and Helen Menken of "The Captive" serving terms in jail until it descends upon a parade of characters from the best-known Neighborhood productions, the spectacle is witty, irreverent, and sometimes unashamedly scabrous. Miss Menken, scrub pail in one hand and a bunch of violets in the other, declares herself not "blue" but "mauve"; Miss West voices the understandable complaint

> They got by with *Lulu Belle,*
> But they shut *me* in a cell;

and in another sketch Mrs. Fiske (delightfully hit off by Car-

roll) explains to the admiring Mr. Wolcott her remarkable comic interpretation of Mrs. Alving on the ground that she had always considered "Ghosts" a Fiord joke. It must be admitted that not all of the skits come off, and it is hardly necessary to say again that the aim of the production is spontaneity rather than finish, but it is certain that one cannot find anywhere in New York more clever ideas, more fresh satire, or more verve than are to be found in this entertainment.

As everyone interested in the theater knows before now, the present production is the last which the Neighborhood Playhouse will make. Accordingly, a group, even more representative than usual, of those for whom the theater is a business or a passion turned out to applaud the players on this their last first night, and many came not without a touch of sentimental melancholy provoked by the thought that they would come no more to a theater in which they had seen several of the most beautiful productions of the last decade. But save at the end, when Albert Carroll read a witty last testament ordering, among other things, that a certain critic who has been conspicuously unbeguiled by the charms of the Neighborhood be "sold to the lowest bidder" and that the very modest lobby be presented to the Paramount Theater, there was no reference to the "finis" which this production is writing to a notable career. "Let not my hearse be vexed with mourning friends," cried Catullus, wishing for "sweet pastimes to grace his happy tomb," and Catullus was wise. As for me, I am not without hope that the spirit of the Playhouse is setting, like the sun the poet sang of, only to rise again; but if we of the first-night audience were in at a real death then these are very jolly obsequies indeed.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Opium Trade at Geneva

By ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

THE ninth meeting of the Opium Committee of the League of Nations was held in Geneva from January 17 to February 1. On this occasion the committee threw overboard all pretensions to the contrary and came out boldly as the upholders of the opium trade; also the drug trade. For this time the fight centered on drugs rather than opium. Drugs, it would seem, pay even better than opium, and it is evident that the drug interests are able to exert powerful pressure on their various governments, and upon the delegates sent by these governments to this Opium Committee of the League. But, bad as it was, a mighty fighter has been raised up in opposition to these sinister interests. Italy has come into the arena, and Italy—and Mussolini—are in earnest. Their spokesman was Signor Cavazzoni, and never once was the Italian delegate daunted in his fight against the Opium Bloc. Never once did he fail to address himself directly and earnestly straight to the British delegate, recognizing in him the leader of the opposite camp. Cavazzoni was never fooled for a second. Over and over again he called their bluff and exposed their tricks, and at the end of the prolonged session he left his opponents in an untenable position. For the first time since the death of Sir John Jordan, the Opium Bloc finds itself faced with a courageous opponent.

The first shot was fired by the Opium Bloc. Fired, it would seem, during the Assembly last September, when a resolution was passed by the Assembly recommending to all League committees the advisability of cutting down their proceedings to the smallest possible space—for economy. In fact, the resolution suggested that they issue no printed minutes at all, but just boil down their business into a report which could be published at the minimum expense. So the first thing the Opium Committee did was to consider this resolution and act upon it. With one accord they all said that publicity was the greatest weapon with which to fight opium, no doubt of it. And that the previous reports and documents, heretofore issued, had been invaluable. No doubt of it. But—here was this awkward resolution passed by the Assembly and they must comply with it against their wishes. They were just torn in two—yearning for publicity on the one hand, yet faced with this necessity for economy. They were forced to compromise. They would publish their reports and proceedings, but in the name of economy they would omit all that was "unessential" and "not indispensable," the committee being sole judge of what might be dispensed with. Before this the minutes of the Opium Committee have been somewhat doctored, but now such treatment is sanctioned by an Assembly mandate. For the sake of economy, it will now be possible to leave out so much! No verbatim records were taken during the whole session—only an abstract of each delegate's remarks, abstracts submitted next day to stern revision.

A few days later Cavazzoni threw his bomb, which was expected but unwelcome. Italy, he said, was a country that neither grows opium nor makes drugs, yet it was being flooded with drugs in common with the rest of the world. But Italy did not like it and wanted to protect itself. He reminded the committee, therefore, that the countries they represented were all tied to the Hague Convention, and that Article 9 of that convention called upon the contracting Powers to limit drug manufacture to the medicinal needs of the world. He said not one of them had done that; that they were all manufacturing vastly in excess of those needs, and that an international obligation like the Hague Convention should be binding upon its signatories. The committee's records and documents showed contraband seized in all parts of the world, which seizures represent but a tenth or a twentieth of the contraband in transit. All absolute proof of excessive over-manufacture and a violation of Article 9 of the Hague agreement. He also said that international agreements should be carried out and not made into scraps of paper. His remedy was to live up to Article 9, that is, to curb manufacture by rationing the factories in their supplies of raw material, and so limiting the output of morphine, heroin, and cocaine. His concluding remarks were significant. In Italy, he said, there was great skepticism as to the sincerity of this Opium Committee, which skepticism he did not share. Therefore he would like to return to his countrymen and say that their fears were unfounded. (This last sentence is deleted from Cavazzoni's speech, as apparently "not indispensable.")

Profound silence, lasting several minutes. Then Sir John Campbell, the chairman, pulled himself together. These remarks from the Honorable delegate from Italy were irrelevant to the subject under discussion. The Dutch delegate said he did not wish to discuss them at all! The British delegate said they might be discussed in an appropriate place on the agenda, though even then any delegate might refrain from taking part in the discussion. But there did not seem any real place on the agenda for them at all—the committee should have been warned—anything so extraordinary should have been provided for by proper notice. However, when they got on with the agenda a bit, there might possibly be an opportunity.

A few days passed, during which superficial matters were discussed. But always a shadow lurked in the background. Had Cavazzoni been properly snubbed, or was he going to bring a spirit of discord into what had heretofore been such a united committee imbued with but one idea, the protection of the opium trade?

Mr. Cavazzoni remained silent a few more days, and then broke forth again. He did not wait for an appropriate place on the agenda (which he doubtless suspected would never occur), and one morning he burst in with a resolution:

> The Advisory Committee, taking note of the fact that the manufacture of drugs is unquestionably carried on on a scale vastly in excess of the world's medical requirements, and that in consequence the contraband traffic continues to increase, as is proved by the quantity of drugs seized:
>
> Considers it advisable that full application should be given to the principles contained in the Hague Convention, Article 9, and confirmed in the Second Geneva Convention, Article 5, by which the contracting parties undertake to reduce the production of manufactured drugs to the quantities needed for medical and scientific purposes. . . . It is of opinion that it would be advisable to make a study of the measures which should be taken in order that the manufacture of drugs be reduced to agreed quantities. . . . In order to attain these objects . . . the Advisory Committee

proposes to the Council that it should hold an extraordinary session at a date to be fixed by the Council.

It was a bad moment for the drug interests and the gentlemen representing them. Here was a member of the committee itself actually proposing to ruin the trade. Here was a delegate who looked on drugs as meaning ruin to millions of people, instead of millions of dollars to a few. He had put the question squarely up to the committee and asked them what they proposed to do? Were they in earnest or were they not? Were they going to live up to international agreements or break them? Cavazzoni waited.

A painful silence followed. Sir John Campbell (British India) said they could not possibly consider this suggestion until it was put before them in writing, both in French and English. This would take half an hour, during which time any delegate might speak if he wished, but if so, he must remember that he was speaking as an individual, not a government representative. There was a further pause—even as individuals, no one liked to risk it. Finally the Japanese broke the stillness; he said this was a drastic measure and would be a serious thing for Japan where the drug industry was only nine years old; it would mean stopping its expansion and development. Furthermore, he continued, as the Italian delegate had evidently been moved by humanitarian motives and was considering the welfare of people as a whole, why had he said nothing about opium smoking in European colonies or the eating of opium in India? Did not the Orient need protection as well as the West? The Serbian delegate was flatfooted in opposition. To ration the factories, he said, would shut off the market for Serbian opium. Sir John Campbell (speaking as an individual for British India) said he could not subscribe to anything which reduced the drug output. The one country that supported Cavazzoni was Portugal.

It was a relief when the half hour was up and the typewritten document placed before them. They could now act, not as individuals, but as delegates representing huge interests. And act they did, casting their votes to the accompaniment of pious utterances. The British delegate said he was heartily in favor of the thing in principle but it did not seem practical at the moment. He felt constrained to vote No. The complete vote was as follows:

Great Britain	No
British India	No
Holland	No
France	No
Switzerland	No
Serbia	No
Japan	No
Italy	Yes
Siam	Yes
Germany	Abstained
China	Absent (ill with influenza)
Portugal	Absent (from the room)

Simple as this seems, it was a momentous decision. It shows the drug interests at the height of their influence, defiant and determined. Cavazzoni forced their hand and made them reveal their true attitude. He gave them an opportunity to take a decisive step toward stopping the drug traffic and to keep an international agreement, and they refused. The committee protested their noble intentions but they voted No.

The picture is completed by the fate of a set of ques-

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tions asked by Mr. Dunham, representing Colonel Woods, the American assessor. With ingenuousness he asked:

> 1. What action has been taken by your government to carry out those provisions of the Hague Convention which relate to the limitation of the manufacture of drugs, Articles 9 and 10?
>
> 2. What is your opinion of the obligations imposed by the provisions of the Geneva Convention referring to the limitation of the manufacture of drugs, Articles 4 and 5?
>
> 3. Does your national legislation already give full effect to the provisions of the Geneva Convention which refer to the limitation of the manufacture of drugs to an amount not in excess of medical and scientific needs? If not, what specific laws and regulations have you recommended to your government for the purpose of carrying out the Geneva Convention?

Except by one country, no answer was given to these questions. The one country that replied was Japan. Baron Sato made a statement showing the new legislation recently adopted to inaugurate a new policy, i.e., to limit importation of raw material so that drug manufacture shall not exceed the medical needs of Japan. He said that for nine years Japan had been a huge manufacturing country, but was now turning over a new leaf, and would prove its sincerity of purpose. He added that the reason he had voted against Cavazzoni's proposal was because his country, following the lead of America, was reducing manufacture on its own initiative. This is of great significance. Japan is breaking away from the Opium Bloc, and aligning herself with America and Italy in this world fight against drugs.

The session concluded with an effort made by the British to whitewash the ugly situation, to pretend that after all the committee was in earnest. After a long dissertation upon the iniquity of smuggling and the leakages into illicit traffic, Sir Malcolm Delavigne said that

> It should be possible, by making detailed examinations into the transactions of the manufacturers and wholesalers and of the persons or firms to whom they sell, to trace leakages. . . . Governments have the power to require particulars to be supplied to them . . . to examine the books of the firms, and so on. In this way they could follow up the drugs through each stage, from the entrance of the raw material into the factory, checking production and sales, and in time would come to a point at which leakages occur.

Cavazzoni shot to pieces this grand proposal which is only dodging the issue and another excuse to gain time. He said that this sort of investigation would take years and that the statistics, if furnished (which was doubtful), would be incomplete and inaccurate. If such supervision was in connection with a vastly reduced output, well and good. But with output maintained at a high level and scattered to the four corners of the earth it was useless.

In outlining his plan, the British delegate made a significant admission: Once drugs are shipped out of a country, the onus is shifted to the receiving country. All leakages take place abroad. This is where the British rest their case. They are careful that no leaks occur in their own country, and that exports go out on genuine certificates. What happens afterwards is no concern of theirs.

Needless to say, the British plan was adopted, and there was considerable comment on it in the British press, from which it was made to appear as a great stride forward. Not one comment was made on Italy's stirring appeal to the nations to live up to their international obligation.

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The Nation

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COL. HENRY L. STIMSON has returned from Nicaragua much pleased with the success of his efforts to obtain peace there by the device of threatening the use of the American army and navy if arms were not grounded by both sides—a device the more interesting because it was only a few weeks ago that our Government announced that it had sold $217,718 worth of rifles and munitions to the puppet President of Nicaragua. Incidentally the United States is now paying ten dollars a weapon for all the guns that the Liberals are turning in. Col. Stimson dwelt with horror upon the fiendish character of the warfare, declaring that women and children were not spared, that most of the wounded died from neglect, and that often no prisoners were taken at all. Well, that sounds familiar to us, but apparently he has forgotten the dispatches of ten years ago. Did not women and children perish wherever men fought in Europe? Is it not known that prisoners were murdered without number on both sides? Does he remember that Lt. Gen. Robert L. Bullard, one of our chief commanders, wrote in his memoirs: "The French authorities decline to see or speak of it, but the Moroccan division were in the habit of giving no quarter in battle; did not trouble themselves with prisoners," and then added that at Soissons the Americans "loaned" these Moroccans "some German prisoners"? War is the devil's work everywhere.

WORD TRICKLES OUT of Washington that another reduction in taxes is planned at the next session of Congress, and like that of two years ago it will be for the well-to-do only. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, who is a handy man for the Administration on Capitol Hill, recently emerged from the Presidential presence with the news that the expected surplus of revenue for 1928 would justify lopping off $300,000,000 in taxes. As outlined by Senator Reed the program of revision is as follows:

> Reduction of the corporation tax from 13½ per cent to 12½ per cent.
>
> Reduction of surtaxes on incomes between $30,000 and $75,000.
>
> Reduction of maximum surtaxes to 10 per cent.
>
> Repeal of some of the "nuisance taxes," including club dues and admission taxes.
>
> Repeal of the inheritance taxes.

All of these reductions will benefit chiefly, if not exclusively, the well-to-do. The so-called "nuisance taxes" are in fact not such at all. The admission and club taxes are among the soundest we have and fall on persons well able to bear them. The phrase "nuisance tax," like the word "jaywalker," is a skilful bit of propaganda used to discredit something intrinsically justifiable. "In my opinion there ought to be no reduction of the rates on small incomes," said Senator Reed. "The exemptions are high enough and there seems no necessity for further reductions in the rates or increase in the exceptions." Unwisely frank, we call that. Secretary Mellon can do better. We look for him to explain that while the proposed reductions *apparently* favor the well-to-do, they will *in practice* be chiefly beneficial to the person of small income.

STRAW VOTES may or may not show how the political wind blows, but at least they supply entertaining material for speculation between elections. The Publishers' Autocaster Service, which furnishes news matter to country newspapers, is already at work on the Presidential campaign of 1928 and reports the result of a recent poll as showing Calvin Coolidge to be the favorite candidate among Republicans and Governor Smith of New York the leading contender among Democrats. The poll covered twenty-nine States and brought out a total of 362,210 votes. More interesting, though, than the sentiment in favor of "Cal" and "Al"—which has long been apparent—is the closeness to President Coolidge of ex-Governor Lowden of Illinois. Mr. Coolidge received 87,176 votes, with 8,390 persons voting for him as second choice. Mr. Lowden received 80,066 votes as first choice and 12,546 as a second pick. Probably his strong showing was due—partly at least—to the fact that the poll was largely in agricultural communities. Next in popularity among Republican voters were Senator Borah,

Vice-President Dawes, and Secretary Hoover, with 14,525, 9,938, and 8,445 votes respectively. Among Democrats Governor Smith received 53,751 first-choice votes and 10,890 seconds, while Senator Reed of Missouri was next in line, 41,185 persons putting him first and a still larger number, 42,160, indicating him as a second preference. W. G. McAdoo received 37,245 votes, Governor Ritchie of Maryland 26,113, and Governor Donahey of Ohio 3,766.

IN OUR ISSUE OF MAY 18 we printed, for the use of our readers, a petition to the Governor of Massachusetts urging a commission to revise the evidence submitted at the original trial of Sacco and Vanzetti. There were left blanks for eight signatures and we asked that signed petitions be mailed back to us. It is surely an evidence of the widespread popular interest in this case that we have received to date no fewer than 1,552 signatures from all over the country. They continue to come in by every mail. Among the petitions returned to us were some from the Naval Academy, from Harvard, Smith, Brown, Cornell, Clark, Michigan, the University of Iowa, and the University of Minnesota. One came from employees of a branch post office in New York City, another was signed by five physicians resident in Cleveland, while a third came from a former naval officer and four members of his family. From Westminster College in Pennsylvania came one return with a letter stating that of the five hundred students enrolled there is not one who would not gladly sign this petition.

BENNIE SMITH is an organizer for the Brotherhood of Pullman Porters. Until recently he was making his headquarters at Jacksonville, Florida. Life went smoothly for Smith until he was recognized by a Pullman official named Webb connected, appropriately enough, with the company's welfare work in behalf of safety. Then things began to happen. Various porters were cross-examined about this organizer. One porter brought him a warning from the company's district superintendent—so he said—to leave town. Mr. Smith stuck. On May 18 two detectives ordered him to appear the next day in court charged with the crime of selling the *Messenger*, a Negro magazine, now the organ of the Brotherhood, which they said the white folks didn't like. The detectives served no warrant and on legal advice the organizer did not appear. Instead he sought to get an interview with the police judge to explain his errand and get protection. The judge said he had no sympathy with him. Other porters brought more urgent warnings. His very life, they said, was in peril. Still Mr. Smith stuck. On May 26 he was arrested on a blanket charge. Newspaper dispatches said that District Superintendent Cooper would appear against him. Again he was offered a chance to leave town. This time on orders from his national organization he left. The Brotherhood chiefs explained that they wanted to take no chance on another Jacksonville lynching. Thus Florida does her bit to save from the impious hands of a Negro labor organization those sacred institutions, white supremacy and Pullman profits.

AN ARMY OF 5,000,000 is Mussolini's latest goal. It may be that he will have little trouble in attaining his desideratum, for much that this prince of dictators wants comes into being with the waving of his wand of power. "Today, May 26," he announced in a speech in the Italian Chamber, "we bury solemnly all the lies of universal democratic suffrage." At the end of the year, the Chamber of Deputies will be transformed into an organ of the corporative state. Members will be elected by the national corporations created under the Charter of Labor, instead of by direct vote of the people. Thus Mussolini has not only destroyed all political opposition to himself and his party but he is about to make it impossible for such opposition ever to arise. Of course "ever" is a long time, even for a prince of dictators. When he says "My successor is not born yet," when he announces that he had thought his task of creating a united state would be finished in five years but that now he knows it will take at least fifteen, he deals in words only, and he knows it. But his pronunciamento about a huge army is concrete and dangerous. Italy playing with the toys of despotism, thriving or not thriving under the most rigid suppression a nation has known in modern times, is less an international matter than Italy armed and ready for war. An army cannot be maintained for long without an excuse for its existence; it is far too expensive. Is Europe going to be an "armed camp" again, only a decade after the close of the war to end war?

PRESIDENT MACHADO OF CUBA recently visited this country and was received with the greatest honors in Washington and elsewhere, although the most startling charges in regard to his treatment of labor have been published against him, as well as assertions that there has been a deliberate campaign of persecution and murder against the labor-union leaders in his country. Chester M. Wright, English-Language Secretary of the Pan-American Federation of Labor, charges that 124 trade unions in Cuba in existence a year ago have either been destroyed or reduced to complete impotence and that he personally "established approximately one hundred cases of assassination and disappearance, nearly all of them officers or leaders of trade unions." While he was here, President Machado made public statements that Cuba had been rendered safe for American capital, that American investors were welcome, and that they would be treated like Cubans. He did not deny that he had been accused of being a ruthless dictator, but declared that the measures he had taken were necessary to the welfare of his republic, adding that there would never be another revolution in Cuba. Apparently his subservience to the Government and the capitalists of the United States was complete; yet curiously enough it has leaked out in the press that when in Washington he told the Government that there must be some modification of the Platt Amendment and he has repeated this statement since his return to Cuba. So strong is the anti-American feeling in Latin America that even this dictator is compelled to demand the breaking of some of the political ties that bind Cuba to the United States.

A NOTABLE ACT OF LEGISLATION is now definitely upon our statute-books by reason of a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in upholding the validity of the Virginia sterilization law. The court's decision was written by the most beloved of the justices, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who declares that States are not only within their rights in passing such legislation but that they are wise in making it possible to prevent imbeciles or degenerates bringing offspring into the world. The power is an extremely dangerous one and so Justice Holmes dwells upon the provisions of the Virginia law intended to prevent a misuse

of this power. In a number of the States laws like this have already been passed, and it cannot be denied that they have been in response to a growing demand for something of this kind. But, if the proceeding is not profoundly safeguarded, terrible wrongs to individuals may ensue. It is reported that in California alone 635 insane people have been sterilized. But who can ever be certain that sanity may not be restored? Remarkable cures do take place and persons recover their wits long after their cases seemed hopeless. Obviously every possible protection must be thrown about this procedure lest it become not an advance, but a weapon of mischief, cruelty, and perhaps even revenge.

DURING THIS PERIOD when the public is so justly critical of the legal profession and court procedure, it will do no harm to add one trifling bit of evidence. At a meeting of the American Bar Association, held in Milwaukee in 1912, the following resolution was adopted:

> Resolved, That as it has never been contemplated that members of the colored race should become members of this association, the several local councils are directed that, if at any time any of them should recommend a person of the colored race for membership, they shall accompany the recommendation with a statement of the fact that he is of such race.

The American Bar Association is a lawyers' guild or trade union. It has no social aspects. The personal contacts of its members consist solely of meetings called for consideration of professional problems. Of course, the constitution of the association does not bar Negroes. In fact, a few colored men were admitted about the time this resolution was passed. Many white lawyers decline election to the association as long as this restriction is on the books. Why not apologize for its enactment, expunge it from the records, and abolish a discrimination ordinarily condemned by the leaders of the bar when practiced by labor unions, as well as other groups, against colored citizens?

THE STATE OF CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE and communal enlightenment in Amherst, seat of the Alma Mater of John W. Burgess, Frank M. Goodnow, Munroe Smith, Harlan F. Stone, Dwight W. Morrow, Calvin Coolidge, and other eminent barristers and jurists, has just been revealed by two news notes in the Amherst *Record* for May 18, 1927, which read as follows:

> Judge Webster Thayer of Worcester recently called on his daughter, Mrs. Warren S. Gault, in Amherst. As a representative of the dignity and integrity of the judicial system of Massachusetts Judge Thayer commands respect and admiration in Amherst.

> The Smith College soviet, alias the Hampshire County Progressive Club, held a meeting in John M. Greene Hall in Northampton Thursday evening. The hall was crowded. The speaker was Clarence S. Darrow, who has devoted the greater part of his life to saving assassins from paying the penalty of their crimes. He is best known as the man who saved the lives of Leopold and Loeb, Chicago youths, who committed one of the most fiendish crimes ever known. Their parents were very wealthy. At Northampton Mr. Darrow's theme was education as a preventive of crime. His audience, though not on trial for their lives, was aroused to a frenzy of enthusiasm. When Jesse Pomeroy is freed he may be able to accept lecture engagements. Then the Smith College soviet could listen to the other side.

"I Am Charles Lindbergh"

THE happiest feature of the country's acclaim of Captain Lindbergh is that for once, everybody, of every shade of opinion, can agree. There is no room for dissent. A marvelous achievement was accomplished in a faultless manner by a young American who embodies within himself the finest American characteristics. The only discordant note comes from certain militarists in Washington, who dolefully warn us that America's isolation is at an end, that the sea is no longer a rampart of defense. Everybody else has rejoiced, not merely because it was an American who achieved the impossible, but also because there was an international aspect to the feat. Ambassador Herrick may exaggerate when he declares that Captain Lindbergh has wiped out all the ill-will which has existed in France against us, but there can be no question that he has rendered an enormous service to both nations. The fears that a success would hurt French feelings have been proved baseless. No welcome could have been freer from envy or hurt pride, none could have been more cordial, more spontaneous, or more overwhelming than that given by the French Government and people to the young man who stepped out of his airplane and said simply: "I am Charles Lindbergh."

Equally gratifying has been the bearing of the hero. A skilled diplomat could not have done better. His turning over to the orphans and widows of French aviators the 150,000 francs given for a gold cup; his call on Mme Nungesser; his toast to France as the land of the greatest number of great aviators; his acclaim of the veteran Louis Blériot as his master; his tactful speech to the Chamber of Deputies—all these reveal an old head upon young shoulders over a warm and sympathetic heart. Moreover, his refusal to consider the offers made to him for public appearances, which would make him a millionaire overnight, is in the best tradition. When he declared that he had never thought of money in connection with his exploit, he taught the youth of his country a finer lesson than he did by the courage and fortitude of his flight toward the sun. In an hour when public emphasis is so largely upon things purely material, it is glorious to find a youth who can remain a modest gentleman seeking no undue reward and can keep his head in the face of the greatest applause and fame ever given to a single individual.

That he will remain unspoiled is our devout wish—one has only to recall how the "hero of Santiago," Captain Hobson, lost his head in 1898, to realize what might have happened. The Government and the rest of us should help him to maintain his balance and his modesty by not overdoing the honors everyone wishes to bestow upon him. We are sure he had rather come home by steamer than be convoyed by a flotilla of destroyers. The ordeal of official receptions can hold no charms for him who stole away in Paris to put on overalls and overhaul his plane himself. Let us not ask the impossible of Charles Lindbergh, and let us, as we are sure he would wish, remember that he was not the first to cross the Atlantic. We must not forget the extraordinary skill and gallantry of John Alcock and Arthur W. Brown, two British gentlemen and soldiers, who first crossed from Newfoundland to Ireland by air, in 1919. America can best show her pride and gratitude by refusing to spoil one who, we sincerely hope, will always remain one of her finest assets.

Governments, Spying, and Propaganda

WITH governments as too often with individuals the deadly sin lies in being found out. That is what caused such excitement in Washington some weeks ago when it appeared that important and revealing documents of our embassy and its military attaché had found their way into the hands of the Mexican Government. So, in London, a Cabinet which was looking for an excuse to break off relations with the Soviets has made skilful use of the familiar fact that the Russians, in violation of their trade agreement, were engaged in propaganda in Great Britain. Mr. Baldwin charges that they bought stolen documents, which is probable—all governments do it—but the sensational raid on Arcos House did not produce any stolen documents, and the information about revolutionary activities was a pathetic fizzle. One Russian had a two-year-old list of addresses of Communist offices in Canada and the United States—which might have been obtained from a telephone book—and of well-known Communist sympathizers; another Russian official who was not supposed to engage in propaganda asked Moscow for more data on British atrocities in China. Another seized document established the falsity of Russian statements—which nobody ever believed—that Borodin was not a Soviet agent.

All this proves that the Soviet Government is no pure, white-winged angel. Like other governments, its agents lie, suborn theft, and violate solemn agreements. As propagandists for a new and theoretically better world order their actions have stood in their own way. Their business was to make a success of Communism at home—if they could—and leave others to their way of life. Instead the Russians have aided revolution where they could, notably in Germany. The result is that they are looked upon with suspicion everywhere and have now lost their trade and political arrangements with England. Whatever else this is, it is not statesmanship.

When all is said and done, however, all governments spy upon each other and steal each other's documents, as Lloyd George frankly stated in the debate in the Commons on May 25. They do not, of course, often seek to overthrow another government, as Mr. Wilson set out to overthrow Huerta and as he tore down the governments of Haiti and Santo Domingo. The fact is that while the United States Government swears friendship to Great Britain, its army and navy staffs are forever working on plans for war with our former ally, and we maintain in London, Paris, and every other capital military and naval attachés who are nothing but recognized spies, sent there for the purpose of discovering, by fair means or foul, everything they can about the military and naval secrets of the country to which they are assigned. The stolen British War Office document is not an isolated incident. On May 24 it was announced in Vienna that two employees of the Austrian Foreign Office had sold important documents to Russia and other countries. It appears that a systematic traffic in the secret papers of the Foreign Office had been going on for a long time; exact copies being offered to every legation in Vienna. The Soviet attaché when arrested possessed the complete correspondence of Austria with England, France, and Italy concerning their joint defense against Bolshevik propaganda. It is also stated that the purchase by French officials of certain Austrian documents was revealed by Premier Poincaré himself. On the same day a Lithuanian general, Kleszinski, was arrested in the act of selling a secret military document to a Russian.

Few Americans will, we suppose, remember that an officer of the United States army, Captain Henry D. Borup, was hastily recalled from Paris in 1892 because in his capacity as American military attaché he was publicly charged not only with buying French military secrets but reselling them to the German and Italian governments "for a consideration." The latter charge was apparently not sustained; for the other, Captain Borup's defense was that all he had done was "absolutely within my legitimate duties as a military attaché of the United States Legation toward a friendly Power." In this he was defended by the London *Times*, which is now so outraged by the Soviets' doing the same thing. It wrote: "Captain Borup was entitled, *even bound*, to obtain documents for the benefit of his own country and government. . . . A case similar to that of Captain Borup is spoken of as having occurred at St. Petersburg. In that case the attaché was recalled by his government, but he was afterward appointed to a higher post." Captain Borup remained on the army rolls until he died. Why not? A dispatch to the New York *Times* defending him declared in these words that this was a universal American practice, officially sanctioned:

> The United States officers who are sent out under what is now known as the Division of Military Information are allowed something like $50 a month to buy documents and plans which may be offered for sale. This sum will not go very far toward securing valuable material anywhere, at home or abroad. . . . He had at his disposal on his personal account some funds which, it is thought, he must have used.

Plainly Captain Borup's only offense was that he got caught. So did the English official who, Premier Baldwin declares, was found to be selling secrets to Russians and so apparently did the British lieutenant commander who now languishes in prison awaiting trial for selling submarine plans and secrets to an as yet unnamed foreign Power. It is a nasty, despicable business, unworthy and reprehensible, but every government indulges in it, and it will continue as long as the war system, with its lying, deceit, and chicanery, is retained.

As for the Russian propaganda, we should like once more to state our position about it. It is physically impossible for any country to exclude such things as the Communist matter originating in Russia. It is impossible to build walls against ideas. Ideas can be fought only with ideas and false assumptions or theories combated with correct ones. The United States, in which the Communist movement is negligible, has nothing to fear from revolutionary doctrines as long as the government is honest, devoted to the people, and just. If the bulk of our people believe the United States is living up to its ideals, nothing on earth can endanger its institutions. The dangerous enemies are within. They are those who pervert American liberties, who would enthrone special privilege and class government in favor of the rich and powerful, who sneer at democracy and openly cry for a dictator.

For Recreation Read the Best

THE four months from May 15 to September 15 are commonly dismissed as dead months so far as the business of books is concerned. Authors groan when their publishers tell them that the biography or the novel which was scheduled for April has been put off until June. The reviewers will be out of town, they say; readers of all classes will be on vacation from the routine of literature as well as from the routine of life; hence their handiwork will be still-born. And in large measure their fears are justified. The publishing world has thus far devised no way of preventing that summer slump which is the curse of so many trades. Or at any rate it has accepted the notion that the slump is necessary, and ceases late in the spring to put forth energetic efforts at supplying the public with important new titles. By the beginning of June, the assumption is, the best of the current offerings will have been selected by critics and readers; and the hope is, no doubt, that a portion of the public will resolve to get that selection read before fall if time and weather favor. Then will come the autumn flood.

The whole question is one that might be gone into with something like the thoroughness of the examination now being made in the London *Nation and Athenaeum* by John M. Keynes, Michael Sadleir, Stanley Unwin, Basil Blackwell and others, of the British situation with respect to books. Something is wrong, they all more or less agree, with the British public which buys books; it does not buy enough of them, or it buys the wrong ones, or it depends too much on circulating libraries, or it is too seldom made the subject of diligent study by those having to do with the circulation of literature—publishers, agents, booksellers, critics, and perhaps authors themselves. The storm of argument aroused here in the United States by the Literary Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club is evidence that we have our problems too. And it is plain that we are very far from having saturated our public with good reading matter. The sales of occasional volumes are amazingly large, and there must be those who feel that we have decidedly too many books as it is; but the fact is that the majority of Americans never hear of the best books at all save through accident, and indeed are not prompted, from one year's end to another, to remember that literature is a thing which constantly is in a process of being created.

What, then, to do about the summer? The first thing is to realize that summer is an excellent season for reading, and to recognize that a great many persons do avail themselves of it. We should like to see figures on the numbers and kinds of books consumed in the United States between May and September. We think they would be surprisingly large; and we suspect that they would show an overwhelming preference not for new books at all, or at any rate for light ones, but for classics to which the busy winter has given no decent opportunity, or to long and serious books of the passing year which need leisure for perusal. We suggest to publishers that summer is the season for reprints of famous books, however old—books that citizens are ashamed of never having read. And we recommend that they by no means cease in June to push important titles. Here even is a slogan: "For recreation read the best. You can't forget yourself with a poor book. Forget yourself with one that is worth the price."

Looking Toward Peace

WHEN Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister, said last spring that France would be glad to agree with the United States to settle mutual disputes by arbitration and to renounce recourse to war, surprisingly little attention was paid to the suggestion at first, but it has recently crystallized in two definite proposals. The American Foundation, established by Edward W. Bok, has given to the press the draft of a general treaty for the settlement of all international disputes through conciliation, through arbitration by the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague, or otherwise, or through judicial settlement by the Permanent Court of International Justice (World Court). Almost simultaneously, James T. Shotwell of the Carnegie Endowment has made public the draft of an arbitration treaty that could be entered into between the United States and France or any other nation. Mr. Shotwell was assisted in drafting this treaty by Professor J. P. Chamberlain of Columbia University. The proposal has the indorsement of Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University.

While drawn in response to Premier Briand's suggestion, the Shotwell treaty is not limited to France. It is hoped that it may serve also for agreements with Great Britain, Japan, Germany, Italy, and other countries. Its appearance at this hour is especially timely because the Bryan arbitration treaties—with France, Great Britain, and Japan—all expire next year and new agreements are desirable if the movement toward international peace is to continue. The draft treaty of Messrs. Shotwell and Chamberlain is for the most part a combination of the principles and machinery of the Bryan treaties and of those negotiated at Locarno in 1925 between representatives of France, Germany, Belgium, Great Britain, Italy, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia.

The first article of the proposed treaty renounces war as a means of settling disputes although with some qualifications. The stipulation shall not apply, says Article 2, in the case of "the exercise of the right of legitimate defense, that is to say, resistance to a violation of the undertaking contained in the previous article, provided that the attacked party shall at once offer to submit the dispute to peaceful settlement or to comply with an arbitral or judicial decision." The Monroe Doctrine is also preserved by excepting from the operation of Article 1 "action by the United States of America in pursuance of its traditional policy with reference to the American continents, provided that the United States will use its best endeavors to secure the submission to arbitration or conciliation of a dispute between an American and a non-American Power."

The proposal of the American Foundation is the more comprehensive, as it is a general treaty and includes international disputes of all sorts, even those which are supposed to involve "national honor." It is suggested that the House and Senate, by joint resolution, request the President to call an international conference for adopting the treaty. But the very comprehensiveness of the plan probably militates against its early success. Moreover, the advocates of the plan feel that the entrance of the United States to the World Court is a prerequisite to its adoption. The Shotwell treaty is less ambitious but more immediately realizable. It could be used as the basis of an agreement between the United States and any one other country without reference to our membership in the World Court.

Shall Prosecutors Conceal Facts?

IN an article, Deception According to Law, published in last week's issue of *The Nation*, Morris Ernst takes exception to a declaration of the Massachusetts Supreme Court in its decision in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The court held that "A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt while failing to call witnesses in whom he has no confidence, *or whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove.*" Mr. Ernst challenges this statement, especially the phrase in italics. "What ethical principle," he asks, "justifies a prosecutor in failing to call a witness whose testimony might defeat the plea for conviction?" and he quotes the Canons of Professional Ethics adopted by the American Bar Association and the various oaths of admission to practice in support of his belief that the duty of a public prosecutor is to obtain justice rather than merely to obtain convictions.

In response to a request from *The Nation* a number of eminent lawyers have replied to the article. William D. Guthrie wrote that he had referred the question raised by Mr. Ernst to the standing committee on professional ethics of the Bar Association of New York City, of which he was then president. The comments of the other lawyers who responded, printed herewith, present an impressive clash of legal opinion on an issue of peculiar public interest and timely importance:

EMORY R. BUCKNER,

Until recently United States District Attorney for the Southern District of New York

In my opinion a prosecuting officer should bring out from any witness whom he puts upon the stand all of the relevant testimony which that witness is prepared to give, whether for or against the prosecutor, and should not leave the adverse part of such witness's testimony to be developed on cross-examination.

A prosecuting officer has no duty to place upon the stand a witness whose testimony he does not believe. I do not think a prosecutor is doing his duty when he places testimony in the record which he does not believe, whether for or against his case. I have myself, in prosecuting cases, often told juries that I believed part of my witness's testimony but not the remainder. In one case, many years ago, I told the jury that I did not believe the testimony of any of the seven witnesses testifying for the prosecution. I did not feel justified in throwing out the case when there were so many witnesses supporting it. The jury promptly acquitted.

I think it is a prosecutor's duty to place witnesses upon the stand whose testimony is adverse to his case if he believes that such witnesses are telling the truth. His job is to develop the truth, not merely to win his case.

If a prosecutor consults expert witnesses, some of whom give their opinion in support of the prosecutor's case and some of whom give their opinion against it, I do not believe it is the duty of the prosecutor to call all of the experts consulted, providing he believes the opinion of those testifying favorably for him to be correct and does not trust the opinion of the adverse experts. After all, expert testimony is only opinion testimony and experts nearly always differ.

When I became United States Attorney a little over two years ago I started a little weekly paper called *Scraps* for distribution inside the office only. In the edition of this paper for November 7, 1925, I wrote:

> No Assistant United States Attorney is called upon to try either a civil or criminal case or to argue an appeal where he thinks he is wrong. In such cases he should consult with the head of the department in this office and have the case assigned to some one who has the opposite view. If the head of the department shares his view, the case should be dismissed. It does not make any difference what department of the government is interested. We simply will not try a case in this office where we think the government ought not to win. If it is a so-called test case and Washington wishes the case taken to the Supreme Court and we do not believe in it, we should so advise our clients in Washington, and the most we will do under such circumstances is to submit the construction of the statute to the court without argument, frankly stating our reasons for so doing. It may be possible in such cases to bring on the lawyer who is giving us our orders and let him argue the case if he wishes to do so.

ALLEN WARDWELL

I have taken occasion to examine the entire opinion of the Massachusetts court to which Mr. Ernst refers in his article. It seems to me that a reading of the whole decision does not justify the criticism which Mr. Ernst makes. The paragraph preceding that in which the sentence occurs to which Mr. Ernst refers and the paragraph in which that sentence appears seem to indicate that the Massachusetts court in no way differed from the ethical principles expressed in the Canon of the American Bar Association. In fact, the whole context leads me to think that the word "or" in the sentence referred to should be interpreted as "and," so that the sentence which Mr. Ernst refers to would read, "A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt, while failing to call witnesses in whom he has no confidence and whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove." Be this as it may, it is clear that the court considered whatever evidence there was in the possession of the prosecuting attorney and determined that it was not of a character which required him to present it to the court. Just what evidence would be substantial so as to move the prosecuting attorney to take such a step must, it seems to me, in the first instance be left to his sense of propriety, as obviously he cannot be called upon to bring forward every bit of information, reliable or unreliable, which might cast doubt upon the case which he is attempting to prove. The determination of this question may in some instances be difficult, but no more so than the ethical problems which are presented to any lawyer in almost every phase of the practice of his profession. It seems to me that the Massachusetts court should recognize, as it seems to have done, and as every court should recognize, that if the prosecuting attorney had suppressed or concealed obviously important evidence tending to establish the innocence of the accused, the judgment might be reversed; certainly that the prosecuting attorney is subject to censure.

In view of my ignorance of criminal proceedings I am not in a position to state the practice, but I should suppose there was no doubt that if the prosecuting attorney had substantial evidence tending to prove the innocence of the accused, he ought either to call the attention of the accused's counsel to the evidence or himself present it to the court.

SAMUEL UNTERMYER

I have no hestitation in saying that the declaration of the Massachusetts court that "A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt while failing to call witnesses . . . whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove" is not in accordance with

the ethics of our profession unless the prosecutor is satisfied that the contradictory testimony is false. Even if he believes the witness whose testimony would contradict that of other witnesses is honestly mistaken, it is his duty to place him on the witness stand and let him tell his story.

I incline to the view that the court in laying down this extraordinary rule failed to appreciate the fundamental difference between a public prosecutor and a lawyer at the bar who is representing private interests whether in a civil or a criminal case. And yet the distinction is well defined.

In private controversies the duty of counsel for each party is limited to the presentation of the facts bearing upon the contentions of his client. It is assumed that the lawyer representing the other side of the controversy will do likewise, and that thus the court will be fully informed as to the claims of both parties. It is not the duty of the lawyer for one side to present the facts in favor of the other.

The duty of a public prosecutor is entirely different. It is quite as important a function of the state in the investigation, prosecution, and punishment of crime to shield the innocent as to punish the guilty. That duty extends to the prosecutor as the representative of the state. He is as false to his oath if he suppresses or fails to present evidence that he believes to be credible in favor of the accused as if he were to submit perjured testimony against him.

With all due respect to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, it is preposterous to suggest that it is consistent with the duty of a prosecutor or with the prevailing Canon of Ethics in our profession for a public officer, ostensibly engaged in the administration of justice, to fail to call a witness whose testimony would contradict a fact that he is trying to establish, unless he is satisfied that that testimony is unworthy of belief. I doubt whether in the length and breadth of the land any man with reputation in the legal profession could be found who would justify such action.

In my judgment there is no necessity for bar associations appointing committees to establish any such fundamental rule of conduct. Rule 5 of the Canons of Professional Ethics of the American Bar Association plainly points out the duty of a lawyer in such a case, and any member of the bar intrusted with the sacred responsibility of administering justice for the state in criminal cases who fails to observe that fundamental rule of common decency is unfit to belong to our noble profession. The prosecutor is as much a minister of justice as the man who sits on the bench.

JULIUS HENRY COHEN

Mr. Ernst calls attention to number five of the Canons of Professional Ethics. This canon and the oath of admission to practice which Mr. Ernst quotes are to be interpreted in the light of the established practice. It was not intended to reverse the usual practice in the trial of criminal cases. It has long been the accepted fact that in presenting cases to the grand jury for purposes of indictment, the district attorney should lay all the facts before the grand jury, leaving to them to determine whether an indictment is justified. In the trial, however, it is his duty to submit evidence to support the indictment. If he has evidence which should acquit the defendant, he should move to dismiss the indictment. Neither side may falsify evidence. Neither side may secrete witnesses. The word "secreting," used in the canons of ethics, means hiding witnesses or documentary evidence, or removing them from the jurisdiction. The words "suppression of facts" mean the affirmative destruction of evidence or prevention of access by the other side. They do not mean withholding the evidence.

I am of opinion, therefore, that the statement by the highest court of Massachusetts concerning the conduct of prosecuting officers is entirely within the established practice and consistent with the canons of ethics and the oath taken by a lawyer.

In my judgment, our present philosophy errs too much on the side of safeguarding the defendant in his rights. Convictions fail because of the right of the defendant to refuse to take the stand and because of the necessity of securing a unanimous verdict from the jury. The challenge to the legal profession demands an answer not alone to the question whether "convictions, rather than justice, should be the prosecutor's aim" but also to the question "Should acquittal, rather than justice, be the aim of counsel for the defendant?" If justice is to be the aim both of prosecutor and defendant's counsel, then each is under duty to lay all the evidence in his possession before the court and the jury. If we are to consider a newer ethical conception for the trial of criminal causes, we must consider the technique both of the prosecution and the defense.

The present method is not in accord with our finer sense of social needs. I find more disappointment, however, in the escape of the guilty, of which we have had too many conspicuous and flagrant examples within the last few years, than in the comparatively rare conviction of defendants in cases where evidence in the possession of the prosecuting officer, if revealed, might have changed the result.

GEORGE GORDON BATTLE

The enlightened opinion of mankind has come to recognize that a criminal trial should be a just and fair investigation to determine whether or not the accused is guilty of the charge. It should not be an assault by the prosecutor upon the defendant with the purpose of convicting him by fair or foul means. It should be in all cases the primary desire of the prosecutor to elicit the truth, and not to convict at all hazards. It may be said that counsel for the defendant is necessarily partisan in his conduct of the defense; that he is under no obligation to bring forward evidence which may be favorable to the prosecution, and that it is against public policy to impose upon the prosecutor obligations and responsibilities which make him less effective than the opposing counsel. The answer to this suggestion is that public opinion is more and more frowning upon the efforts of unscrupulous lawyers to defeat justice. No lawyer would now advance the famous proposition of Lord Brougham to the effect that it was the duty of counsel for the defense to endeavor by any and all means to secure the acquittal of his client even though his efforts might bring about ruin to his country.

Furthermore, there is a difference between the function of the public prosecutor and the private counsel. It is the bounden duty of the public prosecutor, representing the people, to bring out all the facts to the end that justice may be done. This is recognized by the Canon of Professional Ethics adopted by the American Bar Association and quoted by Mr. Ernst. The principle, however, must be interpreted by the district attorney. He is under no obligation to call to the stand witnesses who he has reasonable grounds to believe are mistaken or perjured in their testimony. He is not bound to call witnesses whose testimony would merely obscure the issue and confuse the jury. But it is undoubtedly his duty to call all reliable witnesses who can give legal evidence material to the issue of the guilt or innocence of the defendant. I do not believe that the Supreme Court of Massachusetts intended to lay down any rule that a prosecuting officer is not justified in calling witnesses whose testimony may contradict what he is trying to prove, provided that testimony is reliable, honest, and material. The expression contained in the extract from the opinion of the court is perhaps susceptible of a broader construction than was intended.

Crime must be vigorously prosecuted. Law and order must be maintained. But that result can be better reached by free and fair investigation, in which a zealous and able prosecutor, unhampered by outworn technicalities, can call all witnesses who have knowledge on the subject and thus so far as is possible to human beings bring to light the absolute truth.

A PROFESSOR OF LAW
whose name must be withheld

Mr. Ernst's position is the result of his harboring a very common preconception. He thinks of the governing group existing in a particular geographical area as consisting of all or most of the people in the area. He thinks that the interests of the governing group are the interests of the inhabitants, and that the ethics of both should be the same. If he abandoned his preconception and were more realistic he would see the Government as only one among a number of groups, such as the United States Steel Corporation, the American Federation of Labor, and the Rockefeller Foundation. Further, he would note that the governing group is much smaller in number than he supposes. He would not expect the interests and ethics of the governing group to be the same as those of the other inhabitants, but would rather expect them to be class interests and class ethics. Consequently he would not be surprised in a case like the Sacco-Vanzetti case to find many members of the governing group, including the courts, sharing the feelings of the prosecutor, one of their fellow-members. Nor would he urge, by argument, the governing group to restrict its power by changing its rules.

MAX D. STEUER

> A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt while failing to call witnesses in whom he has no confidence, or whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove.

As far as the statement of the Massachusetts Supreme Court goes I agree with it absolutely. The side that calls a witness vouches for the credibility of that witness. Necessarily, therefore, the district attorney vouches for the credibility and reliability of a witness called on behalf of the State or the Commonwealth. How could he, therefore, consistently call a witness in whose credibility he does not believe and in whom he has no confidence? The inquiry answers itself.

The particular challenge, however, is directed to the words: "or whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove." In other words, should the district attorney be required to call witnesses to contradict his own statement of what the believable facts are? Analyzed, it comes to this: The district attorney first calls witness A, who gives a version of a transaction tending to show guilt on the part of the defendant. Shall he then be required to call witness B to contradict witness A and give a version tending to exculpate the defendant, and then continue until the end of the chapter in the same way? Is there any method by which confusion could be made more confounded? Convictions would be rendered impossible in any case, however clear, if the district attorney was compelled to discredit his own case by calling contradictory witnesses.

The defendant has his own counsel, who knows how to present his side of the case and to whom should be intrusted that duty. This does not, however, mean that the district attorney may suppress evidence. Nor, in my opinion, has the defendant's attorney any greater right in that regard than the district attorney. It is the duty of each to see that all of the evidence in favor of and against the defendant is adduced. If the prosecuting attorney becomes apprised of a witness who could give testimony favorable to the defendant it is his duty to notify the defendant's counsel of that fact—furnishing to the defendant's counsel the name of the witness and his whereabouts—and to afford him every opportunity of access to the witness.

On the other hand it is, in my opinion, just as much the duty of the defendant's counsel to make the same disclosure to the district attorney with respect to any witness of whom he knows who could give evidence in favor of the prosecution.

These Modern Women
In Search of Adventure

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the sixteenth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for June 22.*]

AN attempt to recreate the emotions or the facts of childhood is never easy; for almost everyone it must involve a certain amount of what comes perilously near to being sheer invention.

In my own case the child that was is dim to the woman that is. I can see, as through an inverted telescope, a series of microscopic pictures; a tiny tow-headed figure (two of them in fact, my sister and myself, one almost as detached as the other) moving about a background that shifts between New York, Washington, England, Newport, Long Island, France, and so on. The one that was me always in violent motion, full of spirits and eagerness, with a full measure of the adventures and rebellions, the joys and despairs that make up a thoroughly normal childhood.

Ironically enough, in view of my present interests, I was born at Newport in the early eighties. The earliest of my childish memories concerns a room, a strange, immense, unexpected room, with walls that did not behave as walls should, and a ceiling that was somehow "funny." It is curious how vivid it all remains—especially a hard, bright light and a smell which I have later identified as that of oil paints. A huge portrait still exists of my sister and myself, all fat legs and blue bows, painted by the leading Academician of the day. So probably the memory is of the studio in Rome where the horror was perpetrated, when I was somewhat under two years old.

Another picture, this time a steamer: a low quiet light; the sea still and glassy; myself on deck peering between the rails over which I was too small to see; rows of comfortable ladies on deck chairs consuming tea and taffy, that sweet, sticky stuff provided, thanks be to Heaven, only on Cunarders; everywhere peace and serenity. Suddenly a grinding shock, a shiver through the ship, a grating, wrenching, jerking forward for several seconds, and finally a bump that brought us all to our feet. Then somehow in everybody's mouth the mysterious words, "We're aground." I knew exactly what to expect—a raft, desert island, monkeys, a house in a palm tree, all in the best Crusoe tradition. This in spite of the fact that the shores of Staten Island were still faintly visible in the haze. For the first time I tasted to the full the bitterness of disillusion. I can remember as if it were yesterday the first dreadful doubts that sprang to my mind as I realized that my mother, who had never failed me before, was sitting calmly in her chair, that no joyful

activities were on foot, no lashing together of masts to make rafts, no gathering up of water-kegs and axes and all the other delightful paraphernalia of adventure, as I had so confidently anticipated. Something very close to despair filled my soul as it was finally borne in upon me that my island was but a mirage, that dull ships would go on forever sailing to duller destinations. The taste of taffy brings it all back to me, even to the sudden disintegrating nausea of the piece tucked in my cheek throughout the excitement—the piece I spat fiercely into the sea with a feeling that somehow the doors of life had clanged shut upon romance.

This anticlimax was all the more devastating as I had been frankly "scared." It was not until many years later that I realized what a joyful, soul-satisfying sensation the word implies. Always the same rhythm—first an overpowering oppression, a tight clutch at one's throat almost like a physical bond, then the revulsion: a sudden, soaring, wide-flung feeling of delight, of tremendous possibilities just ahead, an intoxicating illusion of sudden power. A sensation to be prized above all others and to be courted in all manner of ways. It is much the same today—whether the occasion be the stalling of an airplane engine low over London, picketing surrounded by a crowd of angry scabs, swimming among sharks, the schooling of a green hunter. Even careening down a steep hill with a drunken taxi-driver, his machine out of control, has its points.

Intense physical pain has a similar effect. After the first oppression, the first grinding annihilation, comes the same revulsion, the same fierce release of the spirit, the same sense of swinging incredibly free above the limitations of an everyday world. Ever since my first child was born, I have known that one day the world's supreme work of art would be created by a woman in childbirth.

But to return to my commonplace and uneventful childhood. Another memory: a calm windless afternoon, a golden sunset—and my pet rabbit, its leg crushed by my clumsiness. The agony of that moment will have power to torture me till the end of my life. After all these years I still waken in a cold sweat, the feel of the soft little body under my foot, its screams ringing through the room.

The scene shifts to a London hotel—my mother, in a dress of flame, coming in to tell us goodnight. I remember my feeling of stunned consternation as I realized she was dining out *in England!* Actually about to break bread with *the British enemy!* It seemed an act of unutterable treachery impossible to understand. Obviously the propaganda then fed to the young under the guise of patriotism had borne its fruits.

One more story and I am done. Since I had read "Ben Hur" at the age of six, a small white birthmark on my breast assumed a new interest and was immediately identified as the mark of incipient leprosy. With a feeling part disgust, part triumph, part excitement, I rode into the park on my little old tricycle, debating seriously with myself whether I must not shout "Unclean!" "Unclean!" to the children that rushed up to greet me, and then steal quietly away into the mountains of Palestine. But of course never a sign of all this to parents, governesses, nurses, or indeed to anyone. I would have died before letting a word of it pass my lips.

Commonplace as are these incidents of my childhood, the next phase is even more undramatic. The stage was set for a conventional coming-out, and the normal sequellae to be expected from the daughter of my sort of parents—none of which happened. My father and mother, much to their surprise, were forced to adjust themselves to a "dud" in the family circle. I don't know how seriously they took it, but I do know that life was made uncomfortable for me through an atmosphere of failure, of having somehow not come up to expectations, so much so that I went around with a sense of guilt and rather bitter revolt.

I flatly refused to "come out," but I had not the faintest idea what I did want. I only knew that I was "agin" everything the family wanted—all its traditions, all its theories, all its works. This sense of revolt—my hand against every man, especially against the rich and the established—may have come from something more deep-rooted than the ordinary rebellion of the young against their parents; I don't know, but at any rate, it is even now a fundamental part of my make-up. Some years ago my husband and I were forced to endure several months of intensive police protection. Over and beyond the inevitable nuisance of having a secret-service man at one's elbow morning, noon, and night, was a feeling of resentment, of being in a humiliating position. I had always the sense that the police were the natural enemy, that they and I belonged to different camps. No amount of reasoning could overcome the sensation. I experienced much the same discomfort on my first visit to a steel mill, where even "tapping a heat" for the first time—one of the real thrills of life—could not make me unconscious of the obsequious manager who trailed us from shop to shop, giving me the same humiliating sense of sailing under false colors. What had I to do with the Steel Trust or any of its works?

However, in spite of revolts and rebellions, I managed to have an extremely good time. For several of those years I went in heavily for sports—one in particular with a reputation for danger (in which women rarely competed) affording a most gratifying opportunity to score against hard-boiled masculine competition.

The inevitable young men turned up at times in considerable numbers. I was sent the other day an old letter of my mother's that complained of three diamond solitaires found in a discarded bureau about which, according to her, I professed to have no interest—but flippantly suggested that she attempt to return them to the young men in question, and see whether she might be more successful than I. Her disgust with my behavior, her reluctance to give the offending articles houseroom in her safe, combined with her inability to leave them where she found them, serves to illustrate the difference between the two generations. Incidentally, I have not the slightest recollection of the occurrence.

Then one fine day I made up my mind to shed my present and my past—decided to go out and see the world from a new angle. With a portentous feeling as of one signing a declaration of independence I discarded both my pearls and my maid and, having provided myself with letters of introduction to all the great, the near-great, and the not great at all from Maine to California, I started out with a wise friend. For the first time in my life I was foot-loose—with no family to consider or demonstrate against. We would arrive in a town, having sent our letters ahead, to find a welcome arranged for us by the leading citizens perhaps, or by a puzzled mayor—both quite uncertain whether they were to deal with lady adventuresses, uplifters, or a new brand of drummer. One of my most cherished possessions is a card from a bell-hop in a Los

Angeles hotel to his friend in San Francisco, tenderly inscribed: "Be good to these girls." As a pendant to this story was a perfectly impersonal, almost public proposal of marriage, after a few hours' acquaintance, by a tory statesman, very rich and pompous, evidently because he felt it was expected of him. We had all manner of joyful adventures and collected I. W. W.'s, big-game hunters, reactionary Senators, Socialists, stodgy captains of industries, single taxers, a whole-hog Tolstoian, college professors, and editors galore—even a Hindu agitator. It was a good trip and things began to move from then on.

I cannot remember just when or how I first became interested in the suffrage movement—but I do know that it came more through my active interest in liberal politics than through the usual resentment against women's political discrimination per se. Many of my family had held elective offices of one kind and another. I remember more than once dining with an ex-President who took me into the smoking-room to talk politics with the men after the women had left the table, and it never struck me that this was in any way unusual. I had not learned to think of myself in terms of a downtrodden and disfranchised female.

I walked in the first suffrage parade and in some later ones as a matter of course and without feeling that I was doing anything significant. My family were opposed, equally as a matter of course, but I cannot remember that that particular bone of contention was ever seriously worried between us. As time went on, I joined actively in the suffrage fight and gave considerable time to it, but I must admit that quite aside from the essential justice of the proposition, I saw women largely as a new group of voters. I worked to help enfranchise them with even more interest in their responsibilities than in their rights.

Since then, in the language of the booster, more adventures and better adventures have come into my life—some successes, some reverses—but no more negations, no further futilities. Some years ago I marked down, pursued, and captured one of the few really big men I have ever known—"one who never turned his back but marched breast forward"—and lived happily and gloriously ever after.

My interests have continued to be specialized along actively political lines. My feminism has broadened and become more human, more understanding, especially in my belated recognition of the vital importance of economic independence for women, and the need of constructive action to make that possible for the average wife and mother.

On one point, however, I take direct issue with orthodox feminists, many of whom assume that the bearing of children is a burden and a handicap, and that men's exemption therefrom constitutes an asset. I disagree. In the first place many women tend to over-emphasize the question of physical pain; and in the second, even if one admits that the adventure of child-bearing "gums the game" for a certain period, there is no reason for assuming that this in itself constitutes a cost too high to be borne with eager, glorying equanimity; nor that because he is free from it man has essentially the better part. Personally I would not change, abate, or sacrifice any part of my own job.

My feminism tells me that woman can bear children, charm her lovers, boss a business, swim the Channel, stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord—all in the day's work!

The Reign of the Masonry Dome

By ELBERT PEETS

IF you wish to measure the revolution that steel, the elevator, and desk-worship have caused among architectural values, nothing will help you so much as to know what the full meaning of the dome was to Michelangelo and his time. For the dome reigned over architecture during the generations that built St. Peter's—became, indeed, the center of a school of architectural effort striving to realize an ideal that was more clearly seen, one must think, than any other that has given energy to art. That ideal was the perfect dome-centered building.

We now can quite easily reproduce the shapes of domes by bending a few steel beams or by cementing together a few layers of hard thin tiles. But we have lost the desire to know the dome as a perilous heroic adventure in building. Engineering has so far outdistanced daily experience that it has become a sort of magic that will protect us and serve us, though we cannot understand it. We enter the Woolworth building without any sense of fear. But in the living days of stone-arch building, a kind of fear was part of the beauty of architecture. Burke was right, joining awe and sublimity. The people of Rome who walked under the dome of St. Peter's in 1590 did not lightly accept the ceiling above them as a pretty surface held up there by some clever mechanical trick. They and their fathers and great-grandfathers had seen the ox-teams pulling creaking cartloads of great stones up through the Borgo, and they repeated stories of the oak forests cut for scaffolding. The oriental proverb that arch and dome never sleep was more to them than a pretty saying. The cultivated among them, at least, felt that enormous mass of stone as a membered whole alive with symmetrical thrusts, frictions, compressions, and coherences.

And it was this sublime monster, the masonry dome, that Bramante, Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Vignola dreamed of raising to a kingship over architecture more absolute than it had ever had in Rome or in Byzantium. Their ideal was a building whereof every stone should serve the dome that crowned it. They wanted to embody in a building—in a whole city if you would let them—the complete unfolding of the mechanical and formal significance of the dome principle. They saw in the old long-naved basilicas and Gothic churches merely a practical housing for congregations; each bay of them was a unit, but there was no inevitable structural law that fixed the number of bays. Identical bays, too, performed different functions, and identical functions were performed by dissimilar members—these being the very errors most hated by architectural logic. Brunelleschi's fine dome at Florence has for supports three compact apses and an arch of the wide high nave. Clearly, the mass of the dome bears down equally on all four sides: would it not then, if freed from arbitrary human interference, create for itself exactly equal supports,

identical in form because equal in strength? The supporting members, to be sure, might be grouped and modeled so that they could do their work better or in order to honor the dome, both inside and out, with a series of contrapuntal echoes interpreting or completing its form. But every section taken through the vertical axis of the dome must be symmetrical.

Gothic architecture is constantly spoken of as spiritual and the taste of the Renaissance is called sensual. That is in part because the barbaric splendor of the Gothic has worn or been torn away and in further part because modern eyes see the color of Renaissance interiors but not their structural and formal unity. The Gothic is rich in the vertical lines which by a crude symbolism we call spiritual. But the popes and architects of the Renaissance, masters of geometry and formal logic, made for their spirituality a symbol in harmony with their intelligence, planning churches that would draw the whole earth up to a single point, huge complexes mastered by a single law. They must have smiled at the Gothic builders who laid their churches upon a line drawn from the cross in the market square to the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem and, it is said, sometimes bent their main axis to symbolize the bent body of the crucified Christ. Bramante and Michelangelo built St. Peter's on a line running from the center of the earth to the zenith of the heavens. They sought to symbolize, by incarnating it, the absolute truth of the syllogism that was the core of their art: "If the functions are the same, then the forms are the same."

The unity that I am ascribing to the dome-centered building was not a requirement of clerical mysticism—its great enemy and final victor, in fact, was the Latin cross and the traditional processions of the Cult. The architects of the sixteenth century strove for the perfect solution of the dome composition because that was the great professional problem that history and the thought of the time assigned to them, just as the most vital work of our architects is being put into the solution of the tower office-building. It was the good fortune of the sixteenth century that artist and engineer were still one man and that, further, the technical and aesthetic command over the sole material, stone, was so complete that only ultimate problems remained for solution. Such a problem was St. Peter's—the attainment of structural-formal perfection in a domed building so large that human beings, even in great crowds, could not sense the actual size of a larger one.

Michelangelo was the most skilful worker in stone of his time. So he built St. Peter's. He built it as a demonstration of absolute logic and unfettered skill in stone building. When he walked, in imagination, through his design, as an architect loves to, he felt the separate existence of every member, felt the relation of each member to all the rest, the economy and sufficiency of its form, its part in the work, what forces bore upon it, how they were met. He read the whole building, solid and surface and void, as we read a lyric, with, instead of the approximate likeness of rhyme and meter, the abounding floods of symmetry in his church, and instead of the poem's charming play of ideas, some thousands of tons of stone hanging, in an intricate equilibrium, over his head. But how can you set down precisely the meaning to the human mind and body of participation in the phenomenon of an ideally organized mass supported equally by four ideally suitable and ideally placed supports? That might be the formula for a saw-horse—to Michelangelo it meant a universe in which accident had no part, a tangible rendering of man's greatest aesthetic creation, the concept *law*. For law in the abstract he substituted the laws his hand and eye could know: gravitation, the coherence of stone, geometry. Set in play, these laws produced a vast masonry dome crowning a building devoted wholly to the dome's physical support and formal amplification. And so was fulfilled the desire of the Renaissance for absolute law in the disposition of space-inclosing stone—for absolute dignity, mastery, amplitude, elegance, and reason in the shaping of stone-surfaced space.

These skyscrapers we see springing up around us are sometimes lovely and in groups they often have a rugged alpine picturesqueness. But they know as little of Michelangelo as a vaudeville theater knows of Sophocles. His titanic logic is forgotten, the materials and forms he struggled with have become ridiculous toys. Well, our task is to form ideals for steel and to realize them. Perhaps it is in self-defense that we prefer not to think of other labors. But whoever wishes to know the heights of the human mind must try to know Michelangelo's vision, a huge dome-centered building, as simple and as clearly formed by law as a sunflower or a snow-flake.

The Camera Learns to Lie

By SAMUEL TENENBAUM

OPPONENTS of tabloid journalism are becoming vocal. They are accusing it of vulgarity and bad taste. They are even making more serious charges, namely, that it is helping to spread sexual morbidity and immorality and criminality. Nowhere, however, have I seen an attack on its outstanding characteristic—the pictures it uses so abundantly. Defenders of tabloid journalism—and there are many such—have listed this characteristic prominently among the tabloid's virtues. Of the theories advanced to explain its phenomenal and overnight success, the most plausible is the "see and believe" theory.

The camera cannot lie. This belief in pictures is almost pathetic. To some extent the fact that errors, exaggerations, and, what is worse, deliberate lies creep into the news columns is known, but this new medium—pictures—the public accepts at its face value.

Even a cursory examination of tabloids shows that the type of pictures desired are of a surface, emotional nature. These pictures must have "news" value, just like "worded" news. Hence, the good cameraman, like the good reporter, is the one who can give this "news value" to his pictures. Ordinary pictures can be got by the score—anywhere. But the tabloid does not want ordinary pictures. It wants news pictures, and the photographer has learned to play tricks with his camera to get them.

A little more than a year ago a child was missed from the lower East Side, the Ghetto district of New York City. At first it was believed that the child had been kidnapped. Later his body was found in the East River, in which, it was established, he had accidentally fallen. This was a splendid opportunity for tabloids and Hearst newspapers to weep buckets of tears. I was then working on one of the city newspapers, and was assigned to the story. A cameraman came along with me, of course. He gathered a group of children in the neighborhood and told them to take out their handkerchiefs and make believe they were crying. The cap-

tion, when the picture was published, ran something like this: "'When will Sammy come back?' his playmates ask."

One of the reporters hoisted himself to a fire-escape and waved in the air a stick with a loud bell attached to the end. Many tabloid cameramen carry such contraptions around with them as part of their paraphernalia. Naturally, a crowd was attracted by his antics. They probably thought the reporter had gone mad. Meanwhile a photographer on the opposite side of the street snapped a picture of the crowd. When printed, the explanation stated that all day throngs had gathered around the stricken house, "aroused by the sinister crime." There were pictures—almost two pages of them—of mothers hiding babies in all sorts of strange places to prevent possible kidnapping; there were pictures showing the child's brother, three months old, and the parents weeping over the misfortune; there was a picture of the detective questioning the parents for clues; there were pictures of cellars in the neighborhood.

These pictures were obtained as the first two were. They were first conceived in the brain of the photographer; he then found persons to make the original conception a reality. Rarely does one come across a picture that can be taken as it is, that does not need fixing up.

There comes to my mind a story boastfully told to the rest of the staff by one of our star reporters. He was sent to interview the father of the demented Noel boy, who killed a child, a year or two ago, in New Jersey. The man refused to see reporters. Our star saw himself coming back to the office without a story, an indignity he refused to accept. The reporter and the photographer put their heads together. The next morning our paper carried a photograph of a notice written in a scrawling hand to this effect: "For God's sake stay out, or there will be another crime committed." The notice was apparently signed by the boy's father and was attached to the door. A caption underneath the picture stated that a noted alienist had examined the son's and the father's handwriting and found a remarkable resemblance between the two. The story was a fabrication from start to finish. The reporter and the cameraman had written the notice and then found a door on which to attach it.

Many of the pictures that come into the office are supplied by syndicates and associations. It frequently happens that the information about them is meager. Even the staff cameramen often bring into the office good pictures with very little information. The copyreader puts his imagination to work, and interesting, if not accurate, reading matter is produced.

Besides this conscious twisting of truth, there are the conniving publicity agents who are growing so rapidly in number and importance that they threaten to make it impossible for even the honest reporter to get at the facts of a story. The publicity man contrives to make his pictures appear unusual. It is for this reason we see so many freak poses—an actress lying on a cake of ice to keep cool, another hugging a young lion, a third getting out of a milk bath, a fourth undergoing a peculiar operation, a fifth distributing handbills for something or other. For the most part these pictures are the products of the publicity agent's fertile imagination.

The camera is still in its infancy. What new tricks may be developed with its aid it is difficult to foretell. The newspaper camera may yet compete with the movie camera in inventing and perfecting new tricks to fool the eye.

In the Driftway

THE new United States Attorney in New York City, Charles H. Tuttle, is disturbed over what he calls the decreased sanctity of the oath in the modern courtroom. Presumably he means that witnesses, having sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, lie more than they used to. As to this the Drifter has no information, but the administration of the oath and the assumption that a witness should thereby do less lying in court than otherwise strikes the Drifter as one of the many absurd survivals of medievalism in our judicial system. A presumption of truthfulness as well as a presumption of innocence should exist until the contrary has been proved. Our present attitude is virtually the negation of this; it is a presumption that a witness's word cannot be relied upon unless he first raises his right hand and murmurs assent to an incantation mumbled by the clerk of the court which ends "So help me God." This attitude, the Drifter submits, is an insult to anybody of normal honesty and no deterrent to one who has any temptation toward lying.

* * * * *

TO what extent one is justified in lying is one of the oldest of questions. It makes a good deal of difference, of course, on the definition. A lawyer once described a lie as a misleading statement made to one who has the right to know the truth, not to one who hasn't a right to know it. This is a pretty good definition. It rightly includes as lies statements which are literally correct if they mislead somebody who ought not to be deceived. On the other hand, the definition does not include as lies even untrue statements if made to persons who haven't any business to know the truth or to those who for various reasons would be more injured through knowledge than through ignorance. It excludes what we call social lies and untruths told to people presumably for their good.

* * * * *

THIS definition of a lie, excellent as it seems to be, is broader and more exclusive than that implied by the oath administered in our courts. But what of results? Do people tell any more truth in court than out of it? Is there any reason why they should? When King Edward VII was the Prince of Wales he declared that in a case involving a lady's honor he would, if necessary, perjure himself "like a gentleman." Probably most persons go further. Most persons would justify lying on the witness stand—at least a little—to protect a friend provided nobody else was injured thereby. If the Drifter is ever summoned to court as a witness he hopes to be able to tell the truth, but he will try to use his intelligence, and he is sure that the administration of the oath will not make the slightest difference unless it is to annoy him a little.

* * * * *

TRUTHFULNESS is a civilized virtue; it is on the increase. If Mr. Tuttle finds less of it in the courts than formerly, the trouble is with the courts rather than the witnesses. We shall never increase the so-called sanctity of the oath; it is a bit of outworn liturgy that were better abolished. As to raising the average of truthfulness among witnesses, that will come only when the courts gain greater respect—through more expedition, more probity, and more justice.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Labors of Harriet Beecher Stowe

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Carl Sandburg in his life of Lincoln says that my mother, Harriet Beecher Stowe, "worked hard and for thirteen years had done most of the washing and sewing for the family." From the first of her married life till she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" she had a most efficient housekeeper and two hired maids. "She cut and sewed her husband's coats," he says. If my father had ever ventured abroad in any garment my mother could have made he would have been locked up for a tramp or an escaped bedlamite. "And, besides, was a cobbler cutting leather soles and nailing leather heels onto uppers she had cut and sewed so as to lace the shoes up behind." If my mother had ever made my father a pair of shoes to lace up behind, like Job's wife he would have cursed God and died.

Santa Barbara, Cal., April 28 Charles Edward Stowe

Mussolinied Prosperity

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A letter to me, dated Turin, Italy, April 22, says among other things:

> All the really necessary and essential things have increased enormously in price. Everybody is of the opinion that, in order to satisfy the lower classes, Mussolini is allowing the prices to go up as high as possible before stabilizing the lira. France and Italy are the only countries where the currency still fluctuates, and, consequently, affairs are . . . what they are, that is deplorable for the middle classes, or people with only a regular income. I will quote a few prices: In October oil was 10.50 the kilo; now 15. Potatoes, 90; now 1.30. Bread, 1.80; now 3.25. It is the same with polenta, rice, butter, coffee, pasta. Green vegetables, at least most of them, are prohibitory. Dollars have never been so low as now. Last August $100 were worth 2,800 lire; now 1,900.

What price Fascimo?

New York, May 5 F. R.

New Orleans Makes a Correction

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: New Orleans owes *The Nation* thanks for its excellent work in promoting flood control and appreciates the great value of the publicity given the Valley's necessities. But we feel constrained to request the correction of a damaging error in your editorial of May 25. "At New Orleans the waters have risen five feet in forty-eight hours," you say, "in spite of the dynamited Poydras levee, which was to have given relief to the city."

The facts are that the greatest rise ever known here was six-tenths of a foot during twenty-four hours of May 10-11, 1912, and the greatest rise this year was five-tenths of a foot in twenty-four hours April 14-16. The rise of 1912 was assisted by a storm. It is a physical impossibility for the Mississippi River to rise five feet in two days. The greatest rise since the dynamiting of the Poydras Crevasse was four-tenths of a foot during May 12-14. The Poydras Crevasse is a complete success and is now about 3,200 feet wide. New Orleans is doing all it can for the flood sufferers on the western side of the Mississippi in Louisiana and in other States through the Red Cross and other means, and for herself and them asks continued support of plans for flood control.

New Orleans, May 25 A. G. Newmeyer,
Chairman, Clearing House Committee

Railroad Valuation

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your comment on the recent decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission which held that railroad valuations must be based on 1914 prices seems to me misleading. The valuation theory adopted by the commission is not the theory championed by the late Senator La Follette. In fact, the basis of valuation used by the commission was bitterly attacked by La Follette in his later years.

The Progressives in general and La Follette in particular long urged the use of "prudent investment" as the proper rate base. The basis approved by the commission in the St. Louis and O'Fallon Railway case was cost of reproduction as of 1914 for property constructed prior to 1914; cost of reproduction at the prevailing prices for property constructed between June 30, 1914, and June 30, 1919; and actual cost for property constructed subsequently. Depreciation was, of course, deducted. Land was taken at current prices, not at 1914 prices. The resulting valuation is not "prudent investment"; it is considerably higher. Prices of labor and materials were rising from 1896 to 1914, and of course continued to rise until 1921. It is probable that values based on 1914 prices are in excess of original cost. Furthermore, the practice of valuing land at current prices instead of at 1914 prices gives the full benefit of the unearned increment to the railroads, again resulting in valuations in excess of "prudent investment" or of actual sacrifice on the part of investors. Since more than one-half the total investment in land of some railroads is in valuable terminal properties, where land values are rapidly and constantly rising, the increasing burden put upon commerce by this method of valuation is considerable.

Urbana, Illinois, April 13 D. Philip Locklin

[This is not the opinion of the late Senator La Follette's supporters if we may judge by Senator George W. Norris's interview in the press of April 1, in which he declares that the decision "constitutes a splendid victory" for the La Follette forces.—Editor The Nation.]

Contributors to This Issue

Elbert Peets is an architect and coauthor of "Civic Art."

Samuel Tenenbaum is a New York newspaperman.

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Frederick Tupper is professor of English at the University of Vermont.

Alter Brody is preparing a volume of plays for the press.

Clinch Calkins is a Wisconsin poet and essayist now living in New York.

Abbe Niles has made a special study of popular music and poetry.

Angus Burrell is in the department of English at Columbia University.

Charles S. Ascher has reviewed the Bach Festival for *The Nation* for several years.

The author of In Search of Adventure is active in public affairs.

International Relations Section

Great Britain—Seven or One

By ALBIN E. JOHNSON

Geneva, May 1

WHEN the League of Nations was founded and its opponents in the United States were frantically seeking arguments against Washington's adherence, one of the most effective charges against it was that by virtue of its six self-governing Dominions and India the British Empire would have seven votes to one—provided equality of membership was granted to all.

Today, eight years after the Geneva organization started functioning, British statesmen are working overtime to hold the Commonwealth together—or else their maneuvering around the League of Nations halls is a brilliant bit of camouflage. The last gesture of Downing Street indicates that where fearful Americans lost sleep over "seven votes against one" for England, the Foreign Office is really more concerned in establishing "one vote for seven" for the empire. And by a technical establishment of this theory, Sir Austen Chamberlain has again loosed the tempest, and brought about an open revolt which probably will be heard from when the Assembly convenes in September—if not before.

It happens that the Irish Free State, in the person of its permanent envoy, Mr. Michael MacWhite, ex-Foreign Legionnaire, Sinn Feiner, and soldier of fortune, and the Canadian Government, in the person of Dr. W. A. Riddell, maintain official watchdogs at Geneva to safeguard the interests of their respective countries. Likewise they send influential delegations to the Assembly and participate independently in international conferences held under the auspices of the League and International Labor Office.

In the Council, however, like forty-two other members of the League, they are not represented although at the last Assembly both Sir George Foster, head of the Canadian Delegation, and Desmond Fitzgerald, Foreign Minister of the Free State, declared categorically that they maintained their right to become candidates for the Council and claimed absolute equality in their membership in the League with Great Britain and other nations.

The Irish even went so far as to establish a precedent by becoming a candidate for a Council seat, and polled a respectable number of votes. Canada, by virtue of a tacit understanding among the Dominions, was slated to be a joint candidate next fall and was sure of election as "representative" of the Dominions, under the theory of "group interests."

But something has gone awry. Great Britain, through Sir Austen, sought to act as spokesman in the last Assembly, when the Foreign Minister stated that none of the Dominions was a candidate for a seat on the Council. The assumption brought about the situation mentioned above, with even Australia and South Africa voting for Ireland and the Chief Indian Delegate personally expressing his regrets to Mr. Fitzgerald that he had not been permitted to dictate the way the Indian vote was to be cast.

The Imperial Conference came along. The Commonwealth representatives agreed on a new form of international treaty, wherein each government was to sign its own international engagements, independent of the government of Great Britain. Sir Austen Chamberlain was "authorized" to make a statement to this effect before the Council of the League. He did. Attending the session were Mr. MacWhite, Dr. Riddell, Sir Joseph Cook of Australia, and other representatives of the Dominions, as "observers."

In his verbal statement to the Council Sir Austen said in part: "I should add that I make this statement at the express desire of all the governments represented at the Imperial Conference."

But in the confidential minutes of the session (C/ 44th session/P. V. 4 [1]) is found the following insertion, evidently put into the record by the British Spokesman when he revised the proof for the Official Record: "I sit here as the representative of Great Britain and the Dominions." And then follows: "But the Dominions sit in the Assembly in their own names."

Ignorant of the revised statement that a fortnight later appeared in the Official Minutes (which are distributed to all governments) the Dominion representatives who attended the Council for the express purpose of "assisting" in the enunciation of a new principle in the formulation of international treaties reported to their governments that all was well. Then after the *fait accompli* the attention of the envoy of the Irish Free State was called to the official altered version.

As the matter stands, the Dominions are "equal" members so far as the Assembly of the League is concerned; they can also participate independently in international conferences and accept or reject treaties; but in the Council of the League, which is the real governing power of the organization, they are "represented" by the Foreign Minister of Great Britain. That is, if the pronunciamento of Sir Austen Chamberlain remains unchallenged.

League circles are puzzled. The question of equality, made amply clear at the last Assembly by Ireland's and Canada's strong stand, is again in the fire. The skeleton is rattling in the closet. In the Seanad Eireann a suspicious Senator, Mr. O'Farrell, asked Minister Fitzgerald point blank: "What about it?" He wanted to know if the Irish Free State had been duped at the Imperial Conference, or if Sir Austen had overshot his mark. Fitzgerald replied:

"The statement: 'I sit here as representative of the British Dominions' was not a justifiable statement and is not in accordance with facts." The challenge is passed directly back to Sir Austen by the Irish Free State at least. In the last Assembly Sir George Foster said: "I think it is right at this stage to say to this Assembly and to the League that we consider we have equal rights of representation on the Council and otherwise with everyone of the fifty-six members of the League and we do not propose to waive this right." What Ottawa intends to do, when it is informed of the situation, remains to be seen. Without any doubt the government of South Africa and also the administration in Australia will be heard from—unless, at the Imperial Conference, the Dominions surrendered something they had fought long and hard to secure.

"Equality" is an illusion at Geneva; none insist that Abyssinia and Panama are equal with France and Japan and Great Britain and Germany. But for the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations the word has another meaning. The status they gained through blood and money sacrifices in the World War will not be easily surrendered, either in theory or in fact.

SUMMER BOOK SECTION

The Nation

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Summer Book Section

Spring Novels and "The Magic Mountain"

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN its Spring Book Number *The Nation* included the names of ninety-five works of fiction in a list of "notable new books." Since that time most of them (as well, of course, as innumerable others) have appeared and some have doubtless already been forgotten. Yet there was, at least, no lack of variety here. Ranging in time from "The Tale of Genji," which Lady Murasaki wrote in the eleventh century, on through a new twelve-volume edition of the novels of Benjamin Disraeli, to the present; ranging in mood from the flippant assurance of Michael Arlen's "Young Men in Love" to the high seriousness of Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain"; and ranging in manner from the sledge-hammer denunciations of Sinclair Lewis's "Elmer Gantry" to the gentle ironies of Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," these novels dealt with every conceivable subject, exemplified every conceivable technique, and reflected every conceivable state of mind. Hungry presses accepted the most diverse sorts of material and hungry readers eagerly devoured what these presses gave out.

Nor did the numerousness of the works printed and read predispose readers to demand brevity. Miss Townsend's tale was brief but most of the other important works published during the spring made considerable demands upon the peruser's time. "Elmer Gantry" was a substantial book, Francis Brett Young required two volumes for his "Love is Enough"; both the "Tale of Genji" and Romain Rolland's "The Soul Enchanted" have already reached a third volume without yet being complete; and "The Magic Mountain," though published all at once, extends to the prodigious length of four hundred thousand words. In spite of all that may be said of the hurry of the present age, there are obviously many who have time both to read and to write.

But if one turns from such statistics and seeks to discover the meaning of this flood of words one will find it equally difficult to deduce either the Spirit of the Age or any aesthetic creed. While Mr. Lewis reveals both his social passion and his faith in the semi-didactic naturalistic novel, Miss Warner abandons herself to fancy and adopts the tradition which came down from Voltaire to Anatole France; while Donn Byrne writes "Brother Saul" in the facile style of old-fashioned romance, Edwin Muir tells the story of "The Marionette" in the subtle sentences which are the result of his effort to achieve a scrupulous exactitude; and while Anne Douglas Sedgwick upholds the genteel tradition in "The Old Countess," Hanns Ewers pursues the pathological *frisson* through the pages of his grisly "Sorcerer's Apprentice." On the basis of these spring novels it would be possible to seem to prove anything, and hence really possible to prove nothing at all. Every variety of fiction had both its practitioners and its admirers.

Undoubtedly, however, the one work upon the list which stands out above all the others is Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain." It is a massive work which represents several years of labor on the part of a novelist whose fame was already great, and it is worthy of him—but this is not all that can be said of it. Other established writers have recently issued books which sustain their reputations, but none have this year published anything so new and so vital. The extraordinary, almost morbid sensitivity which Mann has before exhibited is here again revealed, and so, too, is the mastery of detail which marked "Buddenbrooks," his other massive novel; but here also it is made evident that his style, beautiful and individual though it was, had not before and probably has not even now completed its evolution. For not since Marcel Proust published the first volume of "A la Récherche du Temps Perdu" has anything appeared in which a new form was so completely mastered.

Mann has come nearer than any other contemporary writer to solving a problem of which innumerable students of contemporary fiction have been acutely aware. Obviously "ideas" cannot be neglected in the writing of modern fiction; they are, as H. G. Wells has argued, quite as much a part of the life of a modern hero as deeds; and yet most people now feel that Mr. Wells and his followers succeeded in introducing "ideas" only by destroying fiction, which became in their hands little more than a sugar-coated treatise supplied with an exordium. Mann, on the other hand, though his novel is concerned with intellectual movements more, perhaps, than it is concerned with anything else, has succeeded in remembering always that his business is with the imagination. In his novel "ideas" appear not so much for themselves as for the moods which they generate, and what one gets is not argument but a diffused sense of the effect which the intellectual atmosphere of their times has upon the characters. "Ideas" are there in plenty, but they are always seen though a temperament and used as the materials of art.

Vast as is its scale one does not get from it the impression of anything unwieldy or sprawling. So perfectly is it proportioned and so completely are all its details held in hand by the author that when one has finished it one seems to have read not one of the longest modern novels but a perfectly rounded conte, since the thing which is left in the mind is an absolutely unified impression. And yet this perfection of execution is achieved in the case of a work planned in a radically new way and intended to accomplish something never accomplished before. Readers of the story called Tristram in the collection entitled "Death in Venice" will find the mood of the book there foreshadowed, but they will get from it alone no conception of the magnitude of the new book nor of the astonishing art which has enabled its author to tell the whole story of the modern mind without violating the unity of the single impression which he creates.

"The Magic Mountain" does not lend itself easily to imitation. It is a creation, not a formula, and very likely it will not, for that very reason, serve as the beginning of a new school. One cannot easily imagine another work of fiction "like it"; but so great is its achievement in an essentially new direction that it will, I fancy, be the most influential as well as the greatest of the season's novels.

Moral Criticism

By HAVELOCK ELLIS

THE criticism of critics is today an occupation actively pursued. The reason is that there are now so many critics. And there are so many critics because criticism has become the business not only of the few who regard it as a lifelong vocation but of the many who find it the best preparation for their life's vocation, all the ardent young spirits who, in order to find their own place in the world, feel the need to scrutinize searchingly the significant figures imposed on them as leaders.

The volume of "Études," in which Jacques Rivière appeared before the world at the age of twenty-six, is a typical example of this sort. Rivière was not primarily interested in literature; he had set himself to explore the world in general and his own soul in particular (his lately published intimate correspondence with Alain-Fournier, to whom he dedicated the "Études," reveals his aims), but he realized at the outset that to situate himself in the world he must grapple with those figures of his time in literature and painting and music which he instinctively felt to be significant, and his instinct proved right, for all now recognize that significance, even though Rivière himself, when twelve years later, shortly before his early death two years ago, he republished the book, was keenly conscious of its critical inadequacy.

I mention Rivière because it is from him that Mr. Ramon Fernandez claims to proceed.* This does not mean that in any narrow sense he is a disciple. In an introductory In Memoriam (omitted in the translation and rightly, for it comes in rather awkwardly) the author of "Messages" makes clear that the special value of Rivière for those who knew him was as a medium in which each could freely develop his own personality. It would therefore be idle to discuss the relation to Rivière of Mr. Fernandez. He has his own strongly marked personality.

It may not be unreasonable to find to some extent the clue to that personality in heredity and upbringing. Mr. Fernandez was born in Mexico and belongs to a distinguished family, his father having been at one time Mexican Minister to France; his mother is southern French and he was himself taken as a child to France, where he has ever since chiefly lived. We may thus understand his large international outlook and in part—not entirely, for it is mainly temperamental—the influence exerted on him by writers of English origin. Of the ten figures dealt with in this volume five have written in English (Meredith, Newman, Pater, Conrad, and T. S. Eliot); of the others one is German (Freud) and another (Maritain) possesses, as probably Mr. Fernandez would admit, little significance outside France; there remain Stendhal, Balzac, and Proust.

As "Etudes" was Rivière's first book, so "Messages" is the first book of Mr. Fernandez, produced at a less youthful age, and the work of a more mature thinker, indeed one who from the outset, we may be sure, bore the impress of more decisive individuality than the supple and sensitive Rivière, wave-like and diverse; we should expect to find in the man of Spanish race a "convinced individualist," as Mr. Fernandez describes himself, while the Spanish flavor we so often detect in Rivière's native Gascony is but a faint infusion. The title of this book must be read in the favorite English sense; the men here discussed have come to the author with a "message."

That may suggest, and I think rightly, that Mr. Fernandez is fundamentally a moralist, a moralist who appears before us wearing the mask—certainly an excellent mask—of the critic. Naturally, that is not the way he would himself put it. In the admirable introductory essay of the volume, no doubt the most recently written as well as the most notable, Mr. Fernandez sets forth his own conception of his task as being that of a philosophic critic, that is, as he understands it, a critic who is not content to discuss a work of art for its own sake, technical or historical, but to seek out its "spiritual dynamism" and to ascertain what place it is entitled to occupy in the human universe. There is much of subtle and suggestive value throughout the volume, of a "philosophic," or, one might say, philosophically psychological character, especially concerning the relation of an author's work to his "personality," which it is not possible to deal with in a summary review.

But the author's ultimate interests are always less with thought than with activity in the world, and the "spiritual dynamist" is what in common English we call a "moralist." He frequently, we note, uses the word "spiritual," a word which some English critics consider meaningless, but he is careful to explain that he means by it "the internal unification of concrete experience." We may compare Mr. Fernandez with the leading English critic of the Victorian age of fifty years ago, with Matthew Arnold and his "Essays in Criticism." There was a vital difference, for Arnold was a master of prose, which Mr. Fernandez at present can scarcely claim to be, but Arnold also set forth "messages," which to him came chiefly from France, as those of Mr. Fernandez chiefly from England, and equally with the Frenchman Arnold would have repelled the idea of being a moralist, though that "joyful sense of creative activity" which for him was the essence of criticism is not far from the "spiritual dynamism" of Mr. Fernandez.

A radical impulse to seek out the motive forces of living is apt to make a searching and ruthless critic, and such Mr. Fernandez often proves himself to be. His essay on the method of Balzac is in this respect characteristic, though it is not of his best. It is partly based on the youthful aprioristic method of starting with arbitrary definitions and classifying in accordance with those definitions. Here there is much fine-spun distinction between the "novel" and the "narrative." It is a method of criticism I can sympathize with, for I recall how in youth I used to maintain precisely the same thesis and even to cite the same work, "Madame Bovary," as the type of the "novel." Such academic exercise is good in youth, but now seems to me supremely indifferent. As one grows older one realizes that to appreciate a work of art the critic must put himself in the situation out of which that work sprang, reproducing to himself the artist's vision of it (that is what the academic critic shrinks from to fall back into mechanical classification), so that when we have grasped the world the artist has created we may judge how far he has succeeded and how far his success has for ourselves any human

* "Messages." By Ramon Fernandez. Translated by Montgomery Belgion. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

value. We cast aside rigid artificial categories, which is why, as Croce has truly observed, criticism is so much more difficult than is commonly supposed. Here Mr. Fernandez so cruelly analyzes the method of Balzac that we begin to ask ourselves how he accounts to himself for Balzac's fame in the world, until at the last moment he reveals the fine critic he is and concisely sums up what remains significant in the genius of Balzac.

Even more characteristic, and not less searching, is the attitude of Mr. Fernandez toward Proust. There is on the surface an apparent contradiction in his feelings about Proust: on the one hand an immense admiration; on the other a severe critic, eager to deny that he is a "Proustian." But the ambiguity scarcely exists for anyone who has entered into the spirit of Mr. Fernandez. We are here brought to the core of his problem, the problem, as he himself expresses it, of "the spiritual experience of the nineteenth century" and the question of what it furnishes "to assure to human life a better return." The human organism has, even anatomically, a sensory aspect and a motor aspect. On the sensory it reflects the images of the external world, and Proust (I am not here following Mr. Fernandez) stands out as the revealer, in an exquisite degree never before attained, of such sensory images. So keen an attentiveness, so absolute a passivity, could not exist without compensatory defect on the motor side; that is the price to be paid. We do not need to read about Proust's life, or to listen to what Parisian literary scandal (truthfully or not) adds, to accept the necessity of that price. Mr. Fernandez, too, accepts it; but he accepts it with a struggle. His own tendency is so emphatically to the motor side, he is so instinctively a champion of "spiritual dynamism," that Proust at the same moment casts on him a fascinating spell and arouses a fierce revolt. The whole of his essay on Proust is the criticism, acute and just, of Proust's "insufficiency," but we would like to see it more clearly emphasized that that defect was the foundation of Proust's fine quality. Mr. Fernandez relegates to a footnote the suggestion that there was in Proust "a premature fixation of sensibility, an arrest of development." There he is on the right track, and he might more precisely have implicated the invasion of that nervous affliction of asthma at the age of nine which hampered Proust's normal development and furnished the stimulus to his superb abnormal development. But this essay, significant as it is, must not be taken as our author's last word on Proust. In the introduction "Proust's title of glory" is fully recognized, and since the present volume was published, Mr. Fernandez has become editor of the *Cahiers Marcel Proust*, which are to bring together with reverent care even the most minute Proustiana and bear witness to their editor's devotion.

But we may best understand Mr. Fernandez's attitude to Proust when we turn to the essay he entitles The Message of Meredith, whom he reasonably regards as the exact opposite of Proust. It was, I believe, his first published essay, and it lays bare his essential sympathy with those who express the motor side of life and "its spiritual dynamism." Among English readers just at present Meredith is scarcely a prophet; he is either too far or too near, and so proves irritating, while a tendency to romantic rodomontade (I speak for myself and the memory of an attempt made, at the suggestion of a fine critic, to read "Harry Richmond" some thirty years ago) is apt to alienate, for if it is true, as Mr. Fernandez asserts, that "Meredith decapitated romanticism" he left to it a considerable body. Still, it is good for the English reader to have Meredith so clearly and freshly set forth, even with excess of enthusiasm, and to realize that in his constant endeavor to harmonize living activity with intellectual activity, to establish the creative interaction of life and thought, he still has a "message" for the world.

It may seem piquant to the English reader to find Newman placed side by side with Meredith. Whether Meredith would have been amused or indignant at the juxtaposition is uncertain; Newman would doubtless have been painfully hurt. But Mr. Fernandez gives good grounds for his faith. His admiration is here clearly limited; he does not share the beliefs of "this almost medieval priest," but he finds in him something "even uniquely modern." Here are more subtle points to bring out than when Meredith was discussed, but equally germane to the author's conception. Newman appears as an individualist, opposing a narrow and myopic rationalism by a deeper conception of complex elements of personality demanding harmonious persuasion; here is invoked that "Illative Sense" which Newman set forth in the "Grammar of Assent" and regarded as something corresponding to taste in the fine arts, "a personal gift or acquisition" rather than a logical process, a sense which to follow is, as Mr. Fernandez admits, "a perilous path"; but all that he has to say about it remains suggestive.

Regarded as a book, "Messages" seems to have been put together by simply collecting the author's literary essays, long and short, which thus often remain out of proportion alike in length and substance. The short essays come at the end and the last is devoted to Mr. T. S. Eliot, whom, it is pleasant to note, Mr. Fernandez recognizes as "one of the most profound of contemporary critics." He neglects to add that Mr. Eliot is a critic who knows how to write; clear expression means clear thought, though not necessarily deep thought, and there are moments when Mr. Fernandez may possibly be deep but is certainly not clear. But at least he is always vigorous and sincere, a subtle thinker, and robust, if not always delicate, in aesthetic appreciation. Among the literary movements of today he is well fitted to be a leader and guide.

He has found an admirable translator in Mr. Belgion, to whose insight and prompt action we owe this English version so soon after the publication last year of the original. The translation scrupulously follows the original, save where it rather betters it, silently amending slight oversights. Useful footnotes have also been added to explain references that English readers might find obscure. I would myself demur to a few small statements in these notes: Thibaudet is possibly the best of French academic critics but would be flattered to hear that he is "an essayist in the manner of Montaigne"; the paradoxical Maurras is not adequately described as "an avowed atheist" if it is not added that he is also a champion of the Catholic church; Brémond's name is connected with a futile discussion of "pure poetry" but nothing said of his main life-work, the "History of the Religious Sentiment in France." These are trifles. The main point is that we here see adequately presented to the English reader a book which concerns all those who experience the impulse of essential criticism, "a disinterested endeavor," again to revert to an old formula of Matthew Arnold's, "to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."

How Beethoven Worked

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

WHAT a magnificent subject Beethoven would be for a thoroughgoing psychoanalysis, and how many sentimental idealizations of him, repeated *ad nauseam* in all the books, such an analysis would explode! Even so able a writer as Mr. Ernest Newman hardly more than scratches the surface.* When the English version of Thayer's biography appeared five years ago, the present writer, reviewing it in an article called The Paradox of Beethoven, pointed out that Beethoven, constantly balked in his relations with the actual world through his lack of any discipline such as could have fitted him to deal with it successfully, was thrown back upon the world of music, wherein discipline had given him mastery and the sense of power. It is interesting to find that this is also Mr. Newman's view. "The only real world for him," he says, "was that of music; it puzzled and fretted him that the world that other men called real did not proceed upon the same lofty and simple principles as that other." And later: "Even the bitterness died out of his hypochondria as he retired more and more within himself, giving up as hopeless the attempt to reconcile the world within him and the world without." Mr. Newman believes that in his last years, giving up as insoluble the riddle of the outer world, Beethoven attained a "spiritual transfiguration," and that "when life ceased to draw its puzzling zigzags across his simple spirit, something of the inner light shone through the rugged, fissured rock that was the outer man." Everyone must agree that this happened who has listened understandingly to the later quartets and sonatas, to the Adagio of the Ninth Symphony, to the Benedictus of the Mass in D. But *how* it happened still remains a mystery.

As one would expect from a writer so well informed, so realistic, and so courageous as Mr. Newman, he gives short shrift to some of the time-honored superstitions about Beethoven. Refreshing is his refusal to accept "Fidelio" with the undiscriminating admiration of those whose musical judgment is affected by their moral edification over the libretto, or to be hypnotized by the humanitarian uplift of the Ode to Joy into ignoring the inferiority of the last movement of the Ninth Symphony to the other three. Enlightening are his reinterpretations of familiar facts of the composer's life in the light of recent psychology. He shows, for instance, that Beethoven's well-known hatred of loose women, far from being the rational and edifying evidence of moral principle it has been considered by superficial sentimentalists, was irrational, hysterical, almost mad—was, in short, a phobia, due to his unconscious association of sexual irregularities with the venereal disease which in his case they had led to, and with the terrible affliction of deafness which that had brought in its train. Such analyzings-out of the automatisms in Beethoven's mind make us sensible of the human struggle of his life, and reduce him from a heroic statue, larger than life size, to a real man, making him more lovable and truly admirable in the process.

The second part of the book, dealing with The Composer, is at once the most valuable and the most unsatisfactory: valuable because it discusses provocatively many curious features of Beethoven's actual creative process; unsatisfactory because it brings these considerations to no definite focus, and even uses its fundamental conceptions inconsistently—taking "unconscious," for instance, sometimes in the bad sense of mechanical or automatic and sometimes in the good sense of broad, free, and profound. One gets no definite ideas from this half of the book, and doubts if the author himself has any; yet it raises no end of fascinating problems, and is one of the most suggestive treatments of the mental processes of a composer.

The first half of it is taken up in showing, by a singularly thorough examination of the slow movements of Beethoven's Sonatas and other works, that he is subject to an "obsession," a figure of three notes rising in the diatonic scale, which flood up from his unconscious whenever he is in earnest mood. The documentation is impressive, but doubts arise. Are not the diatonic scale and the arpeggio the two fundamental melodic paths for all composers, at least through the eighteenth century, and is not rising movement instinctive with all melodists in moods of will, energy, earnestness, just as descending movement is instinctive in moods of melancholy and depression? On the whole, however, the point may be conceded as proved. Mr. Newman's conclusion from it seems to be that Beethoven is greater, more individual, in his fast movements than in his slow ones, that in these, being less alive, he sinks into automatisms, formulae, such as these three-note figures and the like. He is thus using the "unconscious" in its aesthetically bad sense here.

Briefly the argument is that Beethoven began a great movement like the opening Allegro of the Eroica with a general scheme of the whole vaguely in his mind (rather than with definite melodies or themes, as we are told Mozart began) and then proceeded arduously to incarnate this scheme in appropriate themes. What we see in the sketch-books is the condensation into themes, sub-themes, transitions, developments, and so on of the dramatic or architectonic plan which was vaguely in his mind when he began. Here the author is considering the unconscious superior to the conscious. Now there is much to be said for this theory, but also much to be said against it.

The sketches often strikingly justify Mr. Newman's observation that Beethoven "was at first intent, now and then, not so much on hammering out his theme as on fixing proportions, modulation, and so on to his satisfaction; rather than hold up this part of his task in order to settle on the precise notes of a theme he would be content with a rough blocking out of this." Most composers will know by experience the necessity of such subordination of details to general design in a large work, and will sympathize with the comparison to the painter, who will "draw the rough outline of a head in its proper place, and splash in a suggestion of its value in the color scheme, leaving the filling-in of the features to a later time."

All this is not only exciting but highly needed by a generation inclined to neglect structure; yet one wonders whether the independence of structure upon idea cannot be exaggerated. In the nature of things we cannot know from Beethoven's sketch-books just the order in which scheme and theme appeared or alternated in his mind. But one suspects that theme determined scheme nearly or quite as much as scheme theme. "The thought of an end," shrewdly points out John Dewey, "is strictly correlative to perception of means and methods. Only when and as the latter becomes

*"The Unconscious Beethoven." By Ernest Newman. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

clear during the serial process of execution does the project and guiding aim and plan become evident and articulated. In the full sense of the word, a person becomes aware of what he wants to do and what he is about only when the work is actually complete." Possibly this is overstatement in the opposite direction; but one cannot fancy Beethoven's getting very far with the Eroica, for instance, without the hammer strokes of that E flat major theme to pound his mind to incandescence. Mr. Newman, by the way, who is an incorrigible programmatist, says that the famous conflict of dominant harmony in the violins with tonic harmony in the horn at a highly imaginative moment is unquestionably programmatic, that it has a "symbolic significance." Does not this illustrate the dangers of estimating poetic and literary schemes generally at more than their due importance? Beethoven might have thought of an imaginary conflict, in the abstract, till all was blue, without producing anything worth discussing. But once he had a theme like that, with its insistence on the tonic harmony of E flat, all he had to do, and all he tried to do (as Mr. Newman himself shows from the sketches), was to put it into conflict with dominant harmony to get one of the greatest effects to be anywhere found in music. In short, the conflict was a musical, not a poetic one, and could not arise in his mind until the theme afforded the ground of it.

So even if scheme was more important to Beethoven, so dramatically minded, than it was to the lyrical Mozart (since structure is essential to drama) it is possible that scheme and theme are more reciprocally related than Mr. Newman leads us to suppose. It is possible that they grow up alternatively, or even simultaneously, in the composer's mind, and that neither one of them is entitled to creative priority.

The Wind Beyond Time

By JAMES RORTY

White chips sailing, falling,
White chips flung by happy gamblers, flying, soaring;
I think the laugh of the first gambler was the first sound heard when the world woke in star-bloom from the whirling sleep of chaos and night;
The first Cause and the final Answer—I think the gamblers will be laughing beyond the gates of the last hell and last heaven, casting their chips and laughing.
Troy and Nineveh and Babylon—the cautious walls of cautious men—they made a small death of Time and the Time-fear took them silently.
The grass came and a wind beyond time scattered its seeds—"Too small, too small," cried the grass that grew on Troy, on Nineveh, on Babylon.
Fling your chips, O gamblers, a wind beyond time will carry you through.
Gamblers who won and gamblers who lost, the wind beyond Time is loud with the laughter of gamblers, the wind beyond Time laughs and blows forever.
Fling your chips, O gamblers, laugh when you breed, O mothers, in the wind beyond Time your seed is sown.
Soldiers and sailors, sod-breakers, builders of bridges and dikes and cities, gamblers who win and gamblers who lose,
Fling your chips, O gamblers, a wind beyond Time will carry you through.

WHAT BOOKS—VACATION?

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Thus the *Mid-Week Pictorial:*

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Books

Back to Normalcy

Love Is Enough. By Francis Brett Young. Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes. $5.

MR. YOUNG'S two-volume elaboration of the simple declarative sentence in his title reflects great credit on the business acuteness of his publisher. The modernistic sympathies which many years ago courageously introduced to the American public the image-breaking figures of Wyndham Lewis, T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Richardson, and Stephen Hudson have now mellowed sufficiently to induce Mr. Knopf to publish in 1927 a novel considerably more Victorian than Thackeray's "Pendennis." There are a hundred indications serving to suggest that the reading public wishes to enjoy a mental rest from the nervous experimentation of the literary left wing. This, let us hope, temporary reaction is inevitable, even physiologically necessary.

To begin with, the author employs the form of "David Copperfield"—the straightforward horizontal structure of the old-fashioned biographical novel which depends for its formal outline on a series of events projected through the medium of a temporal rather than a psychological current. We follow the career of Clare Lydiatt from her early childhood to middle age. So many chapters are devoted to her youth, so many to her first romantic love, so many to her first marriage, so many to her second, and so many to her concluding amorous affair. There is a discreet, possibly enforced halt at the menopause. The ordinary reader's interest is engaged by this simple life-profile because it resembles the superficial aspect of his own and so he is able to make a biographic identification of an elementary sort. It is as if Clare were saying to him, in Browning's phrase: "Grow old along with me."

Corresponding to the Victorian formal simplicity of "Love Is Enough" is a Victorian intellectual simplicity and a Victorian ethical simplicity. There is not a character in the book from the sweet sensitive heroine (a slightly humanized Agnes Wickfield) to her noble and reticent third husband, who has not been met before in some comforable three-decker. The reader does not so much follow the mental reactions of these characters as know them in advance; and in the satisfaction of having his anticipatory judgments confirmed by the omniscient author lies the whole charm and fascination of books of this type. It is James's emotion of recognition all over again. Consequently Mr. Young must avoid any employment of the newer psychology—that is to say, any psychology; for, as Mr. Knopf tells us, this is a book for normal people. Furthermore, the essential idea or prejudice expressed by the title is subjected to no analysis. It seems fairly clear that Clare's misfortunes, her mistakes and conjugal sufferings are all due to her maniacal series of love attachments—first to the church, then to her young animal-husband, Ralph, then to her young animal-son, then to Major Hart. Had she not excluded from her life everything but her fatal susceptibility to romance and idealistic love she would have developed the hardness necessary to round out her life and meet the onsets of tragedy. If there is anything proved by "Love Is Enough," it is that it is not enough at all—that any woman who abandons herself completely to a set of amorous fixations is doomed to the double tragedy of emotional disappointment and intellectual starvation.

Finally the novel reproduces the astounding ethical and emotional simplicity which seemed to have died with Meredith. This story, ostensibly dealing with the life of a woman the mainspring of whose character was an unquestioned (and unquestioning) genius for love, never once, in all its slow length, grapples with the problems posed by the existence of desire. The discreet references to the fact that Clare possesses other organs besides a heart will not discompose a Watch-and-Warder. It is wonderful to see how, in this day and hour, Mr. Young manages to convey a specious impression that he is portraying a woman's life without in the least emphasizing the fact that she is a woman. This is a book for normal people.

It is regrettable that Mr. Young should have yielded so completely to a sterile aesthetic conservatism when he is capable of producing such excellent Conradian romances as "Sea Horses" and "The Black Diamond." Possibly, now that the Victorian virus has attenuated itself in 180,000 nicely chosen words, he will return to the moving and colorful narratives which remain his finest achievement.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Measurable World

Exploring the Universe. By Henshaw Ward. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

MR. WARD, as the perspicacious remember, is the author of "Thobbing," that sound and ironical treatise on the thobs which pass for thought in the average brain pan. He now presents us with a view of the universe which modern science has disclosed—from the infinitely small to the inconceivably great; from the electron to the nebula of Andromeda, a million light-years away. Of all the outlines and digests of science, this is far and away the best that I have seen. For two reasons. It is certainly the most readable. And it contains a chapter on the nature of science which is violently exciting. It thus registers at once on the imagination and on the intellect. What is that strange and rare quality which makes a book—or a discussion—intellectually exciting? The most learned and hifalutin doctors and savants, Spengler, Dewey, Whitehead, for all their profound erudition, contain not a trace of it. One plods on, enormously edified, but unmoved save by a sense of duty done. Meanwhile smaller fry from God knows where light mines and rockets in one's mind.

Writing not as a scientist but as a layman, Mr. Ward has an initial advantage over any similar work by a technician. He can approach his data from the point of view of the reader, who is also presumably a layman. The contact is thus close and constant. The bulk of the gentry who use this method, however—we might term them the Sunday Supplement Boys—always abuse it. Their imaginations are fluent but they have no humility before the relentless nature of the facts. The result is usually on a par with one of Mr. Goldberg's machines—without the saving humor. Our author yields to none in imagination—go with him, decreased fifty billion times in size, into a drop of water and inspect an atom—but he has found the elusive line which divides science from moonshine. His fancy always works within the rigorous limits of the provable. Some of his expeditions, it must be confessed, are more happily conceived than others—I was rather seasick climbing about the cells in a twig of a tree—but in all his stories rings the humility of verihood.

The real intellectual excitement comes in Chapter XI, which contains no expeditions into the physical world, but is merely a modest attempt to find out what science is. It is a safe wager that not one out of a million laymen, or one out of ten scientists, has any clear conception. "But nothing in all the realm of modern thought is so novel or so important. . . . Ask yourself which words in the following list are names of science:

Psychology	Philosophy	Astronomy
History	Mathematics	Economics
Theology	Sociology	Ethics

There are just two, astronomy and mathematics. Why? Because the findings of one competent observer can be checked by another competent observer. No conclusion or "law" can be laid down without this preliminary and relentless agreement. A few simple facts in psychology are subject to such verification perhaps, but the bulk of the subject matter is a mighty hair-pulling contest between the behaviorists, the psychoanalysts, the introspectionists, and God knows who. There is no bench mark of common agreement worth the name, and so psychology is

still a pseudo-science, a matter of opinion, not of quantitative proof. Mr. Watson is pounding on the door, but only time will tell if he has got more than his boot inside. There is little common agreement among the historians, less among the economists and the sociologists, and none at all among the theologians, the philosophers, and the doctors of ethics. But at the splendid body of the provable and measurable knowledge of the astronomers, none, save an idiot, can cast a stone.

In like class with astronomy are physics, chemistry, geology, and, less completely, biology. All the genuine sciences are continuously gaudy with skyrockets of speculation and opinion, but they are frankly known as such; they are hypotheses only, until independent observers have verified the findings, and so incorporated them into the main guard.

A genuine science works without reference to human desires or human passions; its materials are seen uniformly by all workers; it cannot be "overthrown" or "radically revised" every few years; it deals with data susceptible to quantitative measurement. In brief, it does not tell us what we ought to do, or concern itself in any way with duty or with progress.

> Now you see before you the straight and narrow way within which the science of the future has confined itself. Science is now, and must increasingly become, a limited field of endeavor. Its materials are only those forces which can be measured and predicted with precision by all experimenters alike. If there exists in man a free will, a conscience, a power of self-sacrifice, a social mind, these forces are beyond the pale of science. If one of them is ever brought within its pale, it will at that moment be proved mechanical, and the mind will be proved to be more nearly an automaton.

If this quotation does not give you at once enlightenment and pause, you had better go back to Aristotle. From it flashes the terrible two-edged sword of the modern world; that unyielding, tramping body of science which is at once our flaming hope and our black despair. STUART CHASE

Upton Sinclair at His Best

Oil. By Upton Sinclair. Charles and Albert Boni. $2.50.

IT is the misfortune of Upton Sinclair that he became famous during the muck-raking era when *Everybody's* and the *American Magazine* exploited in the form of sensational journalism the brazen inhumanity and the organized iniquities of our industrial civilization. Ever since, the public has associated his name and the character of his work with the ephemeral style of a passing period; whereas both actually belong within the permanent tradition of English literature. What Fielding was to the eighteenth century and Dickens to the nineteenth, Sinclair is to our own; nor is the author of "Oil," "The Jungle," and "The Journal of Arthur Stirling" hopelessly outclassed by these predecessors. While he lacks the irony and imaginative appreciation of the one, and the humor and kindly understanding of the other, he is superior to both in zealous intensity and factual information. This overwhelming knowledge and passionate expression of specific wrongs are more stirring, more interesting, and also more taxing than the cynical censure of Fielding and the sentimental lamentations of Dickens. Where Mr. Sinclair does not deliberately intrude his woe-conscious philosophy and his political propaganda into the action of his story, he achieves narrative that by the standards of both art and life is as great as any work of his masters.

It is, therefore, not too much to say that Mr. Sinclair has no right as an artist to take such liberties with his medium, especially when the action helps neither his thesis nor his story. To say, after 445 pages of skilful exposition: "When they got to Montreal, there was a palatial steamer waiting, with several hundred wage-slaves of various sorts prepared to serve them in return for a few hundred barrels of the stolen oil," is belaboring a point to tediousness; to inject a paragraph of moralizing into the piquant incident of Mrs. Thelma Norman's at-

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tempt to be seduced in Bunny's cabin is absurdly priggish; and it is an equally foolish pedantry that inserts the parenthetic and didactic "you see" and "you may remember" which are constantly jerking the reader out of engrossing scenes to observe Mr. Sinclair, ruler in hand, pointing out the roots and exponents of our economic equation.

This may justly be considered carping criticism. For the fact is that in this novel Mr. Sinclair has gone farthest in the direction of unadulterated fiction. As sheer story "Oil" is a tremendous piece of work, even greater in significance as a study of diverse personalities than as a social document; it is a modern "Dombey and Son," but more vigorous, more poignant, and more honest. The author has at last realized the truth of Fielding's observation that "we can censure the action without conceiving any absolute detestation of the person," and hence his captains of industry are no longer the fiendish villains of melodrama but the palpably real figures of contemporary life. They are not merely astutely observed and cleverly portrayed; they are presented with that compassionate understanding, which raises an artist above his creations, and yet with that realistic touch which keeps him on the level of his subject matter.

Unlike "The Jungle" this story is not confined to one industry or to one locality; neither is it limited to any special groups of people. The World War and local politics, national corruption and the movies, a real-estate deal and a religious revival, strikes and spiritualist seances, the "flapper" morality and the Russian Revolution—in short, all of the vulgar hurly-burly of modern life is reflected in these pages. But in the foreground stand Bunny and J. Arnold Ross, his father. In drawing the affectionate yet antagonistic filiation between these two Mr. Sinclair is at his best. He is again concerned with the purely individual relationships that make a masterpiece of "The Journal of Arthur Stirling"; he can again think of the human rather than of the social significance of Bunny's adventures, thus raising the incidents born of his ideals on a par with the experiences which concern his mistresses and vitalizing the whole. Finally these heroes—for the oil-speculator is Mr. Sinclair's hero, too—inspire him to a narrative greater than his thesis instead of the usual tract disguised in fiction form.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

The Art of Disproportion

A History of Caricature. By Bohun Lynch. Little, Brown and Company. $6.50.

MR. LYNCH, with a disconcerting chuckle which is clearly audible, concludes his new book on caricature with the following touching epilogue:

> "Will you not," asks a child of about five as described in certain works of a hundred years ago, "will you not relate to us, dear papa, some history or account of one of the arts which will improve our minds and elevate our thoughts?"
>
> "Indeed, my dear children (for such it is my privilege to call you), I deem it both a pleasure and a duty which I owe to you, to endeavor from time to time to mingle instruction with what I may term entertainment, for your benefit. . . ."

Mr. Lynch's intention in his history is also to mingle instruction with entertainment, although I am quite sure that the sapient papa quoted in the above colloquy would raise his complacent eyebrows in horror at the suggestion that caricature might be a branch of art. He would never stoop to condone the grossness of Rowlandson or Gilray, and as for the caricatures of Max Beerbohm—he would wonder what they were all about!

Innumerable books have been written on comic art and caricature, but, as Mr. Lynch has pointed out in his preface, the term "caricature" has been used almost invariably as a convenient word to cover all comic art. Mr. Lynch endeavors to limit the term to the artist's personal graphic interpretation of individuals. Generally speaking, this eliminates from consideration comic strips, illustrated jokes, and political, polemical, or social "cartoons." Of course there are plenty of instances of true caricature exploited in graphic satires on political or social themes; but Mr. Lynch is not a precisian here, and, indeed, even allows himself a certain personal latitude in regarding as caricature various typifications by Callot and Daumier—although he very justly spurns Du Maurier. He is at some pains then to define caricature and in a most illuminating first chapter brings together a variety of descriptions. The highest art of the caricaturist, he thinks, is suggested by Bergson in "Laughter":

> He [the caricaturist] realizes disproportions and deformations which must have existed in nature as mere inclinations, but which have not succeeded in coming to a head, being held in check by a higher force. This art, which has a touch of the diabolical, raises up the demon who has been overthrown by the angel. Certainly it is an art that exaggerates, and yet the definition would be very far from complete were exaggeration alone alleged to be its aim and object, for there exist caricatures that are more lifelike than portraits, caricatures in which the exaggeration is hardly noticeable, while, inversely, it is quite possible to exaggerate to excess without obtaining real caricature.

Following the opening discussion of The Nature of Caricature is a chapter entitled From the Antique to the Middle Ages, which is succeeded by chapters on Early Secular Caricature, The Caricature of Bigotry, The Eighteenth Century in England, Continental Caricature, The Recent Past, Max Beerbohm, and England and America Today. The early chapters especially are grounded in thorough and painstaking research. The attempt is not to be exhaustive or encyclopedic, but rather through suggestive citations to portray essential tendencies and outstanding figures. There is no mere heaping up and classifying of dry bones; the facts are alive. They are seen by Mr. Lynch in perspective and are colored by the lens of his own very intelligent and at times quizzical scrutiny. The book is illustrated by thirty-three beautiful plates, most of them in collotype. These include—to name a few—the famous "Devils Bagpipes" caricature of Martin Luther, two drawings from "Les Songes Drolatiques de Pantagruel," a series attributed to Rabelais, and amusing caricatures by Leonardo da Vinci, Rowlandson, Gilray, Daumier, Ape, Robert Dighton, Ospovat, Dulac, Kapp, Quiz, Max Beerbohm, André Rouveyre, Covarrubias, and Ralph Barton. In addition to the plates is an excellent bibliography. The volume is dedicated to Max Beerbohm and handsomely bound in gray and lavender—just the dress to delight the quintessential dandyism of Max.

Students of caricature will probably be most interested in the last three or four chapters of the book because of the up-to-date material not to be found in other books, and because of the special relish which Mr. Lynch imparts to his survey of his contemporaries. He devotes an entire chapter to Max Beerbohm, tracing the evolution of his work, analyzing his methods and the manner of his approach to caricature; it is impossible to read this chapter without acquiring a keener appreciation of those qualities in Max's art which make him supreme among the caricaturists of our time. It is gratifying to find in Mr. Lynch's book a sympathetic appraisal of the work of Henry Ospovat, whose work deserves to be better known. His Caruso and Harry Lauder are masterpieces of comic overstatement. Sem, the French caricaturist, is agreeably mentioned, but unfortunately not a single drawing by him is included in the book. His caricatures are remarkable. I recall a sheaf of sketches he made some fifteen years ago in *L'Illustration* representing Count Robert de Montesquiou. Sem had taken at least twenty shots at his victim and each one was a smack in the diaphragm. They moved me to ecstatic and obscene cachinnations. If Mr. Lynch could have reproduced only one tiny drawing by Sem his book would be perfect. However, he does not neglect two men well known in this country—Covarrubias and

Ralph Barton. There is a reproduction of the young Mexican's admirable caricatures of Mencken and Somerset Maugham, and Mr. Barton's highly diverting sketch of himself being interviewed by a Celebrity-at-large. This book of Mr. Lynch's is an eminently civilized book written by an Englishman for the people of England and America with the modest hope, I am sure, that it will serve as a civilizing influence in both countries. GLEN MULLIN

All Medieval Life

The Legacy of the Middle Ages. Edited by C. G. Crump and E. F. Jacob. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

English Life in the Middle Ages. By L. F. Salzman. Oxford University Press. $3.

IN the ample atmosphere of such volumes as these that specter of the myriad-minded pamphleteer, over-specialization, seems but the figment of superheated air waves. The specialists themselves have laid the ghost, the phantom of a hundred disordered dreams, by throwing open the windows of the haunted chamber, and the doors, too, to adjoining rooms, flooding all with streams of light and life. Time was, indeed, not so very long ago, when the seeker after truth was forced to grope so darkly in dusky corners that he himself appeared to the unknowing but a faint simulacrum, shadow rather than man. Among the many, too, who taxed the scholar with blinking owlishly in his rare glimpses of broad sunshine, the contrast between his professed love of the gleam and his twilight existence aroused scornful laughter that echoes still in the face of all fact. He has stultified his critics by virtue of that very quality in which he was deemed deficient, clearness of vision, which has enabled him to detect all the relations and connections and dependencies of his subject, and hence to portray it in its proper perspective. He has advanced unfalteringly from microscopic observation of minute particles to large and legitimate conclusions, and yet farther to the linking of his generalizations with those of scholars in other fields, until his range has become encyclopedic. In the books before us, epitomes of many investigations, all medieval life solicits us.

To tell the varied story of "The Legacy of the Middle Ages" the editors have summoned nearly a score of experts, admirably qualified by lifelong labors for the necessary selection and summary. Stern restraint is needed to bring together infinite riches in a little room; and intense concentration and compression sometimes make too severe demands on the reader's attention. The divisions of the subject are most judicious: first, the things of the mind and spirit, the Christian life, art, literature, philosophy, and education; secondly, that "most fundamental and characteristic of medieval bequests," law; and finally, the fabric of society and government. Everywhere the voice of authority is dominant, whether it speaks of sculpture through Paul Vitry, director of the Louvre; of literature through Claude Jenkins, Lambeth librarian, and Cesare Foligno, professor in Oxford; or of canon law through Gabriel Le Bras of the University of Strasbourg. We trace the development of handwriting, majuscule, minuscule, Gothic script, under the guidance of so good a paleographer as E. A. Lowe of Oxford or contrast the conditions of social life past and present as that vivid scholar, Eileen Power of the University of London, unconsciously explodes even as she expounds the cherished medieval theory of the essential inferiority of women. Here is the swan song of Paul Vinogradoff, his last professional utterance on "Customary Law," which the great jurist did not live to see in proof. One adopted American is in the notable company, Norman Gras of Minnesota, who in a comprehensive chapter portrays the economic activity of towns. There are inevitable omissions. Medieval science, which has recently received large attention among us, is reserved, as it should be, for another volume; and art is perforce denied its due meed of attention. Restriction of space often fetters free movement. But perspec-

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tive and proportion are so justly observed that the wonted discrepancy in the work of several hands is seldom apparent.

"The Legacy of the Middle Ages" does not belie its title. Its informing and increasing purpose glows in the thesis of continuity between past and present. The fields of France are still laid out on the old plan. The American fundamentalist is the spiritual descendant of St. Bernard, and the conflict between order and freedom is waged now as in earlier days. The legal system of the Roman church is almost untouched by time. Minuscule and Gothic scripts still survive and serve, and "The Imitation of Christ" is on many shelves. Private banks flourished in medieval cities and wars were carried on then as now with the help of loans in other lands. The medieval craft guilds have bequeathed ideals of "service," the catchword of our Rotarians. Sometimes we chase a tradition in the spirit of servile imitation. The more we copy Gothic and other forms of architecture the less we catch their inspiration, for "they dreamt not of a perishable home who thus could build." Sometimes evil persists rather than good, making "medieval" a term of reproach. The dogma of the subjection of women lingered long after Burke mourned the passing of the age of chivalry.

L. F. Salzman in his attractive textbook, "English Life in the Middle Ages," does not bring his potent authorities with him to speak for themselves, but has them constantly at his back. Through wide reading of the texts that he cites in modernized form and of the collectors and commentators whose aid he acknowledges, he has fashioned agreeable chapters on life in the country, in town, and in the home, on church and school, on literature, art, and science, on war, law, and trade, on women and wayfaring. In each of these divisions abundant material, much of it accessible in other publications, has been selected and digested. The story is told simply, lucidly, vividly, and in the main accurately, though here and there, as in the section on literature, occur negligences and ignorances. The volume, which is well bound, well printed, and well indexed, will prove a refreshing companion to the student of English history or letters. The author modestly points to the hundred and more illustrations, taken from medieval sources, as "in some ways the most valuable part of the whole book."

FREDERICK TUPPER

Are Artists People?

Roman Summer. By Ludwig Lewisohn. Harper and Brothers. $2.

INTERMITTENTLY the question is raised: Can the artist function freely in America? The cynic might be tempted to interject: too freely—particularly in fiction! But the problem is not to be disposed of thus lightly. Mr. Lewisohn, who has at various times contributed to the symposium, now comes forward with a novel in which the question is put to a laboratory test. He takes John Austin, a small-town newspaper man who successfully hides in himself the making of a Sherwood Anderson, places him in a typical Middle Western town, trains on him a battery of typical American middle-class repressions, and by the way of complication inflicts upon him an incurable craving for Horace and Catullus. Near by he plants, as cunning decoys, "a spuriously Roman state capitol" and a row of Lombardy poplars—and we're off.

Judging by the aesthetic fascination which American machinery exerts upon our art colonies in Paris, Berlin, and Rome, one would think that Columbus, Ohio, was just the place to compose verses in the classic manner. But John is too unsophisticated to understand that. A long struggle ensues between his weakness for Corinthian columns and the deeper unconscious interest which he has (so we are assured) in the pageant of American life. In which his weakness proves the stronger, and John packs his trunk and gets off at Rome, determined to write a play on the life of Catullus. In Rome, John finds himself as constricted. He is advised to visit the Forum, to try the Coliseum by moonlight, and various other cathartics, but his muse remains obdurate. Until he stumbles upon a young lady by the name of Esther Azancot, a dark, passionate Jewess with a past, who talks as if she had stepped out of one of Disraeli's romances. One can easily understand how our befuddled Latin scholar is smitten by this Zionist sibyl, but what she sees in his colorless soul to rouse her to such rhetorical heights is a mystery. Nevertheless she returns his love, but unlike her Moabite kinswoman she feels that his people are not her people, nor his god her god, and therefore flatly rejects his honorable offers. Whereat John returns to America, a sadder and wiser man, and takes it to his bosom in the shape of Louise Derflinger of Sandusky, Ohio. And the fadeout shows him reconciled to sanitary plumbing and threatening to write "quite a long novel of the rise and downfall of an American family of the lower middle class."

Apparently we thus arrive at a Q. E. D. But the question still recurs: Can one write a Middle Western novel in Sandusky, Ohio, or does one have to go to Rome first for perspective? And still another question is forced upon one after reading this tediously elaborated romance of the intimate relations of a novelist and his muse. A question pertinent to much of our fiction. Are artists people? In other words, can they and their problem be profitably exploited in fiction as if they were full-blooded human beings? I doubt it. Artists are creatures whose emotions are disproportionately drawn into one highly artificial channel, leaving them psychologically sterile. The union between the artist as author and the artist as hero is apt to result in anemic offspring. Particularly in America. They may order things differently in Europe; and there may be at large there artists emotionally rich enough to remain interesting as individuals after the artist is duly subtracted. But so far as the American breed is concerned, its life is quite adequately recorded in the publisher's notes which are so charmingly woven together in the gossip shops of our literary reviews.

ALTER BRODY

From Giotto to Van Gogh

Art Epochs and Their Leaders. By Oscar Hagen. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THIS book brings to mind some things that are not in it; reasons why the reviewer finds it so nourishing in a world of unnourishing books, and reasons why he finds its publication of both artistic and educational import. One meets so many art lovers, not alone outside the walls but intramurally, who are fearful lest a little knowledge will impair their sensibilities. It must be evident to any reader that the author's acquisition of historical detail, and through it his unusual power of surveyance, have only served to increase his passionate regard for art. Without the cloying method of Faure, the god of the appreciators, Mr. Hagen has communicated to a textbook, written primarily for his own students, though its format and its philosophy will recommend it to layman and art librarian, this passion.

Mr. Hagen's book reveals constantly that highest standard of enjoyment, and therefore of criticism, which is held by a man who regards the artistic horizon of his own age with an eye long rested on the mountains of the past. With such important material to work upon, and with that gift, alas how rare among teachers, of reconstructing for his audience civilizations passed out from under hand, it is impossible that the book should not be fruitful alike to those who approach it with little or no knowledge of art history and to those who approach it with other than the author's prejudices. But it has in addition that curious charm of diction found in books not written in the writer's native tongue. This is Mr. Hagen's first book in English; he has written eight in German, perhaps the most important of which is his study of Grünewald. His German sense for word construction carries over in his style, but as often happens in such a situation, noble words that have long since lost

their ranking to us by excess of familiarity are given again their first estate.

The situation which brought forth this book, really under curricular pressure, gives extrinsic interest to it. Mr. Hagen was first obtained by the University of Wisconsin as exchange professor from Göttingen, where, in addition to his lecturing duties, he had instigated and carried through the now annual revival of Handel opera. There was such a hungry response at Madison that Mr. Hagen was offered the chair permanently, with results rich, amusing, and hard to forecast. The light-headed co-ed powdered her nose before each new Annunciation and wriggled into her coat as she was shown the Pietás, but by the rigors of his scholastic tradition the lecturer dealt a body blow to the drifting appreciators, who in examination confessed, failing all other subject of confession, that they "could stand speechless before this picture forever." But some twenty out of every three hundred, to whom art had previously meant Maxfield Parrish on a fraternity wall, greeted the German as prophet, bearing revelation to them of an unsuspected expression and perhaps end of life. For these people he wrote his book, throwing it into the really pitiful dearth of analytical art histories in English. Miss Gardner's recent book, of fine and encyclopedic value, was written with an entirely different purpose, for it covers in almost documentary detail the entire field of art. Mr. Hagen covers only the centuries from Giotto to Van Gogh, that is, the modern European tradition. To be sure, this is an embarrassing field, but he has made no pretense of panning the gold —only of laying bare the richest veins: the elaborate fifteenth century; the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, apotheosized in Buonarotti, Dürer, and Rembrandt; the curiously sterile and yet not philosophically phenomenal eighteenth century; the nineteenth, which repeats in small the lessons of the past in the primitive David, the classical Ingres, the baroque Delacroix; and its climax of impressionism and expressionism.

To such people as still find the university the most exciting of social gatherings, each augury of a new period of its life is thrilling. The Middle West is vigorously given over to letters. It both writes and reads them, for struggle begets ideas. But for the plastic and pictorial arts in which example and tradition seem to precede the revelation, it has, save in the centers, not known the alphabet.

CLINCH CALKINS

Tar Lyrics

The Book of Navy Songs. Collected and Edited by The Trident Society of the United States Naval Academy. Arranged and harmonized by Joseph W. Crosley. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.50.

THIS official collection, well printed and superbly illustrated, contains over a hundred of the songs sung in the Navy or at Annapolis, arranged for solo voice and piano. Many, in spite of nautical and unfamiliar texts, prove at the piano to be old standbys of the college and "home" song-books. Many, on the other hand, are rarer, while a number are printed for the first time. They are classified as historical songs and ballads, celebrating notable engagements, personages, and events, the latter including the abolition of the grog ration; songs of the ward-room (the officers' messroom and lounge); songs and shanties of the fo'c's'le (the corresponding gathering-place of the men); an interesting series of songs of the landing-parties which go into detail as to what the sailors thought of the Philippines; finally, the songs one hears at the Army game.

The texts of the songs are a disappointment. The bowdlerization of good songs is the most ungrateful of tasks, since the more conscientiously it is performed the more viciously insipid is the result: and no one may assert that whoever was responsible for the credit line "Tune, *Famous* King of England" (italics mine) over two of the airs in this collection was not conscientious. An almost equally serious fault is the crudity of the musical settings; such may be the rule in the college compila-

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tions, but the auspices under which this volume appears were calculated to excite hope for arrangements which would do justice to the tunes. As it is, they appear at a heavy disadvantage, yet it is well that they should have been brought together, even in this form, for general circulation. It is particularly interesting to find how many songs, supposedly lubbers, are doing active sea duty under aliases; the truth is that any living tune is a jack of all trades. One can give, perhaps, its latest version, but never its last. Finding "Tarpaulin Jacket," for instance, in these pages, I can record a variant which, ten years ago on the flying fields was current among men who had never heard its original. So far as I know, it has never seen print; then let it be preserved in the files of *The Nation:*

A handsome young airman lay dying,
And as on the airdrome he lay,
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These last parting words did he say:

"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting-rod out of my brain,
The crank-shaft out of my backbone,
And assemble the engine again!"

ABBE NILES

Gissing the Reticent

Letters of George Gissing. Edited by Algernon C. and Ellen Gissing. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

GEORGE GISSING might well be called the Lord Jim of the world of letters; all his life he seems to have lived with the morbid consciousness of lost honor. We know some of the facts that contributed to this state of mind. Mr. Morley Roberts in his veiled biography of Gissing, "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," goes into the unfortunate incident of theft at Owens College, his first two disastrous marriages, his ill health, his struggles with poverty and with social adjustment. These facts and Gissing's own final comments about his life in "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"—together with the real difficulty of getting precise information about the man—have served to build up a Gissing legend. Most people who read Gissing enjoy this legend; some would like to substitute for it an account more founded on fact. Every bit of evidence about Gissing is valuable if it helps to illuminate his career and what he calls his "private misfortunes and miseries."

Unfortunately these letters do not answer many of the questions. And one suspects that even if the editors had not omitted and expurgated, the letters still might be very unsatisfactory. For by some quirk Gissing could not in his correspondence be self-revelatory. There is a reticence about his personal life that is often morbidly evasive. In this volume one meets the same barrier one does in turning to Hawthorne's "Journals" for answers to questions about Hawthorne's personal life. Throughout Gissing's letters the feeling of unhappiness deepens, and one hopes that the man will try at least to come to some understanding of his problems. Instead of any analysis of personal difficulties, there are letters filled with moralizing about social questions, about art; chiefly, in later years, letters in which the man's despair is escaped from in long and formal descriptions of landscape.

To talk about himself Gissing needed the merciful veil of fiction. No novelist is more autobiographical. And it is after all to his fiction one must turn to get at the facts of his life. Godwin Peak, in "Born in Exile," gives much more Gissing autobiography than is to be found in all these letters. And Edwin Reardon, in "New Grub Street," fighting (to write the novels he believes in) against serious ill health, poverty, and the naggings of an incompatible wife, explains what Gissing means when he writes to his brother in 1896: "My public progress is terribly balanced by my private misfortunes and miseries."

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Music

The Bach Festival

THE Festival of the Bach Choir at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, this year was the occasion of the twenty-first performance of the great Mass in B Minor under the leadership of Dr. J. Fred Wolle. The chief works sung the first day were the six motets. It is not clear that the copyist's designation upon the known manuscripts reflects Bach's own use of this term; and indeed one has hardly denominated a class by calling the six works "Bach's Motets." Only one, "Praise Ye the Lord, All Ye Heathen," the shortest, for four voices, is in any way connected in form with the classical Catholic motet. Most of them, such as "Jesu, Priceless Treasure," are hardly distinguishable from the great group of Bach's cantatas: three stanzas of a hymn are presented as four-part chorales, interspersed with three- and five-part sections quite free and dramatic in form. The greatest, "Sing Ye to the Lord a New-Made Song," which Dr. Wolle has performed many times, is a majestic work for double chorus —eight voices—beginning with a prelude of stirring antiphonal exhortation, leading to a joyful fugue which increases in power and scope till all eight parts are swept into it, pausing in a poignant responsive supplication, culminating in a great fugue in which the two choruses join as one. Again, while four of the motets were written for church performance, two seem to have been composed as funeral odes. It was difficult, accordingly, even after considerable study, to give a satisfactory answer to the question generally asked at Bethlehem: Just what is a motet?

Friday's concerts began with some distressingly flat singing; and the beautiful alto air at the end of the Mass, the "Agnus Dei," was dragged unmercifully. I never heard Dr. Wolle conduct the "Agnus Dei" in this painful fashion before, and I rather believe that he will not do it again. Such distortion (for which he is frequently blamed in high musical quarters) is a perversion due, I take it, to two of his principles: first, his eagerness to give the pulse of life to Bach's measures; second, his search for new interpretations and his unwillingness to repeat himself even after twenty years. Dr. Wolle's first position seems to me entirely justified, for his changes of tempo, if unorthodox, contribute frequently to his most stirring effects. The second principle is a life principle, and criticism is pointless. Dr. Wolle is the kind of man who, I suppose, will experiment as long as he lives.

If one admits these deviations, is the supporter of the Bethlehem Choir then guilty of accepting enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose as a substitute for sound artistry? This would be a serious indictment; but I do not believe it lies. In the first place, the lapses are few; so that I should in any event be prepared to maintain that technically few choruses approach this choir. And the lapses are due largely to the terrific demands which Dr. Wolle makes upon his singers.

But beyond this it seems to me that any group which can make of Bach's music so profound a spiritual experience must be sound artistically. These concerts raise their audience to that plane of feeling where the aesthetic and religious responses come almost together. And though the singing may have begun flatly, I feel confident that for most of the eleven hundred hearers the two days of music provided that katharsis which, according to Aristotle, is the function of all tragedy. If I am right, I think every legitimate demand in the name of art is met by the performances at Bethlehem.

Between the various motets the choir sang some of the chorale preludes for organ, of which Busoni has made several more generally known by his piano transcriptions. One of these, "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," only fifty-two measures long, has always seemed to me, in the pure beauty of its musical line, one of the finest flowerings of Bach's genius. There are more than a hundred of these little preludes: one guesses that

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as organist at Arnstadt, Cöthen, Weimar, and Leipzig, Bach must have improvised hundreds more which were never put on paper. My own question is why, with an organ in the Packer Memorial Church, Dr. Wolle caused these preludes to be played upon a piano; and why, in all these works, Dr. Wolle has discarded the knotty, rich-flavored Lutheran texts, with their figures as rich as Dürer woodcuts, in favor of the flat Victorian translations of the Reverend Mr. Troutbeck. Certainly the Bach Choir ought to have no trouble with the originals.

CHARLES S. ASCHER

Drama

The Paradox of Gilbert

THOUGH less generally familiar than most of the other Gilbert and Sullivan operas, "Ruddigore" (Cosmopolitan Theater) is completely typical. Ostensibly a satire on a species of melodrama still popular when it was written but now happily extinct, it is actually more like the other works of the invincible pair than it is like anything else. The coy heroine, abandoned in infancy upon a door-step with nothing except a change of linen and the book of etiquette which has become her guide through life; the hero, condemned by a witch's curse to commit one atrocious crime every day in spite of a natural tenderness of conscience which leads him to compensate for his morning atrocity by a universal benevolence during the rest of the day; and the honest British tar, whose determination to follow the dictates of his heart makes him a horrible bore to the rest of the company, who are compelled to respect the purity of his motives even though this heart of his seems to have a way of looking out only for its own interests—all these are characters as perfectly consistent with the traditions of the Gilbertian world as they are inconsistent with any other. That world is not lawless and hence it is not, in any ultimate sense, fantastic, for it has a psychology, a system of mores, and a set of probabilities which belong exclusively to it. Once one has entered it completely it comes to have a verisimilitude of its own; that the wicked baronet, after he has been released from his obligations, should immediately assume the gaiters and shovel hat which are the outward signs of blameless piety seems not only possible but positively likely; and when one of the other characters remarks: "You have no idea what a bad opinion I have of myself—nor how little it is deserved" one recognizes him immediately as an authentic denizen of this world.

So much may be said for the consistency which makes these operas a thing apart. But no critic, so far as I know, has ever resolved the other Gilbertian paradox and satisfactorily explained to us how it happens that his satire can be at once so virulent and so innocuous. "Ruddigore," like most of the other operas, gibes at every important feature of the Victorian ideology. Duty, innocent maidenhood, British superiority, patriotism, and the flag are mercilessly mocked; every sentiment dear to torydom and respectability is outrageously parodied and every intellectual conviction is carried to some *reductio ad absurdum*. Yet if one happens to cherish any one of these idols it seems to go unscathed. So far as I know, Victoria herself did not resent Gilbert's mockery, and certainly Victorians accepted him as one of themselves, just as aesthetes (at least modern ones) admire "Patience" quite as much as Philistines do. Some sort of complete detachment from reality seems to rob the satire of its sting, and this detachment was not the result of any mere jester's guile assumed by the author in order that he might be permitted to have his fling at tabooed institutions. On the contrary, Gilbert himself was respectable and tory. Fundamentally he revered the conventions he mocked, and he was a Victorian Englishman in spite of all he apparently did to make both the adjective and the noun ridiculous.

Perhaps, indeed, the fantastic imagination which made him so delightful was the result of an inward conflict. To say

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things in a manner extravagantly humorous is often to involve them in an ambiguity which serves to disarm not only others but, if need be, oneself as well. One can hardly doubt, for example, that when Mark Twain made the highly characteristic remark: "Wagner's music is not as bad as it sounds," the form of the expression was conditioned by the fact that Clemens himself was torn, as he usually was, between the plain American's distrust of everything high-brow and an uneasy fear that he was not quite up to appreciating the best. The joke may lie in either direction you prefer, and the technique of the humor results in the fact that the humorist is saved from the necessity of committing himself. Nor is it impossible that Gilbertian fantasy was generated in a manner not dissimilar and that it performed a not dissimilar function. His intellect warred with his prejudices and neither won. In fantasies extravagant enough to pass the censor as mere harmless foolery he expressed the criticism which he could not bring himself to express in less ambiguous form, and thus he became a great humorist in order that he need not be forced to the uncomfortable necessity of abandoning the prejudices of his class. Under the circumstances it will hardly do to wish that he had been more consistent or, if one desires to take up the position of the moralist, that he had had a greater integrity of character. Granted it he might have been an earnest satirist, useful to his time but heavy handed and obvious for us; without it he became a humorist whose charm is perennial.

No complaint is more commonly heard among theatergoers than that which is concerned with the comparative paucity of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals; but the truth is that they are not easy to do successfully, as the present instance will indicate. It is highly enjoyable as any moderately competent performance of "Ruddigore" is bound to be, but it is not, except in the part played by the seasoned William Danforth, all that one could wish. Violet Carlson, as Rose Maybud, has an adequate though distinctly metallic voice, but her manner is that appropriate rather to the current tradition of Broadway musical comedy than to Gilbert and Sullivan; and Alexander Clark, as Robin Oakapple, simply lacks the breath necessary to complete the execution of his obviously sound intentions. These operas require a combined sprightliness of humor, virtuosity of voice, and agility of limb that is all but superhuman. Danforth comes about as near to it as is humanly possible, but as for the rest we are compelled to make the best of what mere competence can give. Yet, withal, even that makes "Ruddigore" delightful enough. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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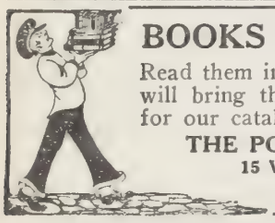
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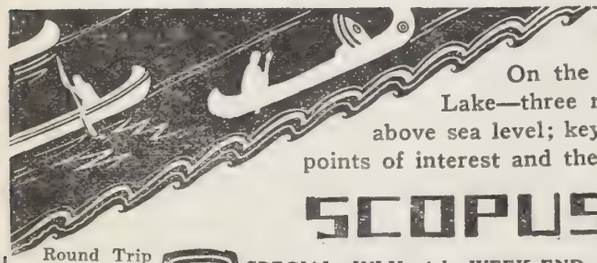
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Advertising Manager,
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The Nation

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RECORDS ARE MADE to be broken. Charles Lindbergh's heart-stirring non-stop flight of 3,610 miles across the Atlantic has been bettered by the plane Columbia, piloted by Clarence Chamberlin, with its owner, Charles Levine, as passenger, in a long-distance flying record of approximately 3,900 miles. The passengers of the liner Mauretania, bound for New York, were fortunate enough to cheer the Columbia as she leisurely circled the ship on her way to Germany, and to signal the transport Memphis, carrying their hero, Lindbergh, back to his native land. Thus trans-Atlantic flying seems less a feat of sheer daring and luck than it did a week ago when Lindbergh alone had accomplished it. The Columbia will be welcomed in Germany with almost as much enthusiasm as Lindbergh received in Paris; our European neighbors will be generous to American aviation and to the courage and skill of American aviators. Mr. Levine will be rightly congratulated as the first "air passenger" to be carried across the Atlantic Ocean. The truth is that we have much to learn about aviation and that courage is not a national virtue. Nor have we made more than a beginning in the direction of crossing the Atlantic by air. With the splendid results achieved by the three men who have made the non-stop flight from New York we cannot be content, nor will we be. The grand gesture has been made successfully. Science, fortitude, and good fortune made it possible. It will be necessary now to consider the situation with less dependence on the two latter qualities, and with an eye to the transportation of regular passengers and cargo.

LINDBERGH HIMSELF is coming home as the guest of the United States navy. But the best part of his achievement is that it was a purely civilian undertaking. Though he ranks as a captain in the Missouri National Guard, he flew not in uniform but in the clothes of the air pilot he had been, and he stuck to his civilian clothes in Paris and London. This befitted the son of the man who denounced the World War as set forth elsewhere in this issue; it certainly was in keeping with the American spirit. Yet already plans are made to exploit the hero for military purposes. Army, navy, and marine-corps contingents are to escort him from the station in Washington to the Washington Monument; the Governor of Missouri is to make him a colonel, and some of the militarists are already citing his deed, not as a wonderfully fortunate exploit which has brought America nearer to the English and the French than at any time since the armistice but as proving that now we are open to attack from Europe and therefore must at once vote many millions more for fliers and airplanes. None of these things can hide the fact that the overwhelming and unprecedented ovation which Captain Lindbergh will receive while these lines are being read will far exceed that given to any general or admiral, American or foreign, or any king or Allied statesman, and this was the case also with Gertrude Ederle.

NEWS OF THE FLOOD has already been relegated to the fifth or sixth or even tenth page of the newspapers. In the first place, we have had spectacular flights to think about these last few weeks; in the second place, people can stand only so much calamity. After a while it begins to pall and finally it has no meaning whatever. Take the Father of Waters off the front pages, therefore; he has had enough publicity for one season. In certain parts of the country, however, he is still very much on the front page: in Illinois, in Missouri, in Tennessee, in Arkansas, and above all, in Mississippi and Louisiana. Here the waters have gone down a foot, there they are still rising; here the levees are still holding, there they have widened to let the river through. And by now more than half a million persons are homeless, to say nothing of hundreds of thousands of animals, domestic and wild, floating dead upon the water. It means little to say that this is the greatest single catastrophe recorded in America; more appealing, somehow, are the accounts that tell of one poor dog struggling in the water, or a baby pig desperately afloat on a raft, or a rowboat making a spectacular rescue from a third-story window. And even the most specific and dreadful accounts of what is taking place in the flooded regions fail to bring in as much money as is needed for relief. The Red Cross is crying for more millions; it is evident that vast sums will be required to rehabilitate the persons who have lost everything. If ever any situation required government instead of private assistance, this situation does. Yet President Coolidge still refuses to call Congress in special session, and Speaker Longworth talks of aid when Congress meets—in December.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S Memorial Day address would have seemed unreal if Sinclair Lewis had put it into the mouth of George F. Babbitt. Sentences in it indicated a talent for smug self-assuredness which seems fictional and amounts to genius when indulged in by an office-seeking American politician. This nation, which began as a strip along the Atlantic coast and won the Southwest by one of the sheerest wars of aggression in history, has, he said, in its entire record, shown "no craving for power, no greed for territory"! And this President, who a few weeks before had told the Filipinos that independence was a dangerous illusion, whose personal agent had just warned the Nicaraguan Liberals that United States marines would take their arms from them if they did not lay them down "voluntarily," solemnly stood up and declared that "we have robbed no people of their independence; we have laid on no country the hand of oppression"—and no one jeered or even smiled. "We want our relationship with other nations based not on a meeting of bayonets but on a meeting of minds," he added. Admirable sentiment! Three days later another regiment of marines was ordered from Manila to Shanghai, and 4,000 Americans in uniform moved north in China to be on hand when the Nationalists reach Peking.

WHAT IS A NEWS AGENCY'S JOB? Is it to report news impartially or to help the government of its country to carry out its policies? European governments maintain semi-official agencies, often subsidized, which are mere mouthpieces for their governments—Wolff in Germany, Havas in France, Stefani in Italy, Reuter's in Great Britain, and others. These agencies, formerly known as "official" agencies, banded together and took the name of "Allied News Agencies" at the press-association conference called by the League of Nations at Geneva. Recently they met at Warsaw, and the Polish Foreign Minister, M. Zaleski, defined their role, without protest, as follows:

> The news agencies which you direct are charged with the task of communicating to the public the intentions of your governments. You are, therefore, to a certain extent, organs which supplement the Ministries of Foreign Affairs, which, without your efficacious aid, would be deaf instruments devoid of resonance and echo.

Significantly, the Associated Press of the United States of America joined the twenty-four European agencies at this meeting. And its recent action in broadcasting irresponsible State Department propaganda against Mexico, without indicating the source of its misinformation, seemed to indicate that it accepted M. Zaleski's definition of its role. More power, then, to agencies which conceive their task as the dissemination of truth impartially, rather than to supplement anyone's propaganda.

THE FRENCH HAVE VERVE—and common sense. When the British anti-Russian hysteria cast its ripples upon the shores of France, French tories began to howl that Marcel Cachin and several other Communists condemned months ago should begin to serve their terms in jail. The Government, it seems, had sensibly neglected to apply sentences which might have sent up an inconvenient aroma of martyrdom. But the Communists howled as loudly that Léon Daudet, royalist, also had a prison term unserved. The Poincaré Government, with impulsive impartiality, announced that it would send both to prison—and the howls of protest were drowned in a flood of laughter. The thought of Daudet and Cachin as fellow-martyrs in adjacent cells was too amusing. Where else can such things happen? Where else, indeed, is the art of life so instinctive as in the capital where, when the Academy barred "midinette" from its classic dictionaries, the midinettes paraded, protested, burned the Immortals in effigy, until Marshal Joffre, one of them, stepped forth to proclaim his innocence. He at least had voted for the precious word. We do not, indeed, pretend that our Pershings and Woods are scholars; but if we did, could any one imagine "Black Jack" protesting to a riotous crowd of American flappers his own loyalty to slang?

A GOVERNMENT ON THE RAMPAGE is what our International Relations Section documents show this week. The Government of Great Britain, disregarding decency, propriety, and law itself; the officials of Great Britain's Government giving themselves the lie, reversing the statements made in supposedly good faith to a neighbor government. The documents gathered by the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee, extracts from which we print, show that the British government raid on the Russian Trade Delegation offices was made in spite of provisions in the British-Russian Trade Agreement which gave members of the Trade Delegation diplomatic immunity from search and seizure; it was conducted by policemen who refused to show their warrant until an hour after the search was begun, and then only in response to vigorous protest by Russian officials; it was carried through in the most high-handed manner, with no receipts given for property seized, no opportunity for Soviet officials to be present while documents were being removed, and with actual violence—two of the clerks in the cipher room being assaulted by the police. Of course, in emergencies between governments treaties are traditionally scraps of paper—denials to the contrary notwithstanding; of course, when premises are being searched by policemen gentle methods are not the rule. But considering the high moral tone adopted toward the Soviet Government by other nations, not excepting Great Britain, it might be thought a breach of policy to proceed—whatever the provocation—in just this rough-and-tumble manner.

COMMUNISM AT COLORADO'S School of Mines was the horrendous charge recently investigated by the faculty of that institution. Let us at once say that the charge was discovered to be unwarranted; the Colorado School of Mines is not tinged with red except in combination with white and blue. A young man named Frank I. Olmstead, secretary of the School of Mines Christian Association, was accused by representatives of the American Legion of being an "adherent of the Soviet form of government of Russia." It was also said of Mr. Olmstead that he was a disbeliever in military training, that he was "active in preaching pacifism," and was "otherwise talking and conducting himself in our opinion inimical to good government." These serious charges were quite properly investigated, and it is pleasant to record how pointedly the representatives of the American Legion were requested to mind their own business and betake themselves elsewhere. Mr. Olmstead, it was revealed, had a courageous and honorable war record but had recently come to be opposed to military training, although, apparently, refraining from attempting to make converts to his opinion. Otherwise his "patriotism" was beyond question—he was so far from being inclined toward the Soviet regime as to have received the military

medal of St. George from the White Russian Government for bravery in action against the Soviet forces. In other words, this was a tempest in a very small teapot. It is typical, however, of the activities of certain Legion branches. The brave and honest action of the college authorities in combating and refuting Legion charges is, unfortunately, not so typical.

WHY WAS THE PLAY "SPREAD EAGLE" barred from the movies? Our readers will remember that in our issue of June 1 we raised this question and stated that Will Hays's office had refused to tell us why. Miss Detzer, the secretary of the Women's International League, throws some light upon this, by calling our attention to the fact that Will H. Hays is a lieutenant colonel in the Adjutant General's Department Reserve, and Jesse Louis Lasky, the picture magnate, a major in the Signal Corps Reserve. She also sends us a clipping from a Los Angeles paper, which, after reciting these facts, adds:

> These movie magnates and several others representing leading producing companies have been sworn in with army titles. They are officers of the Signal Corps motion-picture advisory council, United States army. The interest of the average fan lies in the fact that the screens are going to show many more military pictures. The film industry has promised its aid to the army, which in turn will aid in the making of pictures. The alliance just effected promises that help of commanders in the making of features with military flavor. On its part, the movie men promise to make more martial subjects as propaganda for the war branch of the government. Cecil de Mille, Richard Rowland, H. R. Cochrane, Hal Roach, Albert Warner are some of the parties to the contract to acquaint the public with the army's activities and combat pacifist doctrines, which are the avowed purposes of the alliance.

We do not doubt that this does throw some light on Colonel Hays's attitude toward "Spread Eagle." As the case of Captain Paxton Hibben showed, the War Department undertakes to control or supervise the opinions of reserve officers. If it can annex the leaders of the motion-picture industry to its propaganda machine by issuing reserve commissions to them, what could be more delightful? The producer, or the "Czar," becomes major or colonel, and the War Department has its grip on another opinion-making force.

AMONG THE MANY REQUESTS that come to us for approval of one campaign for funds or another we cannot decline to call attention to the appeal of the School of Medicine of Howard University in Washington, D. C., for an endowment fund of $500,000, toward which the General Education Board has promised half if the remainder can be raised by the end of this year. This medical school is of enormous value to the colored race. It comprises three colleges, which have graduated to date 1,318 physicians, 703 dentists, and 420 pharmacists. It has been rated as being in Class A by the American Medical Association, but it will not be able to continue in that category unless it can show an income of $25,000 a year, in addition to the amount received from students' fees. While the university as a whole receives a generous annual appropriation from Congress, only a very small amount, given for supplies and equipment, goes to the Medical School. It is of vital importance that the colored race has only a few medical schools, while the need for educated and competent physicians is overwhelmingly great. All too often these people are exploited by incompetent Negroes or unscrupulous white doctors. The appeal of Howard is one which should meet the readiest response, and we are glad to note that Senator Couzens of Michigan has contributed $5,000.

THE LATE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE deserves lasting fame as one of the few Englishmen in high office who kept their sanity during the World War. In the middle of it, in 1916, he startled his countrymen by asking for a simple, plain statement of what the Allies were really fighting for. The ensuing uproar was tremendous, and if he had not had an inherited title and been a Cabinet minister, Heaven knows what might have befallen him. His associates in the Cabinet deemed it a crime that anyone should inquire just why they were sacrificing a million of their countrymen. Mr. Wilson had not yet formulated the Fourteen Points; the Allies had not yet pretended to accept them; the disgraceful secret treaties had not yet been published. Had Lord Lansdowne's Cabinet associates answered his request that their war aims be stated, in order to see if the Germans would not be moved to a peace by negotiation, they would have had to reveal their sordid bargains. So Lord Lansdowne was denounced and charged with aiding the enemy, and the millions of Englishmen in arms had to go on fighting and dying without the slightest idea of what was going on behind the scenes or what it was really all about. But for asking that simple rational question Lord Lansdowne deserves to rest in Westminster Abbey, to which his other long and able but conventional services hardly entitle him.

A GALLANT SPIRIT passed from us when William M. Fincke died. The public, and especially the labor movement, knew him as the man who, together with his wife, first made Brookwood Labor College possible, and then, leaving it in competent hands, started a second venture, primarily for the children of the workers, on his own farm in Pawling, New York. His illness has been a terrible handicap to an experiment which deserves success not so much as a monument to him as for the sake of the splendid idea which Manumit School embodies. These educational ventures were only the last part of a life work crowded with various interests. After making a name for himself as man and athlete at Hill School and Yale University, Mr. Fincke went to work as a mining engineer in the coal-fields. He left that business to study for the ministry. A forthright pacifist sermon shortly after we entered the World War lost him his pulpit in the Greenwich Presbyterian Church in New York, but, characteristically, while the close vote was going against him the pastor was on his way to Europe as a stretcher-bearer in a hospital ambulance corps. After the war, at various times, Mr. Fincke served at the Labor Temple in New York City and for a year at the Community Church at White Plains. Ultimately, his own loyalty to truth as he saw it compelled him to leave the church, and he gave himself with full devotion to educational work. But he never lost sympathy with any good cause or any aspect of the struggle for social justice. In 1919, during the steel strike, he represented the American Civil Liberties Union in a free-speech fight at Duquesne, Pennsylvania, and the experience cost him a short stay in jail. But greater than anything that Mr. Fincke did was what he was. And nothing in his career was finer than his bearing while he waited the inevitable end of a terrible chronic illness.

Behind the Red Walls of Peking

SUMMER comes, and the lotus blooms in the dank pools outside the mighty red walls of Peking, and the flies swarm through the unscreened city. It is the time of year when the foreign women and children disappear to the seashore or to summer homes built in what were once cool Buddhist temples in the Western Hills. This year a new restlessness is added; the rumble of civil war draws near. And to foreign ears civil war has a new grim meaning; it is no longer simply a struggle between rival generals, but part of a national revolution which strikes at the privileged position of the foreign communities.

Yet the correspondents still gather at the Peking Club bar each noon to swap yarns, as they do far to the South in the Hankow Club and in Shanghai at the bars of the American Club and of the Shanghai Club, its British rival, which boasts itself the proud possessor of the longest bar in the world. And out of the gossip at those bars, and occasional friendly chats with race-conscious officials, grows the picture of China reflected in the news cables sent to America.

Japan has landed 2,000 troops at Tsingtao in Shantung —the port the Germans took from China as compensation for the death of two German missionaries in an inland village, which Japan took from Germany in the early days of the World War, which Japan returned to China after the great boycott movement of 1918-1921 had ruined her China trade. Great Britain still has her overgrown "defense force" at Shanghai—more than one defender in uniform for every foreign civilian in the city; but her warships have begun to move North, to be ahead of the Nationalists. And the United States has already sent its shiploads of excited marines to Tientsin, where, presumably, they will disembark to help guard the British Concession—for we have no concession of our own there.

The little foreign communities have an absurdly exaggerated sense of their own importance—but to a tragic extent they carry the world with them. Shanghai worked itself into a magnificent fury, with curfews, and sandbags, and barbed wire, largely to convince the outside world that more foreign troops were needed in China—and then gave the game away by going ahead with its race meetings, which drew larger crowds than any political meeting. And when the races were abandoned, it was quite frankly explained —locally—that "while there might appear to be no more reason in the actual circumstances of Shanghai why races should not take place than games of football, *the effect abroad would be deplorable.*" The home countries, in other words, might realize that Shanghai's hysteria was hysteria, and that the assemblage of these vast armadas of foreign warships actually increased rather than lessened the danger to foreigners in China! The same pathetic myopia appeared in the dispatches from Hankow. British and American business men, it was stated, were staying on despite consular advice, because they feared that otherwise they would lose all their trade to the Germans. And why were the Germans so favored? Simply because they had no frowning warships on the scene, and had renounced the "protection" of the unequal treaties.

Most of our news is of what happens in these foreign communities—although we do not hear all of that. The Shanghai correspondents do not bother to cable that British Tommies stand guard at new brothels, especially established, with white Russian girls on sale, for the benefit of the restless defense forces; they tell us only that, the British military forces having taken three-year leases on their quarters and the new crop of defenders having doubled the number of foreign buyers in the city, business is good. From Peking we hear only the foreign side of the story. When Mr. Randall Gould, representing the United Press in Peking, ventured to dig out news for himself, and to cable facts unpalatable to the bumptious bureaucrats in the American Legation, he was promptly barred from the press conferences in the American Chancellery. Americans representing Chinese news agencies are also barred from these sessions, although the representative of Reuter's, the semi-official British agency, is admitted to the inner confidences. And today, when the Chinese masses of Peking are eagerly waiting for news of more Nationalist victories, praying for the withdrawal of Chang Tso-lin's Manchurians and the coming of the Nationalists, we hear only of the fears of the foreigners. In the interval between withdrawal and arrival, in the last despair of defeat or the first flush of victory, incidents may occur—foreign homes may be looted, or foreigners attacked. Of the larger meaning of this mighty awakening of a continental people we hear next to nothing.

Despite all the eager prophecies of Nationalist defeat and disruption the tide of Chinese Nationalism, as *The Nation* has consistently predicted, rolls on. The Hankow regime seems to have reorganized itself despite the presence of foreign warships; it has reached at least a temporary working agreement with Chiang Kai-shek, the "moderate" leader; Feng Yu-hsiang, the "Christian general," has effected a comeback in the Northwest; the result is that the Northern "anti-Communist" armies are sweeping back in retreat toward Peking. In China, where wars are largely wars of propaganda and prestige, a retreat once begun is hard to stem. There will be more squabbles and rivalries within the Kuomintang, of course; but no power, foreign or Chinese, can prevail against the living force of Nationalism in China.

Into the nebula of swirling aspirations and crystallizing hopes that is China today is thrust, unfortunately for the world, an alien conflict. It is not alone the effort of the West to hold what it has taken in China; there is also the conflict of Russia and Britain, with all its rich cargo of meanings. Britain, with her empire on which the sun never sets at stake, dominated today by a group of Die-hards who stop at nothing—who raid the Russian Trade offices like movie heroes, who sponsor legislation which aims to kill trade-unionism at home, who send their bullying warships to Egypt when the Egyptians suggest that they would like to have Egyptian officers in their own army—is of course appalled at the prospect of any Asiatic nation rising to self-control. If Chinese Nationalism is successful, what excuse is left for the historic British Empire? Russia, naturally, accepts the challenge gladly, and will do all in her power to make Chinese Nationalism a success. And Japan, an Asiatic nation herself, stands hesitatingly on the sidelines.

It is a dramatic spectacle, when one gets away from the club bars. Something real is at stake. The people huddled behind the fortified walls of Peking's Legation Quarter have a right to be restless.

Those Neutral Rights

AN exchange of notes between Great Britain and the United States, on May 19, provided for the settlement, among others, of the claims of American citizens arising out of the violation by British Orders in Council of American neutral rights in the period 1914-1917. These measures, denounced by Secretary Lansing as "illegal and indefensible," did immeasurable injury to neutrals and to international law. The settlement just effected removes a cause of friction, but it does nothing to settle the essential principles involved.

By its war measures from 1914 to 1917 the British Government, step by step, destroyed the right of neutrals to trade in non-military commodities, not only with the Central Powers, as was their long-established right, but also with the neutrals of Europe. Trade was permitted only with Britain and her Allies. A similar attempt in 1793 had been frustrated by Jefferson's refusal to acquiesce; in 1917 a more pliant United States yielded, and thus became unneutral, to its permanent disadvantage. In 1917 a powerful British propaganda undertook to show a gullible world that British violations of law were in the highest interests of morality, whereas German violations indicated a barbaric hostility to civilization.

Millions of dollars of American cargoes and ships were either confiscated or detained under Orders in Council which virtually wiped out the neutral privilege of trading with continental Europe. To make foodstuffs contraband, the distinction between combatants and non-combatants and between neutral and enemy destination had to be destroyed. A pliant prize court enforced the Orders in Council as "logical" extensions of the "rights" of belligerents. The German prize courts were less hypocritical, calling the German measures "political" rather than "legal." The measures of both belligerents were dictated by military expediency, regardless of law. In the long run, the British violations are likely to prove more destructive to mankind.

When the United States, in April, 1917, after tolerating the British violations while vigorously contesting the German, entered the war, it was announced that the German violations were of such a character that their settlement brooked no delay, whereas the British violations, involving injuries to property, would be settled at the end of the war "to make the world safe for democracy." For nine years virtually nothing was done to make good the promised settlement of these claims against Great Britain. It was only after Senator Borah introduced a resolution demanding their settlement that the Department of State ceased deprecating the claims and awoke to mild action, and in the settlement just announced the spirit of altruistic sacrifice of American to British interests is a prominent feature. Furthermore, by making the settlement an "executive agreement" the treaty-making power is evaded.

The agreement undertakes to settle, for about one and one-half million dollars, the claims of American citizens arising out of illegal confiscations and detentions, amounting to many millions of dollars. The million and a half is obtained by the gracious consent of the British Government to waive the collection from us of sums due for war supplies furnished our forces in Europe.

The sacrifice of the claimants is evident in the fact that no claim will be paid unless the claimants have gone into the British prize courts. This will kill off many meritorious claims. When binding legislation, like the Orders in Council, is responsible for the injury, it is useless to ask a British court to set the legislation aside. The requirement of going into the British courts to test the Orders in Council, already many times sustained by them, imposes on the American claimants a harsh and unnecessary condition calculated to discourage the presentation of claims.

When this settlement is compared with what we imposed on the Germans the contrast is startling. Germany must pay in full, with interest, all damage sustained during the war by American citizens, regardless of source or of international law. Even post-war depreciation of the mark was often included. Claims thus leaped up to $180,000,000, and, with the tacit support of the Department of State, we have threatened further to violate international law by confiscating German private property to pay this sum.

The present surrender is a fitting climax to the arbitrariness of 1917. In 1793 we were able to defend neutral rights without going to war; in 1917 we were unable to defend them, and went to war anyway—an interesting commentary on the contrast in diplomatic skill. In the distribution of the sum now available, and in the preparation of legal opinions, the United States can do something to retrieve the sacrifice of neutral rights which its recent diplomacy has entailed. The new theory, centering about the League of Nations, that every war must be a world war and that neutrality is today impossible, is one of the dangerous illusions to which war psychology gave birth. The protection of law is more necessary against the strong than against the weak, and the future, like the past, is likely to find more advantage in strengthening the rights of neutrals than in buttressing the interest and claims of belligerents.

Who Invented the Steamboat?

"THE federal and State governments today formally honored John Fitch, inventor of the steamboat," says an Associated Press dispatch from Bardstown, Kentucky, dated May 25, describing the unveiling of a monument at that place. In his dedicating address Governor Fields of Kentucky said that only one thing remained to be done, "that is to see that history is corrected and that textbooks be made to teach that Fitch, rather than Fulton, be credited with this wonderful invention."

This passion for correcting history is laudable, but it might be well for someone first to read enough of the record to find out what he is doing. One hesitates to have his history corrected *ex cathedra* by a State whose legislature recently came within one vote of rewriting the history of the world by excluding the doctrine of evolution from its public schools. Nobody who has read anything on the subject holds that Fulton produced the first steamboat. On the other hand, neither did Fitch. There had been experiments with steam navigation a century before either of them; like most complicated machines, the steamboat was the product of many men laboring through successive decades, and exact apportionment of honor leads one into a maze of partisan, doubtful, and contradictory testimony. It is true that Fitch's first steamboat, launched in 1787, was twenty years ahead of Fulton's Clermont, but it is also a fact that Denis Papin, in France, was studying the application of steam to vessels before the close of the seventeenth century, and in

1707 asked for patent protection on a model tried on the Seine. In England Jonathan Hulls took out a patent for a stern-wheel steamboat in 1736. The steamboat, like the airplane, languished many years for want of an adequate engine. Papin and Hulls struggled with primitive contrivances, but after James Watt had designed a practical engine for vessel propulsion an epoch of rapid progress succeeded.

William Henry, a well-to-do resident of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, visited England in 1760 and saw a Watt engine. Upon returning to this country he made a steam engine of his own, installed it in a boat fitted with paddle-wheels, and launched the vessel in the Conestoga River. The operation was successful but the patient died; that is, Henry's theory was sound but his boat sank. Undiscouraged, he went on to other experiments, and, according to Fred Erving Dayton's "Steamboat Days," inspired both Fitch and Fulton, who were his proteges. Fitch was a poor man, dogged all his days by misfortune and an inability to interest men of means in his ideas. He worked contemporaneously with James Rumsey, and at about the same time they tried out their first steamboats in different places. Rumsey's method of propulsion was a steam pump which forced a stream of water aft and thus thrust the vessel forward. He drove a boat by this means at four miles an hour on the Potomac River, but his system of propulsion failed to attract permanent interest. Fitch relied upon a kind of paddle wheel. His first vessel, completed in 1787, turned out to have many defects, although it moved at a rate of three or four miles an hour. His second steamboat was an improvement, and his third, in 1790, made seven miles an hour, carrying passengers on the Delaware River between Philadelphia and Trenton. But the venture was not commercially successful and Fitch went to France to seek fresh capital. He failed to find it and, returning to this country, eventually settled in Kentucky, where he died in Bardstown in 1798, supposedly by his own hand.

Probably Fulton did not invent anything of consequence that went into the Clermont. The most important item, the engine, was imported from Boulton and Watt in England. But Fulton had studied the problems of the steamboat for many years in America and Europe before he built the Clermont and he brought a high degree of technical knowledge and skill to his task. The result was a vessel that traveled from New York City to Albany, about 150 miles, on its first trip, and proved that the steamboat as a commercial possibility had arrived.

John Fitch is entitled to a generous share of credit for the development of the steamboat, but not for as much as Governor Fields suggests. It is hard to see, also, what claim Kentucky has to Fitch, or to any reflected glory from his work. Fitch was born in Connecticut and his experiments with steamboats were on the Delaware River under grants from Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Kentucky's only connection with the inventor seems to have been to drive him to suicide in his old age. Perhaps, too, Governor Fields would have modified his oratory at Bardstown had he known that in 1839 Kentucky voted a commemorative medal to the son of James Rumsey as a tribute to the latter for "giving the world the benefit of the steamboat." Thus the State over which Governor Fields presides is now on record as having honored two different men for a single achievement. Perhaps that is why somebody thought to provide an extra niche by getting rid of Charles Darwin.

The "N. E. D."

THE current year is expected to see the appearance of the last volume of the "New English Dictionary." Probably most people will not remember 1927 chiefly for that, but it is not likely that any of its other achievements will more deserve to be remembered. In the course of preparing this gigantic work every extant book printed in English, as well as whole libraries of later books, has been read; every meaning of every word has not only been defined but supplied with one or more quotations illustrating its use in that sense; and scholars from nearly every country of Europe, as well as from the United States, have contributed. No similar work—not even the great German lexicon of the Brothers Grimm—is comparable to it in magnitude, accuracy, or completeness.

Not only no single man but no single generation of men could complete a dictionary upon so stupendous a scale, and it has, indeed, used up the lives of several editors-in-chief. Hartley Coleridge, the first, died in 1861, shortly after assuming the task. It was then handed on to F. J. Furnival, founder of the New Shakespeare Society, and Walter Skeat, most famous of Chaucer editors, who labored on it until their deaths. Though by 1878 some two million quotations had been gathered, the work languished in the absence of anyone with the requisite industry and scholarship until James A. H. Murray, a schoolmaster with a genius for lexicography, was appointed editor in 1879. He had, of course, a corps of assistants, and there were many voluntary contributors, but it is to his furious industry, continued unremittingly until his death at nearly eighty, that the work is chiefly due. He had hoped that he might live to see it complete, and three years before he died in 1915 he was working seventeen hours a day, but the task was too vast to be accomplished by even such intemperate labor, and since his time three men, Dr. Bradley, Professor Craigie, and Mr. C. T. Onions, have been chiefly responsible for bringing it to a conclusion.

Here one may find twenty-one closely printed columns devoted to the single word "point," and fifty-four meanings of "put," each provided, as usual, with a quotation to illustrate its first occurrence in print and usually with at least one other from a more recent century. In all, over 400,000 separate words are defined and more than 1,750,000 quotations made. But bulk is no adequate measure of the dictionary's accomplishment or any indication of its meticulous accuracy. It has taken all written English as its province and it is the very reverse of the pedantic—Americanisms are as welcome as Chaucerian English, and the *Lumberman's Gazette* is quoted as gladly as Addison's *Spectator*.

Few would be capable of performing such a task—fewer still would consent to devote their lives to labor so exhausting and so unremunerative. The "New English Dictionary" is one of those magnificent achievements which are only possible when an organization exists capable of drawing to itself during several generations the precise men for the task in hand. Since 1860 it has existed as a challenge, and it is at last complete because, one after another, men have appeared to accept that challenge, in many cases laboring without reward of any kind. It is one of the greatest monuments to the patient persistence of scholarship and one of the most sterling illustrations of that strange piety which only scholars can understand.



The Tabloid

Lindbergh's "Bolshevik" Father

By MARGARET S. ERNST

SAID the New York *Times* editorially of Charles August Lindbergh, Jr., on May 23, 1927: "This clear-headed, clean-lived, modest but daring son of America who . . . drew the peoples of many nations together in their concentration upon something of their common and supreme admiration"—a sentence which expresses aptly the sentiments of some millions of Americans about their countryman.

Said the New York *Times* editorially of Charles August Lindbergh, Sr., on May 29, 1918, after commenting on the fact that Mr. Lindbergh, then Nonpartisan League candidate for Governor of Minnesota, had been refused a hall in Duluth for a political speech, and after quoting from his book "Why Is Your Country at War": "Such is the gospel which Duluth refused to hear. Such is the platform of this candidate of the Nonpartisan League. More fortunate than many of the managers and orators of that concern, Mr. Lindbergh, so far as we know, is not under indictment for sedition"!

It is not entirely fair to the *Times*, perhaps, so to quote chapter and verse against it in its treatment of the Lindbergh family. It was not the only paper which found the utterances of Lindbergh, Senior, seditious, "Bolshevik," pacifist, unpatriotic. But in both cases it was voicing the opinion of the majority, it was accepting the current hurrah as gospel. And the Lindberghs, both father and son, have distinguished themselves by refusing to do just this thing: the father would not be stampeded by the patriots into blind acceptance of the war, the son would not permit himself to be swept off his feet by temptations of money, movie fame, vaudeville popularity, or the opportunity of being a nine-days' wonder in the tabloid press.

Lindbergh, flying without stir or stop across the 3,000-mile gray plain of the Atlantic—that achievement lifts us all on sure wings, we all take part through type and story in his victory, and in a measure we can even understand how with cool head and perfect mechanical sensitiveness this boy arrived beyond the door of miracle.

The post-phenomena of flight have been harder to understand. How a boy of twenty-five, flying into the uproar of applause and idolatry, kept his head, remained simply an aviator, turned down offers of millions for cheap exploitation seemed a more superhuman victory—until one recalled the "Junior" trailing his name like an heraldic banner. It is from his father that young Charles August got his ballast of decisiveness, courage, untouchable naturalness.

In the New York Public Library are two slender volumes, well-read to judge by the thumb-marks, which tell a part of the story of the Lindbergh character.

"Why Is Your Country at War and What Happens to You After the War, and Related Subjects" is the cumbersome title of the father's volume, published in 1917. When the levees of peace gave way and the World War rushed over the United States, Lindbergh was a Republican member of Congress from Minnesota. He had been in Congress since 1907, with a clear and courageous record all through those ten years, consistently on the side of the Farmer-Labor group, consistently against what he termed the Money Trust and the war-for-profit group.

As early as December, 1915, Lindbergh warned the President: "Speculations and loans in foreign fields are likely to bring us into the war." On July 15, 1916, he spoke of himself as "inspired by the logic, eloquence, and candor of La Follette." "I believe that I am as patriotic as any one," he said. "To be that implies bias in favor of my own country." And then followed the "buts," his pacifist, pro-labor conscience speaking out, though in the minority: "The war-for-profit group has counterfeited patriotism." "There is a fourth group, the profiteers of peace, the patrioteers of war, who busy themselves with the other three groups [farmer, wage-earner, business man], exploiting them." And finally "Peace with universal victory and no defeat is what we must get out of this war; not as a logical result of war, but as a sequence to the absurdity of war."

Lindbergh was attacked for these pacifist proletarian opinions, naturally. And for saying: "We have been dragged into the war by the intrigue of the speculators." In June, 1918, the Chicago *Tribune* staff writer, Arthur M. Evans, wrote of his book: "The reader looks instinctively to see if it bears a German copyright. It doesn't, but it contains many choice morsels of thought that might be gobbled with relish in Potsdam." The *Tribune's* Washington correspondent telegraphed a report of an attack made by Representative Miller in which Lindbergh was declared "because of the attacks which he has made upon the American government, a friend of the Kaiser."

In Congressman Lindbergh's book there is a delightful frontispiece—the two Lindberghs, senior and junior, both very clean and Swedish-looking, the father thoughtfully and courageously sitting for his picture, while young Charles—the world's young Charles now—a little boy of ten or so, seriously and proudly stands beside his dad.

Lindbergh's second book, "The Economic Pinch" (Dorrance, Philadelphia, 1923), was written with a pen dipped in hatred—hatred of the so-called Money Trust and of the profiteers who according to his conviction had kept the United States from becoming a leader among nations. The book seethes with his contempt for those who profiteer at the expense of many. His Congressional record showed him fighting the Esch-Cummins Act, the Federal Reserve Act, and instigating the Money Trust Investigation, and the same economic-political background looms large in his book.

Today, as he was a few years ago, Lindbergh's father would be called Radical, Red, even Bolshevik.

Young Charles is too much a son of his father, we believe, to mind. He will take his victor's crown on his fair head with a smile; he will be decorated by kings and he will chat with princes; he will even come home on a triumphant warship (whose construction his father fought)—unspoiled. It may be that he will be a flier all his life, a doer of deeds; or it may be that after maturity his broad wings may weary of the empty air-lanes, and he may turn, following his father, to a new but not less spectacular flight in the realm of ideas. For only by the flights of those who are far ahead of the majority is progress in human relations achieved. And liberal leaders of courage and intelligence are almost as rare as trans-Atlantic fliers.

Voting Red in Austria

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

Vienna, May 14

TO see a brisk, cosmopolitan city plastered with signs Vote Red, varied with big posters showing a red man with his arms stretched out toward you, must have jarred the complacent American tourists in Vienna during the election campaign in April. It was unlike any campaign back home. Red signs everywhere—"Vote Social Democratic." Red movies displayed every evening from a high building opposite the Opera. Red meetings; red processions; red handbills; red sky-writing by aeroplane. In New York they would have called out the militia. In Vienna the militia is red, too.

And in Austria the redness of Social Democracy is the brightest Socialist red in Europe. Talk to any Socialist critically of the impotence of the Socialist movement, and he will cite Vienna in rebuttal. He is right. It is different—militant, revolutionary in feeling, practical in achievement. It has left Communism without an appeal. Socialist Vienna is what its enemies call it, "a red island" in the capitalist sea.

The result in terms of election figures in state and cities shows a Socialist gain of three seats in Parliament—two coming from Vienna, where the fight was hardest—and a cut in the government majority to five. An opposition Land Party increased its vote from five to nine, and it is this group that the government must win over for a safe margin of support. The Socialist vote in all Austria is over 40 per cent of the total, and in Vienna over 62 per cent. The increase over four years ago was about 7 per cent, with 10 per cent more necessary for a majority. As the Socialists largely control the industrial district, the fight of the future is for the villages and the peasantry. The Tyrol for the first time showed Socialist gains. The system of proportional representation has tended to help the Socialist ticket, for it wins more seats on "residue" votes than the other parties.

Can Socialism win a majority and form a government? What will it do if it does? What does this bitterest of all campaigns in Austrian history mean? Why is Austria today the one country in Europe freest from repression, and yet in the midst of battle over vital issues? I can answer only from brief observation at political meetings, conversations in the heat of election days with all sides, and my rather labored reading of the press. On all sides I was conscious of an exceptionally courageous, intelligent, and driving organism in the Social Democratic Party, with a freshness and youthful vigor not found elsewhere among European Socialists.

The Social Democratic Party was on the defensive in Vienna. The struggle of the campaign was for the "mastery of Vienna," the stronghold of Socialism, though I did not find anyone rash enough to expect the defeat of a party with an overwhelming majority in the city council. The Christian Socialists who control the national government (being neither Christian nor Socialist) hoped to cut Socialist representation in Parliament and to deprive them of their three-fourths majority in the Vienna council, with legal powers much greater than a mere majority. To do it, they formed a "United List" ticket of the conservative parties. They attacked even the personal lives of Socialist leaders, raised the Bolshevik bogy, and charged extravagance, graft, and corruption in the multitude of welfare activities of the Socialist city government, in the great housing enterprises, and in fiscal administration. The Socialists hit back with charges against the national government. A Finance Minister fled to Cuba. Others were implicated. Mud-slinging to a degree unprecedented in Austrian elections marked the campaign, which was everywhere characterized as "American"! But this had little effect on the result. It was incidental to the real issues on which the campaign was fought. They concerned primarily the Socialist protection of tenants against landlords, the city housing enterprise, and the high taxes in Vienna on the luxuries of the well-to-do. The city finance commissioner, author of these taxes, was the special object of attack, but he emerged from the campaign with increased popularity.

At bottom it was clearly a class struggle, waged to protect the results of the 1918 revolution and to increase working-class power in opposition to the middle class and the more prosperous peasantry which support the present government. In the political meetings this line-up was clear. Working-class enthusiasm and determination marked the Socialist gatherings. The government meetings were much less spirited, labored, heavy—in a word, middle-class. I heard Otto Bauer, the leader of Austrian Socialism, speak, expecting the usual campaign promises, platitudes, vilifications, and claims to achievement. Instead he painted a vivid picture of the thirty-eight-year struggle of Socialism in Austria, analyzed its present position, and made it plain that whatever had been done was only a step on the road they were traveling to complete socialization. No truckling for middle-class votes; no trimming the issues for fear of being too extreme. Social revolution is the object—a peaceful, parliamentary revolution, to be sure, but essentially revolution.

Of course, you can hear Socialists talking about revolution almost anywhere, but there is a different ring to the discussion in Austria. There they push ahead further than any other Socialist Party. The test of their genuineness is the insignificance of the Communist Party. It has not, and never has had, a single member in Parliament or in the Vienna city council. Its vote in Vienna was 1 per cent of the Socialist vote. Its vote in the country was smaller. It has steadily declined since the revolutionary days of working-class ascendancy in 1919 and 1920, before the reaction set in with Allied control, and after all hope of a workers' dictatorship vanished in the defeat of the Hungarian workers, the emergence of Fascism, and the consolidation of capitalism. Communism is a weaker force than in any other country in Europe with free elections, and the reason for it is the character of Socialism. One of the leading Socialists said to me: "Communism lives on the faults and mistakes of Socialism. In Austria we have the fewest."

I do not need to point out the difficulties facing those who talk of legal revolutions. The Austrian Socialists are fully aware of them. Although they do not say so, their conduct indicates that a revolutionary period would not

find them sticking to outworn parliamentary methods and ideas of legalism. For the present their program is to hold the achievements so far won, to enlist the peasantry in a country over half agricultural, to maintain at least a balance of class forces to prevent interference with working-class activities, and to push the taxing and welfare program in the red island of Vienna.

Already there is enough balance of power in Austria to make repression impossible. There is not and has not been a single political prisoner worth the name since the troubled days of five years ago. Political meetings are held without police or the "red guard" and their canes, so universal at radical meetings in Europe these days. Vienna is a haven of refuge second only to Paris for political refugees from the adjacent dictatorships. When governments protest at the political activities of refugees and the police attempt to deport them, an appeal to the Socialist burgomaster of Vienna usually results in permission to remain on condition of keeping quiet. The press is entirely free. I heard of only one current free-speech case, and that was for alleged blasphemy. There is no Fascism, no militarism, and only sentimental monarchism. The Roman Catholic state church is, of course, still strong as a conservative influence, especially among the city middle classes. But a majority of the new Parliament is now definitely anti-clerical, with what promise of action nobody ventures publicly to guess.

The economic difficulties of a country reduced by the war from a unit of 56,000,000 to 6,500,000 persons, cut off from former markets and supplies, surrounded by hostile tariff barriers and by intensely nationalist states make it clearer as time goes on that union with Germany is the only solution. The majority of the new Parliament is for it. The peace treaty is against it. The alternative, an economic federation of the Danubian states, looks increasingly remote. The Socialists have been in favor of union with Germany from the days of the revolution, and their stand for that solution, now championed by a large part of the bourgeois parties, contributes to their strength. It is generally recognized, too, that they saved the republic in its days of greatest danger both from monarchists and Communists.

All this sounds perhaps over-optimistic for the future. But today Austria stands out as the one country where Socialism, both in its work in Vienna and in its opposition in the national government, is a fighting force. The Socialist leaders display traits common to politicians the world over. Some of the well-known vote-getting tricks of Tammany Hall are not unknown among them. But on the whole they are a devoted and determined crowd.

Much might be said of the impossibility of Socialism, even with a majority, achieving substantial results in raising the amazingly low wages of Austrian industry, in attacking the stubborn problem of unemployment, in lowering high prices, in extending trade. These are the common problems of all Central Europe today. No detached solution is possible. But Socialism as it works in Austria represents a force leading to solutions that the capitalist system cannot and will not undertake—as the Economic Conference at Geneva makes abundantly clear. In Austria "Voting Red" means business—the workers' business.

What Will Become of the Farmer?

By REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

THE emergency faced by our American agriculture is one which calls for emergency remedies. It is perhaps true that an abolition of tariffs which favor our manufacturing group and operate disadvantageously to farmers would correct the worst artificial handicaps they suffer. So much may be taken for granted since it is a matter by now of almost universal recognition among economists. Failing such a remedy some artificial price-raising of agricultural products would seem only just, and disquisitions on the hardships it might impose on certain persons appear irrelevant. For this reason the continuance of political activity in this direction, even after the first failures of the Farm Bloc, were to have been expected. There were, for instance, several bills offered in Congress during the winter of 1925-1926 which were substantially similar to the McNary-Haugen bill. None of them came nearer to passage than the original measure. But discussion of the issue became so intelligent and the claims of the farmers seemed so just that a considerable public sentiment was aroused in their favor. Some measure of a price-fixing sort seemed much more likely to pass in the near future than at any time in the past.

In the second session of the Sixty-ninth Congress, therefore, it was not surprising to find the Farm Bloc in such an improved position that they succeeded in passing a revised McNary-Haugen bill which, though it displayed some changes from the original act, sought the same ends in much the same way. It declared the policy of Congress to be that of promoting "the orderly marketing" of basic agricultural commodities. To do this it would provide for the "control and disposition of surpluses." A Federal Farm Board was to be set up to administer the act, chosen by the President from among farmer-nominated candidates. The members of the board would have the duty of keeping advised "from any available sources of crop prices, prospects, supply, and demand, at home and abroad, with especial attention to the existence . . . of a surplus of any agricultural commodity or any of its food products."

The enumeration of these "basic agricultural products" included only cotton, wheat, corn, rice, tobacco, and swine. What is notable about such a list is, of course, its restriction. Hay, beef products, dairy products, potatoes, apples and other fruits, poultry products, all "vegetables," sugar, and other important crops are omitted for no observable reason save a political one, of course. Certainly none of them is permanently in a more favorable position than wheat. Some of them, as apples and milk, are perhaps in a worse one. Extension of the list, however, would under the act require further Congressional action.

So far, then, as these six products are concerned the Farm Board would have to "order" their marketing, a tactful way of saying that it would expect to raise their prices by restricting their supplies. Here there is seen a feature of this legislative attempt which would surely strike a foreigner as curious. He would at once assume, when he had

grasped the idea that farmers are being discriminated against and that a higher price for their goods was wanted, that the mode of procedure would be either to restrict production, thus giving a monopoly advantage in the market, or to give them some sort of a subsidy obtained by taxing more fortunate classes. We can do neither. The federal government has control only over goods in commerce among the States. It cannot enter a State and direct its citizens to produce. Nor can it tax one class in the community to the advantage of others—at least not directly. Congress had therefore to meet its problem in abnormal and indirect ways, approaching always the limits set by the Constitution, yet endeavoring to keep within them. It therefore avoided the use of any phrase which suggested special taxes, the fixing of prices, or the controlling of production. Nevertheless all these were the objects the Farm Bloc sought.

We need to notice three mechanisms in particular which were written into the bill: (1) Stabilization funds, (2) equalization fees, and (3) the "agreements," to be made through farmers' cooperatives wherever they existed, through which the policy of "surplus control" would be carried out. The first of these showed a continued adherence to the idea that there should exist a stable relation between agricultural and other prices. By "stabilization" it was not expected to stop general price fluctuations, but only to keep the prices of the controlled commodities exactly in tune with general movements. This is because farmers lose more than they gain from long-run, cyclical changes in price levels. Equalization fees are the taxes laid on the commodities to make up the equalization funds. Congress, under the bill, would have set up a $250,000,000 revolving fund to support the equalization fund at first. The funds were to be used to carry out the "insurance of prices" for the organizations of farmers with whom agreements are made. These "agreements" are the crux of the matter. The provisions of the act in this respect read as follows:

> During the continuance of such [control] operations, in any basic agricultural commodity, the board is authorized to enter into agreements . . . with any cooperative association engaged in handling the basic agricultural commodity, or with a corporation created by one or more of such cooperative associations, or with processors of the basic agricultural commodity. Such agreements may provide for (1) removing or disposing of any surplus of the basic agricultural commodity, (2) withholding such surplus, (3) insuring such commodity against undue and excessive fluctuations in market conditions, and (4) financing the purchase, storage, or sale, or other disposition of the commodity.

It was by this means that the legislators hoped to avoid unconstitutionality on the one hand and to gain relief for the farmers on the other. The bill passed both houses of Congress. It was, however, vetoed by the President who stated his reasons in a lengthy veto message.

The veto message attacked the bill on three main grounds: (1) Its constitutionality, (2) the probable efficiency of its operation, and (3) the soundness of the policy it sought to carry out. As to its constitutionality, this was attacked on four grounds in an appended report of the Attorney General: (1) Because it limited the Presidential appointive power, (2) because it was an undue extension of delegated powers by Congress, (3) because it was a price-fixing act rather badly concealed, and (4) because the equalization fee would result in the taking of property, without due process of law, from some to assist others.

As to the soundness of these arguments the legislators are entitled to an opinion as well as the Attorney General. It would be interesting to discover the opinion of the Supreme Court which would settle the matter. The first two objections would be as pertinent to other laws such as the Federal Reserve Act; the last is a routine objection always adduced to unpalatable property laws. The important objection is the price-fixing one. There can be no question that the bill was intended to influence prices. If it did not do that it would accomplish none of its avowed objects. But whether the Farm Bloc had discovered a way of doing this which would seem to the Supreme Court permissible was the most interesting question.

The President felt, aside from the matter of constitutionality, that the bill was inexpedient because (1) it would impose burdens on many to benefit a few, (2) it would build up an unwieldy bureaucracy with a difficult administrative problem, and (3) it would defeat its own purpose by stimulating the production of commodities at the very time when their supply should be limited. In much of the contemporary discussion there was admitted to be cogency in this last objection, especially since the operation of the act was restricted to only six of our many crops. If it had covered all of them, shifting from one to another would not be possible. Of course a total increase in agricultural produce might result, and if it did, farmers as a whole would be worse off than ever, provided they had done nothing to reduce their costs. The only way in which they could possibly benefit ultimately would be not from inflated prices but from continual payments out of the stabilization fund. But this was not intended to be supported from the public treasury, except as a revolving fund originally provided. If it were found that the board could continue to dump abroad enough, even of increased crops, to restrict supply here and so increase domestic prices, then the argument of the veto message would not hold. Now, a belief that this could be done has always been a main dependence of the Bloc's legislative efforts, even in the first formulations of policy. The President refers to this possibility, but feels that "with such increased surpluses dumped from the United States on to foreign markets, the world prices will be broken down and with them American prices, upon which the premium is based, will likewise be lowered to the point of complete disaster to American farmers." This is, at best, a matter of conjecture.

It seems only fair to infer that the veto message proceeded rather from preconceptions of what general economic policies are best than from any desire to assist in the solution of our agricultural problem. When its last paragraphs are reached, this appears very clearly: "The main policy of this bill is an entire reversal of what has been heretofore thought (*sic*) to be sound. Instead of undertaking to secure a method of orderly marketing which will dispose of products at a profit, it proposes to dispose of them at a loss. It runs counter to the principle of conservation, which would require us to produce only what can be done at a profit, not to waste our own soil and resources producing what is to be sold at a loss to us for the benefit of the foreign consumer." This is doubtless true. Indeed, many of the Bloc leaders have admitted as much. But it is no more true for farmers than for industrialists, who, these leaders say, are permitted this same anti-conservation policy. The President does not admit this fundamental inconsistency. He goes on to say that the policies contemplated by the measure also "run counter to the well-considered principle that a healthy eco-

nomic condition is best maintained through a free play of competition." Here again he is simply subscribing to a doctrine, not arguing from facts. It is true, as he says, that "for many generations such practices (as restraint of trade) have been denounced by law as repugnant to the public welfare." But this overlooks the growing opinion among statesmen that free competition fails in just such crucial tests as are here applied. Specifically it allows agriculture, as one who looks may see, to degenerate in precisely the ways it should not have done if the justification of competition as the life of trade were sound.

What really fails to be recognized in all this discussion is the fact that agriculture is ailing in a chronic way as other industries are not. It seems unlikely that the removal of the tariffs which favor manufacture would affect many industries at all, except for the wiping out of certain superprofits which they now enjoy. Certain readjustments would, of course, take place, all of which cannot be foreseen. But no wholesale reorganization would occur. And this would be because America has by far the most efficient industrial machine in the world. That farming needs such a stimulus to keep it in existence at all—as is claimed by the proponents of price legislation—shows the probability of difficulties which go deeper and which would not be touched by price-fixing. These are of the sort which are involved in the fundamental fact that farming has advanced in technique far less rapidly than other crafts.

It may well be that farming as a way of life is doomed. There is a good deal of truth in what is said, for instance, by Henry Ford—that farming as it is usually tried on is not an industry which ought to be allowed to live. According to him there are only thirty to sixty days of genuine effort needed on a well-managed farm during the year. Why, he asks, should we pay a farmer a year's wages for doing two months' work and pottering about the rest of the year? His method of solving the difficulty, which he has put into practice in a small way, is to correlate farming with manufacturing and to use the otherwise largely wasted time of farmers at really productive tasks.

However we ultimately move, the economist must admit that farming as it is carried on at present cannot long continue to exist. The farmer is industrially so weak that his productivity remains low; and he is so poorly organized that stronger classes continually find him ineffective in bargaining. Everything goes against him. So we see the farms being drained of men, only the poorest stock remaining; we see farms being abandoned; we see production being reduced to a point which, in view of our national growth, becomes positively dangerous. Finally we must admit the choice of permitting this degeneration, or of formulating policies which will cause agriculture to develop normally as a part of the national economy as, of course, ultimately it must—for we have not learned to get along without food or raw materials. What at present seems most likely to occur is the forcing of the issue by the ever-active Farm Bloc in such a way that a choice will have to be made between the abandonment of protection to manufacturers and the extension of the protective system to farmers through the instrumentality of some such measure as the McNary-Haugen bill. The strength and strategic situation of the Farm Bloc are such that it seems unlikely that it can be fought off much longer. Its remedy, however, is temporary and artificial. It is even more inevitable that in the long run fundamental changes must take place in agriculture itself. Either it must be allied with industry and run as supplementary to it or it must be so reorganized as to avail itself of the efficiencies which, in our day, are revolutionizing the manufacturing arts. Perhaps it will come to large-scale operation with fewer proprietors and more laborers working under direction. Or, perhaps, what most students hope but scarcely expect, farmers will learn the lessons of cooperation so thoroughly that they can retain what so precious in country life by sacrificing what is inefficient and obstructive.

The Third Degree and Crime

By A. C. SEDGWICK

WHAT happens in the detective bureau is nobody's business but the policeman's. But once I happened to be in a downtown police station when some detectives brought in four prisoners whom they had captured after a hold-up. One of them had been shot several times in the back of the neck. The blood poured down from his wounds in rivulets. He groaned, sobbed, and denied everything to a group of uniformed policemen who had gathered around him as he sat on a bench in the back room. An ambulance doctor came in later and took him to the hospital, where he died.

The other three men, dapper in cheap clothing, with dumb, roving eyes, were ushered into the detective bureau, a small room with two desks and chairs, by the big-jowled detectives who had captured them. Other detectives followed. They could not miss the show. I was a young police reporter, full of enthusiasm. I, too, wanted to see the show. On account of the unusual excitement I made my way into the bureau unnoticed. The door closed. I was in the room in all about five minutes.

The newspapers latesaid the three men were questioned and admitted not o what they were caught doing but all sorts of "stick-upsin the last six months. They admitted everything with hich the detectives charged them.

Here in this little room questioning and answering take place. The prisoners st in a row. They are turning their hats around in thenands nervously. They look at their inquisitors, now at ss, now defiant. They say the revolvers found in their were not theirs—they do not know how they came to bere. Perhaps a good lawyer could have disproved posson of the guns. But this little court, like every other li court in the eighty-odd police stations in Greater New k, knows no counsel for the defense. Justice is the polhen's business here, and so is punishment.

The detectives must have alean" confession. They know the prisoners shot at thin the chase which followed the hold-up. They think same men did the "jobs" which are still on their books ansolved. They "have the

goods on them," but the men refuse to talk. The detectives must make them talk—must "go to work on 'em" till they do.

One detective takes a piece of rubber hose, which is part of the equipment of the detective bureau and is favored for use because it leaves no marks. Another takes out his black-jack. Others grab anything—black-jacks, revolvers, night-sticks. "I seen you before," bawls a detective. "No, sir," the prisoner answers. The detective strikes him. This is the signal. The "shellacin' " has started. Blow after blow from the rubber hose, black-jacks, and night-sticks. The prisoners fall to the floor. The blood pours from their faces. They spit and cough blood. The detectives, still in a white rage, look at them. The door opens. A young policeman in uniform pokes his head in. "You fellers is easy with 'em," he says. "Is that so?" roars a detective and kicks a prisoner in the face, pulls him to his feet, props him against the desk, then with the butt end of his revolver makes a gash in his head. The three prisoners go to the hospital.

If it were asked of any official source what happened to these men it would be said that they received their injuries resisting arrest, or perhaps that the "sidewalk come up and hit 'em." Policemen are supposed to use only that force which is necessary in the effecting of an arrest. But force, third-degree methods are necessary, the policeman believes, necessary to himself especially, for by beating a prisoner he is not only showing his authority but he has a chance to get from the prisoner confessions which may win him publicity and promotion. The third degree is known to all who have associated with policemen, but it is one of those things which is winked at and tolerated. Who can prove to a judge that a prisoner has fallen victim to violence in a police station when all the witnesses are policemen?

Once in a while someone who is neither a crook nor a policeman learns of what goes on in this little court and torture chamber. The well-meaning sentimentalist decries it, weeps over it, makes a plea to the police commissioner, perhaps, or refuses to sit on a jury in a criminal case, believing the prisoner has been driven through force to a confession by the arresting detectives. The hard-boiled law-and-order specialist says the crooks deserve all the punishment the police can give them. The criminologist says there is nothing to be done for the criminal but glandular adjustment and psychoanalysis. And all the while the big detective who knows the crook is a "rat" solves the problem by giving him the lumps." It must be added: What joy he takes in it!

The detective is not the man-hunter of fiction. As a general rule, he is a man of neither superior knowledge nor cunning. He differs from the truck-driver and the pianomover only in one respect. He is clothed with authority. He has no greater knowledge than his supposed lesser brethren—no greater learning, though he would pretend to have. The detective's main chance for success lies in his acquaintance with characters of the underworld. He must know the low dives, "gin-mills," and poolrooms in his district, not only because the crooks hang out in such places but because it is there he makes the acquaintance of men who may be valuable as stool pigeons. The greater the familiarity with low life, the more proficient the detective. Society expects the detective to be proficient in his front-line work of combating crime.

Those three men who were brought into the downtown police station and given their "shellacin' " were caught red-handed. With the aid of a shyster, schooled in legal loopholes, the three of them might have got away scot-free had a jury and judge alone decided their fate. Although the law forbids it, the treatment they received from the detectives may act as a warning to other offenders. But criminals are seldom caught red-handed. Most arrests are made after a tip to the police by stool-pigeons. Stool-pigeons are pointers and spies. They have taken to "squealing" on their brothers to insure better treatment for themselves at the hands of the detectives. They are often paid betrayers. They are too degraded to hold the truth. They give hearsay as information. It is to their advantage to lie. As the detectives nearly always work on information given them by stool-pigeons, they are all too likely to convict innocent persons in their little court in the police station. And besides, since the detective's job depends on his accomplishment, it is a temptation to convict one whom he merely suspects and to extort a confession at any price.

Often the detectives "give out the lumps" because of a personal grudge, due perhaps to race prejudice. "You Guinea. . . . You Jew . . .," they bawl out. After each epithet comes a blow with a rubber hose. If it is not nationality it may be manner of speech or personal appearance. "I didn't like the color of his eyes," I heard a detective say once, "so I made 'em black."

The police abuse the right they have assumed to hold court and to punish. By the practice they show themselves to be without justice. Also they make a great practical error. Policemen, by virtue of their own methods, appear to the underworld as a bad lot, as bad as any crooks. As representatives of law and guardians of society they instil into the class of offenders contempt of law and hatred for society. The crooks believe them no different from themselves; they just happen to be on the other side of the fence.

In the Driftway

IS noise a danger to health and life? The Drifter thinks it is. Indeed he is so much of a crank on the subject as to believe noise to be as great an evil as impure water, dirty milk, or bad sewage. Naturally, therefore, he is pleased when the Health Commissioner of New York City, Dr. Louis I. Harris, issues a blast against the noise of riveting in the construction of steel-frame buildings. But though agreeing in principle, as the diplomatists say, the Drifter is not sanguine that anything will come of Dr. Harris's protest. Dr. Harris is a public official busy with many chores and, unlike the Drifter, is probably not enough of a crank in regard to noise to keep everlastingly after it until he accomplishes something. The newspapers seem to have established that riveting is unnecessary—that electric welding, a noiseless process, would do as well. But there are many men whose capital and business experience are tied up in riveting; there are numerous others who make their daily living by doing it. The Drifter questions if public feeling against noise is sufficiently aroused to overcome this influence—unless electric welding can be demonstrated to be cheaper.

* * * * *

THAT the public at large not only does not object to noise but positively revels in it can hardly be doubted. Most of us are still children in that when we are especially happy—and often when we aren't—we can't think of anything to do about it but shout or bang on a tin pan. Our

cities are built and conducted without the slightest conception that noise is devastating to thought, temper, peace of mind, and health. Day and night our ears are filled with a banging, whanging, clanging racket, a tooting, yelling, yipping babel, most of which is unnecessary. The drilling machine—with which excavations are made and pavements uprooted—is as bad as the riveting hammer. Worst and most general of all is the automobile horn. Although the Drifter is opposed to capital punishment for such a trifling offense—if not a national pastime—as murder, he would retain the death penalty for any car-driver who uses his horn as a signal from the street to somebody inside a house; also for all those Nervous Nellies who when caught in a traffic jam work off their impatience by starting a honking chorus. In fact the Drifter would abolish the automobile horn altogether in the interest of greater safety as well as of less noise. Since the law never authorizes a car-driver to honk a pedestrian or a slower vehicle out of the way, the man at the wheel could complain of no injustice and he would inevitably have to drive more slowly or be put to the continual annoyance of getting out and disentangling bodies from his front wheels. If it be objected that the horn is a useful signal between two cars at crossings or curves, the Drifter retorts that it wouldn't be necessary if drivers observed the rules in regard to right of way and stuck to their own sides of the roads.

* * * * *

STILL the Drifter doubts if he will live to see the automobile horn abolished or our cities appreciably quieter. His one hope is that as he grows older he may become deaf. To phrase it according to the modern cant, the public is not noise conscious. Years ago Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, a resident of Riverside Drive, New York City, started a crusade to reduce the unnecessary whistling of boats on the Hudson River. She deserved a monument, but she got the merry ha-ha. Some day, decades hence, we shall have practically noiseless cities. But no credit will go to Mrs. Rice, Dr. Harris, or the Drifter. The glory will fall to some later-day smart Alec who joins the crusade after the public becomes noise conscious. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Democracy in the Unions

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have read with interest Mr. Benjamin Stolberg's article in your May 4 number dealing with the present unfortunate dispute in the Cloakmakers' Union. As a group concerned with the question of democracy in trade unions, we wish to point out that this important issue, which lies at the heart of the dispute, is practically ignored by Mr. Stolberg.

Mr. Stolberg takes the position that the expulsion of the New York Joint Board was the result of the conduct of the general strike of the cloakmakers. We understand that the expulsions can be traced directly to the demand of the rank and file for greater democratization of the union. It is a matter of common knowledge that in the summer of 1925 the rank and file of the union pushed the question of "proportional representation" to the fore, and President Sigman was ordered by the emergency convention, held in Philadelphia in December, 1925, to submit the question to a referendum of the membership within six months. Although a year and a half has elapsed, this has not yet been done. It would seem that the present expulsions and the reorganization of the Joint Board and the four locals are an attempt on the part of President Sigman to avoid this referendum.

In view of the significance of this struggle to the general labor movement we feel that it is unfortunate that Mr. Stolberg neglected this aspect of the situation to raise the outworn alarm of communism. We wish to register here a protest against the expulsion of members of any labor union for opposition sentiment. If the policy is upheld we can see only disintegration for the American labor movement, since expelled workers must either become scabs or be forced out of the industry altogether.

New York, May 6 ROBERT W. DUNN, PAXTON HIBBEN,
H. W. L. DANA, HELEN BLACK,
ANN WASHINGTON CRATON,
For the Committee on Democracy in Trade Unions

Strike Finances

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my article on The Collapse of the Needle Trades in *The Nation* of May 4, in which I dealt largely with the strike of the cloakmakers in New York City in 1926, I said: "Previous strikes in the industry have cost from 50 per cent to 200 per cent cheaper." Obviously nothing can cost "200 per cent cheaper."

To avoid controversy I wish to make a correction in the form of a table of the larger strike and lay-off expenditures in the International Ladies Garment Workers Union during the last decade.

General strike, 1916.....	16	weeks—45,000 workers—	$ 597,760.62
General strike, 1919.....	9	weeks—45,000 workers—	145,145.74
Lockout, 1921-22.....	20	weeks—40,000 workers—	1,037,593.57
Stoppage, 1924...(officially)	6	weeks—40,000 workers—	493,417.17
Cloakmakers' strike, 1926..	17	weeks—33,000 workers—	3,500,000.00

This last figure is putative, for no true account of expenditures was kept. During the first two weeks after the strike settlement strike benefits are usually paid. Of course, both the cost of living and the cost of fighting has steadily increased since 1916. These figures were obtained from the chief auditor of the I. L. G. W. U. All these figures were properly audited except the last one.

The Lefts make much ado about the joint responsibility of both sides in the conduct, especially the financial conduct, of the strike. Four Right-Wing chairmen were in charge of four expensive committees. The truth is that these four Right-Wing officials were forced to play a purely nominal part. And their willingness, especially toward the end of the strike, to play such a part for political reasons, does not change the fact that the strike was run by the Left Joint Board.

New York, May 10 BENJAMIN STOLBERG

The Left Wing Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Mr. Benjamin Stolberg's article on the needle-trades situation in your issue of May 4 I find serious inaccuracies which I feel ought to be pointed out to the readers of *The Nation*, many of whom are greatly interested in the outcome of the present struggle. Mr. Stolberg seems to have been misinformed as to the calling of the recent general strike of cloakmakers, its finances and management, its gains for the workers, and as to the outcome of the present dispute within the union.

The demands for which the strike was fought were formulated by President Sigman and his associates in 1924, more than a year before the present Left-Wing administration in the Joint Board came into power. The membership voted to strike for the demands in that year. Instead of carrying out the order to strike, President Sigman presented the demands to a commission named by Governor Smith. When the commission reported, after two years, its terms were such as could not be accepted by the union, as President Sigman himself pointed out in many

speeches and interviews. In an affidavit, sworn to on September 20, 1926, he discussed the commission's findings as follows:

> The recommendations, which undoubtedly are the result of careful and painstaking investigation and of a conscientious effort to remedy some of the evils of the industry, fell considerably short of satisfying the most substantial demands of the workers. Our union, after very careful consideration of the commission's recommendations, reluctantly reached the conclusion that they were *entirely inadequate* to remedy the most crying evils under which the workers suffered. . . . Our union thus found itself forced to declare a strike in order to bring about the necessary improvements in the conditions of the workers.

Mr. Sigman has since reversed himself, in his efforts to find some excuse for getting rid of the opposition to his administration by the time-honored method of expulsion, and Mr. Stolberg has made the mistake of taking Mr. Sigman's contradiction seriously.

In discussing the general management of the strike, Mr. Stolberg's analysis is misleading. Contrary to the practice of the Right Wing, which in past strikes had always excluded Left-Wing leaders from strike committees, four of the most important of the eight committees were placed in the hands of Right-Wing leaders. These were the finance, settlement, law, and out-of-town committees.

Mr. Stolberg's sweeping statement that "Never in the history of American labor has a strike been more incompetently, irresponsibly, and wastefully managed," is both ridiculous and untrue. A casual examination of the facts is sufficient to show that the strike, which lasted twenty-four weeks, was proportionately no more expensive than other needle-trades strikes, and indeed, more economical than most. To give only one instance, the International spent a half million dollars on the stoppage of 1924, which officially lasted only two weeks—the strike of 1926 therefore spent only seven times as much for a period twelve times as long.

Mr. Stolberg's figures omit the expenditure of $476,000 by the Out-of-Town Committee, headed by J. Halperin of the Right Wing. This amount, added to the $302,378 spent by the Law Committee, headed by Joseph Fish, also of the Right Wing, accounts for $778,379 of the strike funds, or about twice as much as was spent by the three committees (picket, hall, and organization), headed by Left-Wing chairmen, whose total expenditure was $392,982. Mr. Stolberg notes that "only $1,500,000," or half of the entire funds, was spent for strike benefit, but fails to discover that of the total strike funds only about one-seventh was in the hands of members of the Left Wing at all.

Furthermore, all of the finances of the strike were under the control of a Finance Committee, headed by Abraham Baroff, secretary-treasurer of the International, all disbursements were made by Joseph Fish, a member of the Right Wing, and all financial reports were regularly audited by Mr. Sigman's accountants and approved by the General Strike Committee, of which Mr. Sigman was a member.

In discussing the gains to the workers, Mr. Stolberg has minimized them in most instances. He states that the workers received some increases in wages above those recommended by the Governor's commission, but that these affect "only about 800 out of 7,000 workers." As a matter of fact, the agreement made by the Joint Board with the employers obtained increases of from $1 to $4 above those recommended by the commission *in every craft.*

Mr. Stolberg's summary of the situation is that "the Sigman administration won." This is manifestly untrue. If President Sigman has won, why do thousands of cloak and dressmakers flock to the mass meetings and pay their dues to the Joint Board? And why does President Sigman still refuse to allow the members to hold elections? Why does he still delay the referendum to decide the question of proportional representation, which he was ordered to carry out within six months of the 1925 convention? Although he makes a passing reference to the question of proportional representation, Mr. Stolberg entirely fails to understand its significance as the real cause of the present struggle, just as he fails to note that this struggle is a continuation of the 1925 fight for that principle.

President Sigman's administration is kept in power by a "rotten-borough" system of representation to the convention that elects him. When the Left Wing defeated him in 1925 he was forced to promise a reform, and at the convention agreed to submit a plan of representation to the membership. Two courses were then open to him—to carry out the referendum, which in all probability would cause the overthrow of his administration, or to attempt to discredit the Left-Wing leaders who had led the movement for proportional representation. He chose the latter course. He has stated publicly that he will not allow the referendum to be held until "peace" has been restored. If the "Reds" can be eliminated, President Sigman probably will have nothing to fear from a referendum, democracy within the union can be avoided for another few years, and the bureaucracy will continue to flourish.

New York, May 8 LOUIS HYMAN,
Manager, the Joint Board of Cloak, Skirt, Dress, and Reefer Makers' Unions

Fair Words

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Benjamin Stolberg's series of articles on the situation in the needle trades is a study of great value, and I should like to thank him for writing it and you for publishing it.

There are certain conclusions I should like to emphasize.

1. To an amazingly small degree has there been any difference of principle between Lefts and Rights in the New York needle-trade fight. Left and Right slogans and banners were convenient rallying points or, to drop the figure, were convenient rationalizations for quarrels over personal animosities and ambitions and questions of local tactics. Both in the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and in the Furriers the Lefts went in as reformers to clean house rather than as revolutionaries to set up a dictatorship of the proletariat beginning in the needle trades. It cannot be said that in many aspects of the struggle questions of philosophy—Socialist, Communist, or American Federation of Labor—were really involved.

2. Nevertheless, the serious mismanagement of affairs—to use no harsher word—in the furriers' and the garment workers' unions must reflect with severity upon the Communist Party, which claims to keep a rigorous discipline over its members and to assume a responsibility for their behavior which no other party or group has ever claimed. The Communist leaders of the furriers' and cloakmakers' strikes did not, it is true, discover any brand-new principles in their use or misuse of money for unsavory purposes. They did go back on their own pledges of reform with cynical and appalling completeness. Moreover, the improper use of funds for gangsters, fixers, police, etc., rarely if ever, got so little results in terms of immediate success.

3. Not only in the needle trades in New York but in the labor movement at large it is of the utmost importance that factional quarrels should give way to reconstruction of the movement and reassertion of its genuine ideals. In such a forward movement in the ranks of labor there is a type of Communist energy and devotion, manifest in Passaic if not in New York, which has its place. But it is difficult to ask the unions to recognize this fact so long as the Communist Party claims the right to control by rigid discipline the actions of Communist members or officials of labor unions in the affairs of the unions.

Such considerations as these are of primary importance to the workers themselves, but they ought also to be of some concern to certain liberals and radicals who hastily assume that because the Rights have been wrong at a number of points therefore the Lefts must be right. (No pun is intended!)

New York, May 17 NORMAN THOMAS

Another Explanation of "Big Bill" Thompson

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your article on the recent Chicago election was splendid, but the writer neglected one important factor. Dever was elected mayor four years ago on a straight "immediate municipal ownership and operation of street cars" platform.

Immediately after his election he repudiated his pledges and fought against this principle continuously. Under the circumstances sincere believers in municipal ownership were forced to repudiate him and, having no other choice, to support Thompson.

Chicago, May 6 E. D. Loewenthal

Catholics in High Office

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am interested in current United States politics, and especially in the political maneuvers centering about the coming Presidential election. The people of the United States call their country the land of liberty and freedom, yet discussion is rife over the possible nomination and election of Governor Alfred Smith, a Roman Catholic. Why all the worry? Let Americans look at the example of Canada. We have had two Catholic Premiers: Sir John Thompson and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The great Sir Wilfrid, although a Roman Catholic, was a true progressive and in nowise subservient to the church. Just read the history of the Manitoba school act!

Saskatoon, Canada, April 23 E. Kreutzweiser

Barnard Graduates' Jobs

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I correct a statement in a recent paragraph in *The Nation* regarding the occupations of the 1926 graduating class of Barnard College? You stated that there were 140 graduates and that none of these were married. As a matter of fact, the *Barnard Bulletin*, from which you undoubtedly copied the statement, omitted from the list the graduates who were married and those who were not working. I am giving below the correct figures:

Class of 1926	223
Married	17
Working	133
Studying	67
No information or unoccupied	6

Of those listed as either working or studying, 27 are doing both; of the married graduates, 6 are working and 2 studying.

New York, May 9 Mary V. Libby,
Assistant to the Dean of Barnard College

Why Cars Kill

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of your correspondents writes: "If Mr. Ford should reduce the speed of his cars, competitors would eat right into his business."

This is a very dreadful insinuation. It implies that Mr. Ford would rather continue to support a speed which is causing the death of twenty-five thousand human beings annually in the United States than suffer a diminution of his profits. I think better of Mr. Ford: that gentleman has the reputation of being an unusually humane and conscientious man.

Your correspondent continues: "If Mr. Ford should induce the leading automobile men of this country to set a speed limit—what would stop those who want speed from buying foreign cars?" Foreign intoxicants have been excluded from this country, and why not foreign automobiles? If the automobile manufacturers of the United States were to get together to reduce the speed of automobiles to a safe and reasonable limit (for the preservation of human life) I am confident that the United States Government could be trusted to come to their assistance, by increasing the duty upon foreign automobiles to a point at which their importation into America would become unprofitable, or, even, by excluding them altogether. Our automobiles would then have the home market entirely to themselves, and that market takes 80 per cent of the output of the entire world.

As an alternative to this solution of the speed question, I propose a federal law, prohibiting the manufacture of automobiles capable of attaining a speed dangerous to human life. Such a law should have been passed twenty years ago: hundreds of thousands of human lives would then have been spared; and millions of men, women, and children, who are now cripples for life, would be sound and well.

Colorado Springs, Col., April 3 Bertrand Shadwell

Porto Rico's Delegate

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of April 13 Roger Baldwin says that none of the United States colonies was represented in the Congress Against Colonial Oppression and Imperialism, held in Brussels in February last.

Porto Rico, however, was represented there by Dr. José Vasconcelos, former Minister of Education of Mexico, who had credentials from the Nationalist Party of Porto Rico. Dr. Vasconcelos, as our delegate, presented a resolution demanding cooperation for the immediate and absolute independence of our country.

San Juan, P. R., May 18 Federico Acosta Velarde,
President, Partido Nacionalista de Puerto Rico

See pages iii, iv, *and* v

Contributors to This Issue

Margaret S. Ernst was formerly an editor of the *Double Dealer* and on the staff of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*.

Roger N. Baldwin, director of the American Civil Liberties Union, is now in Europe on various missions.

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A. J. M. Smith is a Canadian poet.

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Joseph Jastrow, author of many works in psychology, is a frequent reviewer for *The Nation*.

Hartley Alexander, author of "Manito Masks: Dramatization with Music of American Indian Spirit Legends," is professor of philosophy at the University of Nebraska.

Roy Temple House, of the University of Oklahoma, is editor-in-chief of *Books Abroad*, a new magazine designed to distribute information concerning book publications of Germany, France, Italy, the South American republics, and other countries.

J. D. Clarkson is a member of the department of history at the College of the City of New York.

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Books and Plays

Shadows There Are

By A. J. M. SMITH

Shadows there are, but shadows such as these
Are shadows only in the mortal mind
Blown by the spirit, or the spirit's wind.

Yet shadows I have seen, of me deemed deeper,
That backed on nothing in the horrid air,

And try as try I cannot limn the form
That some of them assume where I shall pass.
They grow transparent, and as sharp, as glass.

The Map of Places

By LAURA RIDING

The map of places passes.
The sacredness of paper
Tears with paper.
Land and water where they are
Are only where they were
When words read *here* and *here*
Before ships happened there.

Now on naked names feet stand,
No geographies in the hand.
And paper reads anciently
And ships at sea
Turn round and round.
All is known, all is found.
Feet wither on ghostly ground.
Death meets death everywhere.
Holes in maps look through to nowhere.

Poincaré's Defense

The Memoirs of Raymond Poincaré. Translated and Adapted by Sir George Arthur. Volume I. Doubleday, Page and Company. $5.

BEGINNING with the publication in 1920 of Joseph Caillaux's "Les Responsables" and the following year of Fernand Gouttenoire de Toury's "Poincaré a-t-il voulu la guerre?" there has been a steady stream of books and pamphlets produced in France assaulting the diplomacy of M. Raymond Poincaré from January, 1912, to August, 1914. His assailants have included partisan pamphleteers, distinguished literary figures, eminent scholars, and famous publicists. The more important of these have been, in addition to the two authors mentioned above, Victor Margueritte, Ernest Judet, Alfred Pevet, Alfred Fabre-Luce, Mathias Morhardt, Colonel Converset, Georges Demartial, Gustave Dupin, "Lazare," Armand Charpentier, Grillot de Givry, and René Marchand.

The indictment of Poincaré which has been formulated by his own countrymen may be summarized under the following points:

(1) When he assumed office as Premier and Foreign Minister in 1912 he rejected the German efforts at a *rapprochement*, including the offer of far-reaching autonomy for Alsace-Lorraine; (2) his all-absorbing life passion was the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, which he recognized could be achieved only by war; (3) in November, 1912, he promised Izvolski that in case France was kept informed concerning Russian policies in the Balkans, France would follow Russia into any war which broke out over a Balkan crisis and brought in Germany against Russia; (4) he connived at the recall of the moderate French ambassador to Russia, Georges Louis, and replaced Louis by the incendiaries Delcassé and Paléologue; (5) he cooperated with the Russians in the bribery of the French press in order o induce the French papers to publish material designed to persuade the French people to support the French government in joining Russia in a European war over Balkan issues; (6) he approved the large French loans to Russia in 1912-1913 for the purpose of increasing the Russian army and building strategic railroads from central Russia to the German frontier; (7) he helped to obstruct the Anglo-German accord in 1913 and exercised a powerful part in promoting the Anglo-Russian naval convention in the spring of 1914; (8) he greatly strengthened the Russian militarists while on his visit to St. Petersburg in July, 1914, encouraged them to take a bellicose stand against Austria, and rejected Sir Edward Grey's pacific proposal to the effect that Russia and Austria should avert a crisis by amiable direct conversations; (9) when the great decision had to be made on the night of July 29, 1914, as to whether France would stand for peace or war, he threw the weight of his great personal influence for war at a time when he knew that diplomatic negotiations would in all probability succeed in adjusting the situation without an armed conflict; (10) once he and his clique had made the decision upon war he launched a policy of deceiving the French people as to the facts in the crisis; (11) he cleverly invented a number of diplomatic subterfuges designed to influence not only the French people, but also the public opinion of Italy and England, in order to detach Italy from the Triple Alliance and to bring England into the war on the side of France and Russia.

These serious charges rest for the most part upon the materials revealed through the publication of the Russian documents in the "Livre Noir," the Stieve collection, and the complete "Orange Book." If they are true they prove Poincaré to have been, along with Izvolski, primarily responsible for the diplomatic revolution of 1912-1914 and for deliberately forcing the Austro-Serbian crisis of 1914 into the proportions of a general European conflict. What has M. Raymond Poincaré been able to say in self-defense?

In 1921, in answer to some of his earlier critics, Poincaré composed his "Origines de la guerre," setting forth his version of the diplomacy in 1914. This was thoroughly demolished by a French publicist, writing under the name of "Lazare," in a trenchant work entitled "A l'Origine du mensonge." In the summer of 1925 the editor of *Foreign Affairs* was able to tease out of M. Poincaré a summary article once more attacking his critics, this time especially his American critics. This was published in the above-mentioned periodical in October, 1925, and was immediately riddled by Professor Fay, Judge Bausman, M. Dupin, and the present writer. Undaunted, M. Poincaré made use of the spare time afforded by his political retirement to prepare his official apology, which may run to ten volumes. This work he has had the audacity to entitle "Au Service de la France." Three volumes, covering the period of 1912-1913, were published before his return to public office in the summer of 1926. The volume under review constitutes a translation and slight abridgment of the first volume and the first half of the second volume of the French original.

As Alfred Fabre-Luce says, "Poincaré has contented himself with the effort to conceal highly significant omissions under a luxuriant mass of explanations dealing with wholly secondary issues." He often attempts to refute the deadly criticisms of his French opponents, not by dealing with their specific charges but by invoking irrelevant personalities. Fabre-Luce is dismissed because he was only twenty-six years old when

he wrote his "La Victoire." Victor Margueritte's charges have no validity because Margueritte has not been duly grateful for past political favors from Poincaré and because he was dismissed from the Legion of Honor for writing "La Garçonn." René Marchand's "Livre Noir" and other writings are not to be taken seriously because Marchand was not adequately thankful for Poincaré's aid in getting him established as a reporter in Russia. Ernest Judet's editions of Georges Louis's diary are not to be trusted because Judet was opposed to the aggressive Franco-Russian diplomacy and favored a negotiated peace with Germany At other times, when Poincaré detects a minor error in the works of a critic, he will devote pages to an ostentatiously minute refutation.

In dealing with the basic charges against him Poincaré ignores his own letter of 1912 admitting the ardent German desire for a *rapprochement* with France, and presents the conventional tirade against German aggression and ambitions. He is successful in showing that he was opposed to the outbreak of the Balkan Wars in 1912 and that he preferred not to have a European war start in 1912 or 1913. But this does not in any sense prove that Poincaré and Izvolski were not planning a European war at a later date when France and Russia should be ready. It merely shows that Poincaré had the good sense not to want to precipitate hostilities prematurely.

The section in Poincaré's apology which has been most exploited by the "bitter-enders" is that in which he attempts to prove that he never made his famous promise of November 17, 1912, to aid Russia in the event that an appropriate crisis broke out in the Balkans. No one who honestly compares Izvolski's account of Poincaré's commitment and Poincaré's official version can contend that there is any essential difference in the sense and implications of the two accounts. What Poincaré stressed was that France must be informed as to Russian policy and that Germany must enter the conflict in order to bring in France. The latter was necessary if France was to recover Alsace-Lorraine through her aid of Russia. These two points reveal nothing new: they were repeatedly stressed by Izvolski in his correspondence with Sazonov. We may grant, though Poincaré does not prove it to be a fact, that Sazonov rather than Poincaré took the initiative in demanding the recall of Georges Louis, but the fact is that the chief item in the case against Poincaré at this point is not the recall of Louis but that the firebrands Delcassé and Paléologue were appointed as his successors. With respect to this capital point Poincaré does not even attempt to offer any defense.

The remaining items in the case against Poincaré either are left unchallenged or are not dealt with in this first volume. In the second and third French volumes he admits his part in the bribery of the French press, but tries to represent himself as participating in order to prevent the situation from getting out of hand. As Poincaré cannot be expected to know more at the present time about the crisis of 1914 than he did when he published his "Origines de la guerre" and his *Foreign Affairs* article, it can hardly be believed that he will be able to make a better case for himself in the succeeding volumes than he has in the three thus far published. The publication this spring of Georges Demartial's "L'Evangile du Quai d'Orsay"—a most devastating exposé of French official lies in 1914—may well cause Poincaré to reflect as to whether he should not allow the excuse of official duties and advancing age to prevent the resumption of his apology.

Throughout the work Poincaré bitterly attacks Izvolski as an impostor who persistently misrepresented him, but, while he is able to show in some cases slight verbal discrepancies between Izvolski's reports and the French official records, he is not successful in proving that Izvolski misrepresented the French policies or commitments in any decisive manner. Izvolski had every reason to represent Poincaré accurately to his home government, and Poincaré has both every reason to desire to falsify in his apology and almost unparalleled safety and facility in so doing. Nor can we accept Professor Fay's contention (in the *New Republic*) that Poincaré's aggressive diplomacy can be excused on the ground that he felt that war was inevitable and that he must prepare France for it. Poincaré's confession that in 1912 Germany was eager for a *rapprochement* completely destroys this interpretation. If war was "inevitable," Poincaré well knew *why* it was going to be inevitable, namely, because of the policy he and Izvolski formulated in 1912 and carried through resolutely until August, 1914.

Another consideration of basic and elemental importance is that if Izvolski misrepresented Poincaré, then the way to make this apparent to the whole world is to publish the documents in the French archives in full. Though premier twice since 1918, Poincaré has made no move to do so. Until these documents are made freely available for public consumption Poincaré and his associates in 1914 must stand self-condemned before the bar of skeptical public opinion.

The fact is that the present controversy in France concerning responsibility for the World War is the Dreyfus case all over again, with Victor Margueritte occupying the role of Zola. Indeed, it is not without significance that Mathias Morhardt, one of the leaders in the effort to establish the truth in the Dreyfus conspiracy, is also one of the active directors of the present struggle for truth and justice in regard to war guilt and international good-will. But it will be a harder struggle to discredit Poincaré and his clique than it was to incriminate the conspirators against Dreyfus. The foes of Dreyfus could only make use of class and race hatred, while Poincaré can invoke in his defense the whole patriotic sentiment of France, the ostensible self-respect of a nation, the prestige of a great victory over a traditional foe, and the fruits of a dictated peace. It will be interesting during the next generation to observe how far the situation in France with respect to war guilt confirms or disproves the late Mr. Lincoln's optimistic observation as to the inability of politicians permanently to deceive the populace at large.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Tabloid Science

Types of Mind and Body. By E. Miller. *A Short Outline of Comparative Psychology.* By C. J. Warden. The New Science Series. W. W. Norton and Company. $1 each.

The Nature of Man. By George A. Dorsey. *The Age of the Earth.* By Arthur Holmes. *Science of Today.* By Sir Oliver Lodge. *The Stream of Life.* By Julian S. Huxley. Things to Know Series. Harper and Brothers. $1 each.

THE title is used with apology. Applied to convenient and condensed surveys of topics of large moment, "tabloid" may be used with curt but emphatic approval. These manuals differ from the primers of an older period in that they aim at a different ideal suited to a differently oriented public. Theirs is not a one-syllabled over-simplified version of subjects in small area, but a selection of significant themes, derived from the major disciplines, for concise treatment adapted to mature but not specialized intellects. It is a cordially commendable venture in adult education. Furthermore it gives an author opportunity to take stock critically of his specialty, and show the trend and bearing of it upon the actualities of modern thinking. These "tabloids" are then far more than the work of skilful compilers; they are original presentations by masters of their fields, setting in order the accredited conclusions of other masters.

The Today and Tomorrow Series was the pioneer in the enterprise. The New Science Series is explicitly dedicated to responsible and provocative popularization, and under the editorship of Mr. C. K. Ogden gives assurance of merit in standard and accomplishment. The volumes so far issued indicate a prominent social-psychological interest. Mr. Miller's book has the special merit of providing a survey of a field not otherwise accessible. It is an excellent statement of the problem of "human types" as recently formulated in the light of psychiatry

as well as of endocrinology. It will be as welcome to the professional student as to the general reader, for it reflects the aim of tabloid science to call attention to issues and interpretations of interest even before they are incorporated into textbooks or have left the controversial stage. Mr. Warden's brochure is excellent in all but its title. It provides not an outline but a history, and one that was needed to indicate how modern insight arose. No better account of how men have slowly learned to interpret the ways of animals is available in any compass.

And now we have the Things to Know Series—a wider orbit which will include history and literature and art as well as science. Mr. Dorsey's volume suggests both the value and the danger of condensation. The success of his "Why We Behave like Human Beings" was deserved. It was a rich book—full of compact facts and their interpretation. In that setting the value of any one view could be appraised in terms of evidence. Condensed to this compass, with no facts and a one-sided interpretation, it conveys the misleading impression that this is the "nature of man" upon which psychologists are agreed; which is false to the n^{th} degree. For Mr. Dorsey fairly limits himself to the psychological story of man and to the behavioristic brand of it. This alone is selected for the tabloid version. The result is so off scale that the title might be "Denatured Man." And more's the pity, for if Mr. Dorsey had not put his arm in the sling of behaviorism, he might have given it free swing with good effect.

The three other contributions are of a different stamp and of a quality not likely to be excelled. Professor Holmes has the difficult task of focusing the combined evidence from many technical sources upon a single problem. While the details transcend the average comprehension, the amazing logic, especially that involved in the conversion of radio-activity into a time-clock with a million years as the unit, is an impressive triumph. Sir Oliver Lodge tells the equally ingenious tale of the atom—how its inscrutability has been scrutinized by the logic of scientific genius and the technique of the laboratory. At once broad in scope and intimate in rendering is the account by Professor Huxley of the biological stream as it bears upon the story of evolution and man's place in it—again a product of rare insight and tested hypotheses. Macrocosm and microcosm and the human cosmos are reduced to study-hour wonder-tales, told with an expertness combining authority with intelligibility. They make knowledge attractive and ignorance a neglect.

One should mention with like approval, by the way, the entrance of Harvard University into this field, both with lectures-in-print and with such timely contributions as that of Dr. Macfie Campbell on "Delusion and Belief." These evidences that men of capacity and distinction are ready to serve the public not by writing down but by writing up significant topics for general consumption, and by providing a rich but digestible diet for eager appetites, are welcome indeed. May the tabloid newspapers take heed of the example. JOSEPH JASTROW

Jemez

The Pueblo of Jemez. By Elsie Clews Parsons. Yale University Press. $7.50.

THE village of Jemez is one of the "southern Tanoan" pueblos, linguistically related to Taos to the north, Isleta to the south, and also to the now abandoned Pueblo of Pecos. Jemez is not near the ordinary lines of travel, and it is one of the less-visited of the New Mexican pueblos. Culturally it has been strongly affected by its Keres and Tewa neighbors, and has received elements from Zuni and the Hopi villages of the West, as well as some influences from non-Pueblo Indians. The colonial Spanish influence is of course strong. Possibly in part due to its relative remoteness (although this is no invariable criterion in Pueblo culture), Jemez has preserved in its ritual and ceremonial life a certain earnestness that is not so manifest in towns such as Taos and Tesuque or San Ildefonso, where the contact with the white men's "show" spirit is more direct.

All of these factors appear to have influenced Mrs. Parsons's choice of Jemez for her thorough and valuable study, although the primary and justifying attraction is the fact that here still live a portion of the descendants of the ancient people of Pecos, preserving the ceremonies of their own clans and fitting into the economy of life of their hosts by a slow process of adaptation. The third generation from the Pecos immigration is now mature at Jemez, and yet the assimilation is but partial, either in ideas or in blood. The process is the very ancient one of amalgamation of communities and complexification of culture, marking the retrocession of the Pueblo boundaries now for many centuries. Long before the Discovery this process had been going on. At one time Pueblo culture extended far beyond the boundaries of New Mexico and Arizona. Now it is confined to restricted areas within these two States. Attacks from nomadic hunters forced concentration even where it did not annihilate, and thus time has created the most interesting of our native civilizations, perhaps the only one within the borders of the United States which truly merits this description. When Coronado made his famous expedition in 1539-1541, Pecos was the eastern outpost of Pueblo land. It maintained itself for three centuries, having been abandoned in 1838 chiefly because it was weakened beyond further resistance. The last handful of its people joined their remote kinsmen at Jemez, by invitation, and the slow process of amalgamation has since been going on, the new blood and the new ideas introduced into Jemez representing as it were the last testament of what had been but a few decades before the largest and most thriving of the pueblos. It is the spectacle of the melting-pot in miniature, and it is a matter of no wonder, as it is a matter of much gratification, that Mrs. Parsons has made of this interesting confluence the subject of her study.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER

The Greek

The Spanish Journey. By Julius Meier-Gräfe. Translated by J. Holroyd-Reece. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

THE spirited translator of Count Hermann Keyserling's "Travel Diary of a Philosopher" has gone back nearly two decades and found another German philosopher's diary which might, a few years ago, have excited more discussion in the English-speaking world than is likely to greet it now. Meier-Gräfe published his impeachment of Velasquez and his glorification of El Greco in the year 1909. Cossio's "Life of Theotocopuli" came off the press a little earlier, but as far as the general public was concerned the German critic's dashing and readable travel-diary certainly won more suffrages for the neglected Greek than Cossio's bulky and austere volumes could ever have claimed. By now El Greco is almost as well known, in this country at least, as any other of the old masters. We have a considerable fraction of his best work in our museums, and Meier-Gräfe's witty and boisterous defense of him, while still both useful and amusing, affects us in 1927 somewhat as the wealthy Londoner does who is reputed to have visited Mr. Coleridge in the Lake Country and assured him that Shakespeare was a great poet.

One can well imagine that this apparently naive confession ("ars celare artem") of a Damascus Road conversion made a vivid impression when it first appeared. "I am Domenico Theotocopuli whom thou undervaluest." Meier-Gräfe, ardent admirer of Velasquez, went to Spain to spend six months studying and enjoying him. One good look at a first-class El Greco, and Velasquez becomes almost instantly superficial, second-rate, unable to formulate a mass, a talent but no genius, and El Greco's St. Mauritius "the most beautiful picture of mankind." Very

interesting; but although this well-furnished art critic of forty, with several important books behind him, had up to this time had little opportunity to study El Greco, he had seen important Velasquez pictures in Germany, France, and Austria. Great artists are not mistresses, nor are critics sworn to monogamy. It is not quite likely that "A Spanish Journey" was solely the impulsive day-by-day diary the author and the publisher would have us believe. It is too much of a piece, and sees the end too clearly at the beginning.

One has a feeling, too, that the title is not quite candid. Why "Eine Spanische Reise" and not "El Greco"? There is a great show of brilliant random comment on bull-fights, Tangier Negroes dancing "a sort of *danse du ventre* from behind," the crown prince's shirt-studs, and the like, but the jovial journal is at bottom as deliberate and determined a brief as any essay by Taine or Ruskin.

No part of the above is intended for criticism. "The Spanish Journey" is one of the most praiseworthy, as well as one of the most successful propagandist documents in literature. Velasquez was pleasing and popular, and will always remain so. But the mysterious Greek-Italian-Spaniard with the absolutely new and personal sense of color, form, composition, this man who thought with a brush in his hand as other men have thought with a pen in theirs, needed an advocate because the art-loving world needed him. And it is to Meier-Gräfe's eternal credit that he spoke a courageous word in season.

The book is enriched with nine admirable reproductions of the Greek's best pictures.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Kliuchevskii's "Course"

A History of Russia. By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. Vol. IV. E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.50.

"SCRATCH a Russian and you'll find a Tartar," says the old wives' tale. "Translate a Russian history and you'll disgrace a scholar," runs the practice of our publishers. Vasilli Osipovich Kliuchevskii (1841-1911) was one of Moscow's greatest historiographers and justly jealous of his reputation. For decades his "Course of Russian History" provided intellectual sustenance for students of their country's past; but from 1888, when he ceased to issue to his students the usual lithographed copies, until 1903 his lectures were not available to readers. They were first printed in 1902, in a *de luxe* edition of 20 copies only, which is said to have been prepared by Witte for the private use of the emperor. Other editions, likewise unauthorized by the author, found their way into circulation; in 1907, for example, over 6,000 copies were put on sale to raise funds for the revolutionary movement. Professor Kliuchevskii, who naturally resented the publication of garbled versions of his work, had no sympathy with such proceedings. In 1903, therefore, he undertook the preparation of an authorized edition of his course, which closed with the death of Nicholas I. Four volumes had been published when death interrupted his labors.

The first three volumes appeared in English translation in 1911-1913. Publication of the present volume, which covers the period from 1700 to 1762 (with an initial chapter on the first twenty-eight years of Peter's life), completes Hogarth's translation of the authorized portion of Kliuchevskii's "Course of Russian History." Ironically enough, the translation is badly garbled. It must not be taken as a sample of Russian scholarship, much less as an index of the literary talents of Russian historians. The reader, toiling with the cumbrous involutions of Hogarth's sentences, may be inclined to blame the Russian language and to wish that the translation had been less literal. But, in truth, had Hogarth set down word for word, sentence for sentence, paragraph for paragraph, the result would have been more felicitous. Russian, especially Kliuchevskii's Russian, is a simple, supple instrument. Kliuchevskii was a master at the use of short, incisive sentences; Hogarth an adept at addling them.

Kliuchevskii, though a pupil of Solovev and an adherent of the "Westerners," did not regard the reign of Peter the Great as a turning-point in Russian history. He was too keenly aware of the turn things had been taking for a century, too profoundly conscious that Peter effected very little change, except on paper. He was far enough from the scene of action not to be blinded by the clouds of dust that Peter knocked out of the windmills he tilted at. To be sure, Kliuchevskii, with his ingrained respect for legal forms, did not go so far as his disciple, Platonov, in denying Peter the right to be acknowledged as a crowned revolutionist. But out of his deep interest in economic history comes a presentation of Peter's reign as an economic disaster, as a period of incredible suffering for Peter's subjects. Peter's pedagogic methods in introducing into Muscovy the refinements of Western social intercourse, presented in some detail, afford a valuable sidelight on the "Europeanization of Russia."

Against this volume, as against Kliuchevskii's work in general, may be brought the criticism that the author was too much absorbed in the history of the state, as opposed to the history of society. The state was for him an abstraction, something apart from the people, though "the popular welfare is the true and only purpose of the state." The central theme of this volume is that Peter identified himself with the state, whereas, under the next six sovereigns, "the ties of state, juridical and moral, were broken one after another," until the state was "locked up in the palace with casual, ceaselessly changing masters." How little serious, however, is this charge is perhaps attested by the fact that in 1923 the Communist State Press issued a reprint of Kliuchevskii's four volumes, to the number of 11,000 copies.

For this volume is no mere chronicle of court adventures, but a penetrating analysis of state activity and its social reflexes. Kliuchevskii retails no backstairs gossip, indulges in no subjective study of personalities. He dwells rather on the relationships of the several social classes to each other and, above all, to the state. Notwithstanding the scars of translation, this volume is the most important English-language publication in the field of Russian history to appear for many moons.

J. D. CLARKSON

Books in Brief

Behind the Scenes with a Newspaperman. By E. J. Stackpole. J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

If anybody wishes to know why the bulk of the provincial American press is incredibly dull, narrow, partisan, ignorant, and nationalistic, he will find a complete explanation in this volume. Mr. Stackpole has spent his life as a journalist and office-holder in one of our most corrupt States, in Harrisburg under the dome of the rottenest, in the point of view of corruption, State capitols ever built anywhere on the globe. If he had really wished to write what has gone on behind the scenes there he could have made one of the most sensational and startling of books, the best seller of a decade. But he gives us nothing but short sketches of Pennsylvania governors and other political and press personalities which any reporter could put together. The measure of his ideals may be taken from his praise of Matthew Stanley Quay and Boise Penrose. Mr. Penrose, he once publicly declared, was a "living expression of what constitutes the will of the people"! When one realizes how Penrose rose within Quay's machine one must take this statement as a joke; Mr. Stackpole means it seriously, and he actually thinks that Quay was a great man, "an intellectual and political giant." Naturally, Mr. Stackpole has little to say for the most recent ex-Governor, Gifford Pinchot. As for his newspaper ideals it is sufficient to quote this one gem of thought: "In the service of the community pulpit and press should work together in providing the people an unselfish natural development of more exalted standards of living without the poor pretense of a superior level of society." If that does not entitle Mr. Stack-

pole of the Harrisburg *Telegraph* to a place in our journalistic hall of fame, what could?

The Last Victorians. By Arthur A. Baumann. J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

The fault with this book is not that its author, "a Victorian Tory, naked and unashamed," defends the Victorian tradition by presenting a series of sketches which depict some of its leading politicians. That tradition, despite the clatter of contemporary "criticism," is perfectly secure; if any prophecy is certain, indeed, it is that one of these days we shall see its revival (witness Trollope today); but such a revival will not be hastened by books like this. Sheer septuagenarian perversity seems to have influenced Mr. Baumann in evoking the gray ghosts who falter, rather than flit, through these dull, peevish pages.

The Harvest of the Years. By Luther Burbank (with Wilbur Hall). Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

It would be easy to poke fun at the "homely philosophy" which Mr. Burbank intrudes on almost every page of his autobiography; but whenever he abandons cloudy speculations on life, death, and immortality, and simply narrates how he overcame this, that, or the other difficulty in his specialized field of inventive horticulture, he is both canny and entertaining. If his book makes no contribution to scientific theory, it will nevertheless greatly grieve the followers of Bryan, and will be a not unworthy addition to the works of Burroughs and Thoreau.

Trumpets of Jubilee. By Constance Mayfield Rourke. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

"Magnitude seems the single positive legacy of that forgotten time," writes Miss Rourke of the lush and sprawling era whose representative specimens she finds in the three Beechers (Lyman, Henry Ward, and Harriet), Greeley, and Barnum. "Out of sheer noise—power!" The boisterous crudities of Barnum's museum and circus were not, after all, essentially different from the tinseled metaphors of H. W. Beecher, the flagrant morality of Mrs. Stowe, or the strident, sizzling rhetoric of Greeley. All this, and much more, the author knows. She depicts her characters with an acid, penetrating elegance not untouched by sympathy; but, while she is shrewd and sharp, something of the florid expansiveness of her subjects has infected an otherwise admirable style.

The Arrow. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

Here is a happy excursion into pure absurdity, adroitly introduced by an impressionistic picture of life on a trans-Atlantic liner. Mr. Morley knows his ocean; his description of "the lull and ecstasy of the sea" is a gem of humorous prose. The realm of fantasy into which he chooses to drift is bounded on the north by irony and on the south by sugar; it is mellow and amusing.

Mother Knows Best. By Edna Ferber. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

Miss Ferber's skill in narrative, her ready wit and deep discernment, and her responsiveness to the shifts and eddies of contemporary life—these qualities are reflected with unfailing zest on every page.

A Methodist Saint. By Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

Mr. Knopf has exercised his considerable skill as a printer in producing this life of Bishop Francis Asbury. The editorial contents are not so beautiful, however, as the author has sought to capitalize the popularity of "Up from Methodism" a little too quickly.

Ariane. By Claude Anet. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This novel has created sufficient stir in Europe to warrant a serious preface on art, love, and subsidiary topics of aesthetics and life. In its English version it is a rather prosaic description of a prolonged emotional climax which ends happily and almost morally, granting the contemporary interpretation of morals.

The Pope of the Sea. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A clumsy romance in which large slices of historical narrative are sandwiched between the incidents of an uninspiring intrigue.

Morning, Noon and Night. By Kenneth Phillips Britton. Hartford, Connecticut: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. $2.

Another now-it-must-be-told novel of early sophistication that is smarter in attitude than in execution. Its poorly written reminiscences of college life add nothing to the information entertainingly offered by Mr. Britton's predecessors and models.

Drama

Summary—I

EVERY so often the popular theater revises an old formula and rewrites the successes of the past in the language of the moment. The real problem of the popular dramatist is to seem new while being familiar, and he receives his greatest applause when he succeeds in being the first to refurbish a type which has passed out of fashion. A few years ago, for example, when audiences were just beginning to fancy themselves too sophisticated for the conventional dramatization of the detective story, the "comedy mystery melodrama" was invented. It embodied in even exaggerated form all the tricks of its predecessor, but at the same time it tipped its audiences a wink calculated to save the face of those a little ashamed to be caught taking a penny dreadful seriously, and it became the reigning novelty of the moment, in spite of the fact that its chief stock in trade was the sliding panel and the secret chamber which have been familiar to every generation since the days of Mrs. Radcliffe and "The Mystery of Udolpho." This formula was endlessly repeated, and the fact that this year "The Spider" stands out as one of the conspicuous financial successes of a season during which several freshly interesting plays could find no audience illustrates how slight a variation was necessary to make it once more what the great public regards as "novel." But though "The Spider" will doubtless have its imitators, it is melodrama of a still older sort that is now most conspicuously resurgent. "Broadway," "The Barker," and "Spread Eagle" have each made history on the street for which the first is named, and all three belong essentially to a *genre* which was supposed to have perished utterly when the movies dealt their death blow to the ten-twenty-thirty.

Moralists at least may take heart from this fact and conclude that even along the Great White Way sophistication is no more than face-powder deep; for even if "Spread Eagle" may seem slightly subversive if regarded from a political angle, its appeal rests fundamentally upon good old, two-gun situations, and the others are as naive in their premises as the now famous ballads of the mauve decade. Who would have supposed that theatergoing New York, popularly regarded as in the last stages of depravity, would evince the greatest enthusiasm of the year for a play concerned with the fortunes of an extraordinarily pure show girl who escapes the wiles of a seducer in order that she may pass safely into the arms of her dumb but faithful swain ("Broadway"), or that it would next acclaim a piece in which it is once more demonstrated that even among such unlikely people as the carnival folk innocence flowers in unsuspected places and gets true love as its reward ("The Barker")? Who, indeed—except anyone who has watched the theater long enough to know that through all changes of fashion these, or rather this, is recurrently if not perennially popular? Each of the plays is romantic melodrama—violent external action taking place against a picturesque background—and romantic melodrama is destined, I think, to be the most popular type of play during the next few seasons, just as the milk-and-water domes-

tic comedy which told how the poor young man suddenly made a fortune by turning his father's blacksmith shop into a modern garage or by taking an option on the meadow where the railroad company was planning to put its shops was the most popular type of play a few seasons ago. Such fashions have no more meaning than fashions of any other sort, but they are as curiously seductive to most people while they last.

O'Neill was perhaps the first to bring back violence, variety, and romantic color to the serious drama, which had got in the habit of concerning itself chiefly with drawing-rooms. Such plays as the Stallings-Anderson "What Price Glory?" and Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" also took advantage of a reawakened interest in strange happenings among unfamiliar people; but their neo-romanticism was quickly exploited in a more superficial manner and a new melodrama of the sort just discussed was the result. The moralist, as I said, may rejoice, and those theatrical managers quick enough to gather the first fruits of the new fashion may join him, but the student of the drama may be excused from any great enthusiasm. Such popular plays are merely the popular plays of yesterday seasoned to contemporary taste.

As to the events of the week, they were few: "Patience" was revived at the Theater Masque in a manner which aroused the anger of some devoted admirers of Gilbert and Sullivan. I found it unnecessarily boisterous but entertaining nevertheless. "Merry Go Round" (Klaw Theater) is a revue of the somewhat less lavishly spectacular sort now generally termed "intimate." It shows evidence of being rather hastily put together, but it has its moments of amusing comedy and agile dancing.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Soviet Raid in London

FOLLOWING the raid by British police on the premises of Arcos, Ltd., and the Soviet Trade Delegation, the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee collected data and documents on the manner of making the raid, and published these in a pamphlet, from which we take the extracts printed below.

Foreword

The premises of Arcos, Ltd., and of the Trade Delegation of the USSR in Great Britain are housed in one building, 49 Moorgate, London, E. C. 2. Arcos is a joint-stock company registered in Great Britain in accordance with British laws. The activities of the Trade Delegation are based upon the trade agreement between His Majesty's Government and the Soviet Government concluded in 1921.

The chairman of the Trade Delegation, being the official trade agent of the Soviet Government, and his offices enjoy diplomatic immunity as provided in Clause 5 of the 1921 Trade Agreement. The above agreement specially provides for the right of the official trade agent to use cipher codes in his communications, and so on.

It is particularly important to note that the Trade Delegation, although housed in 49 Moorgate (premises belonging to Arcos, Ltd.), occupies apartments which are self-contained and on all the entrances of which are notices in large type, both in Russian and English, "Trade Delegation of the USSR."

It is, therefore, quite impossible to confuse the premises occupied by the Trade Delegation with those occupied by Arcos.

On May 12, at about 4:30 in the afternoon, a considerable force of uniformed and plain-clothes police (according to the press reports about 200) entered No. 49 Moorgate.

According to the evidence of people who were present the raid was carried out in the following manner:

The police, immediately on entering the building, took possession of the telephone exchange, disconnected all the telephones, and occupied the lift and all the entrances to the building. Various groups of the police occupied the entrances to all the floors and rooms belonging both to Arcos and the Trade Delegation. Within a few minutes the whole building was in the hands of uniformed and plain-clothes police.

The warrant authorizing the search was not presented before the search began. Mr. Sorokin, acting chairman of Arcos, Ltd., was only allowed to see the warrant an hour after the search commenced and only after repeated demands. Mr. Firsov, the secretary to the Trade Delegation, was shown the warrant half an hour after the commencement of the search.

The warrant authorized a search of the premises occupied both by Arcos, Ltd., and by the Russian Trade Delegation.

All persons found by the police on the stairs, corridors, and landings of the huge building were detained by the police. The employees of Arcos and the Trade Delegation who were in their offices were ordered to leave them and go into the corridors. Only the police remained in the offices, and all the demands of employees to be permitted to be present during the search were refused and they were not allowed to enter the offices then occupied by the police.

One group of police officers rushed immediately to the cipher room of the chairman of the delegation of the USSR, Mr. Khinchuk. At that time there were in the room the cipher clerks, Messrs. Miller, Khudiakov, and Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Granovsky. Mr. Miller told the police officer that this room was one of Mr. Khinchuk's offices where the cipher communications of the chairman of the delegation were kept, and that they, the cipher clerks, were not allowed to permit anyone into the room or to show the cipher communications to anyone without the express permission of the Official Trade Agent, or of one of the members of the Trade Delegation or responsible official of the Trade Delegation.

No notice was taken by the police of the protests of the cipher clerks, and the attempts of the latter to prevent the police officers from access to the cipher communications resulted in Mr. Miller and Mr. Khudiakov being assaulted by the police, the latter receiving several blows on the face.

At about 5 o'clock the police entered Mr. Khinchuk's private office.

Those employees who were detained in the corridors were questioned, the majority were told to turn out their pockets, and some underwent a personal search by police officers. Some of the women were also subjected to a personal search. None of those detained were allowed to take a single step without being followed by the police. Even the women were accompanied by uniformed police officers to and from the cloakroom.

Among those detained was Mrs. Rosengolz, wife of the Chargé d'Affaires of the USSR in Great Britain, and in spite of her protest her handbag was searched. The reason for the presence of Mrs. Rosengolz at 49 Moorgate was that as a doctor she was giving medical attention to the employees of Arcos and the Trade Delegation.

An hour later the women were gradually allowed to leave the building, the men were detained longer, some of them till late at night.

In about an hour after the commencement of the raid the police gave permission to the secretary of the Trade Delegation, Mr. Firsov, to examine some of the rooms. Similarly Mr. Sorokin, the acting chairman of Arcos, Ltd., was allowed at about the same time to enter the various rooms in the company of a police officer.

In almost all the rooms there were police officers.

During the whole of the late afternoon and evening of May 12 and of the night following the search proceeded in most of the rooms in the absence of representatives of Arcos or of the Trade Delegation. During the night the premises remained under police guard.

On the morning of May 13, in view of the fact that the search of the Arcos premises was still proceeding, Arcos was compelled to suspend business and posted an announcement to that effect on the entrance of its premises.

The Trade Delegation also withdrew its employees, as it was quite impossible to do any work. Thus on May 13 49 Moorgate remained in the exclusive possession of the police.

During the whole of the search there was no single case in which the police drew up any formal list or report of documents found or taken away, in the presence of representatives of the institutions raided.

Up to May 15 neither Arcos nor the Trade Delegation had been informed as to whether any documents had been taken away and what were the objects of the search.

In view of the fact that the raid on 49 Moorgate and the search of the premises of the Trade Delegation and of the private office of the official trade agent is of quite exceptional importance and endangers not only economic relations but may lead to a complete rupture of all relations between Great Britain and the USSR, the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee considers it advisable to publish all the documents which may throw any light on the raid and the circumstances under which it was carried out.

With this end in view, the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee instructed me as secretary to interview members of the Trade Delegation and Arcos, Ltd., as well as representatives of the press bureau of the embassy of the USSR and to collect all the materials and documents published herein.

W. P. Coates,
Secretary of Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee

Sections of the documents collected by the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee follow.

Extracts from the 1921 Trade Agreement

Article IV. Each party may nominate such number of its nationals as may be agreed from time to time as being reasonably necessary to enable proper effect to be given to this agreement, having regard to the conditions under which trade is carried on in its territories, and the other party shall permit such persons to enter its territories, and to sojourn and carry on trade there, provided that either party may restrict the admittance of any such persons into any specified areas, and may refuse admittance to or sojourn in its territories to any individual who is *persona non grata* to itself, or who does not comply with this agreement or with the conditions precedent thereto.

Persons admitted in pursuance of this article into the territories of either party shall, while sojourning therein for purposes of trade, be exempted from all compulsory services whatsoever, whether civil, naval, military, or other, and from any contributions whether pecuniary or in kind imposed as an equivalent for personal service, and shall have right of egress.

They shall be at liberty to communicate freely by post, telegraph, and wireless telegraphy, and to use telegraph codes under the conditions and subject to the regulations laid down in the International Telegraph Convention of St. Petersburg, 1875 (Lisbon Revision of 1908). . . .

Art. V. Either party may appoint one or more official agents to a number to be mutually agreed upon, to reside and exercise their functions in the territories of the other, who shall personally enjoy all the rights and immunities set forth in the preceding article and also immunity from arrest and search, provided that either party may refuse to admit any individual as an official agent who is *persona non grata* to itself or may require the other party to withdraw him should it find it necessary to do so on grounds of public interest or security. Such agents shall have access to the authorities of the country in which they reside for the purpose of facilitating the carrying out of this agreement and of protecting the interests of their nationals.

Extracts from Parliamentary Debates

On May 4, 1925, Sir W. Davison asked the Prime Minister what "number of persons representing the Russian Soviet Government or any department of the same have special diplomatic privileges in this country; whether such privileges include the admission of correspondence and other literature in sealed bags; and whether he is satisfied that these privileges are not used for the issue of propaganda hostile in this country, as was found to be the case in Germany by the president of the State Court of Leipzig at a recent trial?"

The Prime Minister: "The answer to the first part of the question is four; and to the second part, in the affirmative. As regards the third part, His Majesty's Government have no reason to suppose that Soviet diplomatic bags are being used for propaganda purposes."

On June 23, 1926, in answer to a question by Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, Mr. Locker-Lampson said that "the Soviet Trade Delegation is the only trade organization associated with the Soviet which is allowed to send and receive sealed bags; the weight of the bags is limited to five kilograms a week under the Trade Agreement and subsequent correspondence."

In reply to a further question, Mr. Locker-Lampson said that *"the chairman of the Soviet Trade Delegation appointed under the terms of the Anglo-Russian Trade Agreement of* 1921 *is the only commercial agent of the Soviet Government who enjoys diplomatic immunity in this country."*

On July 1, 1926, Mr. Lansbury asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs "whether the head of the Russian Trade Delegation enjoys any diplomatic privilege or immunity or the privilege of receiving or sending letters in diplomatic bags, other than those enjoyed by commercial attachés, trade commissioners, and commercial counselors representing the governments of the United States of America, France, Germany, and Italy, attached to embassies in this country."

The Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson, replied that "There is a difference in form, but it is not one of substance. All the officers named are accorded the ordinary diplomatic privileges and immunities, but, except in the case of the Russian Trade Delegation, there is no special arrangement for a sealed bag."

Extract from Hansard, May 16, 1927:

"Mr. Thurtle asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs if he will state the nature of the diplomatic immunity enjoyed by the staff and premises of the Russian Trade Delegation?

"Mr. Lumley asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether the whole Trade Delegation of the Soviet Government in Great Britain enjoys diplomatic immunity or only the head of the delegation?

"Mr. Locker-Lampson: *Neither the Trade Delegation, its staff, or premises, nor the head of it as such, enjoys diplomatic immunity.* The head of the delegation is the official agent appointed under Article 5 of the trade agreement and the privileges he enjoys are those prescribed by Articles 4 and 5 of that agreement.

"Mr. Thurtle: May it not fairly be said that its official agent does in fact enjoy what is known as diplomatic immunity —the official agent himself?

"Mr. Locker-Lampson: No. I was referring to the official agent. There is only one and he is not on the diplomatic list at all and he does not enjoy diplomatic immunity."

Following is the statement of the Press Bureau of the Embassy of the USSR in Great Britain, published May 15:

(1) Immediately on being informed of the raid, at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of May 12, the First Secretary of the Embassy, Mr. Bogomoloff, called at the premises of the Trade Delegation. On his way, he called on the director of the Northern Department of the Foreign Office, Mr. Palairet, who, however, expressed complete ignorance even of the fact that the raid was taking place. At about 7 o'clock of the same evening Mr. Bogomoloff rang up Sir Austen Chamberlain's private secretary requesting him at the instruction of Mr. Rosengolz, the Chargé d'Affaires ad interim of the USSR in Great Britain, to arrange an immediate interview between Mr. Rosengolz and Sir Austen. At the same time Mr. Bogomoloff explained that the question which Mr. Rosengolz desired to discuss with Sir Austen was the raid on the premises of the Trade Delegation and the violation of the 1921 Trade Agreement. The interview, however, was fixed only for 11:30 a. m. on May 13. Whereupon Mr. Bogomoloff requested that Sir Austen Chamberlain's private secretary should be so good as to arrange an interview for Mr. Rosengolz immediately with some responsible member of the staff of the Foreign Office, but when, ten minutes after the telephone conversation, he arrived there, he found neither Sir Austen Chamberlain's secretary nor any responsible member of the Foreign Office staff. Thus all the attempts made by Mr. Rosengolz to communicate with the Foreign Office during the evening of May 12 were without result.

Instructions Issued to Soviet Employees

Instruction No. 27: To the Trade Delegation of the USSR in Great Britain and Subordinate Organizations.

December 29, 1926

To All Departmental Managers.

You are asked to inform all employees under personal signature of notification of the following instruction issued by the

Embassy and the Trade Delegation of the USSR in Great Britain on December 16, 1926.

Supplementary to previous instructions and orders, we once again categorically request that all employees, without exception, of the Embassy and Trade Delegation of the USSR in Great Britain refrain from any actions which might be interpreted as interference in the internal affairs of Great Britain. In particular, the English employees are requested to refrain from any political work within the limits of the territory of the Embassy and Trade Delegation. They are also forbidden to form any organizations in any way connected with political parties.

You are notified that in the event of any employee violating this instruction in any way he or she will be immediately dismissed.

This instruction is to be shown to every employee, who must attach his personal signature.

For the Plenipotentiary Representative of the USSR,
(A. ROSENGOLZ)
Trade Delegation (KHINCHUK)
Certified correct, O. SOROKIN

On March 2 a letter was received from Mr. Firsov, secretary of the Trade Delegation, that the above notice had been signed personally by all the employees of the delegation.

Extracts from the statement by the acting chairman of the Trade Delegation, Mr. J. Boieff, published in the Press, May 16, 1927:

. . . The officials of the cipher department were kept in a separate room under police guard and nobody, not even Mr. Boieff, was allowed to communicate with them, while from six to eight of the police were left alone in the cipher room and proceeded to ransack Mr. Khinchuk's safe.

The same procedure was adopted by the police against the secretary of the trade delegation, Mr. Firsov, who was ordered out of the room notwithstanding his protests and demands to be shown the search warrant. Some time afterward, Mr. Firsov was allowed to enter the corridor in which his room and eight other rooms of the Trade Delegation are situated, in order, evidently, to act as a kind of witness to the proceedings, although it was obviously quite impossible for Mr. Firsov to observe in any way what was going on at one and the same time in nine different rooms.

At the same time, Mr. Firsov saw in one of the rooms a Scotland Yard official at one of our typewriters typing something. Immediately on the arrival of Mr. Firsov he stopped typing and took out of the machine the note he had typed. . . .

Extract from the statement by Mr. S. I. Hermer, member of the council of the trade delegation.

I was not present at 49 Moorgate when the raids started, and arrived only about half past five, together with Mr. Boieff.

What struck me at the first moment—an impression strengthened by later observations—was the extremely aggressive and hostile attitude of the police. They seemed to be looking and waiting for trouble. Such attitude was in no way justified by the position of affairs in the building and the behavior of the employees. It was clear at the first glance that the employees were taken absolutely by surprise, the great majority of them probably never expecting a thing like that to happen in Great Britain. No resistance in any form was offered anywhere; there were no attempts to conceal or hide anything, or to destroy papers or documents. The only exception occurred in the cipher room, where the officials, as in duty bound, quite properly wanted to burn the code and decoded telegrams before admitting the police. As is evident from Mr. Boieff's statement, they failed in this attempt and succeeded only in burning a few telegrams which arrived and had been decoded that day. No other document or paper was burned, and this would have been

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EDITED BY HARI G. GOVIL

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impossible, as, except for the cipher room, there are no fireplaces in the whole of the building, which is heated by central heating. . . .

Extract from the sworn statement of Anton Miller, head of the cipher department.

. . . I asked for the acting chairman of the Trade Delegation or any other member of the Trade Delegation to be called in and also requested them to say who they were and what they wanted. I received no answer, but the three incomers gripped me forcibly. Two took me by the wrists and ran through my pockets, while the third tore out from the left pocket of my trousers the keys of the doors of the room and the safes. Others meanwhile ran through the pockets of Mr. Khudiakov and Miss Granovska, and Mrs. Miller was pushed out of the room. Then the man who had in his hands the keys which he had torn out of my pocket began to open the small safe in which are kept the cipher codes with which Mr. Khudiakov and I work. Khudiakov and I leaned heavily against the safe, defending it, and declared again that, without permission of the chairman of the Trade Delegation, the acting chairman, or a member of the Trade Delegation, we had no right to show them the codes. We were turned away from the safe by force and told not to resist, but as we continued the defense one of the men behind me struck me on the neck. I felt dazed and could not resist any more and cried out with pain. Several policemen ran into the room and held my wrists and one of them took hold of Khudiakov by his throat. Mr. Khudiakov received several blows and fell down on the floor unconscious. The policemen held me by the wrists and, gagging my mouth, proceeded to empty my pockets, working mostly behind my back. They told me they had taken certain things out of my pocket, but I had no means of ascertaining whether the things they mentioned had actually been taken out of my pockets or not. . . .

Mr. Khudiakov and I were pushed into room No. 6a, which adjoins room No. 5. There our boots were taken off, we were partly stripped and searched, and were left sitting there with no boots. We were not allowed to go home until about 1 o'clock in the morning.

The policemen were all armed and I saw that they each had something which looked like whips of a black color. One of them, when attacking Mr. Khudiakov, drew out a revolver. I cannot say with what kind of instrument the blow was administered to me—by one of these whips or by fists, as the blow was given from behind. . . .

Extract from the sworn statement of Sergey Khudiakov, clerk in the cipher department.

. . . I resisted, then one of the detectives called in more men and drew out a revolver. Four persons seized me and a fifth began to strike severe blows upon my head with some weapon. The men who held me twisted my wrists. Finally I fell, and was then placed upon the settee, beside me being stationed a policeman on guard, who held his baton over my head. After a few minutes they began to push us out of the room. Miller and I again offered resistance. Miller was taken out in front of me. I was still offering further resistance, but in spite of my bleeding and swollen face one of the detectives seized me by my hair, bent my body down, and forcibly squeezed my head between my legs. At the same time I received several blows on my back. In this way I was dragged out into the adjoining room, where my boots were taken off and policemen were put on guard. . . .

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TRIUMPHAL CELEBRATIONS unsurpassed in their magnitude, their spontaneous enthusiasm, their affectionate welcome, their demonstrations of justified national pride, have failed in Washington and New York to shake the poise, the simplicity, the modesty, and unaffected sincerity of Charles Lindbergh. By no act has he lowered the high esteem in which all hold him. He has pretended to no oratory, assumed no universal knowledge, and indulged in no preachments, but he has appealed for the future of civilian aviation along the lines of our leader of this week, which was, of course, written before his article in the New York *Times*. Hundreds of thousands have glimpsed this young man, drooping and bent with fatigue, who has taught the youth of America some of the finest lessons ever exemplified by a single conspicuous individual. They have seen him disdain wealth, accept honors not for himself but for the cause so dear to him, refuse to deck himself in the colonel's uniform the army was so eager to have him don, and bear himself precisely as a plain young American gentleman should. And like mother, like son. Mrs. Lindbergh, too, has won the hearts of everyone by her modest refusal to allow herself to be exploited. Finally, the whole nation has been quickened and uplifted by its ability to spend itself without a dissenting voice in a great wave of enthusiasm for an individual, with no cleft of politics, or theology, or class feeling, and no regret, as so often, that here was a hero who builded his fame on the death of multitudes.

WHILE WE WERE ALL REJOICING in the fact that, as Charles Evans Hughes has put it, Charles Lindbergh typified the spirit of America in its best aspects, came the news from Mississippi of an act of fiendishness possible only in the United States. A mob of one thousand American citizens—not foreign-born immigrants or recent arrivals from "the slums of Europe"—took two Negroes, brothers, from the hands of the sheriff, tied them to a telegraph pole, poured gasoline over them, and burned them alive. Their screams were so terrible that one member of the mob had a momentary impulse of humanity and tried to beat out the flames. The sadists near by promptly restrained him. Their victims were not guilty of the "usual crime"—rape. They were merely charged with having shot to death in a quarrel the white superintendent of a sawmill which employed them—and they had not been proved guilty. They were not seeking to escape; they were in the hands of the law. But, as usual, "the sheriff fired in the air." Equally as usual, "because of the darkness, the officers were unable to recognize any members of the band." If Mississippi does not find a way to identify the members of the mob and punish them then the argument for a federal lynching law once more becomes unanswerable.

IT WILL SOON BE TIME to form a society for the protection of Calvin Coolidge—everybody is beginning to throw brickbats at him. Here is Will Rogers saying that most people who go to the Black Hills go to hide something or to get away from something, and that Mr. Coolidge has more to get away from than anybody else who ever went there. What can he mean by that? Next there are growls because Mr. Coolidge did not rejoice properly or quickly enough about Captain Lindbergh, and there are some persons mean enough to say that it was outrageous to bring the great flier back and take him to Washington so that the President would not have to shorten his vacation by a single day. Then there is the Levine episode. When the President cabled his congratulations to Chamberlin he never mentioned Levine and the Jewish press declares this economy of words was quite too parsimonious. Now the navy has a grievance. It prepared the great review for him and ninety-seven men-of-war passed before him. The newspapers with their usual kindliness to the President told how he stood on the bridge and saw every ship roar its tribute and then sent his message "Well done." But the report reads, after twenty minutes "he left the bridge and retired to a couch in the stern of the boat, where for two hours he could neither see nor be seen." The navy is furious. But we—well, we have a simple explanation. Our guess is that Mr. Coolidge had merely failed to take a certain famous sea-sickness remedy before starting on his cruise.

THE RICHMOND *NEWS LEADER* is another one of the skeptics as to the greatness of the "greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton." It points

out that the refunding of the second Liberty Loan on a basis of 3⅜ per cent has been made possible by the great acquisition of wealth immediately after the war, with which Mr. Mellon has had nothing to do. It admits that Mr. Mellon's handling of our maturing government obligations has been good, but it calls attention to the record made by the Treasury immediately after the Civil War. During that struggle the government had to pay 5 and 6 per cent, even 7.3 per cent, interest in the dark summer of 1864. By 1874, however, only nine years after Appomattox, just after the dire panic of 1873, the government negotiated some demand loans of 3 per cent, had refunded part of the war debt at 4 per cent, and had issued $200,000,000 of 5 per cent bonds to take the place of higher loans which were called. More than that, in that same year the United States bonds stood at from 111 to 122. The average of the refunding in 1874 was 1 per cent less than on the original bonds. Says the *News Leader:* "Mr. Mellon has not been able to make a better record. . . . The average of the refunding has not been as much as 1 per cent under the average interest on the original bonds, which was the figure attained in the corresponding year after the war between the States."

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN H. RUSSELL, American High Commissioner in Haiti, is returning to Washington, the newspapers announce, with Dr. W. Cumberland, the Financial Adviser and General Receiver, to discuss with the State Department an irrigation project, sponsored by Illinois financier-politicians, which will open up 100,000 acres for "development." The Chicago *Tribune* correspondent adds that

> General Russell is anxious to prove to Secretary Kellogg the complete failure of Haitian justice, the administration of which is not covered by treaty. He declares that it is impossible at present for Americans and other foreigners to conduct cases in the courts, and that they always lose because the judges and juries raise the color issue.

What more damning revelation of the lies of marine-corps publicity could be made? The Haitians are contented under American rule, peace and happiness reign, they say. But the Haitian judges and juries are uniformly anti-American. Every self-respecting Haitian is anti-American today. The Americans brought the color line with them, and of course it turns against them. Americans actually had the insolence to force Haitian hotelkeepers to refuse to receive their own dark-skinned countrymen in the main dining-rooms of the hotels! Today, all over Haiti, men are protesting against the Rodenberg Concession which General Russell and Dr. Cumberland are sponsoring. Doubtless some of them will be put in jail. Doubtless the editors of the protesting Port au Prince newspapers will be among the jailed, as they have been in the past. And probably Washington will continue to ratify the arbitrary acts of its agents and puppets in Haiti. The real test must come in January. Will Washington permit Haiti to have a free election then—the first since American marines landed twelve long years ago?

"NATION SHALL NOT LIFT SWORD against nation; neither shall they learn war any more." These are noble words and come from the Bible, ordinarily safe from the blue pencil of the censor, but Major Henry Adams, chairman of the United Veterans Board of Plainfield, N. J., does not like them. They have been carved in bronze at the base of Plainfield's war memorial, and besides agitating the veterans in general they have moved Major Adams to this expression of his disgust:

> It's that line—"shall not learn war any more"—that we object to mainly. It just isn't the kind of thing for the younger generation growing up to read—it is pacifistic, that's what it is. We stand for preparedness, the kind shown by our marines and sailors in China in this recent trouble.

It is interesting to record, however, that the inscription was selected by Edward Sacker, a young man who had been a captain in the World War; the monument has been presented to the City Council, subject to the approval of the trustees of the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church, owner of the plot on which the column stands. The Rev. Dr. John J. Moment, pastor of the church, is quoted as earnestly hoping "that the City Council will not put itself in the ridiculous position of formally requesting permission . . . to change the inscription." Here, then, is a soldier, Mr. Sacker, who learned something from the recent bloody conflict, and a minister who reads his Bible and believes it. It is the professional head-hunters, the irrepressible "patriots" who will never learn from experience and who will not believe the evidence of their own eyes.

AT BOSWORTH the British Liberals won their third by-election in ten days. The election was fought on the issues of the Tory trade-union bill and the break with Russia, and the result surprised almost everybody. The seat had been safely Tory; but Labor, although running third at the last election, had hoped to capture it. Instead, the Liberal candidate nosed his way into first place by 271 votes, with the Tory more than 4,000 votes behind. Does this mean that British Liberalism, under the leadership of Lloyd George, is awakening to new life? At least it marks a halt in the progressive decline of that historic party. Labor, meanwhile, consoles itself with the fact that the Cooperative Union Congress, in a close balloting, voted definitely to affiliate with the Labor Party. But Cooperative candidates have long acted in alliance with Labor, and while the congress vote may mean more funds for Labor it will hardly bring many new voters to the Labor standard. The Tories, too, have their consolation. Successive defeats at by-elections may prove their unpopularity in the country, but their majority in Parliament is still so vast and the Tory members are so docile and disciplined that the Government can push through any measure it likes, whatever the wishes of the country.

INDIA HAS SHOWN little gratitude over the latest mark of British protection and generosity. Although the Indian constitution cannot be changed until 1929, and Indians have often been told that it was useless to hope for any greater measure of independence before that time, the British Parliament has just passed a bill which modifies that constitution to the extent of creating a national navy for India. Indian boys are eligible for appointment as officers at the rate of one a year. The Indians are ungrateful enough to point out that agreements for naval disarmament prevent England from maintaining as large a fleet as in certain circumstances she might wish in Eastern waters, and that this Indian navy, by the terms of the bill, can be used for imperial purposes with only the consent of the Gov-

ernor General. Labor members, among them Mr. Pethick-Lawrence and Lieutenant Commander Kenworthy, tried to have the bill amended so that the fleet could not be taken out of Indian waters without the consent of the Indian Legislature, and so that the expense when it was used for imperial purposes should be borne by the imperial treasury. Lord Winterton declared that this suggestion was an insult to Indian patriotism, which should not be deprived of the right to make a generous contribution, and so forth. So the amendments were overwhelmingly defeated. In its final form the bill contains one safeguard for Indian interests: when the Royal Indian Navy is used for any other purpose than Indian defense, India shall not pay the bill without the consent of both houses of the *British* Parliament!

Negro Boy Runaway

A small colored boy about 14 years old ran away from his home near Stapleton Jan. 4th. Anyone seeing him will please notify me and hold him untill I arrive. I will pay reward. I object to anyone useing him.
Roy Haines, Stapleton, Ga.
Rt. 1 Box 16

THE INTERESTING LITTLE ADVERTISEMENT printed above was not, devoted reader, taken from the Richmond *Enquirer* of, say, May 2, 1849, or even the Charleston *Courier* of possibly April 16, 1855. One of those worthy papers has long since gone to its reward, and the other has changed its name. But on January 27, 1927, which, if we are not taking leave of our senses, is the current year, the *Jefferson Reporter*, a weekly, published at Wrens (population about 1,500), Georgia, carried, without comment, the item we reproduce. It has been suggested that it was the plea of an irate father for his son, and as such faintly justifiable. We doubt it. It may have been the request of some one who never heard of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States. We doubt that, too. In Georgia, as in other parts of the South, these amendments are not unknown. But systematically, repeatedly, in the most diverse and ingenious ways, and with a persistence that would do credit to a far better cause, they are ignored.

UPTON SINCLAIR LOVES A FIGHT as well as anybody alive, and in his conflicts he never fails to be on the side of justice, liberty, and—paradoxically—even peace. This time he is fighting the Boston censors who have removed from sale his book "Oil" on the ground that it is obscene. Other books have been banned in Boston, notably "Elmer Gantry" and "An American Tragedy," but to date Mr. Sinclair alone has decided to fight for his rights as H. L. Mencken fought the suppression of the *American Mercury*. Two Sinclairs, father and son, are making "Oil" a test case, twenty-five-year-old David being offered as Exhibit A to prove that his father's books are not corrupting or indecent. Last Sunday on Boston Common the police presented themselves as Exhibit B, attempting to harass Mr. Sinclair. Unfortunately, his permit to speak was in good order, the speakers were willing, to the delight of the crowd, to push the automobile off the Common, thus not being guilty of driving it, and loud guffaws of laughter greeted the policeman who pulled out his watch and gave the crowd five minutes to disperse or be charged with inciting a riot. Mr. Sinclair left the scene amid the cheers of the spectators. The police departed by the back door. It is difficult to deal with a man who so patently pines to be arrested. It almost makes a policeman seem ridiculous, and even in Boston that must, if possible, be avoided.

ROLAND HAYES, the famous Negro tenor and one of the most interesting figures in the world of music, has decided to build a school for his people near Calhoun, Georgia. With no family to support, with wealth rolling in upon him, he has hit upon this means of erecting a memorial to the mother who was so devoted to him, so fearful that his taking up singing as a profession might lead him into bad company and bad ways, who unfortunately died just before he became one of the foremost male singers of the world. He wishes, he says, to build a school "as enduring as her great gifts to me," and he wishes to make his tribute in the high standard of instruction provided. There are plenty of Negro schools in the South adequately equipped with bricks and mortar, bedrooms and schoolrooms and trade-shops, and all the rest, but there are far too few in which the standards are of the highest. For decades past we have longed for someone to appear who had the means to make a model rural school for Negroes with an attendance of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred children; who would not be compelled to spend his time going hat in hand to beg for doles to keep the school alive, but could make an institution physically perfect in every particular, with the best teachers to be had. Such a school could exercise a tremendous influence all through the South by setting standards for the managers of every similar undertaking, whether for blacks or whites. We do not know whether this is Mr. Hayes's plan; we do know that he has hit upon one of the finest types of memorials and one that does credit alike to his heart and to his head.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH Francis Grierson died in California are among the most melancholy that can occur in literary life. Famous, the author of many useful and beautiful books, and the recipient of international honors as a musician, Francis Grierson had yet passed the years of his eighth decade—he died at 79—in poverty and virtual obscurity. Waldemar Tonner, his secretary for forty-one years, had struggled with him to the end, and doubtless he enjoyed some local repute as a lecturer after he had long ceased to have much to say; but for the most part he was desperately alone. The tide which once supported him had ebbed away. His experience had been rich. Born in England, he had spent his boyhood in Illinois where he had heard Lincoln debate with Douglas and whence he went to serve as page to General Fremont in the Civil War. Then to Europe, where he achieved a name as pianist, literary critic, economist, and psychologist, and where he enjoyed the friendship of some of the greatest living men. Then to America once more to serve as lecturer, reviewer (for *The Nation* among other periodicals), and biographer of his hero Lincoln. And now dead in Los Angeles lodgings. Until the golden age returns it seems likely that only the luckiest of artists will ever spend their last years serenely.

The Flights and Commercial Aviation

THERE has been nothing in his whole attitude more praiseworthy than Charles Lindbergh's continuous stressing of his belief that the importance of his achievement lies not in what may be called his "stunt," but in the effect of his trip upon commercial aviation. It is really a misfortune that his stay abroad has been cut short by the royal orders from Washington. Since he will hereafter speak on aviation matters with greater authority than any other American, it would have been all to the good could he have stayed and seen for himself how far ahead of us European commercial aviation is. If he can finally be freed from public adulation and be allowed once more to take up a normal course in life it would be well worth while indeed if he could go abroad and watch the commercial flying for a time. No one else, not even the President, could do as much to draw the attention of Americans to their backwardness in this field.

Mr. Levine, it is reported, desires to found a two-million-dollar company to institute transoceanic flying at once. That, it seems to us, is going too fast. Years of experimentation and study are essential to any such undertaking and above all a most careful examination of the records of the Imperial Airways, the great English company, and the German Lufthansa, the most successful and the safest of European air companies. The development of the modern automobile did not come overnight; because of the greater risks to life and limb that of the airplane is bound to be slower. Progress can only be made if science and experience go hand in hand. We have learned much from the two transatlantic flights, but there is an enormous body of knowledge still to be acquired before anybody should start a regular transoceanic service. Take the question of sleet, for instance, that deadly menace to fliers which probably cost the lives of Nungesser and Coli. How is that to be met? By electrical devices, as Colonel Lindbergh is reported to have suggested to M. Blériot? But more than the question of any single hazard is the fact that, unlike France, Germany, and England, we have, outside of our mail service, no group of trained commercial fliers.

A rush into transatlantic flying would attract the foolhardy, but it might by a series of untoward happenings put back by years the actual coming of regular traffic. We would remind our readers that immediately after the sensational first flight of Hawker across the Atlantic the New York *Times* said, on June 17, 1919: "We now know that any well-engined airplane can fly the Atlantic in clear and fair weather, with a competent pilot at the wheel. The task set inventors is to provide a plane that can get across in any but the most tempestuous conditions, and there will follow a regular air service." How astonished that editorial writer must be to recall his words and ponder upon the fact that we have had to wait eight years for another non-stop Atlantic flight. The press at that time was teeming with announcements of the immediate coming of regular ocean lines. In July, 1919, it was declared that a Zeppelin line would start in October. Vickers, Ltd., the great British arms company, was announced as the head of a huge English combination of capital to start immediately transatlantic services and cross-European routes. That company went so far as to discuss the value of various American towns, such as Atlantic City, for air ports. Vickers even announced a provisional fare of $240 for a passenger from England to New York, with mail rates at 3½ pence an ounce, the service to be by airships of the Zeppelin type with a speed of sixty miles an hour. As the world is aware, nothing of the kind has happened. A year ago there was announced a Zeppelin service from Germany via Spain to South America, to be ready in the coming fall. That, too, seems to have died aborning. A number of American companies have been founded to maintain passenger lines in this country—only to disappear. One has recently been started and two others have been functioning for some time, but we are still far removed from such a service as that offered by the German Lufthansa.

Yet we have no doubt that if American energy and enterprise and capital will set themselves to this task we shall take the lead in this field precisely as we have in the automobile industry. But each particular problem must be studied by itself. For instance, it is a flying boat that is needed for cross-seas traffic, and not a land airplane. Announcement that the British Admiralty has perfected a flying boat, equipped with masts and sails so that it may keep the sea and progress on the water if its engines go out of commission, may be a long step in the right direction. Again, in the London *Nation*, Oliver Stewart points out that besides the stability and safety of the engine there is still a great deal to be done for the comfort of the passenger. He believes that the airplane has reached the necessary degree of safety and that the failure of the public to patronize the British air lines in large numbers is due to the uncomfortable vehicles in which the passenger has to ride. He declares that fourteen passengers are often compressed into cabins suitable for only four, and adds that "one, two, or three hundred miles an hour are no paregoric for the straitwaistcoat seat and the coffin cabin." Sir Samuel Hoare, the British War Minister, who recently flew with Lady Hoare from London to Delhi, has pointed out that not only must the traveler seek a hotel every night, but that during the flight he is confined to his chair. Much experimentation is needed, and we again acclaim the generosity of Daniel Guggenheim, who recently donated a half million dollars to the Guggenheim School of Aviation at New York University. There, and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, problems of enormous importance to the future of flying are being worked out, and invaluable data are being collected and filed.

Indubitably we have made some progress. It is something to have an Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Commercial Aviation. The air mail has already paid incredibly large dividends in Chamberlin and Lindbergh. There is no difficulty in finding young men to carry on the services that exist. None the less, we repeat that there is still a great need of additional emphasis on the commercial airplane and the flying ship. Everybody in America seems to wish to map out the remainder of Charles Lindbergh's life for him. We have no such ambition, but if we could earmark two or three of his years we should dedicate them to propaganda on behalf of commercial flying. There is no country in the world, save only Russia, that could profit more by it, for this remains the country of magnificent distances.

Those Balkans

EUROPE has been suffering a series of mild earthquake shocks, and wondering whether they marked a process of settling down or indicated a new era of activity on the part of the row of political volcanoes along her Eastern frontiers. The Anglo-Russian break sent a war shudder across the Continent; there followed another of Mussolini's saber-rattling speeches, then a new Albanian crisis and a Rumanian coup d'etat; and now the Soviet Ambassador to Poland has been assassinated.

Poland and Russia have speedily made up their minds to peace. Poland is loading the diplomatic couriers with apologies, regrets, and explanations; and Russia, despite Litvinov's note, seems to be turning her wrath against England. England, the Soviet leaders say, is really responsible for the current convention that ordinary laws do not apply to Russians. The defiance of law in the British-inspired raid on the Soviet Legation grounds in Peking and the British raid on the Soviet offices in London seems to have led Russian monarchists to believe that they could even go so far as to murder Russian officials with impunity. There may be something in the theory; but it verges on the realm of diplomatic psychoanalysis, which is unsteady ground. And, if the reports be true, it is unfortunate that the Russians' nerves have been frayed to the extent of indulging in more political executions. All Europe needs a return to normal. Britain's anti-Bolshevik spree nullified the good effect of Russian participation in the Geneva conferences; and Russia's own excesses may still further deepen the gulf which separates her from the rest of Europe.

However, it is in the Southeast of Europe, in that perennial hatching-ground of wars, the Balkans, that the smoke conceals real fire. One never knows just how seriously to take the words of a paranoiac like Mussolini; they may mean nothing more than a small boy's excess of good spirits. But even if he does not mean his own words seriously, some of his nervous neighbors may take them so. He has just shouted:

> We must, at a given moment, be able to mobilize five million men, thoroughly armed; we must strengthen our navy; and our air fleet, in which I believe more and more, must be on such a large scale and so powerful that the noise of its motors will surpass every other noise and its wings will obscure the sun from our land. Then, when, between 1935 and 1940, we shall reach the vital moment of European history, we shall be able to make our voice heard and to see at last that our rights are acknowledged.

Since Mussolini's idea of Italian rights occasionally seems to involve restoration of the entire Roman Empire, such speeches are disturbing. A few days after this oration Mussolini was able to continue the Italian conquest of Albania. The Albanians arrested an interpreter attached to the Serbian Legation in their capital, Tirana; the Serbs, seeing behind this arrest the hand of Italy, demanded his release; Albania refused; the Serbs broke off diplomatic relations. Since the negotiation of the Treaty of Tirana (see the International Relations Section of *The Nation* for January 12) Albania is no longer an independent nation; Italy is her guardian, and shares in any dispute she enters; and Sir Austen Chamberlain's refusal, at the time of the last Italo-Serb dispute, to permit this treaty to be brought before the League, has given it an unusual sanctity. The net result of the recent outburst is that Italy has tightened her grip on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean.

There are signs, however, that England is tiring of Mussolini. He is an uncertain friend and an exigent ally. No one in Europe knows just what Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand said to each other when they were closeted together in London in May, but their meeting was too elaborately staged, simultaneously with King George's elaborate welcome to the French President, to be a mere formality. And one cannot be friends, in Europe today, with both Italy and France. A week after these meetings the Rumanian overturn occurred, and the Government which had been selling itself to Italy was replaced by one with closer ties to France.

Balkan politics are too involved for any American to understand them or for any two Europeans to agree about them, but certain trends seem to be defining themselves. Hungary and Italy, both in the hands of irresponsible autocrats greedy for more territory, are drifting into a natural alliance. Rumania, hitherto Italy's staunch ally, cannot be friends with Hungary's friends, and is returning to its old allegiance to the Little Entente, more or less under French inspiration. Italy is seeking everywhere for allies which may help it to dominate Southeastern Europe, and is ready to growl and shake a sword and even run the risk of war at any time that Mussolini sees any chance to gain a point or win prestige or limelight as a result of it. Italy has sought to destroy the growing Serb-Bulgar friendship, to hem in Jugoslavia and Austria by an alliance with the Hungarian despots, to win a new field for exploitation in Rumania, and to expand its boundaries in North Africa at the expense of France. The Fascists regard French Savoy and French Tunis, as well as an indefinite area in the Balkans, as part of Italia irredenta. With England's support, they have just succeeded in one forward move. There is no telling where Mussolini may break loose next.

Has Poetry Retired?

A RECENT editorial in the *Saturday Review of Literature* expressed a representative opinion when it spoke of American poetry today as something which, after a brief period of eminence, had sunk back into furtive solitude. We hear this on every side, and we wonder what it means. The reference, of course, is to that "renaissance" which is supposed to have befallen poetry around the year 1912, and which was marked by the emergence of such figures as Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Amy Lowell, and, considerably later on, Edna St. Vincent Millay. Edwin Arlington Robinson had emerged more than a decade earlier and had stood for a time alone; but even Mr. Robinson began thenceforth to receive attention of the sort which no poet might have received between 1900 and 1910. T. S. Eliot was lurking in the background with Ezra Pound, to steal forth after the war and become a teacher around whom dozens of pupils should devotedly collect. Now, say the *Saturday Review* and other critical voices, a dearth is upon us. The poets of the great decade are growing middle-aged, their juniors are merely piping to themselves in secret corners, and in general we are faced with the prospect of a period in which no major note will be struck. Intensity, beauty, and truth are conceded to certain of our younger poets; but not the major note.

What is meant by "major" here? We believe that it refers not to anything at all that has to do with poetry as such—if poetry can be "as such"—but to a special kind of subject matter which the poets of the renaissance were so lucky as to discover. This was hopeful and positive subject matter; it had a sociological tinge; and it was accepted as important because it was closely connected with the life of institutions and affairs. It was of liberal or radical persuasion, but that did not matter, because the poets who employed it did, after all, seem to say that American life was worth attacking and improving. Edgar Lee Masters was bitter about Spoon River, and in his epitaphs disposed forever of the sweet village of late Victorian legend; but he talked also of Liberty, Justice, Virtue, and Truth. Carl Sandburg shouted approval of the new life he saw and heard everywhere in Chicago. Vachel Lindsay struck the cymbals of joy as he prophesied the glory that should some day be Springfield, Illinois. Now these men were good poets, and still are. The point is that they were acclaimed by a crowd of critics who did not care greatly for poetry, but who thought they did, and seized upon volumes which dealt with big, newsy, recognizable themes as evidence that poetry had at last become "important." Poetry, they said, had learned how to "grapple" with the "problems" of "real" American "life." In other words, it said what prose was saying.

Edwin Arlington Robinson's definition of poetry as something which says what cannot be said was doubtless unknown to these critics, but it would have meant little anyway. It happens to be an excellent definition, and it happens also to apply with particular accuracy to much of the recent poetry that the *Saturday Review* dismisses as minor. The word "minor," incidentally, is a poor word to use in the assessment of poetic ideas. It properly means lesser, which in poetry means shorter, and should be resorted to only when a distinction is being made between, say, epics and lyrics. Epics, good or bad, are major poems because they are long; Milton's "Lycidas," a good poem, is minor because it is short. But if the word must be brought in when ideas are being discussed, it is unfortunate that criticism should almost universally take the line that only happy or hopeful ideas are major. The trend in contemporary American poetry is so completely pessimistic, or at least so deeply skeptical, that criticism seems incapable of discovering the ideas which express this pessimism and this skepticism. While a group of women poets, notably Louise Bogan, Leonie Adams, Laura Riding, Edna St. Vincent Millay in one of her incarnations, Babette Deutsch, Genevieve Taggard, Clinch Calkins, and Idella Purnell, are refining upon the themes of barrenness, frigidity, and locked, incommunicable passion, men here and there are saying that there are no ideas in the modern world to support them as they exercise the poetic faculty. T. S. Eliot, Hart Crane, Allen Tate, Archibald MacLeish, John Crowe Ransom, and others reveal a desolate waste land of the intellect—one so forbidding and difficult that it is no wonder most critics dismiss it as unworthy of the muse. But it is not that. It is distinctly interesting, and these poets are doing rememberable work. So are others who, without turning to the contemporary confusion of ideas for their subject matter, more or less admit it by confining their efforts to intimate, out-of-the-way matters of emotion. So, too, of course, are such men as William Ellery Leonard and Robinson Jeffers, who happen to have written major poems; but "Two Lives" and "Tamar" are pessimistic.

Flappers Prefer——

THEODORE DREISER took third place in a recent questionnaire as the favorite author of certain young lady students at San Jose State Teachers College. And lest it be thought that he gave place to, say, Shakespeare and Milton, it must hurriedly be admitted that Elinor Glyn stood first, with Michael Arlen as second choice. Then followed in order Shakespeare, Louis Bromfield, Katherine Brush, Joseph Conrad, Ethel M. Dell, Philip Gibbs, Peter B. Kyne, de Maupassant, Margaret Pedler, and Booth Tarkington. It is evident from this list both that the younger generation has catholic tastes and that it reads widely. One suspects that Shakespeare ranked as high as he did more out of duty than out of inclination. Common gossip has so long called him the greatest of English writers that even the younger generation has heard of him. And in their frankly avowed preference for Elinor Glyn we see a refreshing disregard of authority, which after all is the first mark of thought.

Other marks of thought were contained in the questionnaire's replies: 93 per cent of the students favored recognition of Russia by the United States, 89 per cent were opposed to a war with China, and 85 per cent were against a conflict with Mexico. This is strange enough when the periodical reading matter of the questionnees is considered, for 21 per cent choose *College Humor* as their favorite magazine, 16 per cent the *Cosmopolitan*, 13 per cent *Good Housekeeping*, 7 per cent the *Atlantic Monthly*, and 4 per cent each the *American*, *Whiz Bang*, *Vogue*, and the *National Geographic*. Duty cannot account for the political opinions expressed above; certainly the magazines listed cannot account for them either. Possibly 100 per cent of the student body bootlegs *The Nation*. Wherever they get their opinions 71 per cent accept the theory of evolution and 23 per cent call themselves atheists.

In affairs of the heart the young ladies were not as cynical as the modern flapper is popularly supposed to be. Seventy-two per cent believed that love continues after marriage. And they wrote themselves down as seeking in the man they would marry, first, personality; second, wealth; third, looks. Even "petting," that mooted modern vice, was welcomed by 68 per cent of the young women, but was tolerated in nearly all cases only with the "right one." And 91 per cent of the answers expressed a wish for, nay, an expectation of, matrimony as a career.

All this shows conclusively that youth must be served, or that our young people are going to the dogs, or that, after all, one generation of young ones is just about like any other, according to one's individual preference in the matter. If there seems to be a certain freshness and heartiness about these young persons, we, at least, find it attractive. They have minds of their own, they are not afraid, they are willing to accept life as it seems to be and to make a cheerful best of it. Has youth always been as fair and as frank? Possibly. Possibly only middle age is reticent, crabbed, intolerant, lacking both the violent enthusiasm of youth and the acquiescence of old age. Ten or fifteen years from now it will be interesting to inspect what remains of the flapper of today. Will she still cut her hair and walk with a free swing; will she still be able to hold her own in an argument, to manipulate a typewriter with one hand and a young hopeful with the other, so to speak? Or will she still prefer Elinor Glyn to Shakespeare?



The younger generation of angels having been discovered flying about clad only in their wings, the American Board of Censors has decreed that Heaven be padlocked for one year.

Padlocked!

The Negro and the Flood

By WALTER WHITE

THOSE familiar with the history of the South would expect cause for complaint regarding the treatment of Negroes in the areas recently inundated by the Mississippi River—the more so because the flooded areas in Mississippi and Arkansas include few towns of any considerable size but are composed of great plantations employing scores or even hundreds of Negro laborers.

A recent tour which I made through the flooded districts, however, brought many surprises, not the least of these being that there was a greater measure of fairness in the administration of flood relief so far as Negroes are concerned than reports had given ground for expecting. Inevitably, there were numerous minor causes for complaint by colored refugees, but on the whole Negroes were being given food, clothing, shelter, and medical attention little different from that given to whites. Army cots, for example, were often given to whites, first, and to Negroes only after the whites had been fully supplied. There were instances, too, where the choicest clothing was distributed in the white camps and the left-overs given to Negroes. The Red Cross, however, with commendable diligence had seen to it that Negroes should have an essentially fair deal.

One enslaving custom more or less generally followed, however, is likely to do lasting harm. To understand this situation thoroughly one should know the background. As has already been said, the flood areas consist in the main of large plantations, owned in many instances by absentee landlords and worked on the share-cropping or tenant-farming system. Particularly in the States of Mississippi and Arkansas, where these share croppers and tenant farmers are Negroes, it is rare for Negroes to obtain fair settlements from their landlords. They live in a state of virtual peonage, and the flood situation has been used to strengthen their chains.

It is worth while recalling the famous riot in Phillips County, Arkansas, reported in *The Nation* for December 6, 1919. That county is in the flood area today. In 1919 the Negroes there organized a society through which they planned to pool their meager resources and to use the dues paid by the members to retain a white lawyer to represent them in the courts in obtaining settlements for their crops. Word was sent forth that these Negroes had organized instead to "massacre white people and seize their land." Mobs poured into Phillips County, and, to quote the decision of the United States Supreme Court, "a number of colored people assembled in their church were attacked and fired upon by a body of white men, and in the disturbance that followed a white man was killed. The report of the killing caused great excitement and was followed by the hunting down and shooting of many Negroes." Seventy-nine Negroes were arrested, given a farcical trial, and twelve of them were condemned to death, while the remainder were sentenced to long prison terms. Subsequently the cases of these men were taken to the Supreme Court of the United States and there the convictions were reversed, and the men were eventually freed. The case was a revealing picture of peonage conditions in this area.

There enters into the flood situation, also, the great migration of Negroes from the South during the past decade. Drawn into the North on the one hand by industrial opportunities, safeguarding of life from attacks by mobs, and educational advantages, and on the other hand driven out of the South by oppressive conditions, some two million Negroes have left the South. Plantation owners in the flood area were highly apprehensive lest they lose their Negro labor when the flood caused abandonment of plantations.

It is in the handling of this problem of labor that legitimate ground for complaint is to be found. In many of the refugee camps Negroes are carefully guarded, and when the flood recedes and the land dries they are released only to the landlord from whose plantation they came. There is, for example, the area from which refugees were placed in the National Cemetery at Vicksburg. This area comprises parts of five Mississippi counties and all of four others in which, according to the United States Census estimate for 1925, there resided 173,000 persons, of whom 80 per cent were Negroes. According to the Jackson, Mississippi, *Daily News* of April 30,

> General Green and Dr. Underwood on Friday detailed Dr. H. H. Boswell to visit several points in the delta in order to hasten the evacuation of refugee camps by explaining to the planters and business men that their labor will be protected from labor agents in all authorized camps. "General Green cannot be responsible for this matter in unauthorized camps," declared Dr. Underwood. . . . "It is believed that the principal reason why so many refugees remain in small camps, where it is impossible to protect their health, is on account of the fear of the planters that labor agents will seduce their labor to other parts of the State.
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> "This has been absolutely prohibited from the beginning in authorized camps. All labor in authorized camps will be held and not allowed to go to other sections of the State, and after the flood danger has passed and conditions are such that they can resume work, they will be taken back to their homes in the various sections of the delta from which they came."

It is hardly necessary to add that the labor referred to is Negro labor. When I was at Vicksburg, I talked at length with General Green, who was most courteous to me. General Green, in command of the Mississippi National Guard troops, with headquarters at Vicksburg, explained to me the system by which a plantation-owner or his manager bearing credentials would come to the camp, identify "his Negroes," and then take these Negroes back to the plantation from which they came.

At Cleveland, Mississippi, a meeting was held on May 5 of the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Relief Committee, with J. C. McMullen, director in charge of Red Cross Relief work at Cleveland. According to the Vicksburg *Evening Post* of May 5,

> . . . the matter of parties, covering a wide range of the delta section not overflowed, going to Cleveland with the view and purpose of being permitted to remove families from the camp and place them on their own plantations was thoroughly discussed and considered, with the result that the matter of releasing families or individuals to parties other than the one [with whom] they have previously contracted for the year was placed in the hands of V. W.

Thomas. Mr. Thomas was instructed by the committee not to release any family or persons from the camp except on written consent of the landlord from whose plantation the laborers came or on the personal request or authorization of the landlord.

From a number of camps, among them that at the Fair Grounds at Memphis, I heard of Negroes eluding guards placed around their Negro camps and escaping to shift for themselves, choosing to forego food, shelter, clothing, and medical attention rather than go back to virtual slavery on the plantations from which the flood waters had driven them.

These instances are typical of many. Those in immediate charge of flood relief, whether wittingly or not, are, I believe, permitting the relief organizations to be used by plantation-owners further to enslave or at least to perpetuate peonage conditions in many parts of the flood area. The higher officials of the Red Cross, notably men like Dr. William R. Redden, Chief Medical Officer for the Red Cross, are resolutely opposed to such use of the disaster. There was, for example, the problem of giving relief to sufferers after they had returned to their homes, where Negroes or whites voluntarily chose to go back to the plantations from which they came. Obviously, the most economical and efficient method of distribution of such supplies in cases where there are fifty or a hundred or two hundred people residing on a plantation would be to turn over the supplies for the whole number to the plantation owner. Negroes feared any such plan, knowing that some of the landlords would claim to have paid for these supplies and would charge against the Negro beneficiaries all the supplies that had been given them. They took this matter up with the Red Cross officials, and the result was an order that no supplies be given in bulk—only to the individual sufferers.

Negroes in hundreds of cases were forced to work at the point of guns on the levees long after it was certain that the levees would break. Conscripted Negro labor did practically all of the hard and dangerous work in fighting the flood. Harrowing as many of these stories are, they are the almost inevitable products of a gigantic catastrophe and are part of the normal picture of the industrial and race situation in certain parts of the South. The greatest and most significant injustice is in the denial to Negroes of the right of free movement and of the privilege of selling their services to the highest bidder. That, if persisted in, would recreate and crystallize a new slavery almost as miserable as the old.

Shanghai—International Danger-Spot

By THOMAS F. MILLARD

Shanghai, May 14

WHETHER Shanghai will continue indefinitely to be an international danger-spot is a question not likely ever to be solved by local authority here or by the Diplomatic Body at Peking. A solution depends now on action outside of China; on decisions of the major Pacific Ocean Powers, or, if diplomatic sensibilities are observed, of the American, Japanese, British, French, and Italian governments. The situation provides an exceptional opportunity for remedial and constructive action of the Powers.

At the annual taxpayers' meeting of the Shanghai International Settlement held in April, 1926, a resolution to admit three Chinese members to the Municipal Council was adopted without dissent. One year later, at the next annual taxpayers' meeting in April, 1927, that resolution was mentioned only by implication and another conciliatory resolution of lesser consequence, to admit Chinese to public parks and open places of the municipality, was rejected. Speaking on an amendment to that resolution (to adopt it but postpone its enforcement) one taxpayer said: "I look upon this amendment as a resolution of surrender and fear. At the present time we should face the Chinese with no compromise."

In 1926 the attitude of our local government toward foreign and Chinese relationships in this port was outwardly one of compromise. In 1927 it openly was one of no compromise. No compromise is deadlock. If the impasse is to be removed the home governments will have to do it.

It is pertinent to repeat what I wrote in 1926 immediately after the taxpayers' meeting of that year:

> It is a departure, and a significant one, when the traditions of foreign position here are breached by inviting Chinese into the council. The action logically concedes two things: that the Chinese have a right to take part in government of foreign concessions in China and that they are competent to do so.
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> One knows that this proposal of the foreign taxpayers is not generous but was made because of fear of serious consequences otherwise. The average foreign taxpayer in Shanghai no more believes now than he did ten years ago that Chinese have a right to participate in government of this settlement or that they are competent to do so. That resolution was proposed and adopted as a gesture having two principal objects. One object is to placate the Chinese temporarily and avert a repetition of strikes, boycotts, and other modern forms of anti-foreignism. Another object is to create an impression in home countries that the municipal authorities here are doing all in their power to conciliate the Chinese, so if trouble comes the Powers will back them up.
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> Adoption of the resolution was "cut and dried." It was known beforehand that it would be passed. It was known also that Chinese would not accept the proffered representation. This was common knowledge for some time previous to the meeting. The day before the meeting and that morning the Chinese General Chambers of Commerce, representing Chinese opinion, published full-page advertisements in foreign and vernacular newspapers stating that anything less than full racial equality in the settlement and representation on the council proportionate to taxes paid by Chinese and foreigners would not be accepted by Chinese.
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> In pronouncements relating to this issue the humbug was not altogether on the part of the foreigners. The foreigners were offering less than they will give if forced into a corner. The Chinese are demanding more than they will take at a real showdown. Leading Chinese have told me that they will be satisfied, for the while, with equal representation. On the basis of the chambers' published manifesto the Chinese would have probably a five to one majority on the council.
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> In this connection it is interesting to reconsider briefly how the settlement has been governed in the past and how

it is governed now. After administration was taken over from the British, American, and French consuls by a Municipal Council acting under "Land Regulations" (tantamount to a municipal charter) framed by ministers at Peking, it fell naturally under the domination of the "taipan" system. A taipan is head manager of a foreign "hong," or business firm. Separated by long distances from the home offices, taipans in China of the great mercantile houses, banks, and shipping companies wielded extraordinary influence and authority. They exercised a degree of control over their subordinates and employees that is unusual in Western countries. . . .

The International Settlement at Shanghai is today as much controlled by the taipan oligarchy as it was forty years ago. That statement probably will be contradicted, but it is true essentially. An analysis of candidates presented at the last election of the council shows plainly that, with one possible exception, all of them were nominees of the taipans. Within the oligarchy in later years are a number of powerful local institutions having extensive real property and other investments and by consequence affected by municipal policy and developments like road extensions and transit facilities. . . .

Therefore in Shanghai we know that when a resolution recommending that three Chinese will be admitted to the council was proposed and adopted at the annual ratepayers' meeting it was because the oligarchy willed that action.

Chinese know that also. They know further (which may be overlooked in home countries) that such a resolution of the taxpayers cannot become operative until the Diplomatic Body at Peking, acting under authority of the home governments and in consultation with the Foreign Office, will revise the Land Regulations to meet the occasion. That resolution in fact does not give the Chinese representation on the council; it merely discloses the opinion of taxpayers here. So if dilatory tactics among diplomats at Peking or in the foreign offices hold up revision of the Land Regulations for a year or two or indefinitely, that resolution will mean very little. It might be an empty gesture. Chinese so regard it, I believe.

The resolution passed in 1926 was duly forwarded to Peking, where it was pigeonholed. Nothing came of it, which probably is what was intended and expected by the government of this settlement. When so many Powers have a technical treaty interest in a matter like this it is hard to discover and trace diplomatic obstructive tactics. Revision of the Shanghai Land Regulations slumbers now in the Legation Quarter. The last revision was in 1881 and the Diplomatic Body at Peking did not approve it until 1898. I perceive a connection between that pocketing of reform of the Shanghai Land Regulations with measures taken by Chinese Nationalists since then to recover foreign residential areas elsewhere in China. Chinese think it is futile to go on trying to accomplish those reforms by customary diplomatic procedure.

In the International Settlement there is, on the Chinese side, an absolute-rendition party which demands that foreign authority here be abolished unconditionally. (That party, however, is not so vociferous since the fiasco of Chinese administration at Hankow.) Then there is a party which advocates Chinese membership on the Municipal Council in proportion to taxes paid by foreigners and Chinese. There is a party which asks for equal representation. And there is a conservative class which would be content if Chinese got three seats on the council to the foreigners' six. There is no Chinese element satisfied to have things remain as they are.

On the side of the foreigners there is a standpat element which bitterly opposes giving Chinese any part in government of the settlement. A minority of foreigners favors giving Chinese equal representation under limitations and safeguards. Very few foreigners are in favor of absolute rendition, although many believe that must be the outcome.

An effort was made a few years ago to compromise with the Chinese on this issue by creating what was called an advisory council. That advisory council was composed of Chinese selected by a Chinese taxpayers' association. Although Chinese accepted that plan then to the extent of appointing members, the advisory council's connection with administration of the settlement was perfunctory, and in a short time intelligent Chinese realized that they were in a position which seemed to give them representation in government of the settlement without giving them any power. Immediately after the shooting incident of May 30, 1925, the Chinese advisory council resigned in a body and it no longer exists except on paper.

A proposal advocated by some Chinese is that Chinese and foreigners vote for all candidates for the Municipal Council. That would be equivalent to giving Chinese control, for Chinese taxpayers far outnumber the foreigners, and by concentrating their votes they could elect an exclusively Chinese council, or if the Land Regulations required the election of some foreigners they might elect a certain type of foreigner by Chinese votes. Objectors to that plan point out the possibility that with an overwhelming majority of Chinese voters and a right of Chinese to vote for foreign candidates, the administration of this settlement quickly would descend to the lowest level of "graft" politics in Western cities.

International sentimentalism has no place in my observations and conclusions about Shanghai. Nor do I favor giving Chinese place and power in government of these foreign concessions from any undue confidence in their administrative capacity. The existing administration of these concessions has anomalies, incongruities, abuses, and some notorious corruptions; but the worst foreign administration here is at the present time likely to be better than the best Chinese administration.

Reform of administration here, like the entire question of treaty revision with China, is a matter of political expediency. It is a choice between disagreeable alternatives. My prejudice is for the foreigners. But my political judgment is that in the long run the position of foreigners in China and the relations of foreign nations with this country will be improved by timely concessions to the new Chinese Nationalism. One sees that in many instances the results of Chinese administration of modern public institutions and facilities are disappointing and that foreigners suffer along with Chinese (but in lesser degree) from those failures. I do not conclude from some immediate results of Chinese municipal administration at Hankow and elsewhere that the broad course of events will change. Those results are due to conditions attending one phase of the revolution and are not characteristically Chinese. Chinese stable classes deplore them as much as foreigners do. If taken rightly the Communist episodes in municipal government can be made to react favorably in obtaining a satisfactory compromise at Shanghai.

Presence of foreign troops and naval forces here is chiefly responsible for the change of local foreign attitude toward municipal reform. When thrown on its own de-

fensive resources the oligarchy was willing to talk compromise. Defended now by foreign forces at the expense of home governments and taxpayers, compromise must not be spoken of. And yet, since the troops are here and by all indications expect to remain indefinitely, their presence makes conditions easier for reform. With them on hand, foreigners here and the home governments do not appear to be acting under compulsion or fear in agreeing to readjustments. And after the reforms are operative the presence of troops will assure tranquillity and that radical Chinese elements will not attempt subversive measures. When the new regime gets organized and is running smoothly the troops can be gradually withdrawn.

The treaties that created these concessions assumed Chinese participation in their government. In 1864 the Diplomatic Body at Peking declared a policy regarding them in five articles, and Article V stated: "There shall be a Chinese element in the municipal system to whom reference shall be made, and assent obtained to any measure affecting Chinese residents." Demands of Chinese now for participation in government of the settlements revert to that provision.

Dr. Manley O. Hudson, professor of international law at Harvard University and associated with the League of Nations, visited Shanghai lately and spent more than a month studying conditions here. On departing he said:

> Much stress is now laid on the international character of the settlement. But my study of the situation has led me to think that its control is more international in name than in fact. The Consular Body has not enough authority to be called the real governing power. And it seems to me inevitable that the present degree of irresponsibility in the local government should not be permitted to continue indefinitely. It is neither responsible to the residents of Shanghai nor to the goverments of the Powers.

Dr. Hudson's observations are just and they confirm my own during many years' contact with conditions here. Actual government of this settlement is vested in the taipan oligarchy, which is predominantly British. It decides the by-laws (municipal ordinances) and police regulations under which we live here, usually without reference to any superior authority, and appeal from its decisions and acts is so difficult that it seldom is attempted and then never gets beyond Peking. I know of no case that has been appealed to home governments or courts in order to obtain a decision as to legality of by-laws and regulations enforced here.

Chinese taxpayers and responsible local organizations now have a committee waiting for a propitious time to discuss questions of municipal reform with the Municipal Council of the settlement or with the Consular Body. Apparently no one wants to talk with them. It is certain that the oligarchy and other beneficiaries of the system will fight reform with all their influence and power. But unless the home governments continue to provide troops to uphold the *status quo* reform is inevitable.

There are several plans to readjust administration of the foreign concessions at Shanghai. Some are visionary, others are advanced to camouflage diplomatic motives, some are practical enough. What is needed at once is for the Powers to take firm charge of matters here and appoint commissioners to work out, with the Chinese, an equitable solution.

These Modern Women

A Hotbed of Feminists

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the seventeenth and last of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. In an early issue of* The Nation *we will publish analyses of these articles by Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, John B. Watson, behaviorist, and Joseph Collins, neurologist.*]

A VAGUE smell of olive oil and mama in bed—this combination always meant a new baby.

In our family it was one girl after another, which pleased me greatly, for I considered boys not only unaesthetic but extremely unnecessary creatures. Not so my father! Though fond and proud of his collection of incipient artists (they all drew as soon as they could hold a pencil), he was always a little piqued at the non-appearance of a son.

The sixth venture brought the desired result. A boy at last—a Muhr who would stay Muhr through all the mutabilities of life and marriage! I remember father on the night of this event—running busily up and down the stairs, his face swollen with toothache, but radiant with ineffable joy and triumph. Now his family was complete!

My father was too idealistic to face the fact that no artist could survive in a mediocre Middle Western village. True, New Swabia had a rich European background and a sturdy pioneer past, but the vitiating spirit of Main Street was already becoming evident, and after all that was what father had to combat.

He painted and decorated houses for a living and kept us in modest comfort. On Sundays he painted pictures in our attic *Malzimmer*. My mother, and even the half-peasant uncles and aunts "down at grandma's" had the aesthetic urge in some form or other—and I spent my earliest years in the serene belief that drawing and painting, like eating and sleeping, belonged to the universal and inevitable things of life.

My mother, who was a natural iconoclast, arranged our hair in unusual ways, refused to burden us with starched clothes, and considered shoes and stockings unnecessary in hot weather, Sundays included. Our Sundays were *gemütlich:* The mingled smell of paints and a Sunday cigar drifting down from the Malzimmer, *Zimmtkuchen* in the kitchen, and Sabbath chimes floating in to us from five directions. The latter gave us a vicarious feeling of sanctity, for we never went to church. We were not even christened. My parents, both Catholic Bohemians by birth, had deserted their faith in early youth and were now "nothing," as I was often forced to admit to my playmates. These children, safe in the folds of some church or other, informed me of our unfitness for heaven. I asked my father about it, and

he said: "Nobody knows what will happen to us. Just do the best you know how and everything will be all right."

Somehow, we got away with all this. "It's all very well for the Muhrs," said the people, "because they're artist's children."

I had always regarded my father's delicate constitution as something which went with his being an artist, much like his long slender fingers or his pointed beard. But as time went on, it could not be passed off in so romantic a fashion. It was easy to see that he was worried about it, too, and to make matters worse, after four years another child was born—a girl! Father was not much pleased. While mama was having the baby, he was in a neighboring town painting murals in a damp, unheated church. When he returned, he was forced to stop working and put to bed. On the baby's first birthday he was buried.

We felt dazed and helpless. Father had been unable to work during that last year—all we had was the house and his insurance amounting to a thousand dollars. "You'll have to take in washing," mother was told, "and Senta, of course, must clerk in a store and support the family." But mother, after the strain of the past year, was too weary and ill to do even her own housework, and I could see that the few dollars I would earn as a clerk in a village store would never solve our problem. Besides I was needed at home to help with the housework and to take care of the baby. This I did, and by drawing place-cards and writing childrens' stories which I illustrated I earned about as much as the store job would have brought.

There followed years of struggle for us all. To me it was a jumble of housework, hungry children, endless wood-chopping, "drawing-fits," and adolescent sentimental moods —and a yearning for oysters and butter.

We determined that the title of the house should be kept clear and that we were never to get into debt. The insurance money was made to stretch over six years, so even with occasional donations, and eight dollars a month which the county allowed us for groceries, there was rarely enough food. Our meals were often pitiful—in retrospect, amusingly so. For instance, there was the famous "Dingle supper." Dingle was an old baker who sold us stale sugar-rolls—having a rancid taste—very cheap. A dime bought enough of these for a scanty supper, the sugar coating serving as a substitute for molasses—butter and jelly were to us the rarest luxuries. We ate Dingle rolls and nothing else.

It was a task to divide the food fairly between us, until we thought of putting it on the basis of a game of chance. After making seven equal divisions (mother always took a smaller share with the excuse that she was not growing any more), one of us numbered the portions mentally. Each child chose a number at random, and received the portion which that number represented. As there was no finding fault with one's own choice, everybody had to be satisfied. It might be supposed that the one who did the numbering could juggle the portions to her advantage, but no one thought of questioning her integrity. There is no way in which I can describe our extreme sense of honor in this matter, swearing on the Bible being a pale oath by comparison.

Among the donations we rejoiced in were other people's cast-off clothes. I often went blocks out of my way to avoid meeting the person whose contribution I happened to be wearing. We soon learned to remodel them beyond recognition, and became so expert that we were criticized for "dressing so swell." I could not stop drawing and reading and was made to feel guilty for that. "Senta could find something better to do than sit in the yard and read and draw all the time." We were finally completely crushed by these criticisms and regained our self-respect only when we were safely assembled in our funny tall house, where we drew, sang, and played games among ourselves. I think this self-sufficiency, in spite of our poverty, nettled the New Swabians.

After a year and a half at home I came, not without tears and fumbling, to an important conclusion. Things were looking hopeless, and it seemed to me that whether we were to swim and come out Muhrs, or sink and stay New Swabians forever, depended on a plunge—a high-school education for us all. To have planned this for the rest and sacrificed myself to the noble cause would have been preposterous enough in the eyes of the natives; but brazenly to include myself was nothing short of selfish; and it was, in a way. I was eager to help the family, to be sure, but how much of me did they really need—all? How much did I belong to myself? To what extent had I the right to ignore myself—not the physical part that walked around and worked, but that fiery thing inside which was always trying to get out and which made me draw so furiously? That was something to be considered, too. Hadn't papa told me? His last conscious words had been in regard to this very thing. "Senta," he had said faintly and with that utter-artist look in his eyes, "what papa has left undone, you'll have to do." And I had nodded my head, speechless with the sudden realization that he was dying and overwhelmed with the poignant drama of what was happening to me.

Now then, was not this a justification of my course? It was more than that—a rich legacy, a coat of mail, something to fight the world with! A defiance flashed into birth within me, "I must go to school again!" Mother was willing if I could see a way to do it. A few discerning people saw my point of view and even offered to help me. And so I went to high school, earning more than my way by drawing and writing stories as before, and giving many a day besides to household duties.

After graduating I taught country school for a year. The autumn after that, my oldest sister Barbara was ready to teach, which was fortunate, for in the meantime I had won a scholarship and was sent away to art school—not by the New Swabians, and not without the usual hints as to my selfishness from some of them. One favorite criticism was: "Why didn't she go on teaching school? Here she went and got a good education, and all for nothing!"

Art school brought cavaliers and the question of marriage. With my father as an example of one who had tried to combine art and a family (and with his family still on my hands!) I hesitated. My drawing fits were my greatest joy; and much as I liked men, I knew that art would always have to come first. I made the startling announcement that I would marry no man unless he would promise to run the house during my drawing moods and would excuse me from scrubbing floors. At the Y. W., where I was staying, the girls were horrified at my "unwomanly attitude" and thought I would make an unnatural wife. But the boys at school were merely amused, probably because they thought I would forget all about it when I found the right man.

During the next several years I had the good fortune to find another patron. I managed also to get friendly contributions for the family from various sources. Erda, the

third Muhr, had just started teaching when our weary mother, who had been fading away before our eyes all these years, died. We must have looked as forlorn as we felt, for people really seemed to feel sorry for us. The children were well-behaved and rather pretty, and several childless couples offered to adopt them and give them "good homes." This would have simplified matters considerably but I could not accept—for, although the term "bourgeois" was not in my vocabulary at the time, I felt its meaning instinctively and revolted against it.

Then there were the Methodists who had long had a missionary eye on us and who finally saw a chance of rescuing the youngsters from my heathen clutches. In order to soften me toward their plan of taking the three youngest to their orphan asylum, they voted us five dollars' worth of groceries. I withheld my negative answer until the food was safely in my hands, my ethics at that desperate stage being that of the proverbial lioness and her cubs.

Instead of thus giving the children a chance to grow up in comfort I made a plan, precarious perhaps, but in my estimation not as "crazy" as people told me it was. I sold the house and moved the family to a big city. The children were delighted and said they would gladly put up with anything to get to a place where our poverty would not be known. We decided to use the house-money for rent, light, and fuel during the next six years. I, who was about to be sent East on another scholarship, would send what I could. Barbara and Erda, since they were escaping room rent by this plan, would take care of the food and clothing. The fourth Muhr, just finishing school, would keep house; and Erda, who had a knack for such things, would manage the family budget.

After coming to New York, I went through a long and agonized period of disillusionment. One fact after another was pushed down my throat, and it seemed as though I would never get through swallowing. The fact that one of my youthful love affairs was running into a somewhat sterner phase only bewildered me the more. What was one going to do about it? Homer, an incipient radical, was as shy of marriage as I was. Free love? The idea did not shock me, but it was hardly a solution if one planned to have babies.

Both courses seemed so extreme—was there no happy medium? With my room-mate's help I drew up an outline for a contract marriage, but I never even showed it to Homer and our problem remained unsolved. However, I lost no opportunity after that of asking the advice of almost everybody I met. Since most of these were men, I soon found myself in possession of an exceedingly liberal education in regard to men, women, and sex.

I pondered and wept over my new information, but there was no getting around it; "good old Mother Nature" was merciless, selfish, and deceitful—and above all, cruel to women. I began to wish I had been born a man. About the physical disadvantages of being a woman nothing could be done; but there were certain privileges which men possessed merely because of custom, and these it might be possible to capture and make one's own.

And babies? One day a well-known artist asked me what kind of drawings I was most interested in doing. I said promptly, "Children's illustrations."

"Oh," he said in mild disgust. "Women are always drawing children."

It made me a little angry; not so much with him as with myself. Was I just another one of those sentimentally maternal females? Why did I want children, anyway? Because I was interested in drawing and raising them, because I was curious to see what I would produce, and because I wanted to reinvest my aesthetic urge in another human being. And how did these reasons stack up against the one big urge to express myself in drawing and painting? This difficult debate with myself lasted for several years and ended with my conviction that if it came to a choice I was more interested in creating aesthetically than physically.

I am fond of men, and at first I was afraid that these new convictions might drive them away. In general, however, I was pleased to find that most of the men I met were not only willing to put up with but actually seemed to prefer this attitude in women.

Our family struggles are not over yet, but we have managed to keep afloat and, I believe, are coming out Muhrs. If papa had only known what a hotbed of feminists he was starting, he need not have worried so about having a boy; for, with one exception, all his daughters bid fair to remain Muhrs through all the mutabilities of life and marriage!

Adele, and the Swami, and I

By T. SWANN HARDING

IN the year of grace 1927, in the capital of this great republic, after generations of mental evolution and regardless of scientific progress, Adele and I heard the Swami. The Swami held forth in the largest auditorium in town; it seated some four thousand. No miserly church auditorium this. If you arrived at seven you got rather a good seat. But well before the Swami appeared in his opulent orange robe at eight there were no seats left at all and many had been turned away sorrowful. It was Sunday night, but, working against the combined competition of the movies, the legitimate theaters, and the churches, the Swami filled this enormous hall with idolators, and had hundreds left over.

These people wanted something; otherwise, it is reasonable to suppose they would not have been here. They got what they wanted; otherwise, they would not have been here this night, when the Swami had already held forth for two weeks. That they knew what they wanted and comprehended what they got—that is quite another matter.

Adele is rather a skeptical sort of person. Reared as she was in a bisectual family (half Roman-half Protestant) she views most religious exhibitions with an aloof superciliousness that faintly damns and vastly annoys the faithful. So it was rather astounding to me to witness her immediate surrender to the Swami. For she surrendered abjectly. Her lower jaw fell with the others; her eyes fixedly stared at the speaker; her face registered the appropriate emotions for Swami worship—adoration, adulation, satisfaction, progressive enlightenment—just like the other faces.

The gentleman who introduced the Swami, a reformed Protestant minister, congratulated the audience upon its intelligence. Nor was he flattering. These persons were not mental riffraff in appearance. Instead, they were as irreproachable as the persons who attend recitals of classical music, operas, scientific lectures, and serious drama.

Then came the Swami. He was coppery dark. He was robust, "sweet" faced, much given to simplicity. It was unfortunate that he waddled rather than walked. His figure displayed obese rotundities that bode ill for longevity. His long black hair seemed some strange, anomalous barbarism in 1927. But his orange robe was splendor itself. Here was no thin, lugubrious, desiccated mystic and saint. For the Swami was over-nourished; he was very happy and he told anecdotes, some of which were reasonably new. But his dark eyes flashed mystery; his singsong chant in a strange tongue invoked awe; his assumption of tapping the great sources of cosmic energy inspired vague, powerful beliefs.

Like Dr. Crile of Cleveland, the Swami believes in the bipolar theory of life. The body is a battery. It is charged and rendered diseaseless, fatigueless, and successful by an inpouring of cosmic energy through the medulla oblongata. There is a minor difference in exegesis here, for Dr. Crile holds to the brain and the liver as the battery poles.

But before the Swami revealed his secret method he very kindly consented to quiver for us. He held up his arms and could make either fore or upper arm vibrate rapidly like a motor. Ladies were invited upon the stage to feel his arms quiver. They quivered at the silent command of his will. His thighs and calves would also vibrate and gentlemen were invited to feel these. His abdomen—but he did not invite anyone to be convinced about that. He could hold a plain sheet of paper in each outstretched hand and the paper quivered, too. There were murmurs of awe. This quivering was to the onlooking spectator of secular or profane mind decidedly analogous to the voluntary muscle jumping accomplished by certain females in our music halls and there called Oriental dancing. But it could not actually have been that. For parties of four were later invited to the platform to lay hands upon the Swami as he quivered, and lo they quivered also, but left him thereafter with a renewed sense of well-being and of fulness of life, and vastly contemptuous of their husbands. But that happened later.

Meanwhile the Swami spoke. He told interesting tales of his childhood and youth. He intimated that he was very old. He explained that cosmic forces had at various times produced money for him. He expounded the fatigueless life of success achieved by concentration, by establishing communion with the great cosmic reservoir of energy. He told of miracles in far-off India—of walking on the water, of leaving lessons unlearned and later learning them by instantaneous miracle—some useful, some trivial accomplishments. Always he voiced those great, roomy generalizations within which the private aspirations of his individual hearers could crawl, lie down in comfort, sleep, and dream contentedly. He made vague statements. His audience suffused these statements with vital meaning of their own and credited him.

There was much talk of happiness, diseaselessness, material success, scientific law, God, Jesus, and the great cosmic source of energy. There was never once anything concrete, specific, detailed. But it was intimated that such marvels would be revealed to an inner circle with $25 each to enable them to meet for twelve intimate personal contacts with the Swami in the rose room of the most expensive hotel in the city.

And meet they will. More generalities shall they have. Nor will there be complaint or suspicion of cupidity or of impotence on the part of the Swami. These students will assuredly get something which they sincerely believe to be the thing that they want, and they will go their way joyful and uplifted. Is that not enough to condone the Swami?

For there is a great yearning abroad. A civilization which offers greed, success, desperate economic struggle, and material satisfaction, but which denies mysticism, does not offer enough. These Swami idolators are usually Protestants, or renegade Protestants. They are not Roman Catholics. As the Protestant churches have gradually surrendered the awe, mystery, supernaturalism, and passion for unity which are the red meat of religion they have lost their hold on the masses.

These people have been driven to cheap fiction—in movies or magazines—which offers a sugared sentimentality to contrast with the harshness and bleak coldness of everyday life. They yearn. People who love art and literature and science and music; people who think and create do not search out Swamis; do not venerate obfuscated metaphysics. Nor are Swamis sought by people who adhere to dramatic, emotional, highly supernatural religions. But Protestantism, with its modernized austerity, has driven these poor souls forth to choose between movies and Swamis and yet it is cruel enough to want to close the Sunday amusements by law in order to compel these wanderers to return to the dismal sanctuary.

Swamis have their place in the scheme of things. Let us hope they are sincere Swamis—sincerely thinking that their ludicrous muscular twitchings do attest an attunement with the batteries wherein are stored the great cosmic energies. Let us hope that they actually cannot afford, for some occult but sound reason, to give their secret of life freely to the yearning multitudes who hang on their words and would have life more abundantly. Let us hope that they never laugh in their capacious sleeves at the credulity of these advanced, civilized, scientific Occidentals.

But Adele has always viewed religious bigotry as absurd. She has always rather pitied these dear, dogmatic people who tell her that this or that is the truth—I mean The Truth. And she has been inclined to twit them. So I thoughtlessly said, on leaving, something silly about mutual quivering as a guide to Truth. But Adele became offended at once. She declared that these were motor-like, health-producing vibrations, that the Swami was a dear, simple, altruistic soul with not an evil cell in his entire structure and that he had found The Truth.

But you ask what is that Truth? I should refer you to Adele, because she heard all twelve of the Swami's lectures and I but one. Yet he stated the Truth that Sunday night. Everyone said so. I heard it because I listened hard while I was awake. Yet all I can say is that you concentrate; then you get in tune with the great cosmic forces; then your muscles twitch and quiver; then you are fatigueless, you have a high immunity to every disease, you have become successful, and you know why you are on this earth and where you are headed.

And, as Adele says, the profoundest truths are, after all, the simplest.

See Pages iii, iv, and v

In the Driftway

SUMMER having come at last the Drifter's uncle who, unlike his nephew, is fond of automobiles, has taken his 1921 Buick touring car, for which he paid $147.37 a year ago, out of its moth-balls and has begun his week-end roamings around the country. His net score to date is five punctures, one injured dog, and two mud-guards mashed, one by a noisy gentleman in traffic on Broadway, and the other anonymously in the first garage in which he left his car for the night. To his regret he again finds himself confronted with a road problem which he hoped would have disappeared by this time—the hitch-hiker. Nothing tries his democracy more than to go sailing by men and women waving frantically for a ride when he has three vacant seats in his car—for he almost never allows himself the luxury of a back seat driver. He cannot get away from the feeling that he has been supremely selfish in not giving a helping lift to the less fortunate who are pounding along the road. For the next two miles it spoils his enjoyment of the countryside, but then his other self asserts its opinion that there is no ethical problem involved and that there ought to be a society for the stern suppression of hitch-hikers rather than a display of the slightest friendliness.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's uncle admits that he was biased against hikers a number of years ago when he picked up two men on the road from Narragansett to Providence in a thick fog with rapidly increasing darkness, and asked them to pilot him to Providence since the main road was closed. The men piloted him with a vengeance and a couple of hours later he wound up in a dense wood, miles out of the way, in a heavily falling rain, stopped by a puncture. Then and there he recognized his folly. He was at the mercy of his guests on the back seat; they could have stripped him of all his belongings—when the joke would have been on them—and left him to spend the night there, twenty miles from nowhere. As it was he reached Providence safely about 1 a.m., thankful that his skin was unharmed and his small change untouched. That experience came back to him forcefully when two friends of his told him of their touring in the West, and their picking up a poor old woman who did not even signal for help. They could not bear to see her dragging herself along the road and so the mother and daughter stopped, placed her on the back seat and drove on. A few minutes later the daughter happened to look in the mirror only to find that the passenger had drawn a revolver from the bundle she was carrying and was pointing it directly at them as if in mortal dread of being kidnapped or attacked. Mother and daughter kept their composure and after much discussion in French drew up at a cross-roads and asked their passenger to alight. Muttering to herself and still holding the revolver in her shaking hand, she descended. No hitch-hikers are ever taken in by those good women, and unnecessary are the warnings of their insurance company that the courts have held the driver liable if there is any injury to a passenger who invited himself into the car.

* * * * *

STILL the Drifter's uncle recalls with pleasure long and interesting conversations with those he has picked up on the road, men, women, and children. They have given him delightful insights into their own mental processes; they have usually piloted him correctly when he did not know the roads, and they have added not a little to his knowledge by their descriptions of the territory he and they were passing through. But of all these passengers who have unexpectedly found their way into his car, one, a woman, stands out above all others. She stood at the foot of a long Devonshire hill, bent and old and worn, and carrying a huge parcel on her back. It was in the early days of automobiling when people still yelled "get a horse" and threw stones and hated the motor-tourist for the dust he created. The driver was a fine young Englishman who was much shocked when told to stop and pick up the old woman. Thereafter his pride came to his aid and he drove like the great artist that he was, swooping down one hillside at fifty miles and roaring up the next incline, the road being open and not another car appearing for an hour at a time. The old lady who must have been terrified at such speed on her first ride compressed her feelings until her destination was reached, a high-lying village miles away. As the car slowed down for the main street the people rushed to the windows to see the new-fangled contraption, only to recognize a neighbor and a friend on the front seat—Maria Smith come to town in the car of quality. Maria Smith said not a word, but straightened up, threw her shawl around her and assumed the haughty and disdainful mien of a blasé beauty to whom a motor car was an every day affair. To not one vocal greeting of the neighbors did she respond; to that she could not descend. Like a Queen of England, she bore herself with incredible dignity until the car stopped at the Grey Horse Inn. There she alighted, curtsied, and mumbled her thanks.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Jugoslavia and Albania

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The admirable and impartial article by Mr. G. E. R. Gedye on The Albanian Peril in your issue of April 27 was a clear and unbiased statement of existing conditions. The curse of Balkan politics has always been interference by non-Balkan Powers. For half a century the rival policies of Austria and Russia kept the peninsula in a turmoil. The one thing they desired in common was to prevent a Confederation of the Balkan States. Such a miracle did, temporarily at least, come about when, under the influence of their common hatred of the Turk, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece made an alliance and in 1912 took the field against the Ottoman Empire. If this Confederation could have been maintained and consolidated the whole course of European politics might have been changed.

After the World War for the first time in their history the Balkan states were, therefore, masters of their destinies. The Serbia of 1912, with its population of two and a half millions, had become the powerful Jugoslavia, with a population of nearly thirteen millions, and took her place as the leading nation in the peninsula. Jugoslavia saw the necessity of maintaining her complete independence at all costs and enunciated the principle of "the Balkans for the Balkan peoples." This is the "Monroe Doctrine" of the peninsula and the Magna Charta of the future existence of Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece, and Albania. Each undertakes to respect the independence of the others and to bar the door to interference from without.

In the past month or two the legend has been put forward in certain quarters that Jugoslavia, unfaithful to this doctrine, has designs on Albania and is plotting to seize that country. This is put forward as justification of Italy's action in establishing an Italian protectorate over that country.

There could be no greater mistake. Jugoslavia has no intention of taking over 800,000 people, alien to her in blood, language, customs, and mentality. The Belgrade Government knows that it would only weaken Jugoslavia to take over the turbulent tribesmen of Albania, 90 per cent of whom can neither read nor write, and whose various clans are split up by bitter blood feuds.

Italy, on the other hand, plots aggression and aggrandizement. It is her ambition to replace Austria in the Balkan peninsula and reduce the various peoples to the position of vassal states. To do this she will undoubtedly revive the old Austro-Russian policy of intrigue and disunion, setting people against people for the greater glory of Italian imperialism.

New York, June 7 GORDON GORDON-SMITH

Mr. Kallen and Mr. Edman

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A friend has sent me here a copy of *The Nation* of April 20, containing a review of my book "Why Religion," by Mr. Irwin Edman. I have read this review with great interest. Mr. Edman makes it fully, I might say passionately, clear that he does not like my book and that he cannot understand it, and he asserts, of course, that the fault is in me. I am sorry. I wish I might have pleased him. I wish the argument of the book had been clear to him. It seems to have offered no intellectual difficulties to many minds that Mr. Edman would regard as quite inferior, and this fact might justify the inference that the obscurity was due not so much to the exposition of the writer as to the emotions of the reader.

I will pass by the various remarks that may be due to emotional blindness or just ignorance—they are a reviewer's privilege—to take a point of general interest that is raised by Mr. Edman's animadversions on my diction. Mr. Edman asserts that I say things in a complicated and affected way when I could and ought to say them in a simple and unaffected way. He declares that I don't say what I mean: that I say "Judaist" when I mean "Jew," "conventual" when I mean "conventional," "formulary" when I mean "formula," "each development becomes a condition and circumstance for the exfoliation of others" when I mean "one thing leads to another."

These different expressions mean to me different things. To me a Judaist is a person who believes in Judaism. Such a person may or may not be a Jew. There are Jews who are not Judaists—perhaps Mr. Edman is such a Jew, and there are Jews who are Judaists. If Mr. Edman were more sensitive to shadings in the meaning of English words he would realize the difference between the suggestion of action in "conventual" and the suggestion of inertia in "conventional"; he would know that the almost proverbial "one thing leads to another" has a far poorer and more generalized content than the expression "each development, etc.," which indicates process, forms of causation, and one certain manner—exfoliation. Only loose and lazy habits of thought rationalized by a theory of style which mistakes the easiest way for the clearest, the least troublesome for the most precise, could make the astounding identifications Mr. Edman makes.

Years ago *The Nation* printed an article, Style and Meaning, in which I pointed out that words were instruments of classification as well as of designation and that their functions as meanings lie not in what they denote but in what they connote. "Salt," I said, denotes the same thing as "sodium chloride" but does not *mean* the same thing. For "salt" puts the familiar white powder in a setting of shops and dining-rooms, in a system of social and material relations quite other than those of the chemical laboratory, the drugstore, and the like in which "sodium chloride" sets it. I trust I may be forgiven for believing that what irks Mr. Edman in my style is not its pretense to elegance but its aim at precision.

Moscow, Russia, April 10 H. M. KALLEN

On the Evolution of the Psyche

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A group of men and women here in New York have been meeting weekly at the Women's University Club for the past year or more, hearing and intensely enjoying a series of lecture-discussions on the evolution of the psyche in man. Many of the students are college graduates, a few are elderly people, and some come from far out in the suburbs, weather never interfering. What are they all seeking, and what maintains this interest? The explanation is only in part the teacher, remarkable woman though she is, and versed in the art and science of the East and the West. Fundamental in the study is a comparison of the principal world religions, with the revelation of how perfectly they harmonize in their inner meanings and how woefully they have been distorted in their outer expression. No course could do more to adjust the individual within himself and to his fellow-men.

We know there are many craving just such an antidote to the poisonous influences in the environment; many, too, who are seeking deeper insight than their scientific or religious education has vouchsafed them. To those who have such interests we extend an invitation to communicate with the chairman of the group committee,

EDNA G. MULFORD

Women's University Club, New York, May 30

"C. O.'s" in the Civil War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Conscientious Objectors in the American Civil War" is the title of a study which I am making in the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania. It would be of great assistance to me to learn of any letters, memoirs, or diaries which are known to any of your readers and which might throw additional light on this subject. Personal reminiscences would be of great interest if there are any who are willing to take the time to put them on paper.

Moylan, Pennsylvania, May 31 EDWARD N. WRIGHT

Contributors to This Issue

WALTER WHITE is assistant secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

THOMAS F. MILLARD has been correspondent in China for the New York *Times* and *World*.

T. SWANN HARDING is a chemist who frequently contributes essays to the magazines.

HERBERT S. GORMAN is a poet, novelist, and critic.

POWERS HAPGOOD has worked in mines in the United States, Wales, France, Germany, and Russia.

LORINE PRUETTE is author of a life of G. Stanley Hall.

PIERRE LOVING is an American critic now living in France.

THOMAS COMPTON is an English journalist.

LOUIS FISCHER is *The Nation's* Russian correspondent.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY is president of the Science League of America.

D. N. BANNERJEA is a distinguished Indian now living in Italy.

See Pages iii, iv, and v

Books and Plays

These for Your Hurt

By HERBERT S. GORMAN

These for your hurt—the day the willows flung
  Their wild green arms above a world that died
  In my still eyes, and your unbroken pride
Reared silently as some white shaft among
The withered graves of hours that stay unsung;
  And that dead minute when we met dry-eyed
  By the old beaches where the white birds cried
And found no speech in either trancéd tongue.

These for your hurt, and for my heart's allay—
  The memory of passion dark as blood,
The travail of Time's dubious delay,
  And hollow wash of that slow-mounting flood
Of pain that broke the brain's thin dikes and thrust
Your face, your breast back to the senseless dust.

One Against a Thousand

The Rock Dust Remedy. By Harry Phythyon. Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania: The Belle Vernon Agency. $2.

MR. PHYTHYON disagrees with the United States Bureau of Mines and almost all the articulate element in the coal industry with regard to the coal-dust menace and the rock-dust remedy. The Federal Bureau of Mines is generally regarded as a scientific institution and as one of the most eminent authorities on the safety of coal mines. It was created by Congress primarily to study the causes of our mine explosions and to find preventives for them. The bureau very quickly advanced the theory, which its directors derived from Great Britain, that our bituminous mine explosions have been mainly due to the explosibility of coal dust. The principal remedy it proposed was to render the coal dust inert by means of water or rock dust. Recently the bureau has centered its attention on the rock dusting of mines as the best method of preventing mine explosions and has waged a campaign to compel the rock dusting of all the bituminous mines in the country. It has been joined in this campaign by almost all the intellectual and articulate men connected with the mining industry, by the coal-mining journals, by the compensation-insurance companies, by organizations such as the American Association for Labor Legislation, and by the liberal magazines.

Who, then, is this man who stands one against a thousand, and why does he do so? Mr. Phythyon is surely entitled, perhaps far more than many intellectuals of the industry with whom he disagrees, to the term of expert. He not only is a graduate from college and from advanced schools of mining engineering, but has been a practical mining man for several decades. As a boy, before his college days, he worked for five years underground as a practical miner. Since then he has held positions as fire-boss, mine foreman, and superintendent in some of the most dangerous coal fields. He is today a State Mine Inspector in the bituminous fields of Pennsylvania, a position he has held for nearly fourteen years.

Impressive as the odds were against him, he has given one of the most reasonable and scientifically complete discussions of the coal-dust theory and rock-dust remedy, so far as I know, that have appeared in print. He is familiar with the studies of the Bureau of Mines and its experiments in coal-dust explosions at its experimental mine and laboratory at Bruceton. In his book he gives the case for the Bureau of Mines and then item by item proceeds to demolish it. He has not stopped, however, merely with destructive criticism. He has evidently written the book because, as it says, "the part played by coal dust in our mine explosions has been unduly magnified in the public mind to the neglect and discredit of causes and remedies of greater practical importance." He feels that "the coal-dust theory has served a long time as a smoke-screen and a strawman to defeat the purpose for which the Bureau of Mines was created," and that "when a mine explosion is blamed on the coal dust when it was due to faulty ventilation, operators are not prepared thereby to avoid other explosions." It is easy to see how the coal-dust theory would be welcome in this country; it reduces the odium attached to coal operators who have explosions.

Mr. Phythyon does not take the extreme position that coal dust can play no part whatsoever in mine explosions. His position, as distinct from that of the Bureau of Mines, is that coal dust alone, in the absence of explosive gas, will not make trouble. While he admits that coal dust is inflammable and will burn under certain conditions, he makes a distinction between an explosion and a mere conflagration of dust which will not extend beyond the source of heat. It is generally understood that approximately 5½ per cent of methane gas in a mine atmosphere, if ignited, is sufficient to cause an explosion. Mr. Phythyon believes that if fine, dry, bituminous coal dust is suspended in a mixture containing less than 5½ per cent of gas, an explosion may occur. His central idea is that coal dust helps to make a mine atmosphere explosive, when some explosive gas is present, by lowering the explosive limit of gas; and that coal dust itself, suspended in the air, will serve somewhat to extend a mine explosion. But he shows conclusively that mine explosions are not due to coal dust alone.

The main arguments that the author uses to sustain his case are taken from the source we would expect to furnish the best data—the coal mines. He gives a detailed history and explanation of many of our great mine disasters and near the end of his book presents three main facts which are incompatible with the coal-dust theory. First, explosions in gaseous mines are always started in the presence of explosive gas, and their extent and destructiveness are in proportion to the amount of gas that can reasonably be estimated to have accumulated when the explosion occurred. Second, mine explosions are nearly all local in character and die out in the presence of fresh air, whereas if coal dust were responsible one might reasonably expect explosions to reach the entire underground territory of mines where they have occurred. Third, in the entire mining history of Pennsylvania no major mine explosion has ever occurred in a strictly non-gaseous mine, although the non-gaseous mines outnumber many times the gaseous ones.

It is significant that since the appearance of Mr. Phythyon's book neither the Bureau of Mines nor the mining journals that were preaching the coal-dust theory and rock-dust remedy have taken issue with him. While they have not publicly indorsed the book, there is reason to believe that it has somewhat modified the views of some of them. For instance, *Coal Age* in its issue of November 11, 1926, says: "The change of attitude shows a general confidence in improved equipment and methods of ventilation, in permissible explosives, and in the last line of defense —rock dust." Mr. Phythyon would certainly not relegate rock dusting to a less important position than the last line of defense. He is not against rock dusting as such, but he insists that it should be kept in its proper place. In time to come, in my opinion, Mr. Phythyon's book will be considered as a classic in coal-mining literature. While it may appear to some as if it has merely served to cast a doubt over a brilliant advertising campaign of the Bureau of Mines, it must be pointed out that human life is at stake and that the acceptance of a mistaken theory and the stressing of secondary defenses as against primary ones may be the direct cause of further loss of life. The

primary means of avoiding mine explosions is adequate and reliable ventilation to prevent gas from accumulating in explosive quantities. The undue stress accorded to rock dusting in the bureau's campaign not only induces neglect of ventilation but in some cases has evidently even tended to discredit it. The following amazing quotation is taken from what may well be an authorized statement of the Bureau of Mines in the Salt Lake City *Tribune* for March 12, 1926. So far as I know this has not been repudiated by the bureau: "The Bureau of Mines is convinced that neither ventilation nor water will prevent mine explosions. Ventilation particularly is ineffective, as tests have shown that explosions occur only when the dust is in motion, and ventilating fans therefore add to rather than diminish the danger." When a mine inspector like Mr. Phythyon squarely faces a government bureau which he thinks is endangering lives in the coal industry, the country should be glad that he has the courage to express his convictions.

POWERS HAPGOOD

The Posthumous Sumner

The Science of Society. By William Graham Sumner and Albert Galloway Keller. Volume I. Yale University Press. $4.

IN the whole literature of the social sciences there are few books to which magic can be ascribed. When William Graham Sumner was at work upon the volume which has become "The Science of Society" he wrote a chapter which ran away with him to the extent of 200,000 words. "Folkways," published in 1907, has run away with many a reader and has in these years established its claim as authentic magic. Sumner died in 1910, with his larger work still far from completed, leaving his notes, manuscript, and case material to his colleague, Albert G. Keller. The book, begun in 1899, is just now coming from the press in four large volumes, of which the first is here reviewed. The labor of love involved in working over the materials of a dead scientist is often an example of love's labor lost. It is pleasant to record that Professor Keller has built up out of his original materials a structure that is both admirable and noteworthy.

One of the distinctive features about anything Sumnerian is the solidity and naturalness of the approach. The reader is assured of the inductive method and he is assured of theories that can be traced to the basic phenomena of every-day life. The influence of Darwin and of Spencer is also to be counted on, and this first volume of the long-projected sociology does not differ in these respects from the other writings.

"The Science of Society" assumes a knowledge of evolution and starts off with "adjustment" as a keynote. It seeks the sense of societal customs and institutions and studies their expediency as adjustments in living, whether or not any conclusion can be drawn as to their origins. It starts out with two elements, man and land, and holds that the man-land ratio is at the basis of all society and itself determines the development of society. It is squarely against any instinct of the herd or of sociability, holding that the tendency to associate is acquired rather than inherited through the germ-plasm, and that association is another of those long-standing usages which, like "natural rights," are referred to "nature" because their origin is not known. Association has become a habit of mankind because of its high survival-value in the evolution of civilization; discipline and then more discipline are required to rear an acceptable member of society; men have to be driven to think in terms of society and very few come to do so. The child has to learn all those qualities which are indispensable to membership in society, and no form of association exists into which men can enter without sacrificing personal liberty. Nevertheless, the utilities of association are so manifold and decisive that the formation of society was a winning expedient in the art of living. Brotherly love has nothing to do with early association; men quarreled and fought unless they were too broken or too cowardly. Only under civilization does the individual get away from violence; societies have not yet got away. Hostility and war are as primordial as poverty. Peace is not a natural boon, but a benefit to be striven for.

Hunger, love, vanity, and fear are the socializing forces, for they are the stimuli that drove men into society and held them there. Those who developed association were the fit, and by their survival it prevailed. These socializing forces are also the war-forces; actually they are what impel men to action of any kind. Hunger is a long wave, imperative as no other force is. Problems of self-maintenance are very near to reality, and this is why adjustment of maintenance-ways is quicker and surer than adjustment of those belonging to self-gratification, marriage, or religion. Sex-love is, compared with hunger, unsteady, transitory, and violent. It is essentially a passing thing, and no enduring human relationships have been formed upon it alone. Out of hunger develop the maintenance organizations of society, including the industrial, and out of love come the fundamental organizations of marriage and the family. Human society may then be defined as a group of human beings living in a cooperative effort to win subsistence and to perpetuate the species. But there are other human activities above those of maintenance which are not due to sex-love or ghost-fear. Such activities minister to self-gratification, and the impulses behind them are vanity and the desire for pleasure.

Vanity and the desire for pleasure have not resulted in massive institutions such as property, government, or religion, but they are significant and important. To vanity is attributed war for glory, ornamentation, and much of ceremonial—whatever aims at the display of superiorities in the individual or the group. Art falls into this group, as well as various other forms of catering to the senses, reducing boredom, and making life more interesting. Although such impulses are not indispensable to society's maintenance or perpetuation they are very strong and men may come to the point of overlooking necessities in the search for luxuries. However, the development of activities of self-gratification depends upon an earlier development of the maintenance-organization, for existence has to be assured before people can play or practice ostentation very much.

Ghost-fear is like vanity, a typically human product depending upon association; it becomes a socializing force, for it holds men together; it is not so primordial as hunger and love, for it cannot be explained by physiology. The fear of the supernatural causes men to develop joint methods of confronting the supernatural menace, and these seem at times the strongest influence in the life of society, but each of the four great forces is likely to appear strongest when it is being intensively studied.

Proceeding from this basis in human impulses "The Science of Society" is divided into sections on self-maintenance, self-perpetuation, and self-gratification. Organization for self-maintenance appears the most complicated and important, being based upon hunger and fear and resulting in industrial organization, property, regulative organization, and religion. Self-perpetuation is of course concerned with marriage and the family, and self-gratification comprises a variety of uncoordinated forms of activity.

It is to be regretted that where so much is excellent the chapter on sex-specialization in labor should be filled with such twaddle. That the Greeks derived hysteria from the word meaning uterus is no excuse for our ignorantly continuing such an association of ideas. To say that "the female nervous system is less stable than the male, being more affectable and susceptible to neurasthenia, hallucinations, hypnotic influences, and hysteria," is almost as funny as to say that "one sex acts under high pressure, the other under low pressure; one revolts

at monotony, the other takes naturally to routine; one shows a restless pursuit of the new and untried, the other an 'organic conservatism.' " The chapter reads as though it might have been written twenty-five years ago, when such generalizations were in better odor among scientists than they are in these later skeptical days.

This first volume of the "Science of Society" carries the study through capital, property, and appropriation of energies of fire, animals, and men, through war-groups and usages, development of government, class distinctions, group-control, and the antecedents of the state. The volume next to follow will be concerned entirely with religion, beginning with the very fruitful concept of the aleatory or "luck" element in human life. So far as the present volume goes we can see developing a carefully thought out, coherent, and useful system for inventorying the activities of society. It lacks inevitably the magic of the "Folkways", which is one of America's truly great books, but it is a real achievement in coordination and analysis. Whether the entire work will advance sociology as a science is a question not to be answered at this stage. The probabilities seem against it.

LORINE PRUETTE

Rimbaud

La Vie Aventureuse de Jean-Arthur Rimbaud. Par Jean-Marie Carré. Paris: Librairie Plon.

"WE only know what we have made: the mind gathers knowledge only in the act of creation," said an Italian philosopher, and this aphorism might well stand as a blazon for the poetry of Jean-Arthur Rimbaud. He was keen, cerebral, wilful, and he came to know the world because he created it afresh each time in his poems. He was bold, experimental, cross-grained—*fumiste reussi,* successful charlatan, was the summary epithet bestowed upon him by François Coppée. And yet, in the light of what has happened since his death in the realm of French poetry, he belongs undoubtedly in the front rank. For first-rate poetry dies a curious kind of death, but it dies into something new, overshadowing, and strange, and alchemizes, as it is itself in part altered by, the spirit of man brooding upon it. The great poem is never finished. It lives, perhaps, because it is always drawing collaborators to itself, and these collaborators are its audience from age to age.

The present biography, although it starts out to be a novel, tries as it goes along to deal suggestively with the centrifugal chaos of the poet's life which ultimately became order—a perverse sort of order, it is true—in his poetry. Miss Lowell, it will be remembered, attempted to do something along this line for Keats; M. Carré is more detached, and there is no macula of contemporary fashion in his method. Rimbaud led a pugnacious, varicolored, free-lance existence, but if you examine it you will find that it was really harmonious with himself and amazingly cool-blooded. Unparalleled in the history of genius is his evolution from a precocious lad of sixteen, writing what may be called poetic dynamite, to the Eastern traveler, colporteur, soldier of fortune who subdued African natives, crossed deserts, and at last died, lonely, tended only by his sister, in Marseilles. He died in the arms of the church he had loathed and despised.

Rimbaud was born in Charleville in 1854. He was educated in the Catholic schools of the town. The most formidable ally of his youthful dreams and aspirations was his teacher, Izambard, who was a republican. Rimbaud imbibed the principles of republicanism from him. He became ferocious in his hatred of the church and used to chalk up on the church-door on Sunday mornings, just before the end of service, "Mort à Dieu!" He wrote feverishly. His earliest poems show a most astonishing gift for rabid imagery and a sense of rhythm that is harsh, and iconoclastic, but quite in keeping with the motion of his perturbed spirit. After the siege of Paris he sold his watch and bought a ticket for the capital. He made the acquaintance of André Gill, the caricaturist, slept on benches, on the quays, under bridges. On a second trip he met Banville, Gautier, and, above all, Verlaine, who was his most fervent admirer and—to put it mildly—his most sentimental friend. Upon the occasion of his first official appearance at a literary dinner he created a scandal by stabbing a fellow-writer with Verlaine's sword-cane. Later, he met Hugo, who could not deny the impulse to utter another immortal phrase: "C'est Shakespeare enfant." A little later Anatole France wrote: "We learned with surprise that a new Villon had come among us."

Oddly enough, although Rimbaud had the most profound influence on both the life and work of Verlaine (deranging the former and enriching most phenomenally the latter), Verlaine, on his part, wielded absolutely no power over his younger friend. Verlaine was an incurable sentimentalist, feeble and lachrymose, whereas, troubled in his own spirit and searching it drastically for crime, sickness, knowledge, and superhuman strength, Rimbaud appeared in all outward things self-centered, wilful, penetrating, and remorseless almost to the point of inhumanity. He had a baiting scorn for the diligent plodder, who, as he once put it, starts out from the horizon which has long been exhausted by the first-rate imaginative artist.

Both "Bateau Ivre" and "Saison d'Enfer" attest the sort of purgation which comes only from some deep inner experience. There can be no doubt of this. Audacious, impudent, incoherent at times, rich to excess, Rimbaud yet writes "poetic autobiography"; in "Saison d'Enfer" the prose is alive and burning. He was "ingenious," too, as has been frequently charged, and it is undeniable that he was touched with the malady of what has been called "ingeniosité ordurière." But there was also that in his spirit which could offset the unsavory details of his tumultuous life.

PIERRE LOVING

France by a Journalist

France. By Sisley Huddleston. The Modern World Series. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

N the nature of Gaul Strabo saw proof of divine providence, and Sisley Huddleston, examining the same thing at this later date, also finds himself convinced of something or other —exactly what it is is difficult to ascertain. In his desperate impersonation of Jekyll and Hyde, however, he does succeed in confirming a suspicion that the inkstained eyewitness is no historian.

The book is divided into three parts: to the Second Empire, from Napoleon III to the World War, and from 1914 to the present day. It is difficult to understand how the writer of the latter sections produced the first part. Book I, under the title The Making of National Unity, is analytical history which never approaches harmony with the burden of its title, while the following portions belong to the rapidly increasing "Mirrors" library and are a valuable acquisition by that collection.

The Making of National Unity lurches forward with all the dramatic intensity of "The World Almanac," concessions being made, in form, to those of us who prefer their statistics in prose. We read: "In Algeria are nearly six million persons; in Tunisia two millions; in Morocco four and a half millions. . . ." And so on for a paragraph. However much effort one puts into the reading of these pages they refuse to live—perhaps it was not intended that they should—and yet they are slapped together in such a way that they are useless for reference. We are offered the scent of a topic and follow it a while only to be jerked off at a tangent and asked to peer through the gloom at something else. Dates, instead of being used as pins to tack the whole in place, are juggled back and forth, used for decoration, and repeated until they lose all significance. That the facts are painfully correct only adds to the pity of it all.

We thought that Bagehot, for one, had traced the connective tissue of history and shown that all civilizations must run their infancy, childhood, and adolescence in proper order; finally developing into something rather remote from the heart's desire. Attacked by periodic illness they recover to gain additional strength or are left permanently scarred. "L'histoire des peuples est une échelle de misère dont les révolutions forment les différentes degrés" was how Chateaubriand summed it up. In God's good time the feudal rash breaks out and is scratched till it irritates. A few generations and it has concentrated in the great purple boil of royalty which, in time, is pricked for the good of the constitution and the general health of the body politic. And so on. . . . We thought all this was recognized, and yet here is Sisley Huddleston gaping in amazement when he finds traces of it in the history of his beloved France—the acknowledged prototype.

Is it fitting, in this day, to adopt the feigned surprise of a conjurer in pointing out that without Julius Caesar the France of today would be something else, that feudalism as a means to an end justified itself, or that Louis XIV really served a purpose? Le Roi Soleil, in forging the tool which sharpened the point of Sieyès's "L'état c'est nous" alone, vindicated himself completely.

How obviously the inconsistency of the contemporary stands out! How forbidding are individual trees in the modern end of the forest! We are told that from time to time in the story of France the call has been for a Man. In the glorious days gone by we find that some obliging, if sometimes inadequate, individual graciously responded; Henri IV, Richelieu, and Napoleon among others. If this has been so why scorn the possibility that the present day will produce a similar article to satisfy insistent demands? If France is not decadent —the which he insists—why is it so absurd for her to howl now for a Judge Landis?

Thus till times within the ken of living man. Here Mr. Huddleston is on his chosen ground as eyewitness, journalist, and gossip, and he satisfies. His thumbnail sketches of contemporary Frenchmen are worth the first two hundred pages and more. When "I write with personal knowledge, for my duties took me to France and kept me there in an exceptional post of observation . . . " he scores on every page and we feel that we are in the midst of it all. With him we rub shoulders with statesmen, politicians, musicians, artists, and writers and feel with him that that company offers good reasons for high hopes.

THOMAS COMPTON

Love and Work

Red Love. By Alexandra Kollontai. The Seven Arts Publishing Company. $2.50.

THIS is the eternal tragedy of the triangle with a Soviet Russian dressing. The modern Bolshevik background with the emerging new woman against it adds interest to what might otherwise have been only another novel.

Vassilisa is a young active Communist. In the early days of the revolution she falls in love with Volodya, a sparkling "American" anarchist, who has made peace with the Soviets and works for them. Theirs is the love born of broad mutual interest, of intense common labors, and, last and least, of sex. Vassilisa is a woman, but so devoted to the cause as to have no time and energy to be the woman Volodya needs. Periods of geographical separation intervene. He has "affairs." She is always the comrade and friend; sometimes the wife. But he loves Nina Constantinova, the very reverse of Vassilisa, amorous, bourgeois, unsocial, selfish, luxury-loving. For a period Volodya, who has become the well-paid and quite un-Communistic Soviet business manager, lives on with Vassilisa but loves Nina. Vasya suspects, then knows, and is jealous. (Communism hasn't changed such matters yet.) Vasya goes back to her own provincial town. She discovers that she is pregnant, is glad, and decides to bring up the child herself with the aid of the state. Vasya, absorbed in her party work, discovers now that the bond of affection with Volodya is broken and, convinced that under such circumstances she has no claim on him—not even to support her baby—she writes in the true bigness of her spirit to Nina giving her benediction to the marriage of her former husband to his former mistress.

This is all very good, but I don't get the point. Judged as a literary production, "Red Love" surpasses expectations. There is some really fine writing in it which the translation has not spoiled. But why did Kollontai print such a thing? The most revolutionary doctrine she preaches is that of voluntarily giving up one's partner in marriage when love has disappeared. Of course, Kollontai has a philosophy of sexual relations which comes better to view in the original Russian "Love of Working Bees," where one finds the present story with two shorter ones. This philosophy is brought out somewhat too generally in a foreword—actually a postscript sent in from Mexico City. Love and family, Kollontai argues—and as one of Europe's leading feminists she merits as much attention as any suffragette—are sideshows in a man's life. He is judged by his job. The ambassadress advocates the same measuring-rod for women. A woman ought to be considered "good" or "bad" not because she does or does not conform to a certain set of bourgeois morals but according to whether she serves humanity and society. There is a life for women outside the kitchen and nursery and beyond love. Fine. But Kollontai has presented a bad illustration, for Vasya loves less the more she works. It need not be so.

LOUIS FISCHER

Popular Race Science

The Pulse of Progress. By Ellsworth Huntington. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

MR. HUNTINGTON assists, through innumerous books and magazine articles, in educating the mind of Demos by means of the popularization of science. Here he writes on migrations, farms and cities, nomads, weather and civilization, the effect of climate on history and on racial temperament, the fact of the social suicide of Russia, and the manner in which races are created and perpetuated; and finally he gives a résumé of all Jewish history, a sort of Haldeman-Julius size Graetz, with the addenda of biologic, geographic, and anthropologic footnotes. "The one thing at which we have aimed has been to give an example of how geography, migrations, and racial selection combine with genius, sociology, politics, religion, and other phases of human culture in explaining human history. Only by combining all these factors with even-handed impartiality can we understand the true philosophy of history."

Yet with all Mr. Huntington's large intention his understanding of the true philosophy of history is not, one suspects, always come at with quite the even-handed impartiality that he suggests. He makes it easy for himself, for instance, by assuming without controversy the superiority of the dominant white civilizations. The increasing complexity of mechanical inventions is equally taken for granted as the criterion of progress. His analysis of Russia's "suicide" is based on the tale of the two million executed—the flower of the country—and the more than two million that have fled the land since the war. This credulous acceptance of the statistics of the London *Times* as basis for a sociological study is, for a scientist of Mr. Huntington's repute, not quite good enough. Nor his hypothetical selection of four racial groups who are to be dumped on equal terms in the plains of northwestern Argentina —used evidently as a poser to prove that the London-bred Englishman will demonstrate his inherited racial superiority by coming out on top.

In spite of Mr. Huntington's predilection for the tool-making, inventive male Nordic he confesses also to a fervent pro-Semitism—a psychic mechanism so rarely found that its analysis might prove of value. Mr. Huntington's Jewish chapters are the outgrowth of some talks given to Sunday-school teachers on the geography of Palestine. The geographer believes that the Jews are the greatest of all races and that they have become so by a process of rigid racial selection. According to Mr. Huntington, the Jewish Jews have from the beginning remained within the fold and have bred toward the religious temperament, attracting to their number non-Jews of a like temperament; the non-Jewish Jews—such perhaps as Heine, Marx, Felix Adler—have left. Just what Mr. Huntington would do, on this theory, with the streams of racial infiltration acquired through the spoliation of the Jewish women I do not know. Again on the basis of selection the author explains the supposed change from the ancient militaristic Jewish spirit to the passive and commercial one that has obtained during the Christian epoch. This radical divergence has been occasioned, says Mr. Huntington, by the fact that the Jews who were the fighters managed, by the very fact of their aggressiveness, to get themselves killed, whereas the ones who were not, emigrated and raised families. Surely this ought to be a simple enough explanation for anyone determined to apply the natural-selection theory to races.

Mr. Huntington gives a chapter to the "evolution of racial character." Those who question the existence of biological differences in the mentality of races he dismisses with the statement that they are "a relatively small group of scientific men, especially those who belong to races that are not dominant." This thrust—despite Palestine!—is evidently meant for Boas, Goldenweiser, Fishberg, Sapir, and some others. What, however, will Mr. Huntington do with Woodworth, Ripley, Haddon, Thomas? For these men, whatever their differences, agree in their skepticism as to "race types" and "race culture"; are wary, in view of the relatively small amount of verified data, of any sweeping generalizations on race; and are inclined to emphasize other factors.

FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

A New World of Science

La Plasmogenia. By Alfonso L. Herrera. Barcelona: Casa Editorial Maucci.

DR. A. L. HERRERA, head of the Administration of Biological Studies of the Mexican Government, is the Columbus of a new world. For twenty-six years or more he has been working on the problem of the origin of life, his researches culminating in the experimental production of artificial cells which display nearly all the salient characteristics of living protozoa. To the system or department of science resulting from these experiments he has given the name *plasmogeny*, and in his latest work—an impressive and beautifully illustrated volume of over four hundred pages—has developed it to cover its ramifications in almost every department of thought.

Postulating a "protobial realm" between the organic and the inorganic, a region in which life, given the necessary conditions, will arise from the non-living, Dr. Herrera traces the evolution of all living beings backward to the original stuff of the universe. This he calls the ether, and here lies the chief weakness of his scheme; in physics he is not so firmly grounded as in biology, and his estimate of the theory of relativity and its effect on the ether theory takes too little account of the actualities of the case. He seizes eagerly on the anti-Einsteinian results of the recent experiments of Professor Dayton Miller, whereas still more recent researches tend to confirm Einstein and to render the ether of the older physicists unnecessary. Moreover, Dr. Herrera's entire system could as easily be built up without the luminiferous ether as with it.

It is a fascinating story he tells as he relates plasmogeny to organic, inorganic, and biological chemistry; to cytology, histology, physiology, mineralogy, botany, and biology. In astronomy, as in physics, the conclusions are clouded by the dependence on a material ether. But the fine flower of the author's achievement blooms in his account of the philosophical and sociological aspects of his theory. It may easily be seen that a system which makes all life an unbroken chain must demand a complete revision not only of cosmology and the other material sciences but even more of our religious, philosophical, and social viewpoints. Thoroughly free from mystical prepossessions or supernatural atavisms, and heartily in accord with the forces seeking to civilize our so-called civilization, Dr. Herrera provides a scientific background and justification for those among us who dream of a world in which mutual aid will be the activating power.

There is nothing dogmatic about Dr. Herrera's assertions or speculations; he is thoroughly the scientist, presenting what he has discovered, drawing the logical conclusions, and offering the whole for the consideration of thinking men and women. These strange beings of his, compounds of common chemicals under simple, easily repeatable conditions, which grow, exhibit irritability, and reproduce, like the lowest order of living animals, challenge the world. The museum in his charge in Mexico City contains the only complete exhibit of them, but his results have been photographed and described many times, in several languages, by himself and others. They cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand; they exist, anyone can create them, and their creation is based upon years of study and research by a thoroughly trained and competent scientist. They must be explained—or accepted.

"La Plasmogenia" has not yet been translated into English, though it should be. But for the reader of Spanish—and one reader none too well grounded in that tongue can testify that its Spanish is clear and simple—here is one of the most fascinating volumes yet presented to the inquiring and receptive mind.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY

Books in Brief

I, the Jew. By Maurice Samuel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

It will be recalled that Mr. Samuel not so long ago published a violent polemic, "You Gentiles," in which he attacked the Jewish Problem and the relationship between Jew and Gentile in bitter and uncompromising terms and with little regard for the polite amenities of the cult of the brotherhood of man. He declared that Jew and Gentile constituted races apart and lived in two mutually exclusive worlds. The tone of the book was such that a *posse comitatus* of anxious Jews and Gentiles organized to take Mr. Samuel in hand. His fantastic thesis was ridiculed as in plain contradiction of common sense, but as, above all, counter to all the implications of science. Mr. Samuel now comes forward with a sequel purporting to be a history of the evolution of his ideas. He is at pains to explain that he pursued the scientific ideal for a good many years but had to abandon it for his soul's salvation. In short, he gave science its chance. Yet he finally had to conclude not only that science is a poor guide through the problems of race and heredity and environment but that its importance in general is vastly overestimated. He offers an elaborate theory that life is full of "mysteries" and that these mysteries are from their very natures insoluble. Among them presumably is the growth and decay of cultures and the survival of the Jewish people. It is to be hoped that Mr. Samuel, now having rationalized his irrationalism, to at least his own satisfaction, will rest content. Others have loved the Jewish people, but Mr. Samuel is singular in the respect that he had to abjure science to do so.

Roman Architecture. By G. T. Rivoira. Oxford University Press. $35.

The Oxford University Press has again put us all in its debt by making available, for the first time in English, the late G. T. Rivoira's monumental work on Roman architecture. Surely, there are few books in which intensive knowledge so triumphantly emerges from the fog of a literary style severe to the point of baldness, or from the haze of purely technical information that, handled less surely, would have been staggering. It is as if there were behind the writing of this book a passionate fire—not the fire of emotional or poetic inspiration but a kindred brilliance and heat of archaeological curiosity. Rivoira strips Roman architecture to its starkest skeleton. Not a word is here of Roman decoration, carving, painting; only Roman construction, Roman masonry bonds, brick stamps, vaulting methods, and in particular Roman domes. And as the history of a growing skill in masonry-vault technique unfolds in magnificent illustration and bald, crude language, it grows somehow itself exciting, takes on an epic quality, the story of man's conquest of a new kingdom. Yet Rivoira is not always to be believed uncritically. Behind his learning is a *parti-pris*, behind his archaeological passion the passion of the missionary. His knowledge is the servant of his ideals, his dreams; his dreams and his ideals are a confused shouting of the names Rome and Italy, Italy and Rome; no other part of the world shall be allowed credit for inventiveness; no province except an Italian province ever taught Rome. His is a learning arrogant with the same modernistic nationalism that has inspired D'Annunzio's later life.

History of the Origin and Establishment of the Inquisition in Portugal. By Alexandre Herculano. Translated by John C. Branner. Stanford University Press.

Alexandre Herculano, native of Lisbon, enjoys an enviable reputation as a scholar in his own country. His treatise on the Portuguese Inquisition was first printed in 1852 in three volumes. It clearly demonstrates that the Holy Office was introduced into Portugal in 1532 largely in order that the fanatical King João III might have an effective instrument at hand with which to wring moneys from the Jews. It tells the unedifying story of the bitter struggle which ensued between the King and the Pope over the control of the Inquisition—a struggle which terminated in 1547 by the firm establishment of the dread tribunal under royal control and without restrictions. No less scathing than Lea's is Herculano's verdict upon the Iberian Inquisition as "the most atrocious, most anti-Christian institution that human wickedness could invent." The translator has rendered the cumbrous Portuguese into readable English. Students of Hispanic history will welcome this substantial addition to the scanty literature in English concerning Portugal.

The Main Stream. By Stuart Sherman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The last collection of critical essays by the late editor of *Books*, this volume shows that Mr. Sherman was continuing his vigorous and sensitive search for ground in American life and letters upon which he could stand. That he has not found it does not prevent these essays from being rich with the critical character he had for years been forming.

The Diary of Elbridge Gerry, Jr. With a Preface and Footnotes by Claude G. Bowers. Foreword by Annette Townsend. Brentano's. $2.

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The Feast of the Cannibals. By Barukh Jonas. Maumee, Ohio: The Author. $2.

Mr. Jonas, who blue-prints his books and sells them himself, insists here, as everywhere throughout his work, upon the importance of the intellect in the affairs of man. He looks about him and finds very little mind being used, and so in his satire takes the hide off humanity for what he considers its own good. He is a direct and stimulating writer who seasons his amateur discourse with much true salt.

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Letters of Voltaire and Frederick the Great. Selected and Translated by Richard Aldington. The Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century French Literature. Brentano's. $5.

The House of the Green Shutters. By George Douglas Brown. *Some Chinese Ghosts.* By Lafcadio Hearn. The Modern Library. The Modern Library Publishers. 95 cents each.

Drama

Summary—II

IN all probability the future of the theater belongs to some form of drama capable of appealing to the imagination with a greater force than is possible within the limits of the realistic form. Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shaw, and their contemporaries seem to have come nearer to exhausting the possibilities of the expository play than either they or their earliest admirers supposed, and it is a significant fact that no successor has equaled them. No dramatist who has emerged since their appearance could possibly be called *better* except in so far as he was radically *different*, and that fact alone is sufficient to suggest that the form received in their hands its highest possible development. Shaw himself has told us how the first touches of realism which he saw in the London theater produced in him a sense of elation, and many others could testify that when naturalism was new it had, paradoxically enough, a certain air of romantic daring which made things glamorous for the very reason that no factitious glamor was permitted to invest them. But the theater at its best is capable of more than a mere literal fidelity to life and a mere intellectual integrity. Realism does not utilize those capacities for producing illusion which constitute the theater's chief claim to consideration as a separate art; it does not provide either the actor, the director, or the designer with his most fruitful opportunities; and it may well be that future students will look back upon it as something whose chief value consisted in a certain discipline which it exercised. Thanks to it the shabby, shopworn imbecilities of the nineteenth-century drama were replaced by something which was at least entitled to intellectual respect, and the theater could once more be regarded as a possible medium for artistic expression. But only rarely, since that rehabilitation, has it risen to the heights of which it is capable, even though in the plays of O'Neill as well as in certain productions, notably those of the Theater Guild and the Neighborhood Playhouse, there have been moments which make not wholly absurd the hope that we may some day have here a dramatic art comparable in amplitude and sweep to that of the Elizabethans or the Greeks.

During the season just past we have not had either a play from O'Neill or any production equal in poetic richness to "The Dybbuk." Franz Werfel's "Juarez and Maximilian," performed by the Theater Guild Company, and "The Witch," translated by

John Masefield from the Norwegian and played briefly at the Greenwich Village Theater, stand out as the two plays of the year having the largest appeal to the imagination; but neither is supremely great or entirely satisfactory, and the extent to which we must still depend upon realistic pictures of contemporary life for the majority of our more profitable evenings in the theater is illustrated by the fact that the two most completely realized efforts at playwriting which the season revealed were Maxwell Anderson's "Saturday's Children" and Sidney Howard's "The Silver Cord."

Both might be easily belittled from the standpoint of either the protagonist of imaginative drama or the more exacting even though friendly critic of the realistic school. Both deal in a fashion primarily argumentative with a contemporary social problem, and both reveal traces of a facile, shallow technique learned in the Broadway show-shops; but both are nevertheless fundamentally honest and thoroughly shrewd so far as the larger issues are concerned. Mr. Howard's study of the effect of a pathological "mother-love" upon two young men is perhaps the most successful attempt yet made to use Freudian psychology as the basis for the exposition of character, and Mr. Anderson's sympathetic picture of the attitude of sophisticated youth vis-a-vis with marriage is singularly free from any kind of cant. Though both deal with large problems both lack that largeness of effect which only imaginative works of a different order can have and which therefore plays written within the limits of such realism must inevitably lack. Yet in the absence of fully developed drama of a different kind they are the plays which might understandably be called the "best" of the season.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

India and China

By D. N. BANNERJEA

IN March, 1927, Lord Irwin, the Viceroy of India, disallowed, in the exercise of his prerogative under the Government of India Act of 1921, the moving in the Indian Legislative Assembly of a Swarajist resolution on China. The resolution asked that Indian soldiers shall not be called upon to fight the Chinese on their own territory, and that the Government shall not thus seek for armed intervention in the internal affairs of a country striving to put its house in order. Apprehensions were also entertained in political circles in India that apart from the violation of Chinese neutrality implied in the dispatch of troops, the Indian Exchequer might be burdened with the cost of what in well-informed quarters is regarded as an unwarranted aggression. Fears have since been allayed by Lord Winterton's declaration in the House of Commons, in answer to the questions put by Labor M.P.'s, that no part of the expenditure incurred by the movement of the Indian army would be charged to Indian revenues.

Large sections of public opinion are inclined to believe, however, that the saving of expenditure does not and cannot atone for India's loss of honor. For what indignity, they all point out, can be more humiliating than to be compelled to mobilize the soldiers of the country against a people with whom we have no direct or indirect ground of controversy? And it is idle for the Government of India to pretend that they are unaware of a new spirit abroad in the East.

We are fully aware that the Imperialist may retort that troops are being sent to protect the life and property of British and Indian nationals in the International Settlements and not to wage war with the Chinese people. Our reply is that the same plausible reasons were given on previous occasions when the task of "protection" quickly degenerated into massacres of the Chinese, mulcting of their territory, and loot of their valuable property. Nor are we aware that any Indian merchants and business men have asked for the protection of troops. We run great risks in sending armies to the soil of another country. Trivial incidents or minor provocations on either side may unloose the flood-gates of passion and call out the vilest instincts which in the course of wars disfigure the annals of history.

The ideas and sentiments embodied in the Swarajist resolution were not the claptrap of political rowdyism as certain London papers tried to make out. On the contrary, they reflected a great deal of political sanity and of sympathy with the arduous struggles of the Chinese people for independence and national sovereignty. Nor let us forget that in all the indefensible opium wars against China, in the course of which concession after concession was wrung from the country at the point of the bayonet, Indian troops have invariably been employed by Great Britain for the promotion of her imperial ambitions in that unfortunate land. The capture of Hongkong, the annexing of Weihaiwei, "the International Settlements of Hankow and Shanghai" were all effected by the assistance of Indian soldiers.

Stripped of all diplomatic verbiage this means that the citizens of a country herself in a state of tutelage have been compelled to fight at the bidding of England to destroy the freedom of other countries with which India has had no direct ground of dispute. Such a process might have been tolerated when the flame of nationality burned low in India, but with the growing realization of political nationality there the attempts to use her troops beyond her borders will continue to be bitterly resented. India's intellectuals have lost all sympathy from countries which her soldiers have been called upon to subjugate or overawe at the instance of Great Britain.

But it is not only the emphatic repudiation of imperial adventures and armed intervention in the affairs of another country that is being energetically voiced in Indian political circles today. There are more fundamental and valid grounds of protest. In the first place there is a widespread opposition and revolt against the hegemony of European nations over Eastern countries, and for this reason the vicissitudes of the Chinese struggles are being watched with breathless interest all over the Orient. This interest is being enhanced and is gathering momentum because of the universal desire among the self-conscious elements in subject nationalities to rid themselves of what Mr. Asquith called "the intolerable degradation of a foreign yoke."

India is not alone in assuming a critical attitude toward the dispatch of troops to China. Japan has protested against the billeting of British troops in certain areas in Shanghai. The British Labor Party has denounced the policy of their own Government. Lord Parmoor has been suggesting a recourse to the League of Nations, on whose Council sits a Chinese delegate. If the Pekingese delegate has not proper credentials, another could be appointed who might be an authorized spokesman for his people.

The distinctive and essential elements in the Chinese struggles for unity and independence are not only the desire for the establishment of a central government with plenary authority but the abolition of all foreign privileges and control in their territory in the shape of capitulations and extraterritorial rights. The Chinese struggle for the abolition of these rights is being watched with a great deal of interest in Egypt and India. In Egypt, after the grant of partial independence, foreign European residents pay no taxes, though they have built up considerable fortunes in Cairo and Alexandria; they enjoy all the benefits of citizenship and in legal proceedings are tried by their own consular courts or by mixed tribunals.

In India public men are deported or interned for long periods without charge or trial under Regulation III of 1818 and other archaic repressive measures legalized by the passing of emergency acts. And yet if a single Englishman of the commercial or professional community were deported or interned without the aid of counsel and without a public trial, the agitation which would follow might threaten to shake the foundations of British rule in that country. The reason consists in the assumption that laws are to be administered in one way for the Oriental and in a radically different manner for privileged European oligarchies destined by high heaven to wield the scepter in the East. Speaking from his place in the Legislative Assembly in March, 1926, Pandit Motilal Nehru, the leader of the Swarajist Party, pointed out that "some of the noblest sons of India had been shut up in jails" without charge or trial. The reference was to political prisoners interned in the Mandalay Jail on police suspicion. These were originally 120. Some have gone mad, a few died in prison,

others have been released to be kept under police surveillance, while a great many still lie interned, including the chief executive officer of the Calcutta cooperative. This gentleman, an honor graduate of Cambridge, has since been returned unopposed to the Legislative Assembly. Still the Government declines to release him, though the Swarajists have charged the Government with the violation of privilege in keeping him away from his place in the Assembly. Pandit Nehru warned the Government that unless it took great care it would find the whole country honeycombed with secret societies. On the conclusion of his speech he walked out of the Assembly with all his followers.

On this occasion, as on previous ones, the Government argued that a state of emergency existed analogous to a state of siege, when constitutional guaranties, Magna Charta, and the writ of habeas corpus must be suspended. The difference between the official point of view and the standpoint of all the political parties on this question is absolute. But these debates and discussions, the assertion of rights and demands for the redress of grievances are only incidents in the formulation of the demand for autonomy and self-determination. The days of foreign rule in Eastern lands are numbered. Imperialism has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Only time is needed to seal its doom.

There is not the shadow of a doubt that the passive resistance and non-cooperation movement of Mahatma Gandhi had appreciable repercussions in China. And happenings in China are galvanizing hopes and aspirations in India, as they have done ever since the downfall of the Manchu dynasty. One has only to read the Indian newspapers as they comment on the advance of the Cantonese and on the program of the people's party to realize how pervasive this influence is. One has only to pass through the bazaars and market-places to hear the scraps of conversation carried on even by the uneducated. The burden of the subject is the same, a lively interest in the struggles of an Eastern neighbor for emancipation, social, political, and economic.

But what will happen in the event of a military intervention by the great Powers in China? The answer is quite simple. Not only will such an ill-starred attempt serve to unite the Pekingese and the Cantonese, but it will undoubtedly fan into a flame the smoldering fires of discontent in India. Such a policy will be interpreted as an attempt to continue that ascendancy over the internal and external affairs of Oriental countries which is becoming, in an increasing measure, intolerable to the Oriental consciousness.

Whatever the defects and shortcomings in the political ideals of Japan, the country has at least fought through to a recognized place in the comity of nations. With China and India politically stabilized and emancipated, there seems to be a high degree of probability that we shall have a real league of nations in the East, as Europe has a League of Nations in Geneva. Behind this cultural federation and this political alliance will be the desire for peace and development and not for war or aggression. We believe that prophecies of yellow peril will be proved to be only figments of the imagination. We also believe that freedom will contribute to the enriching of the cultures of the East, and that to an independent and adolescent East Europe and America will be welcome, not as masters but as friends.

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An American "Subject" in China

THE letter, extracts from which are printed below, was written by an American resident of Shanghai and appeared in the British-owned and controlled *North China Daily News*. It is now being reprinted throughout China.

The following remarkable letter is by the head of an important American firm in Shanghai. While we withhold names, the sentiments expressed are undoubtedly shared by the overwhelming mass of Americans in China.—[*Editor* North China Daily News.]

As Americans doing business in this country creating a market for our goods, we had cause to expect protection in our legitimate pursuits, but we received a very severe shock when the present difficulty first became acute in China, and there was very evident necessity for protection and a request was made that troops be sent to protect our interests. In reply we were informed by the American Consulate that if it became necessary for Americans to evacuate China, the Government would provide transportation to either Japan or the Philippines.

Imagine for one moment our feelings; the United States Government, one of the greatest if not the greatest nation in the world telling her subjects [*sic*] that it might be necessary for us to evacuate China. What disposition did the officials at Washington expect us to make of our interests? Did they expect us to turn it over to a howling mob? This attitude on the part of our Government held us up to ridicule by the subjects of other Powers interested in this part of the world, and not until very urgent demands were made upon our Government for protection did we receive any assurance that same would be given. . . .

Later it was unofficially announced that Senator Borah and his followers were dictating a policy of non-interference in China, with the result the President and the Secretary of State were in a political deadlock with the Borah faction. It is very regrettable that Senator Borah is the senior Senator on the Foreign Ways and Means Committee [*sic*] for his policy and radical utterances are a serious menace to the people of the United States, and most especially to its manufacturing interests and manufacturers interested in foreign trade. . . . This individual should be banished from active political life back to his Idaho wheat ranch and for the remainder of his natural life. . . .

It is pitiful the lack of knowledge that our would-be statesmen have regarding affairs of the moment in China. Senator Borah and others have made such ridiculous statements about the unjust treaties existing between China and other Powers that the people of various parts of the world and more especially the United States, are led to believe that we are treating the Chinese unjustly and holding them down, preventing them from enjoying their national aspirations, which is so far from the facts, and the actual situation is directly contrary to these statements. Senator Borah may know how to run a wheat ranch in Idaho and talk its people into sending him back to the United States Senate year after year, but he knows absolutely nothing about Oriental affairs.

Great Britain now has in the neighborhood of 10,000 troops stationed in the city of Shanghai, and I assure you that the first contingent of Indian troops arrived here just in time, for there is no question but what this city would have been taken by the radical Reds, fostered by Red Russian agents. As an American with considerable interests here, I surely feel grateful to Great Britain for the protection which we enjoy, living in the settlement guarded by her soldiers. This is a very pitiful situation that subjects of the United States should have to depend upon protection by a foreign government.

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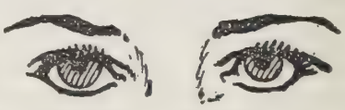
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SAFE IN SOUTH DAKOTA, the President dutifully set about his fishing and has been abundantly photographed. It must be considered good politics, or his publicity staff would have vetoed it. To our simple minds, however, it would seem that even a Presidential Izaak Walton might be permitted to wear a soft collar. The correspondents and the photographers agree that Calvin Coolidge fished in a stiff, starched collar, and in his office coat and vest. We understand that the Coolidge economy program is such that Senator Norbeck had to buy him horses and the poor State of South Dakota had to pay $10,000 for the private Presidential telegraph wire and $30,000 to get the lessees out of the President's hotel. The War Department, Frank Kent says, provides the Coolidge cars. Is there no State, Senator, or department willing to donate a Presidential khaki shirt?

IT IS A MISFORTUNE for the peace of Europe that the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations should have adjourned without taking any action as to the many French troops which are still garrisoned in the Rhineland—many more than the Germans maintained in their own garrisons prior to the war. It was one of the unformulated considerations of the Locarno pacts that these troops should be reduced or altogether taken away, but nothing has been done after a year and a half of the much-vaunted Locarno spirit. It is not merely that the presence of these troops is an affront to the peaceful people of this section, eight and one half years after the surrender; their being there not only gives rise constantly to most unhappy incidents, but it enormously handicaps the development of these communities which have to bear the burden of supplying quarters, brothels, barracks, parade-grounds, and target-ranges for the use of the troops. Germany has to pay for the upkeep of these forces, which further handicaps the recovery of the Reich and its power to pay indemnities under the Dawes Plan. At each meeting of the Council Herr Stresemann has begged for relief, but in vain. Once more he has had to return to Berlin empty-handed, which makes his position at home infinitely more difficult, as does Poincaré's attack upon Germany in his address at Lunéville—one of his old speeches charging bad faith on the part of the Germans. He acts as if he were trying to bring about the fall of Stresemann and the strengthening of the Nationalist and militarist crowd.

S. PARKER GILBERT, the Agent General for Reparations, has been so generous and just in his dealings with the German situation that one must take seriously the charge in his report of June 10, treating of the results of the first nine months of the third annuity year, that the increasing German governmental expense jeopardizes the execution of the Dawes Plan. While giving full credit to the German Government for good faith, he declares that German expenditures, including payments to states and communes, have risen sharply, that expenditures exceed revenues, and that only borrowed money balances the Reich's budget. At the same time he points out that the essential stability of the budget remains unimpaired, and reports a steady increase in the Reich's income despite the tax diminution. The budget for 1927-1928 calls for a total expenditure of 9,100,000,000 marks as compared with 7,200,000,000 in 1924-1925 and the military and naval budget has grown in four years from 458,000,000 to 700,000,000 marks. He emphasizes the fact that his warning is as much in the interest of the economic development of Germany itself as in that of the Dawes Plan. Private advices assure us that there is a wholesome improvement in the spirit of the whole German people of late. Anything that would check this would be a misfortune, and we trust that Mr. Gilbert's friendly warning will receive the immediate attention of the government of the Reich.

IRELAND IS STILL IRELAND. It's agin the government. The Free State elections gave 47 seats to the Cosgrave Government party, 44 to De Valera's Republicans, 22 to Thomas Johnson's Labor Party, 11 to the Farmers, 14 to members of three lesser parties, and 15 to out-and-out independents. Two-thirds of the members, however, are reckoned pro-treaty, and De Valera's followers may be counted out if they keep their word and refuse the oath of allegiance to the King without which they may not sit in the Dail. Mary MacSwiney's party, for which De Valera was too mild, almost disappeared. Ireland, plainly, is in a divided state of mind; as why should it not be? With the die-hards in the saddle in London, a majority for De Valera might well have

meant a return to civil war; Michael Cosgrave's dictatorial methods have lost him the popularity which his real achievements might otherwise deserve; and the result is that the Irish voters have turned to independent-minded individuals. This of course makes it difficult to form a Government, but in the long run the new balance of power may give Free State politics a reality which they have hitherto lacked. One may admire the idealism of the Republicans and sympathize with their detestation of the imperial bond; in present circumstances Ireland needs their political cooperation.

SOUTH CAROLINA has come out for fundamentalism. With Governor Richards on the board of trustees, Winthrop College has removed from its faculty Professor William Garner Burgin because he has taught evolution in his classes. The Columbia (South Carolina) *Record* declares that the fight began in a trustees' meeting last February, when it was charged that Professor Burgin was an atheist. When he was discovered to have been a Baptist preacher in Pasadena and teacher there of a men's Bible class of 300 students, it became necessary to scratch around for other grounds for dismissal. Anonymous letters were sent to students asking for information on their professor's conduct:

> Do you know of . . . marks, teaching, or bad influence exerted by Mr. Burgin at Winthrop? If so will you send a letter stating these facts to Governor Richards, who is chairman of the board of trustees. . . . If you know any other girls who can give facts and stand by them, especially in regard to improper remarks to them on sex teaching, please have them write immediately by special delivery. Please do not mention this until after Tuesday. Gossip or hearsay will not do. Facts which girls could absolutely swear to, if necessary, are very important. . . .

It is a pleasure to record that to this scurrilous and underhand attack more than eighty students replied in the most forthright terms, completely repudiating the charges made against Professor Burgin and bitterly denouncing the letter and the method of sending it. Presumably, since he requested the answers, they went to Governor Richards. It is to be hoped he found them pleasant reading. At all events, he was not deterred from completing the removal of Professor Burgin, and he announced moreover that South Carolina was not going to tolerate in its schools any departure from the strictest adherence to Bible doctrine.

MANSLAUGHTER IS THE CHARGE of which two New Jersey State policemen have just been found guilty. These were the leaders in the midnight attack on the Meaney farmhouse in Ludlow in December, 1926, which resulted in the death of Beatrice Meaney and the crippling of her brother. We hope that this will be a lesson to the police. But they will still be armed "in order to preserve law and order in the community," and some of them will still discharge their firearms recklessly and disastrously, without stopping to investigate. The citizen without arms will suffer accordingly from this "protection" afforded him by the "law." The Meaney trouble arose out of the complaint made to the S. P. C. A. that the Meaneys were mistreating their cattle. Two agents went to investigate, accompanied by a constable. Meaney declared they did not state their errand, that he had a large sum of money on the premises, and that he ordered them off the place at the point of a shotgun. Evidently the police took this as a joyful summons to a battle. Trooper Larsen began hostilities by shooting Meaney in the knee and then went to summon reinforcements. When the engagement ended at dawn Beatrice Meaney was dying on the kitchen floor, James Meaney was wounded, and Timothy was rendered harmless by tear gas. The house was riddled with bullets. A handsome victory for the police, to be sure; the conviction of the two troopers is a handsomer victory for the public and the good name of New Jersey.

THOSE CHEERFUL SOULS who lay all our troubles to immigration will find little comfort in a report just issued by the Charity Organization Society of New York City. "Usually," the report reads, "the public assume that the foreign-born are our chief concern. Such people will be surprised to learn that of the foreign-born under our care only 5 per cent had been here less than five years. This disproves the idea that it is the most recent immigrant who needs help and guidance." This study was based on an examination of the 3,891 families aided, a majority comprising native-born whites. Despite our much-vaunted prosperity, 41 per cent were brought into the purview of the society by reason of lack of employment. The average weekly wage for the male head of the family was $27.49; for the woman worker only $12.94. Rents, it appears, are still increasing in the metropolis, for the average monthly rental proved to be $23.96. One by one the stock arguments against the immigrant are being disproved. That will not, however, affect those who are swayed wholly by passion and prejudice in this matter. Is not the chairman of the Immigration Committee of the House of Representatives declaring that within ten years no immigrant will be permitted to land in America?

THE PARDONING OF ANITA WHITNEY by Governor Young of California reflects the greatest credit upon that official. Convicted under the criminal-syndicalist act lately held constitutional by the federal Supreme Court, she, one of the most public-spirited women, faced a term in the penitentiary merely because of membership in the Communist Party, no overt act being charged against her. Governor Young rightly declares that the syndicalism act was intended to apply only to organizations planning violence or terrorism, and that there were abnormal conditions surrounding Miss Whitney's trial (the post-war hysteria). He also pardons her because all the evidence showed her law-abiding and opposed to all violence. We warmly congratulate the Governor and the State of California on this decision.

FOR ALL HIS IDLE THOUGHTS Jerome K. Jerome, who has just died in England at sixty-eight, was hardly an idle fellow. Railway clerk, actor, teacher, and stenographer before he turned to journalism, his first literary success was with American editions on which he received no royalties. In those days of copyright pirating it was possible for American publishers to take the entire profits from a sale of a million copies—such as Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" had—without the author receiving a cent. Jerome was vastly more than a humorist, as "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" will recall; he was an eternally good-humored humorist, which is rare. He believed in a Quakerly Christianity (as that play showed), in the power of human character to awaken response in other human beings. So believing, he could not join the war-time

crews of literary haters, and some of his finest later writing found expression in the Labor Party's *New Leader*. He had in him something of the rollicking spirit of the Mr. Dooley of a quarter century ago; and reform causes everywhere, always over-serious and alarmed, need such tolerant, undismayed foolers.

DR. HENRY P. WALCOTT'S RETIREMENT, because of age, from the Corporation of Harvard University, in which he has served for forty-seven years, must not pass unnoticed in these columns. A distinguished physician, Dr. Walcott became an Overseer of the College in 1887 and was appointed a Fellow in 1890. Twice during his long period of service, in 1900 and 1905, he was acting president of the university during long absences of President Eliot, whose devoted lieutenant he always was. A wise and far-sighted counselor, Dr. Walcott's modesty has prevented adequate appreciation of his devoted labors for the advancement of Harvard University and of university education everywhere. More than that, Dr. Walcott has been one of those great unofficial statesmen with whom America is blessed in richer measure than is generally understood. That appears from the fact that he is an ex-president of the Massachusetts Medical Society and the American Public Health Association, head of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and a trustee of the Carnegie Institution. Long chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, he was also president of the International Congress on Hygiene and Demography in Washington in 1912. In addition, Dr. Walcott has rendered inestimable service to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts as chairman of its Board of Health—he has written portions of every annual report of this State board since 1882—and as chairman of the Metropolitan Water and Sewerage Board, which has done so much to beautify and sanitate the neighborhood of Boston and to supply pure water to the people. Fortunate are a university and a State which have had the services of such a citizen for so long a period.

The British Menace

THE bloodhounds are loose again. With Sir Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister, cracking the whip, the dogs of intolerance are baying all around the world. Ernest Marshall, London correspondent of the New York *Times*, deserves the blue ribbon.

> The Moscow murderers [he writes] have put themselves beyond the pale. They have shown themselves to be the mad dogs of the world, whose extermination [*sic*] is a necessity for the well-being of the rest of the community.

ther correspondents and statesmen and near-statesmen elp in the same chorus. We seem, for the moment, to be ack in the howling days when every German was a baby-illing Hun, or in that post-war Silver Age when the *Times* nnounced the death of Lenin and a new Russian massacre breakfast every morning.

The Russians have had their own outburst of terrorism. heir nerves apparently frayed by the attacks upon them in eking, London, and Warsaw, and by Sir Austen's attempt unite Europe in a new crusade against them, they have one back to the time-honored Russian system of political ecution. Of course the Riga and London and Warsaw ories of wholesale executions are propaganda lies; but the facts admitted in Moscow are bad enough. Twenty Russians accused of various counter-revolutionary machinations —many of them of spying for the British officials in Russia —have paid the death penalty in Moscow and Leningrad, and there have been other executions in Odessa and elsewhere. Soviet Russia, after almost ten years' existence, ought to be beyond such Oriental methods.

But it would be amusing if it were not tragic to see the British Tories holding up their hands in horror, and their international propaganda army marching forth on a holy crusade of protest. It is not so long since British Tories cheered General Reginald Dyer, who gave the order that murdered 300 Hindus in the market-place of Amritsar; these same pious gentlemen cheered for joy when Chiang Kai-shek, without even the formality of a trial, butchered 300 Chinese Communists; they make every excuse for the obscene brutalities of Mussolini's Italian terrorism.

The effort to rouse the world to a new anti-Russian frenzy is, of course, just another chapter in the history of the British Empire. The Chinese Revolution has already damaged British prestige throughout the East; the thought of its possible effect upon India makes any imperialist shudder. And, since Britain dare not strike directly at the Chinese, for fear of rousing even greater disturbances, she strikes at the Russians, who have dared to sympathize with and aid the Chinese movement of national liberation. Hence the sensationally staged Arcos raid, the break in Anglo-Russian relations, Sir Austen's desperate effort at Geneva to convert the League into a new Holy Alliance, this time directed against revolutionary Russia as a century ago the monarchs united against revolutionary France.

Like the Russians whom they denounce for it—like all governments indeed—the holier-than-thou men of Britain lie and spy. In the House of Commons on May 30 Commander Kenworthy asked the Foreign Secretary whether any of the anti-Russian documents printed by the British Government were seized in the Peking raids. Sir Austen answered "No, sir." Mr. Kenworthy asked, then, how documents which passed between Moscow and Peking were obtained? Sir Austen declined to reply. "Are we to understand," Kenworthy persisted, "that that part of the Trade Agreement which referred to mutual abstention from propaganda and interference has been broken by His Majesty's Government?" Such an idea, Sir Austen said, was "absolutely contrary to the facts"; but Kenworthy asked: "If that is the case, how is it possible for communications passing between Russia and another foreign country to get into the hands of the right honorable gentleman without such interference?" "That is the question," came Sir Austen's weasel answer, "which I have respectfully declined to answer—and I again decline, on the grounds of public interest"—a virtual confession of guilt.

Such is the man—and the government—who denounces the Russians! Fortunately, this man's effort to persuade all Europe to join him in formal expression of moral indignation at Russian propaganda has met difficulties. France and Germany resisted it; Poland feared, naturally, that it would aggravate her strained relations with Russia. When British pressure was at its tensest M. Briand became opportunely ill. No one, so far as is reported, suggested a joint denunciation of Britain's anti-Russian propaganda. Yet the British have already killed the spirit of Locarno; even Mussolini has hardly done more to revive the war spirit in Europe than the die-hards of Tory England.

The Naval Proposals at Geneva

THE tripartite naval conference which began its sessions at Geneva on June 20 took a leaf out of the book of the Washington Conference and opened its program with definite proposals on the part of the American and British delegates. The United States offered to extend the 5-5-3 battleship ratio adopted at the Washington Conference for the United States, Great Britain, and Japan to cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, and to limit the cruiser tonnage to 250,000 or 300,000 for the United States and Great Britain and to 150,000 or 180,000 tons for Japan with 10,000 tons as the maximum per ship. For destroyers the offer is: 200,000 to 250,000 tons for America and England, and 120,000 to 150,000 for Japan. For submarines, the proposal is: 50,000 to 90,000 for the Anglo-Saxon countries, and 36,000 to 54,000 for Japan. Promptly W. C. Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, the spokesman for Great Britain, proposed that the future size of battleships be reduced from the present limit of 35,000 tons to 30,000 tons, the life of the battleships be increased from 20 to 26 years, and that the rights of the three Powers under the replacement tables agreed upon at Washington be waived. He also proposed limiting the size of all future cruisers to 7,500 tons and their armament to six-inch guns after an agreement is reached on the number of 10,000-ton cruisers which the Powers will build under the Washington agreement. The Japanese delegation made a straightforward proposal to this effect: "None of the conferring Powers shall, for such period of time as may be agreed upon, adopt new building programs or acquire ships for the purpose of increasing its naval strength," which is good as far as it goes, but merely prevents increased competition.

These seem to us good but timid proposals, so far from revolutionary that it would seem as if they should be accepted with only a few days of discussion. The American proposals contemplate the extension of the principle of the absolute parity of America and Great Britain on the sea, and the limitation of Japan to three-fifths of their respective fleets, so that there can be no question of any armament competition between these three Powers hereafter. Mr. Bridgeman's program goes further, in that it opens up the question of the Washington agreement and proposes its modification as noted above. That will undoubtedly be deplored; it is probably not wise to take up the Washington agreement in any way lest there be a reexamination, perhaps for the worse, of the rules there laid down. It is the more questionable because the other naval Powers which signed at Washington are not represented at Geneva, except that France and Italy have "observers" or "informers." There should be no excuse given to France or to Italy for disregarding the conclusions of the Washington Conference as Mussolini is already threatening to do. Again, Mr. Bridgeman's proposal of six-inch guns only for cruisers and their limitation of cruisers to 7,500 tons is bound to cause considerable outcry. Indeed, the mere suggestion of this limitation has already called forth from navy maniacs of the William H. Gardiner type emphatic protests and assertions that this is merely a clever trick on the part of Great Britain. Since she has the greatest fleet of merchantmen of 7,500 tons or more, and merchantmen cannot be armed with guns heavier than the six-inch, it is argued that she has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the decrease in cruiser size and by the use of six-inch guns. There will also be a protest against the proposal that the United States should scrap more tonnage than Great Britain and Japan. Secretary Wilbur has just assured the graduating class at the Pennsylvania Military College in advance of the publication of his superior's Geneva plans that there will be no further scrapping of American ships in consequence of an international agreement. Mr. Butler, chairman of the House Naval Committee, approved this disloyal sentiment.

For ourselves, we confess to disappointment that a program just outlined by Commander Kenworthy, himself a naval officer of distinction and a member of the British Parliament, was not offered by his countrymen at Geneva. He would stop the building of all kinds of battleships and proposes the reduction of the 10,000-ton limit for cruisers to 6,000 tons. Under the Treaty of Versailles no German cruiser may exceed this size—a fact which we fear has played some part in the decision of Mr. Bridgeman, or rather of the British Government, to suggest 7,500 tons for cruisers. We regret, too, that the United States did not lead off with a demand for the total abolition of all submarines instead of merely favoring it if all the nations agreed to it. We cannot believe that, if Japan, Great Britain, and the United States were to announce their willingness to do away with this vessel of war, an international agreement to that effect could not be obtained from all the other maritime Powers. An English expert, Arthur H. Pollen, writing in the American *Foreign Affairs* for July, declares that the submarine is useless and especially so against its main enemy, the battle fleet; hence he asks the two Anglo-Saxon countries to renounce both the submarine and torpedo.

We regret the absence of these more vigorous proposals at Geneva especially because English public sentiment has shown itself to be remarkably ready for far-reaching action to reduce her present naval burden, the Japanese delegates to Geneva seem to be in a better spirit even than they showed at Washington, and we believe our own countrymen to be ready for radical changes. None the less, on the principle that even a quarter of a loaf is better than no bread, we shall be thankful even if the American proposals alone are adopted. Many of our American radicals and liberals felt that the Washington Conference was a fraud and accomplished nothing but limiting the numbers of obsolete battleships. We have never shared that viewpoint and can cite the remarkable decrease in the familiar campaigns to stir up naval rivalry and fear between the United States and Japan as proof that the Washington Conference did bestow far-reaching benefits upon the world. Since then the navy maniacs have spent their time in portraying England to us as the enemy and in making such charges of trickery and deceit against out former ally as Mr. Gardiner has just voiced again. Along that road lies war, not disarmament or peace. We trust that public sentiment in America which seeks the limitation or the abolition of armaments will at once make itself felt and ask of our delegates and of President Coolidge who directs them that we go beyond our proposals and abolish the battleship, the submarine, the torpedo, and even the naval airplanes. The churches must now be heard if they desire worthwhile results at Geneva.

Musicians and Their Jobs

THREE recent happenings should help to dispel the pessimism of those who believe that the tremendous increase in the production of musicians threatens near-starvation for those of lesser talent. Foundations like the Juilliard and the many schools of music now being established, it has been said, are beginning to let loose upon the country a flood of mediocre musicians, as well as numerous first-class artists. This, together with the flight to America of high-grade performers from all the impoverished countries of Europe, has been cited as meaning that the world of music is being overpopulated. But here comes the appointment of Walter Damrosch as consultant in all musical matters to the National Broadcasting Company, the engagement of a great violinist at $5,000 a week to play in the newest Broadway movie house, and the selection by the Metropolitan Opera Company of six more young American artists. These are highly significant happenings, for they foretell new and far-reaching opportunities, especially in connection with the latest developments in the entertainment field.

The radio has, of course, widened the sphere of symphony orchestras as well as of jazz players. If the latter have benefited most so far, that must be set down to pioneer conditions. At least with Mr. Damrosch guiding the greatest of the broadcasting companies and himself doing yeoman service lecturing on orchestral music over the radio, the possibilities for the higher branches of music of that marvelous invention begin to appear. That movie producers should feel the need of the best talent is equally striking. Some of their orchestras are remarkable for their brilliance as well as their size. They are giving employment to more and more musicians who may in time be graduated into the best orchestras, and for them some of the new organizations are bound to be formidable rivals.

As for the Metropolitan Opera's absorption of more American singers, that, too, is all to the good, and so is the development of undertakings like the Eastman school of opera at Rochester. The tremendous growth of classical orchestras in this country in the lifetimes of men and women in the early fifties is bound, we believe, to be paralleled by the development of opera companies. In the field of the soloist there seems to be no real evidence of an oversupply of artists. Faster than they can increase grows the taste for first-class music, and with it musical understanding and appreciation. In our colleges and universities the music departments are no longer sneered at as fads to be relegated to the private "conservatories" of our cities. If many of the popular boarding schools are still lagging, Mr. Damrosch testifies that he has been fairly swamped by letters of gratitude from those in all parts of the country who for the first time are able to hear not only a modern orchestra, but an explanation of the program. These same multitudes will also listen to worthy soloists. Chamber music, too, comes yearly more into its own.

But it is in the field of teaching that the opportunities of the musician remain the greatest. The art has to be handed on, the best methods developed, on-coming talent recognized and aided. In fact, the fear that there will be a surplus of musicians is as needless as the periodic dread of a surplus of doctors and professors. It is not their numbers which are to be watched but their quality and the character of their instruction.

"The Woodhull"

FEW occurrences could illustrate more sharply the speed at which we move than the death, on June 10, at Norton Park, Tewksbury, England, of Victoria Claflin Woodhull—Mrs. John Biddulph Martin, as she had become. Fifty-five years ago Victoria Woodhull's name was on every tongue and in every newspaper. She and her sister, Tennessee Claflin (later Lady Cook, Marchioness of Montserrat), were not merely famous—they were notorious. They had come to New York from the Middle West in the late sixties and opened a brokerage business in Broad Street. Women were unknown in business in that day. There were no typewriters or telephones, and no respectable office employed any females except as scrubwomen.

Victoria Woodhull and her sister were not only capable; they were beautiful, which was anything but an asset. By following the counsel of Commodore Vanderbilt, they made over half a million dollars in Harlem Railway operations, and established a journal, *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*, with their earnings. Tennessee Claflin ran for Congress, and in 1872 Victoria Woodhull was nominated for the Presidency on a ticket with Frederick Douglas, the great Negro orator, and she made a rousing campaign of it. Both ladies wore what were then regarded as short skirts, and bobbed their hair. They lectured and wrote in favor of woman suffrage, more liberal divorce laws, birth control, dress reform, and the economic and social independence of women, and they were promptly termed "free lovers" for their pains. On January 11, 1871, Victoria Woodhull appeared in person before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington, to argue that the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution granted women the right of suffrage, since women were plainly citizens—an ingenious thesis that, had it been accepted, would have saved a vast deal of trouble and expense in securing the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment half a century later.

It was in connection with the famous Beecher-Tilton case, however, that Victoria Woodhull achieved a notoriety that carried her name to the ends of the English-speaking world. She and her sister had been bitterly assailed by Henry Ward Beecher's two sisters, Catherine Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and in retaliation Victoria Woodhull printed, in *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* of November 12, 1872, a detailed account of the relations between Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Theodore Tilton. The publication created a tremendous sensation, and both ladies were promptly thrown into prison by General Tracy, Mr. Beecher's personal attorney, who was also United States District Attorney at the time, on a charge of sending obscene matter through the mails. They were acquitted—but Henry Ward Beecher was not. Financially ruined, broken in health and fortune, persecuted by Beecher's partisans, both women left the United States forever and made brilliant marriages in England.

Almost every reform for the advocacy of which Victoria Woodhull and her sister were so bitterly attacked has long since become a commonplace. But on the day that Victoria Woodhull died, David Gordon, a young Communist, was sentenced to an indeterminate term of imprisonment, up to three years, for writing a cheaply but harmlessly obscene poem entitled "America," which was printed in the *Daily Worker*.

Progress, frequently, is more apparent than real.

Lindbergh and the Army and Navy

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

COLONEL WILLIAM MITCHELL is anathema to many people. To them he is a "kicker"; a chronic fault-finder; a "publicity grabber"; a man who "went back on his own crowd"; who "bit the hand that fed him." Just now he has denounced the navy's attempt to take Lindbergh into its camp and has therefore again earned the abuse inevitably showered upon one who seeks to reform an organization not quietly from within but through outspoken public criticism. He has just been described by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore D. Robinson, as "a man who, on the face of it, doesn't know what he's talking about, and, if he did, couldn't tell the truth about it, anyway"—a retort not unexpectedly hot when one reads it in connection with Colonel Mitchell's assertion that "it is the saying now 'Join the navy and see the world, but join the naval aviation and see the next world.'" His real offense, however, is that he calls attention to the deliberate efforts of the navy—and he might have said the army, too—to annex all possible glory for Lindbergh's flight.

Colonel Mitchell points out, in a letter to the Washington *Post*, that the dominating navy crowd has tried to conceal the fact that as far back as 1921 the airplane maneuvers showed that battleships were useless because of the development of aviation. He declares that "the naval propagandists still hedged behind the cry that airplanes could not fly across the seas," and that "they were successful in preventing service pilots from doing it." When, however, the civilian Lindbergh flew across the sea the navy knew that his flight would be a tremendously powerful lever for the aviation group in Washington, "because the use of the airplane, an economical instrument, would cut down appropriations for battleships, save money for the taxpayers, and sea-power would become secondary to air-power." They had, of course, done nothing whatever to forward Lindbergh's flight or anybody else's, precisely as they did nothing to aid Commander Byrd, a retired naval officer, in his flight to the North Pole; precisely as they had sent the gallant and unfortunate Commander Rodgers on the Hawaiian flight without giving him adequate gasoline to carry him through, and then made such faulty arrangements that although Commander Rodgers stayed afloat for nine days the navy could not find him until he drifted ashore. Colonel Mitchell even charges the service with having brought about this brave officer's death through letting him fly when he was not fit to do so, and directly asserts that the deaths of sixteen naval fliers in and about Hampton Roads within thirty-five days are due to the incompetence and inefficiency of the men directing naval-aviation affairs.

As to this, Colonel Mitchell may or may not be correct—he sometimes mars his case by exaggerated statements. He is, however, absolutely right in pointing out that the navy sought at once to claim Lindbergh for its own. Lindbergh's return on the cruiser was ordered by the President, against the young man's wish. As he neared the Capes navy and army aviation squadrons were ordered out to greet him. The military crowd was not idle. They had him promoted to colonel in the Army Reserve; then General M. M. Patrick, head of the army aviation, announced that a specially picked aviator would fly over the Memphis and drop a new colonel's uniform, and Major General C. C. Hammond of the Militia Bureau officially wirelessed him to wear it at the ceremonies in the Capitol. Every effort was then made to give a military character to the reception celebration. Army, navy, marine corps, and National Guard units were, according to press reports, in line for this boy, who had no connection with military affairs except a captaincy in the aviation of the Missouri National Guard—almost an honorary title. Then Lindbergh was compelled by the committee to perform that singular rite now expected of every distinguished visitor to Washington, namely, to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, though what the Unknown Soldier had to do with transatlantic flight is hard to see. At the tomb there was mounted a military guard of honor to salute the Minnesota boy aviator; he was conducted to the spot by a brigadier general in full uniform, with all his medals. He was then rushed out to the Walter Reed General Military Hospital and agonized by the sight of some of the horribly mutilated victims of the war—precisely as if he were an English or French field-marshal, just back from the war, and not a young post-office aviator. When the scene of action was transferred to New York, the entire National Guard of the city, some 10,000 men, was paraded in honor of this civilian aviator. The crowds were not demonstrative when the troops passed; they were not there to see a martial display, but to greet a plain American youth, who had the good taste and good sense not once to wear the brand-new colonel's uniform, but stuck to his blue serge suit. More than that, the army recruiting posters have everywhere declared of Lindbergh, "the army helped to train him"—a partial but misleading truth.

There is intrinsic evidence that much pressure was brought upon Lindbergh to emphasize the military and to voice preparedness propaganda. He did not say a word of use to the militarists until his speech of June 15, at a luncheon in New York, when he declared that aviation preparedness would help to prevent war, and that the men who could best be transformed into military pilots were civilian fliers with long experience—a mild enough statement. Not once has he referred to himself as colonel; up to this writing, he has not even acknowledged his promotion to that rank. In no speech did he refer to the military turnouts for him; military strutting is obviously as far removed from his makeup as it could well be. According to his pictures, he has refrained from wearing any of his medals, by day or by night. But that has not prevented Admiral Burrage from announcing that he will make a determined effort to have Lindbergh transferred from the Missouri National Guard and army reserve to the navy, so that the navy may have the benefit of his counsel and advice, which, of course, it did not seek before his flight, and which, if it were of the Colonel Mitchell variety, would lead to his being immediately damned by the military and naval cliques in Washington, which dominate those services. As a matter of fact, while Lindbergh said that the air corps would never take the place of the navy, he described the sinking of a battleship and dwelt upon the cheapness of the operation,

even if half the attacking fliers were killed, saying that a battleship could be sunk by aviators for one-fifth or one-tenth of its cost. He made it clear that he did not believe that anti-aircraft guns could protect a ship, which is exactly Colonel Mitchell's position.

Thus far the exploitation has gone. The real significance of the whole thing lies in the fact that this military and naval propaganda is unceasingly at work. *The Nation* has just commented on the fact that some of the motion-picture magnates have been made commissioned reserve officers, and that the War Department has not contradicted the assertion that in return the motion pictures are to be used more than heretofore to aid military propaganda. At the summer training-camps for civilians, and those of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps the straight-out military doctrines we used to call Prussian are being taught. The Scabbard and Blade, an R.O.T.C. organization, publishes regularly attacks upon some of the most prominent people in the country, such as Senator Borah, ex-Governor Sweet of Colorado, Senator La Follette, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Francis B. Sayre, son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson; John Dewey, Zona Gale, and many others, and is charging them with being Communists and dangerous citizens—unrebuked by the War Department. The alliance of the War Department with the big-business organizations is open and aboveboard, and is justified on the ground that in the next war to end war all industry must pass into the hands of the government—communism with a vengeance!

The American public is singularly unaware, and singularly indifferent, to this determined militaristic propaganda, which often takes the form of attacking anyone who dares to speak the truth, of breaking up meetings, interrupting speakers, etc. If the Lindbergh episode and Colonel Mitchell's comment on it have helped to open the eyes of some persons to what is going on, it will not be the least of Lindbergh's great services to his country.

Poor Me and Pure Boston

By UPTON SINCLAIR

EVERYBODY admires "Lindy" because he does not talk about himself. I wish I could follow the same charming practice in telling about Boston and its censorship, but unfortunately all I know about it is what it has done to me.

Behold me, therefore, an author who had been known most of his life as the prize prude of the radical movement; a man who can say that he has never told a smutty story in his life, and who was once described by his former marital partner, through the newspapers of the civilized world, as "an essential monogamist"—a very old-fogyish thing to be. I am the author of some thirty books, and a Boston police magistrate has decreed that the last one "manifestly tends to corrupt youth." Let me say at once that "Oil!" is no different in this respect from any of the others. Judged by the Boston method, they are all equally vicious. They are being read throughout the rest of America and in other civilized lands, and Boston alone thinks they are obscene.

It is rather a joke on an author—sitting at his typewriter at home, engaged in work upon a book denouncing what he considers the really obscene writers of his country and time—to have his labors interrupted by a telegram advising him that his own book has fallen under the ban. I am happy to be able to say that I was not calling for the police, but for the moral forces of society to make war upon true obscenity. I wrote that "every time you get a censor, you get a fool, and worse yet, a knave, pretending to be a guardian of morality while acting as a guardian of class greed." And now the Boston censor has arisen to provide me with the proofs!

How does it work here? An Episcopal clergyman stopped me on the street yesterday and told me he knew the man who made the complaint to the police about "Oil!" The clergyman gave me his name, and added: "I have suppressed two reports damaging to his moral character." It is, you see, the old story of "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

The next step, under Boston practice, is that two detectives are sent to a bookstore to buy the book about which a complaint has been made. In this case they chose a bookseller who has the hard luck to be only a few doors from the courthouse. They bought the book from Mr. John Gritz, a clerk, who happens to be only twenty years of age and the nearest approach to a cherub that you can find wearing trousers.

The book is then turned over to an inspector. He is a busy man, and his business isn't reading. Here is a book of something over a quarter of a million words; naturally, he says, "What the hell?", passes the book to a clerk in his office, and says, "Hey, Joe, here's a juicy one." I am telling this not as a fiction writer, but as one who has been hanging round the courthouse for the past week, listening to the men on the inside gossiping about what did actually happen.

Next, "Joe" takes the book home and marks the passages which he thinks corrupted his morals. The book is returned to the inspector and he reads these passages and says: "Holy smoke, here this guy has a girl say to a fellow that she knows how to keep from having babies." Boston is 70 per cent Roman Catholic, you understand, and the percentage prevails in the police department. So the inspector goes before a magistrate, and the magistrate takes the book home overnight, and reads the marked passages. If he is an especially fair-minded man, he may have an impulse to read the whole book; but the law does not require him to do so. The law provides for the condemnation of a book "containing" anything, and under the governing decision only the passages complained of are required as evidence. "You are not trying any book except this," said the trial judge in a charge which the Supreme Court of Massachusetts upheld, "and only such parts of this as the Government complained of. . . . It makes no difference what the object in writing this book was, or what its whole tone is." The test is whether it contains, anywhere, anything "manifestly tending to corrupt the morals of youth." You can see that this confines modern writers to the juvenile department, and makes it impossible for them to write for adults.

For my part, I am not going to be bound by this limitation. I believe that grown people have experiences and needs which have to be dealt with in fiction. I will not

deliberately corrupt anyone, of course, but if young people read my books they will learn what is going on in the modern world; also they will learn what I consider to be the cause of this moral breakdown, the presence of parasitism and exploitation in our society—the fact that a class of idlers are permitted to have enormous wealth without doing anything to earn it.

In the case of "Oil!" there are 527 pages, and the police object to nine; that does not seem to indicate an abnormal interest in the sexual aspects of life. The first scene they object to begins on page 193, and anyone who buys the book looking for obscenity—a great many people are now doing so—will find it rather slow in starting. There are four or five pages about a "petting party," and that is very bad, according to the Boston police; but on the other hand there are twenty-six pages about how to lease a tract of ground for a drilling-site, and really that does not seem to be giving undue emphasis to the "petting party" aspects of the life of a young "oil prince."

Of course, when a born preacher like myself puts such a scene into a novel, it is for a purpose. I am showing my young "oil prince" groping his way out of the customary life of his class and into a better one. The next time he is invited to a "petting party," he does not go—because he is looking for a better kind of love. Curiously enough, I was rebuked by the reviewer of *The Nation* for these little preachments. "To inject a paragraph of moralizing into the piquant incident of Mrs. Thelma Norman's attempt to be seduced in Bunny's cabin is absurdly priggish." I had hoped that what displeased *The Nation* reviewer might help me out with the magistrate, and I took a copy of the review to court, but alas, I was not allowed to show it, or to say a word. It can never be introduced, under the law, nor can the "petting-party" scene be judged in the light of what comes after, what lessons are drawn from it, what repudiation it meets with from the author and the hero later on in the book. Speaking strictly, I may get such testimony in if the Superior Court sees fit to admit it, but the court is under no obligation to admit it, and if it declines to do so the Supreme Court will not call it an error: such is the governing decision, brought out by a trial of the novel "Three Weeks."

I wanted to be the defendant in this case, instead of the cherubic Mr. Gritz. But alas, the police department of Boston does not want me. Mr. George E. Roewer, the unwearying defender of unpopular causes in Boston, approached the authorities with the customary proposition for a test case with a minimum fine upon conviction, but it appears that the police consider the birth-control utterance of my flapper, Eunice Hoyt, especially bad, and I am to go to jail for a year if they can get me. What I am going to do I will not say until after I have done it, but I can assure you I am not going to spend a year on Deer Island.

It is obvious that under this law very little standard English literature can be sold. Consider Smollett or Fielding, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Ann Veronica." Or consider Shakespeare and the Bible. One of the newspapermen here tells me that the public is sick of Shakespeare and the Bible, because every publisher of a book, obscene or claimed to be obscene, always proposes these tests. Nevertheless, poor Boston will have to go on hearing about it, until it changes its laws so that these two books can be legally sold and so that modern writers may be free to produce great literature if they can. I have called a meeting at Byron Street House, headquarters of the Community Church of Boston, for the morning of June 16, and I am there going to read the very offending passage of Act III, Scene ii of "Hamlet," and offer this book to the police at bargain prices. Then I am going to read the quite horrible piece of obscenity in Genesis 19, 30-38, and see if the police will buy that.

POSTSCRIPT—JUNE 16. *I offered a copy of the Bible to the police this morning. They would not buy it. I sold it to a Boston rationalist of very high moral standards who is distressed by the thought of how such a passage will corrupt youth and promises to appear before a magistrate and demand a warrant for my arrest. I then offered the police what they thought was a copy of "Oil." I did not say it was "Oil." All I did was hold it up before the audience. The police bought it and notified me to appear in court tomorrow. Then they examined the volume and found they had bought the Bible bound in a cover of "Oil." They demanded their money back, and I was too polite to keep it. The only way to fight this law is to make a monkey of it.*

JUNE 21. *At last I have found a policeman willing to buy a copy of "Oil" and have sold him one.*

Earth Horizon

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

> Earth horizon
> And all your peoples
> May your thoughts come to us.
> (Rain Song of the Giant Society, Sia.)

AMERICANS still go to Europe in search of ancient civilization. Yet there exists, within four days and nights of New York, a living American civilization as archaic as that of Egypt and much more primordial than that of Greece and Rome. The frame of the Southwestern country is vast and crystalline. Nowhere is rock so naked or so crudely stained with the record of geologic ages. Nowhere is the fluidity of water so visible as in this great dry desert which it has sculptured. One travels in the wash of dead seas. On these mottled ridges of shell pink, rolling endlessly as breakers, the very sand is pungent, for the sun has scorched the hoary elbows of the cedars into a black and fossil growth. The whole land floats in prismatic light. Mesas riven with wine-dark voids stand level above deep valleys below the folding peaks. And here, suddenly looming against striated cliff or cobalt mountain, one notes amazedly a town-built outline. A terraced outline, solidly hewn of red Southwestern stone, or molded from the substance of this earth horizon, the Pueblo village appears a monolith secreted by time itself. That is fitting. For its square plazas have preserved, as by some special magic, a race of brown men hung with turquoise, whose lives move in a rhythm that swings back to the ancient world.

When the rhythm breaks through the marble crust of winter one sees these brown Pueblo people, their hair tied

in queues, their bitten Mongolian faces fixed in a grave and self-sustained remoteness, riding over the barren ridges to share an invocation to fertility.

Soft, soft, still, still, in the sunken plaza, moves the Pueblo woman, her head proud under its blue tablita, her bare toes just stirring the dust in measure. Bold, bold, free, free, moves the Pueblo man, hurling his agile whitened knees, and the coyote skin trembles on his cotton-girded loins. Side by side, pounding out the cadence on the drum of earth, winding a long dark coil of two's backward and forward in the glare, while the gray Delight Makers, clapping striped pot bellies, stroking striped lank bellies, thread and leap their way between. The earth is a resonant skin, stretched taut over eternity. The air is a hot cloud that mocks the sun with burning motes. Water, water, where is water? Piñon boughs shaking, black hair waving, dull drums booming, silver and wampum and turquoise rattling, long white banner fluttering its eagle feathers, dipping its pollen of parrot feathers over each dancer in turn.

Come rain, come rain
Corn grow, corn grow.

The cry, urgent, deep throated, flows far into the legendary world where the Pueblo psyche has its home.

The man who summons rain to music kills wild beasts with prayer. He counts his months by moons and reads time by the stars. A common adaptation to the earth horizon, its contours, creatures, and seasons, has given him, in spite of marked tribal differences, a common spiritual cast. The men of northern Taos are tall and strange, they walk alone, and their feet and their long braids have the spring of the animals of the forest. The men of San Ildefonso, intrenched among Spanish and white folk in the Rio Grande midlands, are courteous, sad, accustomed on the streets of Santa Fe. The men of Santo Domingo, untamed and colored by their southern desert, move their hips like cats in a column of dust, scallop their buccaneering chests with shells inlaid from a mine of lost treasure, and greet the stranger with fierce, primeval stare. Yet, judged by the standard of a culture, such diversity is inessential. Tanoans or Keresans, Zunis or Shoshonean Hopis, separated by sand and snow peaks as well as by barriers of tongue, are easily discernible as one family. And though their civilization is in fact the highest which America, north of Mexico, has evolved out of native elements, they appear alike exotic on the soil that produced George Washington.

But why, after all, should a man who owes his origin to a foam cap fertilized by the sun; a man whose great-great-grandfather was born deep in the cave wombs of the earth mother, and led up to the brightness of his father the sky by the twin brothers of light—why should he resemble you and me? Once they had reached the familiar crust of earth, so the Zuni creation myth tells, the twin saviors, the Elder and the Younger Brother, divided the Pueblo people into two great seasonal groups, those of Winter and those of Summer, under which were ranged the matriarchal clans, according to their totems. So divided and instructed, led by their priests, who had become the Fathers of the people, they journeyed seeking the Middle of the World. There they now dwell forever.

From the peaked hilltop in the Tesuque Valley where I have raised a flat New Mexican roof tree, I look straight into one of these "Middles," these ancestral hives in which the Pueblo culture was nurtured in prehistoric times. Midway of the soaring Jemez Mountains—the western boundary of the Rio Grande Valley—the Mesa del Pajarito thrusts forward like a table, over the alluvial sweep of the plain. Rock walls splashed with polychrome tints hang above, and drop sheer to the irrigated fields of the Tewa Pueblos. The Tewa village names, save for Tesuque and the more remote Nambé, have a Spanish-saintly ring: San Juan, Santa Clara, San Ildefonso. Yet for all their Spanish Catholic borrowings these Indians rightly claim direct descent from the Ancient People who hollowed their homes in the sunny face of the Pajarito canyons. On the high plateau are hundreds of stone ruins, immemorial, overgrown with sage and sheets of yellow flowers. Most of them unscratched by the archaeologist. Many scarcely known even to Indian sheep-herders. Yet this discarded shell of vanished communal life is but one link in a vast chain of cliff, valley, and mesa dwellings, now deserted and crumbled, with which present Pueblo life is continuous. From Colorado into Mexico, from the eastern rim of the Grand Canyon to the western edge of the Great Plains, the Pueblos once built stone houses and raised their crops of corn. The fabulous outline of the Mesa Verde cliff palaces, roofed by aerial ledges, the exquisite curve of the Puyé cliff on the Pajarito, with its simpler form of cave dwellings, represent to the Pueblos of today, as truly as the fallen cities of Greece or Sicily to their modern heirs, the ancestral heart of a living civilization.

Indeed it amuses me to think, as I sit in the "dry and spotted place"—so, in the Tewa tongue, the Indians have named Tesuque—that within thirty miles of me lie just such beauties as I have sought on the older continent. The imponderable brilliance of the air brings them within touch of my hand. There, spread out in the sun and wind and silence, tenanted only by butterflies and dazzling lizards and circling bats, are citadels that teemed in pre-Columbian days. Puyé, Otowi, Tsankawi, Navakwi, Tcherege. Sky-pitched sites that Delphi cannot rival. On the Pajarito even the ant hills are heaped into pyramids, formed out of quartz crystals, matrix of gold. And under hard-burned earth, below the empty cave houses, gleaming white and topaz pink, are hidden uncounted jars and bowls of antique shape, ornamented in black and red, like the jars of Crete. Here are key patterns, hatched or swallow-tail triangles, diamonds, zigzags, dots, parallelograms, arranged in bands; here are awanyus, those curious hand signs or serpent signs, set in whirling figures; here are sun symbols, life symbols, including tortoises and dragon flies, not to mention the enormous array of prehistoric birds, stylicized into three straight tail feathers and a delicate button hook of a head. Stone idols, hidden in little niches, animal fetishes with turquoise eyes, dark with the blood of the victim, plumed serpents, coiled in adobe circles on the rock; pecked and painted pictographs of hunts, where mountain goats leap high before the spear; stone pumas carved life-size in shrines: these are some of the treasures of the Pajarito.

One thing more. Here, deep in the burial places, are mummies. Mummies of men and women with their hands tied to their thighs with ropes of hair, yucca sandals on their feet, with painted jars and shell beads packed about them. Further west and north, below the ruins of the cliff people, have been found the entombed mummies of a still earlier folk, who have coiled baskets of fine weave inverted over their heads and behind their backs. In the graves of these Basket-makers are new-born babies, strapped to their woven cradles, with their bast diapers and umbilical pads, all complete. Sometimes there are even curly haired dogs lying with their masters.

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Beside the dead of the Ancient People, through all this shining desert, one finds an invariable offering. Just as the Pueblo storehouses shelter, in their piled cells, one parti-colored crop; the earth-beaten plazas one timeless ceremonial; the wrinkled hands of old men one supernal commodity; so do the Pueblo graves hold the Seed of Seeds. The Divine Maize, as the Aztecs called it. No ornaments of gold attend the antique farmer to eternity. But search among his bones and you will always find one pointed symbol of fertility, that lies pregnant still in the wine-stained dust, below the stone-ribbed mountains: an ear of shriveled corn.

A Chinese Warlord

By RANDALL GOULD

Peking, May 1

A FIRST meeting with the "Mukden Warlord" Chang Tso-lin is always a shock. Surrounded by all the ornate atrocities of a Chinese ceremonial room, one awaits the arrival of the *ta jen,* or great man, with growing nervousness and a conviction that this famed ex-bandit will prove a physical prodigy.

When, in place of the robust, saber-clattering, uniformed giant imagination had pictured a meek and smiling little man in Chinese robes steals into the room, it requires a moment to adjust one's mental sights to the new objective. And from that time on the visitor must go through a series of readjustments of various kinds.

Marshal Chang, drawn to Peking from his native Mukden "to cooperate with the foreign ministers in saving China from Bolshevism," talks in terms of nations but continues to think in terms of provinces. Anyone who has spent half an hour with him knows this. The Strong Man of Mukden has improved his propaganda vocabulary but he is using the same old brain—shrewd, keen, but sharply limited.

In a crowd of a dozen foreign correspondents, all but one of whom were English or American, it took the Marshal twenty minutes to decide what language the Continental European spoke when he asked questions through his own private interpreter. Finally, in the midst of a question, the Marshal laid down his cigarette-holder and bent forward with the look of a pleased and precocious child. "Ah—*Ni Gwa jen!*" ("Ah—you're a Frenchman") said he, and settled back content. The episode was significant, not of the Marshal's lack of intelligence, but of his lack of experience in dealing with foreigners. He is a clever man. In the aggregate he has met many foreigners. But during the greater part of his long life he has lived simply, surrounded in his native Manchuria by his own people and his own problems. He has not traveled abroad, he speaks no language other than his own—and but a simple dialect of that—and now, in the declining years of his life, he is trying to grapple with great international problems which he views with an amused tolerance and with no conception of their magnitude. His mind is still adroit in dealing with matters in old fields, but it is no longer flexible enough to wrap itself around new problems propounded by the foreigner.

Certainly Marshal Chang—or those near him—knows the things which will sound impressive when cabled abroad. The interpreter confers with him for a moment, then proclaims with unction:

> The Marshal says that he will protect the lives and property of all foreigners. He holds himself personally responsible. No foreign troops are necessary for defense of foreigners in North China.
>
> It is the wavering attitude of the Powers which has helped the South. The Powers have not heeded the Marshal's advice, they have negotiated with the Cantonese, they have yielded step by step.
>
> Bolshevism is the great menace in China. The Chinese people do not hate the foreigner. But Soviet Russia desires to destroy the foreign trade and the very existence of the British and Americans in China.

During all this the Marshal has seemed quiescent, almost indifferent; he glances about from time to time through half-shut eyes, but beyond an occasional show of earnestness he plays the traditional inscrutable Oriental to the life. Direct questions he evades. In precisely what cooperative act can the Powers join, since their troops are not wanted in North China? Ah, that is something which is not quite settled as yet. Something may be said about that later.

But let mention be made of some specific military move—a recent victory or even a recent defeat. Immediately the Marshal is all attention. Gesticulating and interrupting the interpreter, he goes through the entire story. His hearer must understand exactly where each body of troops was located, and how the unexplained defection of General So-and-So, coupled with the regrettable absence of General This-and-That at the crucial moment, resulted in a collapse which will speedily be repaired and the enemy driven back with heavy losses. This is the sort of thing which interests the Marshal.

To question Marshal Chang on international events is to waste one's breath. He knows nothing of the outside world. He knows nothing of the art of government, and says as much frankly. Politicians he despises as meddlesome time-wasters of no value to practical men. Action, military action, that is what the Marshal understands, and as he talks one forgets his frail figure and the softness of his handclasp and begins inevitably to think—hackneyed though the figure be—of a keen and sagacious old fox bearing toothmarks of many a fight.

And, watching this fox, one thinks in turn of the directing figures of the Cantonese. One thinks of Eugene Chen, whose carefully chosen phrases in the most perfect English bite like a blade; one thinks of the Russian High Adviser Borodin, massive, a scholar, an engineer, builder of nations. In the feudal North of China there is animal intelligence, but in the South there is the brain of modern man. Here, perhaps, is an answer to the Chinese puzzle.

In the Driftway

THERE are two types of writers which the Drifter wishes into the old isolation camps of Shredna Kolymbsk. They are the pun pests and the alliteration addicts. Very shortly now, the Drifter is going to have constitutional amendments passed against these. He hereby notifies the anti-tobacco and anti-bobbed-hair advocates that he has the Twentieth and Twenty-first amendments reserved. Let them concentrate on the Twenty-second, if they must. For long the Drifter was undetermined with which of these to begin. And then he discovered a volume called "Alliterative Aphorisms. A Thousand Themes for Thorough Thinkers." That decided the Drifter. The alliterationists come first.

THE Drifter can put up with an alliterationist that can smile at his own folly, as, for instance, Swinburne. After he had perpetrated "the lilies and languors of virtue and the roses and raptures of vice," he could parody his own weakness: "From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a notable nimbus of nebulous moonshine." There is hope for a man like that, and the Drifter promises in advance that he will get under way a petition for mercy for any such person falling under the ax through his amendment. But no mercy will be shown to any writer guilty of the atrocities found in "Alliterative Aphorisms." Judge for yourself. "Feminine fondness for fiction, foolish fads, frothy foods, flimsy fabrics, flippant flirtations, and frivolous friends finds fruition in the full-fledged flapper." Here's another gem: "Maidenly modesty, manifested in mild manners—minus mercenary motives—meets a manly mate, and makes matrimony and maternity more than a mere modern myth." So much for the women; now the politicians. "The panacea promised by politicians—promoting partisan plans, not patriotic purposes—proves a poor palliative for the perturbation of the public." And then we can learn about religion. "Supine submission to sacrilegious sophistry of a self-styled sage—seeking salvation through science—is a sure sign of spiritual sickness." On and on, this madness goes for almost a hundred pages. The alliteration amendment will be the Twentieth without question.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Prosecutor's Duty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You ask my view upon the proposition that

> A prosecuting officer is violating no canon of legal ethics in presenting evidence which tends to show guilt while failing to call witnesses in whom he has no confidence, or *whose testimony contradicts what he is trying to prove.*

It is obvious to me that a prosecuting officer should not call as a witness any one in whom he has no confidence, meaning by that, no confidence in his truth-telling capacity, and, by the same token, a prosecuting officer in such case is not called upon to tell defense counsel about a witness of that class. No one wants to hear witnesses who are not telling the truth.

When it comes to a case, however, where a prosecuting officer knows of an important witness whose testimony contradicts the theory of the prosecution, he is not required by any canon of ethics with which I am familiar to put this witness on the stand as his own, but he should give to the counsel for the defense the name and address of this witness. When a prosecuting officer brings a case into court he obviously is intending to prove guilt. He rarely knows whether guilt exists or not, but in solving that perplexity he is certainly not required to call all of the witnesses who are witnesses for the defense and thereby make them his own witnesses. He goes beyond the limit of his duty if he advises defense counsel of the existence of these contradictory witnesses.

Nothing, of course, could be more reprehensible than for a prosecuting officer to procure the conviction of one whom he knows to be innocent. As the American Bar Association has declared:

> The primary duty of a lawyer engaged in public prosecution is not to convict but to see that justice is done. The suppression of facts or the secreting of witnesses capable of establishing the innocence of the accused is highly reprehensible.

To put it another way, the prosecuting officer shall deal fairly according to the circumstances of the case; he should satisfy himself, to the best of his ability, that in presenting his case he is not perverting justice; but it is impossible to lay down the rule that he must try both sides of the case or present evidence which he believes incredible, or present a witness whom he deems it his duty to discredit.

New York, June 6 CHARLES H. STRONG

A Catholic President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The announcement of the death of the son of Marshal MacMahon, second President of the French Republic, naturally recalls the latter's sensational retirement in the middle of his term. President MacMahon, as a loyal member of the Roman Catholic church, felt it incumbent upon him to resign when the policy of the French Government clashed with that of the Vatican.

That was all he could do. What, and how much, he might have done to help the Vatican thwart the French Government if he had had the political power which, unfortunately, our President has through his appointive power, each of us must determine for himself.

Anyone who imagines that Alfred Smith, in like circumstances, would fall short of MacMahon in devotion and obedience to his church is greatly mistaken.

New York, May 25. BENJAMIN MACMAHON

The Catholic Conscience

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Governor Alfred E. Smith's creed as stated in his reply to Mr. Marshall did not reach the fundamental issues on which objections to his being President rest. He said: "I believe in absolute freedom of conscience for all men" and "I believe in the absolute separation of church and state and in the strict enforcement of the provisions of the Constitution that Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

A fundamental problem involved in these statements is, Who makes the conscience? Conscience is assumed to be something that is correct and intelligent, therefore to be obeyed. But this is not so. Conscience is merely a man's imbedded opinion, and that opinion depends on how he was brought up and trained and who or what trained him. It is an entire fallacy to say that conscience has inalienable rights—often it has none.

The Catholic church aims completely to form the consciences of its members, in this way making the authority of the church instinctively supreme, so instinctively supreme that ultimately it will be the deciding factor in all important questions.

How does the Catholic church plan to create a conscience of this kind in its members? By giving them the education that will create it, and excluding all other education. From infancy to maturity the Catholic church proposes to exercise total supervision and direction of all persons' development. By this process it can manufacture in its members the kind of conscience it wants for regarding the church as sovereign over the state.

No other church attempts this as the Catholic church is doing by its system of parochial schools and church colleges. The remedy is to forbid sectarian education of children before the close of their sixteenth year, thereby eliminating parochial and convent schools.

Boston, May 27 MORRISON I. SWIFT

See Pages iii, iv, and v

Books and Plays

To Emily Dickinson

By HART CRANE

You who desired so much—in vain to ask—
Yet fed your hunger like an endless task,
Dared dignify the labor, bless the quest—
Achieved that stillness ultimately best,

Being, of all, least sought for: Emily, hear!
O sweet, dead Silencer, most suddenly clear
When singing that Eternity possessed
And plundered momently in every breast;

—Truly no flower yet withers in your hand.
The harvest you descried and understand
Takes more than wit to gather, love to bind.
Some reconcilement of remotest mind—

Leaves Ormus rubyless, and Ophir chill.
Else tears heap all within one clay-cold hill.

The Old New York Stage

The Annals of the New York Stage. By George C. D. Odell. Columbia University Press. Volumes I and II. (To 1821.) $17.50.

THE early American theater was too provincial in the literal sense of the word to afford a very attractive field for either the philosophical historian or the critic of art. Its earliest professional actors came from England, and at least until the nineteenth century was well advanced it did little except to follow a few steps behind the taste of London. The companies, which, from about the middle of the eighteenth century, made theatrical entertainment a fairly regular feature of New York life, brought with them the English repertory of the time and the works of the more important new dramatists were added not long after their success in London, but the drama here has little history which is not the history of the drama abroad. At the beginning of the new century the, to us, incomprehensible vogue of Kotzebue broke over New York as it had over England, and a few years later the absurdities of the melodrama delighted New Yorkers as they had delighted the patrons of the minor theaters in London, but America can hardly be said to have exhibited any individuality of taste. The theater became both a fashionable and popular amusement; it was called "an elegant entertainment," and as a "school of virtue" it was defended against the attacks of Puritan prejudice in terms borrowed from the current cant of England; but it was long in developing any standards of its own, and for a century at least it seemed, however popular it may have become, a form of expression almost as little natural to Americans as opera is today. As for such examples of the native drama as reached the stage, they were not only notoriously feeble in themselves but strangely lacking in local flavor, even when they dealt ostensibly with the American scene. Early American plays have won collectors, but there are few who would not rather catalogue than read them.

The history of the New York theater is literally, then, a history of the theater, not of the drama, and even there such interest as it has is almost purely an antiquarian interest. Professor Odell has wisely recognized this fact, and in the work here begun he concerns himself almost exclusively with the annals of the stage, which he records with a far greater completeness than has been attempted by any previous historian. A passion for the theater which lends a factitious interest to every fact connected with it has sustained him through laborious researches, and by a more careful study of contemporary newspapers, as well as by a more thorough use of all other available sources than has been made before, he has piled up a mass of facts concerning playhouses, players, and performances which makes his volumes by far the most imposing repository of such information which we have. Not even Genest, the unwearying analyst of a century and three-quarters of the English stage, was more completely indefatigable in collecting casts, and besides Professor Odell extends the limits of his subject to include, during these early years, not only the drama but concerts, waxworks, "monsters," and exhibitions of legerdemain, horsemanship, and juggling as well. All the vain amusements of our ancestors concern him; he requires well over a thousand large pages to carry him from the beginning through the first appearances of Kean during the season of 1820-1821; and, even though the field will doubtless be gradually narrowed, the work, when completed, will probably run to twelve or fourteen volumes.

Professor Odell is humorously aware of the fact that his passion for the minutiae of a record whose significance would be hard to explain to anyone who did not share his interest is a sort of perversity; but the usefulness of such a work is in direct proportion to its completeness, and he is right to include every fact which can be discovered. There is, in a case of this kind, no danger of missing the wood on account of the trees, because there is not, strictly speaking, any wood there. What one wants is the assurance that one will find included any fact which is ascertainable, and Professor Odell's method gives such assurance. Moreover, though only the special student is likely to afford the time requisite for the reading of so vast a work, the innumerable separate facts which it supplies serve to establish that sense of a direct contact with a past epoch which a chronicle gives to those who know how to read it and which is more immediate than that which one receives in reading the account of a historian who has selected and arranged for the purpose of communicating a predetermined impression. The New York stage is not, it may be repeated, a very important part of American history, but in Mr. Odell's hands it does throw a sidelight upon the national culture of the time, and the general effect of innumerable bits of information which he has collected—like, for example, his description of the stage directions for the patriotic spectacle "Bunker Hill," which was performed in 1797, and which President Adams witnessed—is to remind us forcefully of the cultural naivete of a period likely to appear in political history as one of almost classical dignity and grandeur.

In short, "The Annals of the New York Stage" is a monumental work devoted to a subject which is, it must be confessed, of far from monumental importance. No one can help admiring its conscientious thoroughness, and no one is likely ever to find any fault with it, for the simple reason that it is more exhaustive than anybody is likely to demand and, in all probability, more accurate than anyone will ever ascertain.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Mutual Misunderstanding

France and America. Some Experiences in Cooperation. By André Tardieu. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

WHAT M. Tardieu has to say about the United States has at least the merit of being informed. Few Frenchmen who write have in recent years known the United States so well and few retain so few of the well-nigh invincible prepossessions with which most foreign observers approach these shores. His prepossessions, as far as the present work is concerned, are those of a publicist who still feels more of the glamor than of the tragedy of the World War, and who has entirely definit

opinions about what might have happened if the United States had been different. As this lets us know exactly where he stands, it gives a suitable warning and does no harm. Further, M. Tardieu has never been disposed in his writings to praise America overmuch. He can let his rhetoric run in the French manner when he chooses, but the substance of what he says shows a conscious and, on the whole, a successful effort to describe things as they are. When, accordingly, he drives hard at some cherished notions and tears in pieces some consecrated illusions, he nevertheless remains a friendly critic, persistently balancing praise and blame.

M. Tardieu does not believe that there has ever been a real entente between the United States and France. The whole historical development of the two countries, which he skilfully summarizes at considerable length, appears to him to reveal fundamental disparities of mind and purpose. When the United States went into the war it was with very little of the exalted motive of a general kind, and with still less of the conviction that its national existence was seriously threatened, that counted for so much in French thought at the time about that particular episode. On the contrary, the United States had motives of its own, and they were, in the broad sense, selfish. America, he insists, is mass-minded; its people regard themselves as the chosen of the earth; they are not sentimental, and when the United States declared war it declared an American war.

Quite naturally, therefore, he emphasizes the profits which the United States gained in the transaction. Some of the gain was commercial, some indirectly political, a good deal, at least as a matter of bookkeeping, was financial. France, he hastens to tell us, was selfish, too. It expected, for example, that the American credits for reconstruction, which it hoped might continue after the armistice, would be spent through French business houses at what were virtually monopoly prices, and it was aggrieved when, that purpose having been discovered, the credits presently stopped. But selfishness on the French side does not lessen the selfishness of the United States; it only shows that the partnership in the great game was tenuous and that there was no real entente.

Where there is reciprocal selfishness there is likely to be reciprocal misunderstanding, and misunderstanding plays a large part in M. Tardieu's book. M. Tardieu is not the only Frenchman who knew well enough that President Wilson was never properly a pro-German, but France believed that he was, and the belief survives there, as it does here. There seems to be reason for suspecting that even M. Tardieu expected the Senate would ratify the Treaty of Versailles, but French opinion, nevertheless, made the capital mistake, from the point of view of French ambitions, of hoping for Republican success in 1920, notwithstanding that Republican success meant the definitive rejection of the League of Nations and pronounced hostility to Wilson policies. The Washington Disarmament Conference, again, appears to M. Tardieu to have operated to the disadvantage of France without hurting the United States, and he, of course, cannot accept the war-debt settlements as just on any save legal grounds. Yet, in spite of all the play at cross-purposes which the book sets out, it also exhibits the veritable riot of extravagance which attended the financing of the war with American money, and bestows praise without stint upon the American organizations which labored to rehabilitate the invaded regions of France and relieve suffering and distress.

Having stripped the subject pretty bare of pretense and fine words, M. Tardieu, like certain novelists, seeks to give the story a happy ending. His book, "a critical essay in search of coming enlightenment," is "also an act of faith." He believes, "by reason and by experience," in "the possibility of combined efforts by France and the United States," but he is also "convinced, and for the same reasons, of the infinite difficulty of success." "The twain must meet." The prediction may be ventured that the meeting, if it comes, will have little that is formal about it. The war, whatever its effect in disillusioning France about America, opened American eyes, and no amount of persuasion or propaganda will make it easy to launch the United States into such a slough of ignorance, fraud, and self-seeking again. The meeting will come through a frank admission, such as M. Tardieu himself goes far toward making, of the grievous mistakes that were committed on both sides, and a generous appreciation by each people of whatever is worth while in the culture of the other. The world has been made sick of ententes, but it is still willing to adventure something in the common domains of the mind.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

An Ironical Romance

Saint in Irony. By Lorine Pruette. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

BUT still a romance. For at the end, when St. Genevieve looked back over her life, she could think that the "God-thing in every man," the thing that is "at the heart of every religion," is "the courage of desire." And this is romance. It is the romance of a sophisticated undeceived civilization, almost the only romance left to it, when science has explained its miracles and analyzed its ecstasies and exposed its gods. But romance nevertheless, the romance of youth born into an old world; since desire is fleeting, perhaps more fleeting than any of the gods man has espoused. And to live by the courage of such a will-o'-the-wisp is to live briefly indeed, or at best intermittently. One remembers that phrase about the "durable satisfactions of life" which has been forgotten in the post-war jazz. One remembers the Hindu philosophy of non-attachment to those desires that burn so hotly, but that come and go. And remembering, I find it peculiarly appropriate that the subtle mind which evolved this book should have attributed this crowning romance to the Saint in Ivory who lived at a time that, like our own, felt the once solid earth cracking under it as one after another of the systems by which men had learned to live began to break up. Genevieve and her Parisians were only a step removed from barbarism, they were as hardy and adventuresome and new as America; and yet they were as old and as weary as the Roman Empire, just as America is all smeared over with the nostalgia of an old corrupt civilization.

As I began to read the description of Nanterre on that bright spring morning when Bishop Germain decided to create a new saint—for many reasons: unfortunately and shamefully Nanterre was lacking in a church, and a town with a real saint of its own would be inspired to remedy that defect without delay; and a miracle would not come amiss at the moment that holy Lupus was talking with the citizens of the town about sundry business matters—as I began to read of Nanterre on that bright spring day when Germain, thinking of these and other subtleties, suddenly perceived a halo surrounding the head of six-year-old Genevieve, the naughtiest, most headstrong little mischief in the town, I realized that here was that desirable and rarely found object, a book which one reads for the joy of reading. It was going to tell a story, I saw, and that alone marked it as unusual. For in a real story things happen; and few intellectuals can gird themselves up to the point of letting things happen to their offspring. (I sometimes think that Dreiser's overwhelming preeminence comes quite largely from the fact that he dares to trust his characters to the rude shocks of life.) And these happenings, I discovered, would be told wittily and discerningly, in spite of the disarming simplicity of the prose. And then as the tale progressed and I placidly sipped the honey of new facts, so dear to a generation that makes best sellers of Outlines and of Question Books, I began to perceive that my placidity would soon be ruffled, for Miss Pruette was using the legend of Genevieve to unfold a great human conflict. And so after reading the book blithely for its story and its wit and its knowledge of the obscure impulses of the heart, and for its tolerance and perhaps especially for its zest, I turned back again to read it for its fable and its poetry.

These are woven into the meshes of the tale, and cannot be torn out for quotation here. But of the various strands it seems to me that the description of the growth of that sainthood so arbitrarily bestowed on Genevieve at first, and in the end so ingrained in her, is a masterly analysis; and that the relations of the little saint with Gerontia and Julia offer some of the most delightful comedy in the book. Genevieve's sainthood, it should be added, grew side by side with her love for Euric, and her failure to love the skeptical Childeric, and her bullying devotion to Clovis.

True irony cuts both ways. This is a more deadly attack on the shams of religion than "Elmer Gantry." Yet it leaves one with the knowledge, gained by Genevieve before she dies, and often forgotten by us today in our passion for destroying all old truths every time we find a new one, that all men's impulses are authentic, the religious as well as the erotic; and that evil is "failure to respond to life."

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

Superior Adolescence

Springboard. By Robert Wolf. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

THERE are those who hold that America makes up for her grudging and even resentful acceptance of genius by her generous hospitality to talent. Certainly, nowhere else are the clever young men and precious young women who enliven literature without enriching it more thoroughly appreciated. But, by and large, theirs have been shoddy books, hastily conceived and badly written, shallow in philosophy and equally superficial in the appreciation of life.

Now comes "Springboard," still smart, still meager, but infinitely superior to the adolescent confessions that have preceded it by virtue of its matter and its style. The author is sensitive to the beauty, and he respects the meaning, of words; if for no other reason, his book can be read solely for the pleasure of poignant phrase and stalwart rhythm thoroughly coordinated with lucid and honest thought. Much thought, as well as the inspiration of genius, has gone into the conception of Brian Hart's drama. In fact, Mr. Wolf has so carefully provided a sustained intensity of interest in the progress of his hero that the skilful compactness with which the incidents of the plot are set down gives an unwarranted impression of bareness. Yet the story is actually rich in detail. The sardonic, almost vicious portrait of Brian's modern motherly mother, the restrained but unqualified description of a petting party, and the unusually impressive recollections of "prep"-school life have extraordinary emotional power as well as intellectual vitality. Mr. Wolf does extremely well with his incidental themes, which are not only fine in themselves but valuable in building up the climax which is reserved for future volumes.

"Springboard" cries to be characterized as the American "Jean-Christophe." But it is far from "Jean-Christophe," although it deserves comparison with Romain Rolland's masterpiece. For, in common with other American authors though less than most of them, Mr. Wolf shuns the detailed consideration of introspective realities. Where M. Rolland pours forth a torrent of eloquence, the American is silent. The latter cannot or dares not make his hero's spiritual struggles articulate. Brian's affair with the passionate young Catholic is a surface incident; so is his struggle against sexual perversion; so the last flirtation with a childhood sweetheart.

This reticence is inexplicable in Mr. Wolf, who is obviously neither inhibited nor ignorant. He deliberately refrains from elaborating his themes even when he hints that he is aware of all their implications. There is nothing laudable in such restraint. Mr. Wolf differs from his American contemporaries precisely in the fact that he is not interested in writing a snappy story, and he may well differ from them by presenting the spiritual content of American life which these authors are neither willing nor able to consider. He sadly underestimates his own critical faculties if he feels that an expression of his opinions and observations is less desirable than the sophomoric discussions on ethics in the manner of Mr. Fitzgerald which he does include.

It is a strikingly competent work which avouches, as much as any first novel can, a genius among American novelists. This genius will, no doubt, find its proper medium without critical promptings, yet one cannot resist the opinion that it will be most clearly evinced when Mr. Wolf breaks away from the current American style of presenting the documented details of a limited experience and accepts instead that fundamental art form which is the free and complete expression of powerful imaginings.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

The Road to Southwark

Chaucer and the Medieval Sciences. By Walter Clyde Curry. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

OUR cliches and catchwords, later-born than the Middle Ages, warn us that there's no art to find the mind's construction in the face, that men's stars are not the masters of their fates, and that dreams go only by contraries. Modern psychology recks little of the three virtues of the soul, and physiology of the four humors of the body. The astrologer has been replaced by the astronomer, the alchemist by the chemist, the herbalist by the botanist, and the lapidarist by the geologist. Today "star-eyed science watches round" instead of submitting blindly to the guidance of authority and tradition. Five centuries ago false fiats and formulas, now as dèfunct as the dodo, not only stalked pompously in the heavy compilations of the scholar who had taken all knowledge as his province but tried to trip lightly in the verses of the poet, eagerly alive to all that men think and say. Hence medieval science, or what passed as such, must be explored by him who seeks to understand the assimilative mind of Geoffrey Chaucer.

Professor Curry has served more than seven years for his Rachel—which long-wooed lady, by the way, is the medieval symbol of the contemplative life of the student. He is a "verray parfit practisour" in the diagnosis of diseases through horoscopes and images, and discourses disconcertingly on "mansions" and melancholia, on "cusps" and cholera. At home in the houses of the zodiac, he transports with a sure flight amid signs and stars the irresponsible reviewer, no less dazed and mazed than Chaucer himself in the claws of the erudite eagle on his winged way to Fame's house. Not Daniel nor any clerk in Chaldea can better expound the lore of dreams, whether phantoms, illusions, or revelations. "Atazir" or "hyleg" is to him an open sesame and the seven planets, for good or evil, swim within his ken. The pseudo-scientific background of Chaucer's world is interestingly revealed.

On the relation of Chaucer to that background, on the artist's treatment of that crude material, Professor Curry is well qualified to speak by his equipment and by his sense of proportion. He does not forget, in his introduction, that the scientific influence upon the poet is less than the social, literary, philosophical, religious. Yet every page in the study richly illustrates the strange suction power that genius possesses of imbibing nutriment in the most unlikely feeding-grounds. If at times our investigator, with all his folios around him, overestimates the subtlety of the poet and the acumen of fourteenth-century readers, he is always provocative, even when unconvincing. The reviewer, perhaps biased by his own interpretation of Chaucer's complex Pardoner, believes that many of the passages ingeniously presented to support the startling exposé of the scoundrel's "shameful secret" might more obviously be pleaded in refutation of this reproach. He doubts, too, whether contemporary readers of the Prologue were sufficiently Aristotelian in their knowledge or Jamesian in their perceptions to follow readily

faint physiognomical clues inward to the heart of hearts of this or that pilgrim. And once or twice appears a flat misreading of the text, as in the attempts to impute loquacity to the dignified doctor and to ascribe the Summoner's deep bass to the Miller. But these slips are slight. Of the delightful but perplexing adventures of a medievalist the little book is a gratifying record. FREDERICK TUPPER

Heavenly Brass

God's Trombones. By James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press. $2.50.

POEMS are not always greater than their faults. Particularly if the faults are structural, such as stereotype and cliche. Not all the thunder of brass and tympani can obscure the insistence of the trite. It is unfair to ask a poem to transcend such epithets as "milk-white" and "jamine breath." But it is to Mr. Johnson's credit that his trombones carry a poetic experience that is convincing, despite the obtrusion of stock phrases and notes. The flaws, I suspect, arise from the poet's honesty; he wished to be faithful to the original sermons which provided the material. But to be faithful does not necessitate linguistic duplication. As a matter of fact, the final success of the poems is due to the recognition of this dictum. Mr. Johnson has retained the original and yet created his own poems. The poet has recognized his essential task, which is the task of every Negro artist utilizing folk or racial material. For his example he has chosen the greatest of the utilizers of native speech and thought, the Irishman John Synge. To comprehend what is meant by "the conversion of the material," one needs but read Synge's record of the Aran Islands and then study in the plays the conversion of the original data. Mr. Johnson has not attained to the ultimate of a Synge, but after all there has been only one Synge. Yet, within the demands of his enterprise, Johnson has accomplished the poetic equivalent to the original material, the Negro sermon. The climacteric intensity, the chromatic harmony, the intonations, the verbal suggestiveness, the moral attack—all have been organized into poems that, being poems, are greater than any one of these elements. That is, there has been complete fusion.

Mr. Johnson says: "I claim no more for these poems than that I have written them after the manner of the primitive sermons." I, however, claim for them their own individuality. They have been written "after the manner," certainly; Synge's speech was also "after the manner." But they were reorganized and converted to their own artistic purposes. Similarly, Mr. Johnson has made from the characteristic sermons his own works. They are all the more characterful for their origin in the characteristic. They are all the more universal for their origin in the racial. HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

China in Brief

Foreign Rights and Interests in China. By Westel W. Willoughby. Johns Hopkins Press. Two volumes. $12.

Of the first edition of this work, which appeared in 1920, just before the Washington Conference, an American editor in China once said: "That book taught the Chinese what the unequal treaties were and where the foreigners had arrived." The editor forgot Dr. Koo's work, but Willoughby's work stands unique, a mine of information, indispensable to the student of China. The new edition, which stretches into two volumes, includes all that was in the first, much material from the author's books on the Washington Conference and on the Geneva opium conference; a fuller account of the history of the Shanghai settlements, and enlarged sections in extraterritoriality. It is still thin in its treatment of Mongolia, Tibet, and the Chinese Eastern Railway.

China: Yesterday and Today. By E. T. Williams. T. Y. Crowell Company. $4.50.

A new edition of an excellent, understanding book, with minor textual revisions and a new chapter on Chinese art.

China: A Commercial and Industrial Handbook. By Julean Arnold. Government Printing Office. $1.75.

A magnificent hodge-podge, intended to tell the American business man in China what to eat, how to seat Chinese at a state dinner, how to sell and how to buy, and including almost as much, as miscellaneous, and as valuable information as the famous "China Yearbook."

The Revolt of Asia: The End of the White Man's World Dominance. By Upton Close. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Mr. Close swept through Asia last year and came back, with the sulphur of its eruption in his nostrils, to write an excited, exciting book. As he tells it, the tired white empires are attempting to use America as their only possible savior. A fraternity of the snubbed is turning the tables in its own continent, and there can be no world peace until the white nations resign themselves to mere equality. Right as he is, he would be more persuasive if he were less breathless.

China in Turmoil. By Louis M. King. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

Personality sketches by an intelligent retired British consul.

China in Revolt: How a Civilization Became a Nation. By T'ang Leang-li. London: Noel Douglas. 7/6.

Here, if one would understand young Nationalist China, is a book worth reading. It is passionate; it is partisan; it is prejudiced; but it speaks from the living heart of a flaming revolution. Read Mr. T'ang's chapter on missionaries if you would understand the anti-Christian outbreaks; his whole book expresses the fever heat of the Nationalist movement as no calm scholar, and certainly no foreign observer, could express it.

What and Why in China. By Paul Hutchinson. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby. $1.

A sort of child's history of China since the revolution—simple, pictorial, clear, with a minimum of Chinese names and a full dose of sympathy—marred only on a page or two by the conventional missionary acceptance of the split in the Kuomintang as one between "moderates" and "radicals."

Drama

Summary—III

THE season just past has not been a particularly fortunate one for some of the most distinguished and popular American actors. Ethel Barrymore passed the winter comfortably enough in Maugham's amusing but trivial comedy, "The Constant Wife," and her equally famous brother seems to be content with the profitable regularity of movie engagements which leave him no time to sue for the favors of the always capricious goddess who rules over the legitimate stage; but others were by no means so fortunate. Two old favorites, Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, made brief, disastrous appearances, and two of the most interesting actresses of a younger generation, Pauline Lord and Alice Brady, spent a restless season, the first being seen only briefly in two unsatisfactory plays ("Sandalwood" and "Mariners") and the latter, after appearing in two interesting but unsuccessful pieces ("The Witch" and "Lady Alone"), being compelled to take refuge in the factitious emotionalism of Bernstein's "The Thief," revived for her. In addition, Mary Ellis, who had so distinguished herself in "The Dybbuk," passed unhappily from an old-fashioned dramatization of

"Crime and Punishment" to a rather pompous historical tragedy. In general, the most fortunate actors were those attached to the Theater Guild. Under its management, Laura Hope Crews, long recognized as a skilful comedienne, exhibited unexpected powers; Lynn Fontanne gave an especially taking performance of Eliza in "Pygmalion"; and Alfred Lunt created several interesting roles. Indeed, no other actor took, during the season, such good advantage of such good opportunities as did the last-named in "Ned McCobb's Daughter" and "The Second Man." Some record should also be made of the admirable performance of Erskine Sanford in a small part in "The Witch" and in the title role of the Guild's revival of "Mr. Pim Passes By."

Such remarks as these do not constitute criticism, but under the present conditions in the American theater it is unfortunately impossible to make important or just analyses of the talents of individual actors. In the old days, when a standard repertory was being constantly played, the performer was the chief object of the dramatic critic's attention, but today he is generally dismissed with an impressionistic judgment, and the reason is simply that there is little opportunity to study his methods or capacity. A player, let us suppose, attracts great favor in a certain part. He plays it for a year in New York and then he takes it for a year (or even, as in the case of Miss Jeanne Eagels, for nearly four years) on the road. When at last he returns here he appears, perhaps, in three or four worthless plays and then is either forgotten or is seen in only one or two really exacting or important roles during the rest of his career. And even if it so happens, as occasionally it does, that we have an opportunity to study him in a number of interesting parts, it is seldom that those parts have ever been played or ever will be played by any other actor—except one of secondary importance who is put in a road company and who imitates the creator of the role as closely as possible. It is not possible to compare different interpretations, to judge of an actor's style by placing his treatment of a given character alongside that of another, or to arrive at any estimate of his power to bring out the latent values of the text. One is left with a general impression from which it is almost impossible to analyze out the actor's part, and one is deprived of that comparison which affords the surest means of determining the value of an interpretation.

I am not wishing for a theatrical fare composed exclusively of revivals. When a drama is active it is necessary that there shall be ample opportunity for the performance of new works. But it is a striking fact that in both England and America the most distinguished actors have flourished during periods when their chief concern was with the reinterpretation of familiar roles. It is when a tradition has been built up around a certain character that the actor is put to his severest test, since he has then both to assimilate the tradition and to display at the same time his power to make some original contribution to it. It is also under such conditions that acting as a separate art is best understood and best appreciated by an audience.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The Dutch War Resisters

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

Amsterdam, May 31

OF all countries in the world Holland has the longest and most consistent record of resistance to military service. Only in Australia and New Zealand has there been a comparable struggle by the youth of those lands. The fight in Australia has been won; in New Zealand it is apparently being won now. In Holland there is not at present a likelihood that compulsory training will be abolished, but the anti-militarist movement has deep roots and a significance in relation to the working-class that is almost wholly lacking elsewhere. It is not a Tolstoian pacifist movement in the sense of complete opposition to all violence. It is not the religious impulse of Christian pacifism. It is the individualism of a traditionally free people, expressed primarily in an anarchist outlook.

In the past twenty-five years over 1,200 boys of nineteen, the age for training, have gone to prison rather than take military service. Thirty to forty go every year for the usual ten months' sentence in the special prison at Scheveningen, after which they are dishonorably discharged from the army with no further demand upon them. About twenty-five to thirty are in prison all the time, grouped together in a section where they are treated a little better than the other prisoners, for they are not regarded by the government as criminals. The inspector in charge of prisons, whom I interviewed at the Hague, who politely refused me permission to see the men without an official request from the American Ambassador, regarded them with a mixture of amusement and irritation. He thought their ideas queer, romantic, "impractical," and their attitude insolent. When he had last visited them and had spoken a word of greeting they had all refused to respond or get up. It reminded me of General Pershing's complaint when he visited the conscientious objectors' barracks at Fort Douglas, Utah, and every man remained seated and silent. Pershing turned on the Colonel, "Why don't these soldiers rise?" "If you want them to rise, General, you'll have to pull them up yourself," replied the long-suffering Colonel.

I went to the prison, located out in the dunes beyond the town, with the keepers' cottages ranged along the street, neat, trim, gay with flowers, like all Dutch homes. It was far less austere than most prisons, cleaner, friendlier. The warden was an intelligent, courteous, business-like man who regarded the men without prejudice. He explained that in recent years they had been moved from the general prison for mental and tubercular cases to a special section where they saw no other prisoners, and where they got outdoor garden work in summer and indoor handwork in winter. As the conscientious objectors feel their captivity as injustice and the guards cannot understand the mentality of this kind of prisoners, conflicts often arise.

These boys are united only in their opposition to military training. Otherwise they are as varied in their philosophies as our own objectors during the war, with a majority of Anarchists. But even the Anarchists are split into sects. There are the few Tolstoian Anarchists, complete non-resistants, the Anarchist-Communists, more numerous, and individualist Anarchists. The religious objectors, who were a majority of the boys in the earlier days of the movement thirty years ago, are Protestant, chiefly Baptists, which in Holland is a non-resistant sect. The Communists in Holland as elsewhere take military service on the ground that training in arms can be turned to class advantage later. The Socialists also advise their members to take service, though rather from patriotic than class motives. Yet a few Socialist boys have not heeded party counsels and have gone to prison.

I judge that the attitude of them all is well summed up in one of the best short speeches I ever heard, delivered by one of the boys to the military court which tried him. Asked whether he had anything to say, he rose and uttered just three words: "Ik verdom het" (I damn your whole system).

The background of this spirit is to be found in the character of Dutch life, which is intensely sectarian and individualistic. That trait is especially strong among the Friesians, a seafaring and farming people in the north who have kept their own language and customs and were never really subdued, even by the Spanish. An examination of the list of objectors who have gone to prison in the last twenty-five years shows a large majority of Friesians. The Saxon northeast has contributed a large number. Most of the boys come from working-class homes in the small towns and country districts. They are so poor that the loss of the boys' earnings necessitated raising a fund to pay to their families the same amount they would have earned as soldiers. Over $40,000 has been contributed to that fund in the past ten years. It is raised jointly by the four or five groups most affected, in very small amounts from the few thousands of members and many sympathizers outside.

A strong personal influence also enters into the unusual growth of resistance to military service in Holland—the leadership of the Rev. Domela Nieuwenhuis, active first in the eighties as a pacifist minister, later as a Socialist, and, finally, from 1900 to his death in 1919 as an Anarchist.

As you talk with representatives of the groups of resisters you discover that the groups and sects have almost no contact except through the fund for the relief of the boys' families. I found that the several representatives of different groups in Amsterdam, well known in the war-resisters and pacifist movements outside Holland, did not know one another at all or very slightly. Those who do, in many cases know each other only to wrangle over their philosophies. But the movement is weak outside Holland and would not exist but for the inspiration of the Dutch members. Even the organized Dutch movement is now weaker than it was during and just after the war. Not that Holland is more militaristic, but fighting against militarism is more hopeless in the Europe of today, with nationalism stronger and the class struggle sharper. The Dutch press hardly mentions the resisters now. Pacifism has no such middle-class hold as it has in the United States, with greater access to the news than a movement essentially working-class—and worse, anarchist.

The Dutch resisters would be even more numerous if the military service act were more thorough. It takes only every other son in a family. The eldest goes; the next gets off. Alternative civil service is allowed to some of those objecting to military service, although not for the Anarchists, but it lasts a year and a half instead of the six months in barracks. Those who object to both get a court martial

and ten months. In the early days they were repeatedly sentenced for their repeated refusals, but the impossibility of breaking their resistance brought the government around to the custom of almost invariable ten-month sentences.

Men who refuse to register at the Town Halls when they arrive at the age of service are liable to court martial and prison. Many have been sentenced for that, others have been ignored, the local authorities evidently preferring not to raise the issue where sincere religious convictions are involved. I met one young chap, a school-teacher in Amsterdam, who had never registered and had never been molested. The authorities were aware of it, and even let him hold his public-school job, though they keep an unusually strict eye on his teaching. His chief inconvenience, he says, is that he cannot get a passport to travel.

Contact with the men in this movement, of whatever group, gives one the sense of an upstanding independence, not of a traditional and obstinate resistance, which I met unhappily too often among American objectors, most of whom belonged to sects whose authority was their supreme law. There is little of the spirit of dependence on a creed or a personality among these Dutch. Each one of them seems to do his own thinking, even within the small groups, which are lively with argument and differences. This is said, however, to be a Dutch characteristic not confined to any section of the people. It is in refreshing contrast to the conformity and crowd behavior of the United States—and other intellectually regulated countries.

The spirit in Holland is also shown in the resistance to compulsory voting. Ten thousand are fined every year for refusal to vote, more than in any country in Europe with such a law. Of course thousands are fined as elsewhere for failure or negligence. But more stand up in court and say they do not believe in voting; others do not believe in being compelled to vote. I was told that even conservative Christian women in considerable numbers had taken that stand, basing it on St. Paul. One anarchist woman who refused was sent to prison for three days, with her three-months-old baby, too.

Perhaps this movement in Holland promises nothing "practical." Perhaps it will not abolish compulsory training or go far on the road against war. But it has bred and is breeding a fine type of manhood. It is keeping alive in one corner of the world that spirit of self-reliance, of independence, of resistance to authority and of union with the workers through which alone any real liberty can be won.

Contributors to This Issue

UPTON SINCLAIR'S latest novel, "Oil!," has been banned by the Boston censors.

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